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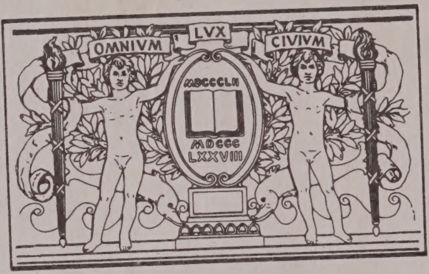
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The Rediscovery of Jones, by Simeon Strunsky

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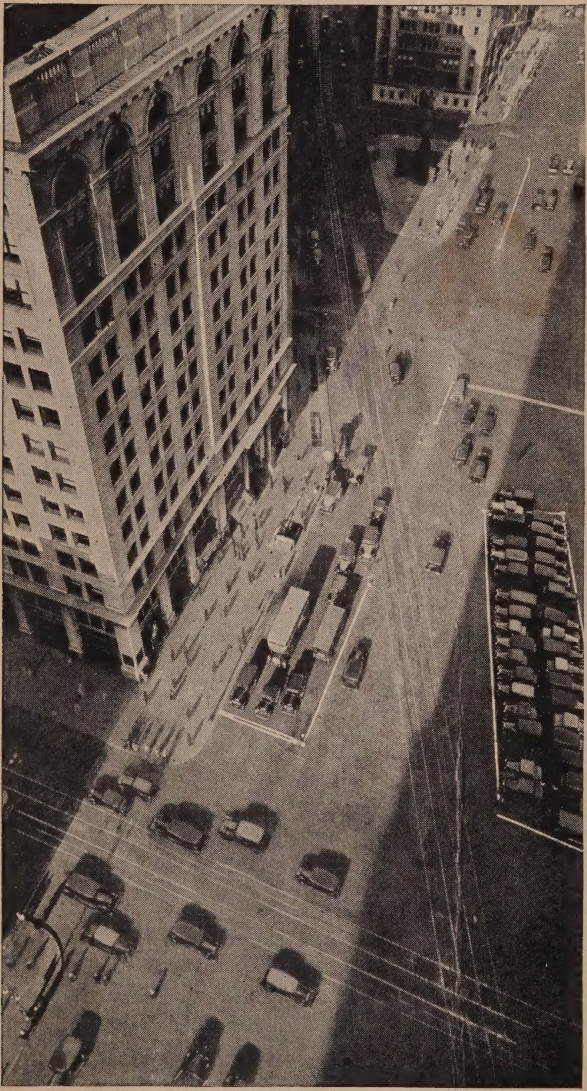

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JULY, 1931

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THE REDISCOVERY OF JONES

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

In the new mood which is reported to have come over the spirit of America toward the end of the 1920's, and in the new books that should reflect this new temper, what is likely to happen to Jones? He is the person who figures so prominently in the returns of the United States Census. He is, in the majority, white. He is, in the majority, of native white parentage. He is male. He is thirty-eight years old. He is married. He is an advertising solicitor. He lives at 1437 West Eleventh Street. In numbers he is, together with his wife and children, his parents and cousins, several scores of millions. But in the solid books dealing with the American people and American civilization he was quite generally overlooked in the now elapsed 1920's. Will it be different in the current 1930's?

To raise the question of Jones on the threshold of a new age is normal procedure for us plain folk. We are not like the professional prophets. They, when confronted with the dawn of a new age, insist on addressing to it a comprehensive, a universal Whither? They, when informed that with the approach of the 1930's the spiritual climate of the United States entered upon a noticeable change, — from negation to affirmation; from disillusion to a renewed faith; from the satirical approach to the sympathetic approach; from destructive analysis to constructive synthesis, — the professional augurs, upon hearing of such things, immediately began to ask questions about American Civilization in the 1930's and American Destiny in the 1930's, with separate chapters on the Thirties and Religion, the Thirties and the Machine, the Thirties and Woman, the Thirties and children, music, art, architecture, football, labor, radio, aviation, armaments, the League of Nations; in other words, the Thirties and Everything.

We plain amateurs are content with much less than the cosmic vision. For us the advent of a new age means sitting down and looking, so to speak, into the wood fire of the imagination, and wondering what the times will bring, not to Civilization or to Humanity, but to our own particular little interest, or hobby, or foible. In the present instance it is Jones. What will an age of affirmative, sympathetic, constructive synthesis do to promote our knowledge and understanding of Jones, who is white, thirty-eight, married, and so forth? After all, it is Jones who in the 1930's will attend or not attend the churches in whose future there is so

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much interest. He is the man who will live in the architecture of the thirties, shout at the football games, develop the aviation, pay for the music and the radio, and be seriously affected by the armaments. What will happen to him in the new books of the new decade?

Well, to ask the question is to answer it. If the new books reflecting the new thought of the next ten years in America are to be affirmative, if they are to be sympathetic, if they are to strive for synthesis instead of riot, then it ought to be a pretty good time for Jones. The years immediately ahead of us are bound to witness the rediscovery of the ordinary American man in his normal recognizable aspects: him and his wife, and his young, and his newspapers, and his automobiles, and his political parties and opinions, and his industries and recreations. People in the new books ahead of us may be expected to resemble one's actual familiar neighbors — the familiar groups, the familiar individuals, the familiar behavior, that so often find themselves submerged.

Submerged by what? Chiefly, one would say, by the formulas, and the slogans, and the doctrines. Take a man or group of men, launch a formula about them, ride that formula-hobby hard enough, and you will soon be out of sight of that man or group of men or the human race, careering at your own sweet will through a universe entirely of your own making. It is a familiar experience. An age will set out to smash the established idols and it will end up with a fine new collection of images of its own. A generation proclaims war to the knife upon sham, and it develops in the course of hostilities its own equipment of hollow loyalties, slogans, stencils. A decade goes forth resolutely to face the facts, at the cost of no matter what heartbreak, and it succeeds in accumulating many more broken facts than broken hearts. A generation will resolve to pierce beneath the surface of life to the inner, essential meaning of things; and sure enough it will succeed in getting beneath the surface, but only to get beyond its depth in the inner meaning of things; having forgotten in the process how much of the meaning of life lies on the surface of life, and is to be apprehended by the innocent eye and the simple heart.

II

But in speaking of Jones and what the books of the past decade did to him, and what the books of the next ten years are likely to do to him, it is necessary to distinguish between books and books. The problem of Jones concerns only the 'serious' books.

The novelist may do what he likes with Jones, because he is dealing with an individual Jones. You protest that you don't find Jones in the new novel true to life, and the author looks up and says, 'You don't recognize Jones? Well, I should hope not. This isn't Jones, but a satire on Jones written for the purpose of waking him up.' And the creative biographer will say, 'You don't recognize in my portrait the Edgar Allan Walt Waldo Jones whom you studied in your high-school American Literature? Of course you don't. This isn't E. A. W. W. Jones — it is a spiritual photograph of six of his selected sonnets.' And creative biographer number 2 says, 'Naturally you find it hard to identify in my new book the George Thomas Andrew Abraham Jones about whom you studied in your school history. You see, what I have done is to strip the man naked, reduce him to elemental planes, and pass him through the flame of my own temperament.'

The argument is a sound one. Any individual Jones in Marietta, Ohio, may become, in respect to character, manners, morals, language, clothes, and dietary habits, whatever the genius of his creator is able to make him. If you have the necessary ability you may do to Jones of Ohio what Dickens did to Micawber or Mark Twain to Huck Finn. You may write a book about a man named Jones who lives in Hartford and whose native language is Turkish: he was born in Angora of American missionary parents. You may have a man named Jones in Schenectady living in an igloo: he is the survivor of an Arctic expedition and slightly touched in the head. You may have a Jones in Mount Vernon, New York, who goes about naked: he is the leader of a sun cult and does his promenading in the privacy of his own grounds. The novelists and poets can do anything they please with Jones.

It is quite another matter with the men who write books on economics, social science, politics, democracies, schools, elections, newspapers, movies, automobiles, factories, and families. The man who deals with Jones in the mass, with Jones of the United States Census, cannot invoke the rights of his own vision and his own temperament. He is limited in his findings by certain basic data which no amount of creative inspiration can transcend. No amount of genius and no intensity of purpose will justify you in saying that the native language of the people of Hartford is Turkish, or that the dominant style of domestic architecture in Schenectady is the igloo, or that the 8.45 from Mount Vernon is crowded by commuters wearing just nothing. The latest finding of the New Physics asserts that truth is only statistical. There is no telling beforehand how one electron will behave. But one can foretell with certainty how ten billion electrons will behave. With respect to any one atom you may be a creative artist. With respect to the community of atoms you must stick to the statistical facts.

The heart warms as one peers into the future and sees the serious authors engaged in sticking to the facts about Jones, the Crowd Man. If the subject is Jones and the American press, the author will take a good deal of pains to ascertain what an American newspaper really contains. If the subject is Jones and his political parties, the author will not generalize from the New Psychology or from the dogmas of the British Labor Party, but will concentrate on the figures for the Presidential election of 1920, of 1924, of 1928, and the Congressional elections of 1930. The mind looks down the long vista of years, perhaps as far as the year 1940 and the next change in intellectual climate, and sees the serious authors keeping their eye on the ball, — that is to say, on Jones, — and not on the grand stand where blossom the formulas, the slogans, the fashions, and the epigrams. The imagination sees Jones of Hartford receiving in the next decade the same sympathetic consideration that students of civilization in the preceding decade brought to the study of the Protochukchi Confederation.

III

The Protochukchis are a private discovery of the present writer. They are a group of tribes, probably of Bushman stock, occupying the wooded country about the headwaters of the Mulligatawney River in Central Patagonia. Under different names they were not unknown to the earlier anthropologists, but their enormous vogue dates only from the Armistice. Since that time everything has been said about the Protochukchis that possibly could be said, and with a richness of sympathy and understanding such as one vainly looks for in contemporary observations on the inhabitants of Evanston, Illinois.

Take, for example, the annual delousing festival of the Protochukchi Confederation. This enormously significant folk-muster, as it has been called, falls at the time of the spring equinox. Professor Dunkler (my own discovery) speaks of it as the focal point of the Protochukchi communal life. H. J. Bias (my own discovery) refers to it as the nucleus around which cluster the warmest group loyalties and the tenderest personal memories. In describing this picturesque and poignant ritual, the student of civilization in the 1920's was as likely as not to say: '. . . a vitalized Protochukchi group-consciousness integrated around the annual reënactment of vernal capillary evacuation.' Or something of the sort.

On the other hand, well into the early months of the year 1929, when speaking of the average middle-class resident of Indianapolis, with his bathtub, his vacuum cleaner, his parquet floors, his cross ventilation, his high schools, his riding clubs, and his symphony orchestra, it was a not uncommon practice among students of American civilization to refer to him as 'the Babbitt in his warren.'

The idea, of course, is easily grasped. The Protochukchis dwell in caves dug out of the muddy banks of the Mulligatawney River, two hundred inhabitants to a cave. The resultant living conditions, sanitary, ethical, and æsthetic, impressed the modern observer as being essentially and lovably human. But the average American family, four people to the five-room apartment, suggested to the dispassionate eye of the observer nothing so much as a vermin swarm. Indeed, that elegant and impressive phrase about the Babbitt and his warren compels the imagination to go further. It evokes the Protochukchi mother in her cave as giving birth to her young, whereas the American mother apparently added to the population of the United States by littering. To such heights of sympathetic identification on the one hand (Protochukchi), and cool detachment on the other (Syracuse, New York), did the study of civilization attain in the United States in the decade after 1920.

And what was true of the Protochukchis of Central Patagonia was also true in this interesting decade of the Hypercephalonians of New Guinea, of the Malosols around North Cape, Siberia, the Microgelasmi of the Atlas Mountains, and so forth (all my own discoveries). And, on the other hand, what was true of Indianapolis and Syracuse was also true of Ogden, Utah, of Montclair, New Jersey, and so forth. The manufacture and ceremonial sanctification of the annual supply of eye salve among the Malosols, who are much given to trachoma, assumed a human significance that was utterly lacking in the problem of adequate hospitalization for the members of the National Education Association of the United States. Puberty rights among the Walarumbas of the upper Mackenzie were described with a passion quite absent in our accounts of child labor in the mill towns of the lower Connecticut. For it was the glory and charm of these primitive peoples that they had Folkways and Mores; whereas the American people had only customs and manners.

IV

As between the Protochukchis of Central Patagonia and the inhabitants of South Norwalk, Connecticut, the very slight attention accorded to the latter was not entirely due to their departure from the primitive. It was a question of space as well as time. The people of South Norwalk were not only less aboriginal than the people of Patagonia — they were several thousand miles nearer home. That constituted a formidable handicap.

We have been speaking of bathtubs. As a matter of fact, not all the inhabitants of South Norwalk are the owners or lessees of a separate family tub. In New York City there are reputed to be half a million 'old-law' apartments without modern sanitary equipment. Several million American farmers manage without plumbing. In the back areas of every sizable American city there is a large population which in respect to housing standards — cleanliness, privacy, and quiet — harks back strongly to the primitive. There are mining villages in West Virginia that one would expect to have been eagerly seized upon by specialists in Protochukchi and Walarumba culture.

This did not happen. Twenty years ago, from the second Roosevelt administration to the first Wilson administration, the Bohunks of the Central Competitive Coal Field were a subject of enormous interest to American social students and to the general public. They are still of interest to the professional welfare workers; but for the student of civilization and for the public at large the Bohunk is obsolete. The trouble is that, living in Western Pennsylvania, he is too near home.

Another instance: There was published, toward the end of the 1920's, a serious and scholarly monograph in anthropology which quickly won a large popular audience. The book was called, approximately, 'On Growing Up in Nova Zembla.' Among other matters it devoted considerable space to showing that boys and girls in Nova Zembla grow up with a knowledge of life that is denied to our own young people in the United States. Adolescents in Nova Zembla are spared, as one reviewer summed it up, 'the horror, the shock, the nauseated recoil of our unsophisticated young when confronted with the facts of life.' In Nova Zembla, individual experience begins almost with infancy. Young children are witnesses of the midwife's ministrations. They watch the preparation of the dead for burial. They spy upon lovers in the dark. In other ways they pick up the information so readily available when large numbers of people live together in cramped quarters.

Might not the American people learn something from the Nova Zemblans about educating the young in the biological fundamentals? This was obviously a legitimate and perhaps a useful question to raise. But at least one reader of the news about Nova Zembla could not help asking himself why it was necessary to go all the way to Nova Zembla. If one wanted a picture of thoroughly instructed and uninhibited child life it might be had so conveniently on Manhattan Island, west of Ninth Avenue, east of Third Avenue, north of Ninety-Sixth Street, and south of Wall Street.

Babies are all the time being born in two-room flats on Washington Street in the shadow almost of the Stock Exchange. Last rites for the dead are continually being performed in the kitchen–living-rooms of the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. Small boys go scouting at night through the hallways of the South Bronx and intrude upon intimate wooings. For scores of thousands of families in the New York of 1931, privacy is an unknown thing. Concerning the sophisticated and thoroughly enlightened boys and girls who grow up in such an environment the welfare workers and the juvenile courts know a great deal. As in the case of the Bohunks of the Pennsylvania coal regions, these sophisticated children were a topic of intense popular concern in America before the war.

But in the decade of the 1920's the tenement children of New York, with their rich fund of information about the facts of life, were forgotten by the student of folkways and mores. It was, you see, merely 'Growing Up in the United States.'

V

As between the members of the Protochukchi Confederation and the inhabitants of Spokane, Washington, it was inevitable that the difference of esteem in which they were held should be reflected in a difference in literary treatment. One illustration we have already had in the case of the Protochukchi festival of capillary evacuation and the Babbitt in his warren. With certain exceptions to be noted further on, it is easy to grasp the general rule of literary composition in the 1920's. It prescribed for the primitives a tone of sustained and respectful gravity, and for the Americans a tone varying from the acid to the flip.

Thus, a Malosol medicine man in northern Siberia was invariably described with the deference, we may even say with the awe, due to an elemental force, to an original Datum of Nature. But an Episcopal bishop was something that had strayed in from the vaudeville stage. However, when it was necessary to arraign the Church as an agency of war and domestic oppression, a bishop ceased to be a clown and became a malevolent and terrifying power of darkness.

Similarly with primitive and modern club life. The weekly meetings of the Walarumba clan fraternities in their secret sweat houses were studied as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the gregarious instinct in man. But an initiation of the Knights of the 22nd Degree at Grand Rapids, Michigan, was a performance essentially simian. However, when it was necessary to portray the small-town business man as an incubus on free intelligence in the United States, the Knights of the 22nd Degree ceased to be a gathering of subnormal playboys and took on the hideous effectiveness of an executive session of the Spanish Inquisition.

Similarly in the home. In Nova Zembla, as we have seen, the relations between parents and growing children called for the most sympathetic inquiry and appraisal. But a meeting of the Parents' Association of Dallas, Texas, was an exercise in the milder forms of imbecility.

The exceptions to this general rule of sympathy for the primitives and the loud laugh for the Americans were two:

1. Not all writers on American civilization went in for the satirical method. There were students of American civilization who always wrote with gravity and decorum; too much so, as we shall see a little further down.

2. The jazz writers, too, acknowledged that there were certain departments of human interest in the United States which did not admit of the flip method, but demanded serious and respectful consideration.

With the reader's permission we shall first take up Class 2. The literary manner of the jazz writers varied in accordance with a very simple rule. Subjects which the inhabitants of Ohio and Utah took seriously must be handled with a maximum of frivolity. On the other hand, subjects which the average American considered to be minor, trivial, or even negligible, were discussed with enormous dignity, and in a style combining the best features of Plato's Dialogues, the novels of Marcel Proust, and Secretary Mellon's report for the fiscal year ending June 30 last.

Under this rule the flippant style was prescribed for the discussion of American business, business men, cities, family life, churches, colleges, Congress, the Supreme Court, the Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, endowments for cancer research, associations for the protection of minors, aviation, automobiles, good roads, the World War, the League of Nations, symphony orchestras in the Mississippi Valley, luncheon clubs, Florida vacations, marriage, life insurance, famine relief in China, education, and the like. On these subjects it was the rule that Jones's ideas were a travesty on the human mind and Jones's practices were comic.

Quite different was the method prescribed for such subjects as night clubs, saxophones, the burlesque stage, jazz, comic strips, prize fights, and Coney Island. Here were genuine human values with much of the authenticity of the primitive. The style took on a corresponding elevation. It was *de rigueur* in the 1920's to speak of middle-class homes as warrens, of colleges as Babbitt halls, and of bishops as smut-hounds. But in appraising Mutt and Jeff the writer could not fail to recognize with how sure a touch of genius Bud Fisher has seized upon the dualistic machinery of the Ahriman-Ormuzd motive, which derives from the Set-Osiris motive, which is only a variant of the Cain-and-Abel motive. For, in essence, Mutt is always trying to do to little Jeff what Set did to Osiris — namely, slay and dismember him.

The United States Constitution, as we have seen, was a something incurably grotesque. But in writing of Buddy Baxter and his Twenty Bouncing Beauties of Broadway Burlesk, it was strictly required that one should say, 'The ecstatic explosion of Bacchic release induced by the projection, upon the Puritan-inhibited American sensorium, of two hundredweight of provocative female flesh.'

VI

Of the decorous writers of this period we have said that they were always dignified, on grave subjects as well as on light. Their method of approach may be illustrated by the hypothetical case of Grandmother Jones, née Perkins, of the hill country around Ridgefield, Connecticut.

Let it be remarked, in passing, that for the ultra-primitive students of civilization Grandmother Jones-Perkins had, of course, ceased to exist. To grasp her utter insignificance it was only necessary to compare her with the typical elderly woman of the Protochukchi culture level. Try to visualize this primitive Patagonian dowager going about her daily routine: perched naked on a rock in midstream on the lookout for dead fish coming down with the current; or steeping manioc roots in water for the family beer; or rubbing the young children of the tribe with lizard oil for eczema; or, perhaps at her best, an animated colorful figure in the tribal dance around the impaled war prisoner, taking her turn at him with a dull knife. With this vibrant, palpitant evocation of Beauty and Reality, compare Grandmother Jones-Perkins, with her lace collar and brooch, her zinnias and delphiniums, her knitting, her particular brand of Ceylon, her recollections of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Except as a subject for an occasional ironic thumb-nail notation, there is obviously nothing here to detain us.

For the serious student of civilization, Grandmother Jones-Perkins did exist; but only on condition that she be observed from the same point of view and described in the same vocabulary as if she were an old woman of the Protochukchis, 8000 miles and 20,000 years away from Ridgefield, Connecticut. To the decorous, conscientious student of social phenomena, Grandmother Jones-Perkins was very much worth while; provided that one might bring to bear on her the combined technique of biometrics, social dynamics, psychology, economics, and endocrinology, and in other ways encompass Grandmother with such a wealth of scientific methodology as to make her quite unrecognizable. Of her it was in order to write: —

'In the behavior-pattern dominant among the inhabitants of Southern Connecticut, the impress of the original Congregationalist-capitalistic folkways is still discernible. In this pattern the rôle of the older women of the community is legislative without being formally coercive. We may go so far as to say that the defense of the ancient New England ethos against the encroaching waves of change is almost entirely in the hands of the female members of the community rating forty-five years and over, and irrespective of marital status. For the age class just mentioned it may be even regarded as axiomatic that as between the married female and the spinster it is the latter who is the more resolute in enforcing the hereditary Calvinistic taboos in the region north of the forty-first degree North Latitude and east of the Appalachian Divide. Beltley and Oxelheimer in their monumental contribution, *Culture Patterns between the Housatonic and Block Island*, have found that among women of forty-five years and over the pulse beat is not markedly different from the ascertained norm for the Middle Atlantic States. The respiration is correspondingly uniform. The average height is five feet four and one-half inches, with no trace of a tendency to stoop such as is encountered among the mountaineers of the lower Appalachian massif. Goitre indications are negative. Housework, including light laundry but excluding table linen and sheets, consumes four and one-half hours a day. Church, including the regular three Sabbatical prayer-house exercises and such quasi-secular cultus-recreational proliferations as the strawberry festival and the church-organ benefit picnic, two hours daily. Maintenance of clan and consanguinity bonds, — writing to married daughters in California, Nova Scotia, and Detroit, — one hour weekly. The average amount of garden space in cultivation has been estimated at 250 square feet for married women, 450 square feet for spinsters, and 150 feet for widows, but varying considerably with the presence of individual art-aptitudes and specialized technological employment — piano, water colors, putting up fruit for the local market, and so forth.'

The fate of Grandmother Jones-Perkins in the years after the war was the fate of the whole Jones family. Ignored by the ultra-primitivists and wrapped up beyond recognition by the culture specialists, Jones, the common man of the United States Census, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and of the New York Subway; Jones in his measurable, recorded numbers and qualities; Jones in his daily observable habits and practices; Jones with his newspapers, autos, schools, machines, and democracies, virtually ceased to exist. In his place flourished the formulas and the epigrams.

Only toward the end of the decade did people begin to suspect that life in Jones was not quite extinct. Beneath the weight of the theories, the stencils, and the wise-cracks, he went on breathing, and with the approach of the 1930's he began to thrust his head up into the light. The full rediscovery of the American Jones by serious American writers is a promise of the years ahead of us. It will be a group Jones in harmony with the Census returns, and an individual Jones resembling the man next door and across the aisle.

(*In August Mr. Strunsky will rediscover 'Jones, His Mother and His Wife'*)

UNDER THE SPUR OF HANDICAPS

CHANG YO, the sage, so the fable goes, sat cross-legged by the side of the road. He was very old and very wise. He was also very heavily afflicted. His eyes were dim, his step faltering, his back bent, and suffering had carved great lines in his aged face. There came to him a man far less sorely afflicted than he. This man sat at the feet of the wise Chang Yo by the side of the road.

Presently there crawled down the road a man so burdened with afflictions that Chang's companion gave a cry of sympathy and of horror. 'There goes a man with whom I should dread to change places,' said Chang's disciple fervently.

'Of course,' Chang answered quietly. 'But that man would not change places with you. Nor would he with me. Nor would I with him or with you. You would gladly have your afflictions lifted. So would I. That man crawling in the road would want to be free of his heavy burdens, certainly. But if the price for freedom from his burdens should be the taking on of yours or mine, or the new, untried, unfamiliar burdens of anybody else, that man would cling to his own familiar burdens.'

I HEAR WITH MY EYES

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

IT is perhaps unfair for me to compare my handicap with Mr. Lathrop's, for he is wholly blind, while I am but partially deaf. It is true that without the electrical instrument I use I cannot hear a sound, but with it I still have a link, however tenuous, with the world that hears. But I know enough of deafness and the feeling of total deafness to be sure I would not give my eyes to have back my ears. For I heard with them abnormally well when I was very young. My hearing was particularly acute, and the loss was gradual. For fifty-five years I have experienced the slow recession of the world of sound. To-day, with considerably more years than Mr. Lathrop has, my hearing, with even electricity's artful aid, is sketchy and elementary. I could not understand a word if my eyes did not come to the rescue. Hearing with me is a mixture of fragmentary sounds plus lip reading. I am almost but not quite on a par with Mr. Lathrop as an antagonist.

But of course such a debate is logically an impossibility. A blind man and a deaf man cannot discuss the respective values of eyes or ears. Each would have had to experience blindness and deafness both to be an impartial judge. Each of us places the highest value on the senses he has left. That is natural, and it holds great promise to human nature that it is natural. Most of us who lack a sense wish we had that one back, but when it comes to trading another for it we hesitate.

The idea is old and has furnished the

theme for many a fable, fairy story, and folk tale. In these anecdotes some sufferer is always crying out to the gods for relief from some misfortune. He finds that the price of relief is the loss of something else, or some new burden placed on him. If he accepts he is worse off than before. Also the factor of adaptability enters. As Hamlet said, we bear the burdens we have rather than 'fly to others that we know not of.'

Mr. Lathrop makes a fine brief for blindness in his own case, but that merely reveals his own high-hearted philosophy of life. I too can make out a good individual case, for I too have a philosophy which has served me well. I believe that I am happier, all things considered, than the average man. I know I am happier than a great many who have all their senses. I have more resources. I am never bored. I have missed most of the standardized devices created to kill time, to entertain. I do not go to the theatre; I was never in a night club; I cannot hear jazz; I get nothing from phonograph or radio; I do not know how to dial a telephone or drive a motor car. Nor do I miss a single one of these things.

They have all (except the theatre) arisen on the amusement horizon since I became more or less deaf. They are all devised to amuse people who have difficulty in amusing themselves. I have no such difficulty. Being thrown on my own resources, I have developed latent sources of entertainment which are apparently inexhaustible. I read a good deal and get a great deal out of reading. Lord Birkenhead once said, 'I cannot understand why people who know how to read want to go to the theatre.' That was said by a man who could hear; I get considerable comfort out of it. There are books enough in the world to outlast my lifetime. I do not always read good books; sometimes I read bad ones. I can enjoy many kinds of writing — both John Milton and Ogden Nash, for instance. I taught myself to read French (not to converse in it, naturally; I cannot converse in even my own language) to widen my field of reading.

Even more entertaining are the things I do with my hands. I work with tools, and make all sorts of things — ship models, miniature wagons and coaches, odd pieces of furniture, book ends, boxes, things foolish and useful. I dabble with wood, metal, leather, cloth (I can run a sewing machine), clay, wax, plaster. I am constantly finding new lines to work in — carving soap, for instance. If these should fail me, I can go in for a small private press, for I am also a printer.

People often say to me, 'I wish I were as clever as you are.' The point is that I am not clever. Every one of those who look at my work and exclaim over it could do it exactly as well, or better. I had the motive to develop facilities we all possess, the urge to occupy time that would otherwise be left on my hands, and practised until I acquired a certain proficiency. Men say to me in deprecation, 'I can't even drive a nail.' They fail to realize that none of us is born with the knack of driving a nail. Many men do the things I do as a hobby though they have no physical handicap. They have learned the complete satisfaction of recreations that do not depend on other people.

I give these instances merely to show that the deaf need not be a group cut off from the world, hovering on the outside of social life, depending vainly on hearing people's amusements or entertainment. People say to me, 'It is a pity you cannot hear the radio.' It would be hard to convince them that I don't want to hear the radio, that I have never missed it, that I have something better. I would not go so far as to insist that a deaf person is better off than one who can hear, but he can be better off than many people who do hear.

He is certainly better off than one who has lost his eyesight. Mr. Lathrop is a wonderful exception. But even his splendid acceptance of his own lot does not prove that blindness is *per se* preferable to deafness. Mr. Lathrop, had he become deaf instead of blind, would have triumphed as magnificently over his fate. He is an exceptional person. But the human tradition is all against him. Blindness has always been the greater tragedy. It appeals to the better side of people; it is never comic, but deafness is often comic. The blind man's mistakes are pitiful; the deaf man's are frequently funny. The same kind of mistake made by each produces opposite reactions. If a blind man misses a step and comes down hard on nothing, not even the most frivolous person would find it amusing. If a deaf man misses a word and starts off on the wrong tack, even his closest friends smile. And the deaf man can see the smile, whereas the blind man cannot.

This, I take it, is the unconscious but unanimous judgment of humanity. They have not debated the question among themselves and come to conclusions about it. They have merely responded to their instincts. The courts sustain them. Damages for loss of eyesight are always greater than those awarded for loss of hearing. Nature values eyes above ears; she has given us nearly twenty times as many optic nerves as she has aural. And so it goes.

The debate to which Mr. Lathrop has so gallantly challenged me is not a discussion of blindness versus deafness. It is *his* blindness against *my* deafness — a very different matter. It would be possible to choose a blind man less philosophic than Mr. Lathrop and a deaf man far more unfortunate than I am, with quite different conclusions. Each of us must draw on his own experience, and there I have another advantage. He puts a good face on his blindness, but that is, as I have said, merely his own dauntless heroism. I too can make out a good case for deafness, and the point is, I have already done it, so I cannot be suspected of cooking it up for this particular occasion. Some ten years ago I wrote a little piece called 'On the Technique of Being Deaf,' afterward incorporated in my autobiography, '*Louder Please!*' in which I established what is undoubtedly the outstanding alleviation of deafness, not merely in my case but in all cases. May I quote: —

> After all, even the deaf are not deaf all the time. They are not deaf when there is no occasion to hear. According to the subjective theory, — which I advise all deaf people to adopt, — sound does not exist unless there are ears to hear. As I remember the sentence from the old schoolbook: 'Niagara thundered in silence for thousands of years until there appeared upon earth a being with ears.' I find it profitable and amusing to cut down the time when I am unavoidably deaf and increase that when I am on a par with the acute-eared. It works like the old dial-motto, which counted only the hours the sun shone. I have thus not unbroken, unrelieved deafness to deal with, but intermittent deafness — say deafness of two or three hours a day.

What Mr. Lathrop gives us is a picture, modest and unconscious, but none the less convincing, of a man still in his prime, overtaken by one of the supreme catastrophes of life, who bears it so bravely that he can even engage in an argument to prove that his burden is not so great as we all know it is. No one can read what he writes without being better for it. 'No life,' said Owen

Meredith, a romantic poet popular in my boyhood, 'can be sure in its purpose or strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.'

Mr. Lathrop does not prove his contention that blindness is preferable to deafness. His moving story would not convince a person of normal eyesight and hearing, let alone a deaf man. The person with normal eyesight and hearing might hesitate a moment if suddenly confronted with the question, 'Which sense would you rather dispense with?' But the deaf man knows instantly and instinctively that he would rather be deaf than blind.

What Mr. Lathrop's story does prove is that the human soul can triumph magnificently over any environment, that even so great a tragedy as loss of sight need not embitter life, and that poor human nature possesses reservoirs of compensation unrealized until drawn upon.

I SEE WITH MY EARS

BY GORDON LATHROP

I MUST confess at the outset that I have deliberately misrepresented my optical condition. I am not wholly blind. Mr. Calkins thinks so. I let him think so. I have taken advantage of him. The score at the end of the first paragraph, therefore, is: Advantage Lathrop.

Natural advantages are virtually all with the deaf in comparison with the blind. It is true that this is a visual world. It appears to have been ordained for sighted persons and animals. The mole and the shrew, the bugs and the worms without sight, the blind fish and reptiles of the land and water, must hide themselves in darkness deeper than the eyes of other creatures have power to penetrate. Who has ever seen a live blind eagle? It would stay alive not for long. Vultures and buzzards would get it. Nature is not kind to the blind.

Humanity is, though. Mr. Calkins, for instance, is too kind to me. I have not earned the praise he gives me. Subway guards, tough taxicab boys, waiters and waitresses, apartment house janitors, clerks, office boys, laborers, factory managers and workers, superintendents, general managers, vice presidents and presidents of this or that, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and chiefs are kind to me and to all blind folk. Humanity rises up en masse and individually to spank Nature when she turns her harsh breath too strongly in the direction of the blind. Humanity compensates Nature's bland impersonality toward all living organisms. The blind should turn their thoughts to the study of man, their benefactor, letting Nature go about her strange business in her own inimitable way. She will, anyhow.

When I asked if anyone had seen a live blind eagle, it did not occur at the moment that this might be possible; but the eagle would be in a cage. It could not be free and blind. If I am to use the caged eagle as a figure to illustrate the condition of the blind I must bring in other creatures. We are not all eagles. Homer was; so was Milton. But we blind folk are just as conglomerate a group as would be an equal number of men, women, and children picked at random. Some of us are eagles, some fox persons, some weasels, some lions, some fish, and some sparrows. I think of myself as some kind of rodent, a gnawing and burrowing animal. I am not as energetic as the beaver or as timid as the mouse, but somewhere in between these two I see my type. Perhaps I am a prairie dog. When I had eyesight it was unusually keen, and during my very early teens I lived in a little town on the Western plains. With my .22-calibre rifle I shot many a prairie dog to death, not realizing that perhaps I was bringing an especially heavy curse on my head for annihilating animals of my own nature. But this could scarcely be proved.

Any blind animal must be caged to preserve his life. This, if not a law of nature, is a fact of nature. Blindness in itself is imprisonment. The cage represents double slavery — slavery of the body and of the spirit. The caged animal loses its spirit.

Blindness to a scrappy man or woman, however, — and at this point I must call myself blind rather than suffering from impaired eyesight in order to get in on the applause, — constitutes the most thrilling challenge to freedom of the spirit of any affliction visited on man. Blindness may be high adventure, and often is — more often than deafness.

To go back to the first paragraph, in which I corrected the impression given by Mr. Calkins's first paragraph. He said the argument between him and me would not be fair to me because, while I was wholly blind, he was only partially deaf. This is one of the few instances in which my duplicity with respect to the condition of my eyesight proves to be only partially successful. Here, then, is the truth: —

My universe is not pitch-black. It is pearl-gray. On bright days there are glints of gold in it. The shade of gray is soft and rather luminous. The night is no darker to me than to you, and street lights swim into my vision like ghostly blurbs of light, without form or substance, but yet I know what they are.

In the daytime, shadows appear before me. I can see a shadow of a man walking past me on the sunny side of the street better than I can see the man. I recognize trees and barn doors, but not until I run into them. I have what is called light perception, but yet I have not sufficient eyesight to walk alone safely down the quietest street.

I have not seen a face in more than seven years. Yet I can distinguish a white hand against a dark dress or coat, and black and white tiles on a barber-shop floor are especially visible to me. It will be seen that my equipment of eyesight has little practical value. Yet it is enough for me to base my philosophy of blindness upon and be reasonably honest. My personal philosophy may be summed up in a few words: —

I do not have to be blind in the brain, too.

Out of this not uncommendable credo has sprung my double life. I am blind in the eyes and admit it. I go further than admitting the truth. I let people think I am stone-blind, blind as a bat, that I live in perpetual night. I fulfill to the world its exaction to the last drop of the wine of its traditions. I am selfish in this, and calculating. Blindness connotes tragedy. Tragedy brings out the best side of human beings, especially when the tragic figure walks more or less bravely through his part. I am not fighting for preservation of the sight power in my eyeballs any longer. One needs all his energies to preserve the vital idea that is hidden under every outward aspect. My blindness is an outward aspect. My idea, hidden deeply within myself, is that I can see enough at any rate to keep me intensely interested in living.

Of course, when I say to myself I can see enough, I do not mean that the vague shadows are enough. Neither do I see clairvoyantly, nor in any esoteric manner. Chiefly, I see with my ears. I see with what Mr. Calkins has not, and he hears with what I lack. I do not believe he has advantage over me in the broad sense, though his accomplishments are so much greater than mine that the case would be adjudged proved in his favor. It is not in me to do the things he has done.

It is quite true that no one can generalize about blindness or deafness. This controversy really is Mr. Calkins's deafness against my blindness, and his has been the better job of compensation winning.

Compensation for deafness or blindness, I believe Mr. Calkins would say with me, does not rush automatically to the afflicted. One must win it. An affliction contains no virtue *per se.* It is a challenge, that is all. Yet this in itself often proves to be a godsend, a spur to the spirit and a gateway to a world more satisfying than the one we knew before. I can say with Mr. Calkins that I am happier than many who have eyesight.

I have strayed far away from the blind eagle in the cage, or the prairie dog, and shall return to them. But first, let me summarize: I say to myself that I am suffering merely from impaired vision. This I do in order to maintain more or less logical contact with my inward thought that I am blind to no greater degree than my mind is inactive. To people I announce I am blind, so that the traditions, the mass thought about blindness, will influence them to turn toward me their best sides. I should receive the benefit of only a portion of a good side should I use to them the colder phrase, 'impaired vision.' This duplicity might be called playing both the positive and the negative poles of a situation for all the values in them. It really is fair, and hurts no one, not even myself, at any rate not so long as I remember to keep the two rôles in separate compartments of thought.

I am for humanity. I think it is 'swell,' as one of my classmates said the other day about the cosmic universe. Oh, yes — I've started back to school. I am forty-three. Twenty-six years ago I left high school to go to work because of the need of my earning power. I wanted to study medicine. My father was a doctor. He died when I was four and left not enough for me to go to school beyond the third year of high.

I knew how to telegraph. I worked at this trade until a fever in my twenty-first year caused the loss of sight of one eye. I became a press telegrapher, then a reporter, editor, and correspondent. When my remaining eye failed I became a radio columnist.

Mr. Calkins does not like radio, but I love it as a mother loves her sturdiest child, the one who can chiefly be depended on. I did not need eyesight to review radio programmes.

In the part of the country where I conducted my column are many lonely men and women on farms and in tiny towns. I did what I could to clear the air for them by conducting campaigns against electrical interference and to give them better programmes, shouting loudly and constantly for the establishment of chain-station programmes within hearing distance of my fellow listeners. From columning I went into magazine writing, publicity, and then to school.

Now to my caged prairie dog. I was like such a creature when first I lost my sight. No philosophy I could bring to bear on my case could console me for my loss of physical freedom. It was not the eyesight loss, but the effects of it, if you follow me. The necessity of staying put, of forever depending on the arm of a friend or employee should I venture out. I was too old to learn successfully to walk alone, tap-tapping with a cane. Blindness in itself was bondage, and the loss of physical freedom on account of blindness constituted doubly distilled enslavement. I was bound to the wheel of Fate, and not all the philosophies and religions in the world could reconcile me. This was at first.

Gradually I began to feel the gracious thought of humanity toward the blinded. I began to like humankind better, and humankind responded by reaching out hands on every side. To a considerable degree the doors of my cage were opened.

Finally came my dog, Millie (I did n't name her), to open my door wide. She is a Seeing Eye dog. This is the name of the organization training the German shepherd breed of canine for guide work.

Millie is to me what Mr. Calkins's electrical device is to him, and more than that. She is companion, friend, and servant. She is always available, always efficient when in harness. We go to school together. I do not need the arm of a friend or employee now. I am as free as a blind man could be. Millie takes me across the busiest streets, up and down steps, waits for my need of her day and night. I am no longer a caged prairie dog. I am out again in the open, burrowing away at the things that interest me.

Sixty other blind men and women in this country have this type of guide dog. Many hundreds will be available in the course of time. The movement must be slow, because it is so largely experimental, particularly with respect to the obtaining and developing of the right type of trainers.

It has taken a long while for sympathetic humanity to work out a method of freeing the blind. But now that it has happened to so great a degree I think it may be said that the deaf, with their mechanical devices, have no great advantage over us, with our guide dogs. Mr. Calkins's ears are in a box. My eyes are in the lovable head of Millie.

Now that I have Millie, I am less inclined to think of Nature as a cruel jade, unmindful of her battered children. For many hundreds of years this same breed of dog has been available to serve the blind, but neither humanity in general nor the blind themselves thought of it. Yet here was a type of Nature's children right at hand to compensate for Nature's bruising discipline to others of her huge family. Perhaps there is something in this compensation idea, after all. There may be compensation for every loss. The trick is to find it.

Perhaps there is a law. It may work up and down the scale of life. More and more I am suspecting this is so.

It may be that for every loss there is commensurate compensation. The deaf have not quite so difficult a task as the blind. But the blind have a more thrilling challenge. Potentially theirs is the greater compensation. This constitutes a potential advantage.

But I have not proved this, while Mr. Calkins has proved his point much more effectively by the things he can do. I am still, so to speak, in the experimental laboratory. It is better than a cage.

A VANISHING PROFESSION

BY JACOB A. FLEXNER

I

In earliest boyhood I made up my mind to be a doctor. My father respected this ambition and determined to do everything he could to further it. He wanted to give me a university education, send me to Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia, and then on to Paris, where he had friends. All this was taken for granted until the panic of 1873 and the ensuing business depression completely ruined my father financially. One of the saddest memories of my life is the walk I took with him on Christmas Day of that year. The pavements were encrusted with ice, so we plodded down the middle of the street and had gone along for some distance in silence when, suddenly, my father stopped and told me he was a ruined man. It would be impossible, he said, for me to go on with my schooling; instead, I should naturally want to assist him in supporting and educating my younger brothers and sisters, of whom there were eight. He told me that since my hopes were set upon medicine, my only chance to realize them would now be to enter the profession by way of a drug store.

Nowadays no one would think of a clerk in a drug store as a potential Galen, but this idea was natural enough in the 1870's. At that time a drug store was, strange to say, a *drug* store. It was in no sense the combined sandwich shop, bookstall, and dispensary of trade-marked medicines and knickknacks that it has become to-day. The old-fashioned pharmacist was not the keeper of a general store; he was a man of scientific training, a chemist, often a graduate in medicine. His principal business was to compound from their elemental drugs the prescriptions that the doctors sent in to him, and this function had not then been simplified and prostituted to the point where the man behind the counter could pour a widely advertised patent remedy from one bottle to another, paste a doctor's label on the new bottle, and still call himself a pharmacist. The druggist of my day was the right-hand man of the physician, and it was natural that the two professions should stand in a very close relationship to each other.

My father had many friends among the physicians of Louisville, where we lived, and through the influence of one of them I secured a situation with Dr. Thomas E. Jenkins, who owned two drug stores. It was agreed that I should work for six months without remuneration; at the end of that period, if I proved my ability, I was to be rewarded with the munificent salary of ten dollars a month. The store in which I began my apprenticeship had an underground hallway lined with rows of shelves. Here were kept the heavier drugs and the excess of stock which was not required in the store above. Off this dark passage ran another hallway five feet wide and hardly more than six feet high. This was my bedroom. Since it was underground, it never saw a ray of sunlight. The floor was covered with a strip of burlap from which clouds of dust ascended as one walked over it.

So much for the new physical environment in which I found myself. My intellectual environment, however, was thoroughly stimulating. Dr. Jenkins was himself a graduate in medicine and had been trained in chemistry at St. Joseph's College in Bardstown, Kentucky. He was a student with a keen appreciation of the distinction between science and pseudo-science. Accurate to a most unusual degree, he possessed qualities which inspired his customers with complete confidence; just to watch him wrap up a package of Epsom salts convinced one that it was the best Epsom salts in the world. Dr. Jenkins had a good library, to which I had frequent access. Since I was an omnivorous reader and seemed to get along with little sleep, I had opportunities for self-improvement which made my lot far from an unhappy one.

At first I was put to work washing bottles and windows, but it was not long before I was promoted to the prescription counter, where I became an assistant analyst and pharmacist. Here I helped perform many tasks which I have never seen repeated in any latter-day drug store. We often prepared ores for assay and conducted many analyses that would now be undertaken by governmental agencies. One of these I recall particularly. An ex-convict had been found murdered on the outskirts of the city. Since there were no marks of violence upon the body, it was decided to hold a post-mortem; the viscera were removed and sent to Dr. Jenkins for analysis. They arrived in a bucket with the tin cover soldered over it, but Dr. Jenkins refused to touch it until a check for the examination had reached him. For several days the bucket was kept in our cellar. When the check finally arrived and the contents were analyzed, we found strychnine in large quantities. This evidence enabled the authorities to prove that another ex-convict had committed the murder.

Those were the days when the sale of harmful drugs was not restricted. I could relate many instances to illustrate the deplorable conditions which brought the Harrison Law into being, but one will suffice. One Sunday morning a clergyman came into the store and asked me for a pint of whiskey and an eighth of an ounce of morphine sulphate. He paid for his purchase and, borrowing a pint graduate, asked me if he could step down to our basement for a moment. I gave him permission and paid no further attention to him until I saw him leave the store. Then, having occasion to go into the basement, I was horrified to find there the empty morphine bottle, the empty whiskey bottle, and the sides of the graduate covered with morphine crystals. The reverend gentleman had swallowed almost sixty grains of morphine and I expected at any moment to see him carried back into the store. Nothing happened, however, until one o'clock, when Mr. Gray, the relief clerk, came in. I showed him the ghastly outlay and described the clergyman as well as I could. My relief may well be imagined when Mr. Gray said to me, 'Don't bother about him. I just heard him preach one of the most eloquent sermons I ever listened to in my life.' Now that the sale of such drugs is regulated, I trust that no pharmacist of to-day will have to spend as miserable hours as I did before I learned the habits of my clerical customer.

Fifty years ago no first-class pharmacist would have thought of depending upon the great manufacturing firms to supply his tinctures and fluid extracts and capsules. We manufactured our own preparations and stocked our stores with drugs and chemicals that one never sees in the more prosperous metropolitan chain stores of to-day. We purchased our ammonia and our sulphuric acid in carboys, our sulphur, cream of tartar, and lampblack in barrels — and only from firms whose reputations were established beyond question. There are drug manufacturers now high in the pharmaceutical heavens whose preparations Dr. Jenkins would not have permitted in his store. In reward for our diligence we knew drugs when we saw them. We were taught the botany as well as the pharmacology of the *materia medica*, and in a small way the therapeutics as well.

The manufacture of our own preparations was occasionally dangerous. Now and then it led me rather far afield. When I first heard of the Aspinwall explosion of nitroglycerin I determined to try to produce some myself. I got my materials together and, following the proper directions, mixed them in a thin glass beaker. To await the subsidence of the reaction I stood the glass on a slab of granite in the back yard behind the store and proceeded with my other work. Hardly had I got inside the building when a heavy cart, rumbling along the street, gave the glass a jar and it let go with a roar that shook all the windows in the neighborhood. Later a somewhat similar experiment produced unexpected therapeutic results. Behind the drug store was the office of Dr. R. C. Hewett, a gentleman of the old school who had taken much interest in me. By accident I caused another explosion right under his office window and the old gentleman came running out with his spectacles far advanced on his nose.

'Son, what *are* you going to do next?' he shouted at me.

I explained to him that I had done no harm, whereupon he replied laughingly, 'No, nothing but good. I was just talking to Mr. Richardson, who has had rheumatism for months. He came in on crutches, but when your thunderous detonation went off almost under him he leaped up and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. His crutches are still in my office.'

No one has ever told the story of the drug-store loafers as they existed back in the seventies. A book might be written about the picturesque characters I encountered and the tales I heard them tell of their experiences. I have n't the space to do them justice here, but I must digress long enough to relate one story of more than local interest. A regular visitor to our store was Mr. John Throckmorton, who always had a comfortable seat reserved for him behind the stove. He was the son of Major Aris Throckmorton, who had been the proprietor of a celebrated hostelry in Louisville, the Galt House. John had been one of the clerks. It seems that one cold, raw day a plain-looking, rather heavy-set man entered the Galt House, asked for a room, and signed the name 'Charles Dickens' in the register. John looked him over casually, tried without success to engage him in conversation, and ended by assigning him to a small room at the top of the house. A few minutes later Major Throckmorton came in and glanced over the register. He was horrified to see that his distinguished guest had been quartered in the least desirable room in the hotel. Calling his son, he demanded to know what he meant by such an insult to one of the noted men of the age. 'Charles Dickens,' he thundered, 'on the top floor of *my* house!'

'Who the devil is Charles Dickens?' asked John. 'I never heard of him.'

'Never heard of Dickens! The author of *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Pickwick Papers?*'

'No,' said John, 'I never heard of any of them; and if they are all as grouchy as he is, I don't care if I never do.'

With an angry snort the elder Throckmorton turned his back upon his son and ascended to Dickens's room to present his apologies. 'Mr. Dickens,' he said, 'I am sorry that stupid son of mine failed to recognize you at once. I have come up, sir, to make amends and to place my bridal chamber at your disposal.'

To this kind offer Dickens replied indifferently, 'The room is all right, and if I want you I'll call for you. Please don't annoy me with any further civilities.'

Major Throckmorton's temper hung by a hair trigger. Immediately he flew into a rage and ordered his guest to pack up his baggage and get out, for he would not have a blasted Englishman under his roof if he could help it. So Dickens removed himself to the Louisville Hotel. In his *American Notes* he speaks of the Louisville Hotel, but he does not mention the Galt House and his mortifying encounter with Major Throckmorton.

II

At the time of which I write there were three medical schools in Louisville and the city could boast a number of distinguished physicians, many of whom frequented our drug store. I came to know them well and learned from them many things which were of service to me later. To listen to these men talk was a liberal education to a youth eager for knowledge. I, for my part, was often able to render them some service in return. More than once my knowledge of drugs was the means of saving physicians from their own mistakes.

In those days we had no telephones and it was often impossible to communicate with a doctor if we suspected an error in one of his prescriptions. At such times I had either to take the liberty and the risk of correcting the prescription myself or, by letting it go through, to expose the physician, which I could not bear to do. One night, when a member of a prominent family was ill, a prescription was brought in calling for one grain of quinine and sixty grains of morphine to be made up into twelve capsules. It was an unmistakable blunder, so without any hesitation I reversed the quantities and filled the prescription with five grains of quinine and one twelfth of a grain of morphine in each capsule. The next morning when the doctor visited the store, as he did almost every day, I showed him his prescription duly numbered and dated. With a wink he remarked, 'You changed that, I am sure.' My friendship with the doctors seemed to flourish upon such incidents.

I think back with particular gratitude to my friendship with Dr. Richard Cowling. He had traveled a great deal and would occasionally sit in the drug store and talk to me about some of the eminent surgeons he had seen operate in London, Paris, and Vienna. He was an ardent admirer of Maudsley, the great English surgeon, who, on one occasion when an operation had been unsuccessful, turned calmly to his assistant and said, 'The patient is a corpse; remove it and bring the next one.' Such imperturbability impressed Dr. Cowling tremendously. He early knew of my penchant for the practice of medicine, and whenever he could he would take me with him to watch him perform an operation or to listen to one of his lectures at the medical school. One evening I went along to see him demonstrate to his class an amputation of the hip joint. Little was then known about the control of hemorrhage, and Dr. Cowling explained, 'This is an operation done against time; it can only succeed when one is exceedingly swift and has a trained assistant.' With that he proceeded to amputate the leg of a cadaver.

When he had finished and looked at his stop watch he said, 'I think I never did that so well before.'

A voice from the benches spoke up, 'Doctor, I believe I could beat you at it.'

'Well,' replied Dr. Cowling, 'this subject has another leg. Come down here, sir, and try it.'

The student beat Dr. Cowling's time by fifteen or twenty seconds and the doctor, in astonishment, asked him where he had learned to cut. The man replied, 'I was a butcher in Texas, Doctor, and we work quick down there.'

It would be difficult for a medical student of to-day to realize some of the hardships that attended the study of anatomy in the 1870's. The pretty general enactment of the so-called 'anatomy law,' which provides that the unclaimed bodies of people dying in public institutions shall be given to the medical schools, has done away with a very picturesque character of my time — the body snatcher. During the early period of my apprenticeship at the drug store I was eager to do anything which I thought would help me along in my medical studies. One evening a doctor from one of the large schools asked me if I wanted to go with a little party on a grave-robbing expedition after the store closed that night. Everything being fish that came to my net from that source, I readily accepted. I was told to provide myself with a good cap and a warm overcoat, and arrangements were made for him to stop by for me. Since the weather was cold, I had the inspiration to slip into my pocket a bottle of whiskey, which turned out to be a godsend to us, as I have often known it to be on other occasions.

At the appointed time my friend appeared and I climbed into the spring wagon that had been rented for the expedition. In it were two large casks. Besides the doctor and myself, our party consisted of the wagon driver and the body snatcher — a well-known figure in the dissecting rooms of the city. We crossed the Ohio River on a ferryboat, drove out behind a little Indiana town opposite the east end of Louisville, and soon reached the cemetery. Securing the bodies was a far simpler operation than one might think. A sort of shaft was sunk at the head of the newly made grave, which as a rule was not very deep. A rope was then passed around the neck of the body, which by this time had lost its rigidity, and the limp corpse was drawn up and hurriedly placed in one of the casks. This was repeated at another place not far from the site of the first operation. When we were ready to start back it was well on toward midnight, and quite cold. We managed to catch a ferryboat just as it was leaving the wharf. We had almost reached midstream when my friend, who had walked up to the bow of the boat, came back and whispered to me, 'There are two detectives on board and they are going to arrest us the moment the boat ties up. I'll give them as much of your whiskey as they will drink. Meanwhile you throw those two casks into the river. At all events there will be no evidence against us.'

By the time the boat was tied up at the landing the two detectives were very mellow; still they were sober enough to inform us that we were under arrest for stealing bodies, which they knew to be concealed in the casks in our wagon. The doctor, with the disarming innocence which he knew so well how to assume, told them that he had never before suspected that a few drinks of whiskey could make men see casks where there were none, and he led them up to the empty wagon. They could only shake their heads in amazement. One of them, turning to my friend, said, 'Well, Doc, thank you for a pleasant evening, anyway. There's no evidence against you, so I reckon you can go on and land.' A few days later I learned that the two casks had gone ashore somewhere on the Kentucky side of the river and had been sent, unopened, to the medical school for which they had originally been intended.

After three years of clerking in the drug store an offer came to me to take charge of the prescription manufacturing department of a much larger business than the one I had been engaged in. Since it promised a substantial increase in salary, I embraced the opportunity eagerly, but soon discovered that the work was different in every way from that with which I had been occupied before. I had been accustomed to clean, orderly, scientific management. In this place there was an air of the patent medicine; the proprietor seemed to think of nothing but the volume of his business. Here many things were purchased from the manufacturing pharmacists which I had formerly been accustomed to produce myself. I do not mean to cast any reflections upon the quality of these manufactured drugs, but I do say that there was a certain satisfaction in my former method of procedure which was always lacking at the new store. Sometimes, however, I was able to persuade my employer to allow me, even with the limited facilities at my disposal, to turn out for him some preparation which was sold in large quantities.

While most of my memories of this establishment are not pleasant, I retain a fond recollection of an Irish laborer named Mike Merritt, who became my most appreciative customer. He was at least six feet four inches tall, and I have never seen a human being take such tremendous doses of medicine as this man did. It was not at all unusual for him to down a full tumbler of castor oil at one gulp. One day Mike came into the store with a prescription calling for one grain of strychnine to be mixed with other things and put into thirty pills. The weighing of small amounts of drugs is always a delicate process, and as Mike watched me deliberately measuring out his dose of strychnine a crystal at a time he became impatient. In his familiar brogue he said to me, 'Ah, gwan wid ye, Docthor, and don't be so stintin' wid your medicine!'

My next employment was more like my first in some respects. It was in a small store situated in one of the residential districts. During my clerkship here I had a terrible experience which I cannot recall even now without a quickening of the pulse. One Sunday night — or, rather, early one Monday morning — the night bell rang, as it often did when some neighbor was taken suddenly ill. Dressing quickly, I went to the door. Through the glass I could see a tall man without a hat who looked as if he had rushed out for medicine in a great hurry. I shoved the key into the lock and turned it. Immediately the door flew back upon me under the pressure of a second man who had been kneeling against it below the glass panel. The next instant I had been knocked down, two knees were upon my chest, and I felt the cold steel of a revolver against each temple. 'If you don't resist,' warned the taller man, 'you won't be hurt.' They took me into my bedroom, in the rear of the store, tied my hands behind me, flung me across the bed, and returned to the store. I heard them break down the cash drawer. Then they found the whiskey and helped themselves bountifully and loaded their pockets with cigars.

While I lay there I had plenty of time to collect my thoughts. I had in my pocket the key to the safe, which contained a thousand dollars in cash, diamonds and other jewelry belonging to the proprietor's wife, and some valuable securities. My employer knew that I was in a precarious financial position, and if the safe was opened with my key I realized that I should be under suspicion. As I turned the matter over in my mind I resolved to protect the safe, and with it my reputation. I managed somehow to free my hands and then I hid the key. Hardly had I done this when the men came back into the room and demanded it. 'I have n't it,' said I. 'Search me if you don't believe me.' The tall man replied, 'But I saw you lock the safe early in the evening!' Again I lied valiantly and said that the proprietor took the key home with him and that I did not have it. After searching me and failing to find it, they must have believed my story, for in a little while they departed.

My employer lived in the house next door, and as soon as I thought the men were out of hearing I called to him. The first thing I did was to hand him his key and ask him to look in the safe and see that everything was as he had left it. Of course it was; the safe had not been opened. When we notified the police, the chief of detectives came to investigate, and a celebrated detective he was. He was an old friend of my father and had known me from childhood. I shall never forget the strange look he gave me as I told him my story. 'You say they tied you with a thong?' he asked. 'Where is it?' Fortunately for me, it lay on the floor by the side of the bed where I had dropped it. It seemed to be a peculiar slipknot, for the detective recognized it at once. 'This is Red Leary's knot. We'll hear more from this fellow before he gets out of the state.'

The very next night these same desperadoes killed a tollgate keeper on a road not far from where I am now dictating these reminiscences. They shot him through the window as he sat at the supper table with his family around him. Later they were caught at Nashville and were sent to the Ludlow Street Jail in New York, from which, if I remember correctly, they had escaped. This man Leary had been a Union soldier during the Civil War and afterward became a member of Quantrell's band, from which I believe the James brothers graduated also. My encounter with him filled me with a strange horror of his very name, which seemed to jump out at me from the pages of the newspapers whenever he figured in some new crime. When I read of his death several years later, I confess to a feeling of real relief.

While I continued at my third job as a druggist's assistant I still took advantage of every opportunity to carry on my medical studies. The professor of anatomy at a neighboring medical school had become an intimate friend of mine and I arranged to study with him at night. This necessitated the keeping of a cadaver, and for convenience I stowed it away under my bed. One day the proprietor of the drug store, without saying anything to me about his intentions, ordered the Negro porter to clean up my room. He struggled with the bulky object under my bed until he had dragged it forth; then when he saw what it was he shrieked, 'Oh, mah Lawd, mah Lawd!' and fled through the back door. He could never be persuaded to return to the store again. My employer and I had rather a heated conversation about it and in the end I was compelled to return the body to the dissecting room, where it belonged.

Negro porters were very reliable helpers back in the seventies and eighties, and even to-day, in the South, they are still important members of the drug-store personnel. One day when I needed something from the cellar I sent one of the porters to fetch it. A carboy of ammonia which was stored there had sprung a leak and the cellar was full of the fumes. I saw the porter disappear down the steps and the very next instant he came dashing back up again. As soon as he saw me he burst out, 'Don't send me down dat cellah no mo', Boss! Dere's somepin' in dat cellah dat goes up my nose befo' mah breff!'

III

By studying at night I had been able to take my degree from the College of Pharmacy. I was now qualified to go into business for myself. This seemed a highly desirable thing to do in view of the fact that my personal responsibilities were becoming much heavier as my brothers and sisters grew older, for I felt that I ought to do everything I could to help them get the education which had been denied me. I learned that one of the oldest established drug stores in Louisville was for sale. My own capital was limited, but some friends and relatives offered to assist me and I was enabled to make a bid which was accepted. The arrangements left me saddled with debt, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that henceforth I was to be my own master. The store was situated in the business district and only a block away from the river, so that we drew many of our clients from the steamboat trade. From the first my business was devoted almost exclusively to the filling of prescriptions written by physicians. With the reputation I had established in the stores where I had previously worked, it was not long before I was doing a thriving business. In the course of the next year I was able to pay off practically the entire debt upon the store.

Before long I had several graduates in pharmacy working with me. By interest and industry we developed a considerable business in what now passes under the name of 'clinical microscopy.' We were soon in a position to erect a new building, which we did in order to make it possible to separate the prescription department from the ordinary business of the store. Our new prescription department occupied the second floor. To ensure absolute accuracy, I introduced a system by which every customer was given a check for his prescription, and a similar coupon was attached to the prescription itself before it went upstairs to be filled. The clerk who had charge of this department had under him two graduates in pharmacy and several other helpers, but often this was not enough; many days there was scarcely a moment for meals. But it was a happy time. We knew that we were rendering the best professional service that could be had. Our patrons included most of the distinguished doctors in Louisville. Very few drug stores are established upon this principle to-day; in the general stores which have replaced the old-fashioned pharmacy the prescription counter represents a small and almost negligible aspect of the business.

I preferred to manufacture my own drugs when possible, and the new store was built with an eye to growth in this direction. I produced practically all of my own tinctures and fluid extracts and many of the solid extracts from the crude drugs, which were very carefully chosen. When Koch announced the discovery of tuberculin at a meeting of the International Medical Association in Berlin, I immediately cabled to a correspondent and was among the first to receive one gram of this important drug. Through the same connection I secured a small amount of Aaronson's diphtheria antitoxin, and I feel rather sure that, with Dr. Ed Grant of Louisville, I was the first to demonstrate the value of diphtheria antitoxin south of the Ohio River.

The first patient was a little girl who lived in a tiny room behind a wretched grocery store. The child was all but dead, her pulse had nearly stopped, and the awful membrane covered her mouth, lips, and nose. I administered the antitoxin according to instructions, using the old Koch syringe, which is a syringe having a bulb and not a plunger. Next morning, to our great satisfaction, I was able to remove almost all of the membrane from the child's throat and mouth, and with her mother's faithful care she made a good recovery. She was a tractable little girl and I remember taking her one of the dolls of which my own children had quite an excess. Many years later, when I was practising medicine, a young woman came into my office and told me that she was the child to whom I had administered that first antitoxin. When she confided to me that she still had the doll I had given her and that her mother and father had never ceased to be grateful for what I had done for them, I experienced that solid pleasure which does not often come to any man but a doctor.

The solicitation of alms was a common occurrence in the late eighties. Since there were few organized charities, the drug stores, because of their easy access, became a favorite point of call for them. One evening a small, shabby, and very red-faced man came into the store and, in a broad Scotch accent, asked me if he could have a few minutes of my time. He began by telling me that he had been a director of the Glasgow Bank, which had failed disastrously some time before; since coming to this country, he said, he had met with continued ill fortune and he begged me to help him. His language was excellent and his familiarity with the whole subject of the Glasgow Bank, as I had gotten it from the newspapers, seemed to be impeccable; so I gave him a dole. Some years later I was sitting at the microscope one afternoon when a small, red-faced man came in and told me in perfect German that he had been connected with some bank failure in Hamburg. I recognized him at once. 'What a sad life you have had!' said I. 'Are you not the same poor man whose misfortunes began with the failure of the Glasgow Bank some years ago?' He straightened up and answered me in perfect English, 'You have a marvelous memory, sir; I am.' With that he walked out and I have never seen him again.

Before the advent of organized charities it was not unusual to see young children on the streets appealing to one's sympathies by selling matches, shoestrings, and other trifles. One day a ragged little boy of about seven came into the store to beg in this manner and I happened to notice that he had lost the sight of one eye by the growth upon it of what is called a pterygium and that a similar one was forming on his other eye. It distressed me to see the little fellow so neglected. By closing his good eye, I showed him that he was blind in the other one, and this frightened him so much that he promised to bring his father to see me. In a little while the father came. He was a Russian shoemaker and was obviously grieved and alarmed when I explained the seriousness of his child's condition. I gave him a note to my good friend, Dr. William Cheatham, who, without any charge, performed the slight operation that was necessary to save the sight of the remaining eye.

In 1893, I began my formal studies in medicine. For a number of years I had been pursuing independent researches of my own with the assistance of friends among the doctors; now I wanted to obtain my degree in medicine, so I enrolled at the University of Louisville. The demonstrator of anatomy was a close friend of mine and he allowed me many special privileges so that I might continue my work at the drug store while I carried on my studies. I was permitted, among other things, to work at my dissections late at night long after the departure of the class. The first time I took advantage of this privilege I had rather a harrowing experience. The caretaker of the building either had not been informed of my presence or had forgotten about it, for he quietly locked me in the dissecting room, where I was so intent upon my work that I did not hear him. About midnight, when I concluded to turn out the lights and go home, I found the door barred. I can assure you that it was anything but pleasant to face the prospect of spending the night in the company of five or six mutilated bodies.

Hoping that I might be able to summon assistance from the street, I walked over to the window. Opposite the medical school there was a Negro church; I saw a group of colored people gathered in front of it. I knocked on the glass and then, raising it, shouted to them. I still had on my white apron and they must have thought I was the ghost of one of their departed friends, for the sight of me sent the crowd scattering madly in all directions. In a moment the street was absolutely deserted. Seeing that all my efforts to escape, short of breaking down the door, were useless, I resigned myself to the inevitable. I found a dissecting table unoccupied and, lying down upon it, was soon fast asleep. I never slept better in my life, but you may be sure that when the astonished caretaker found me in the morning I took pains to arrange things with him so that I should not have to spend another night in this laboratory of the dead.

In my later years it has interested me greatly to note that numbers of physicians of my generation, many of them highly distinguished men, entered their medical careers as I did — through the drug store. With the modern tendency to make of a drug store anything rather than a *drug* store, this avenue is now closed to the medical student. Pharmacy is, indeed, a vanishing profession. It seems a great pity. For the man who means to practise internal medicine I still believe that training in the prescription department of a high-class pharmacy provides a valuable discipline for which no substitute can be found elsewhere. Those of us who were equipped there came to know drugs as few others know them. We also came to know how little many doctors understand this basic element of their profession. And I do not hesitate to say that, to the patient, the ability of a doctor to compound his own prescription with thought of the immediate case before him is something that is precious beyond all measure.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SINGLE RAPIER

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

One may as well confess that, in the hands of a cunning literary craftsman, the theme of Murder as one of the Fine Arts attracts us more than we care to think about. Of even the best morbidity, a little goes a long way. With zest, therefore, a healthy mind turns to Detection of Crime, where obscure and imaginative killings are purely by the way, and the chief fascination grows from the enthralling processes of the detective mind. The sovereign power of this interest makes itself felt in the Mousetrap play-within-the-play of *Hamlet.* Here the murderer, pouring the liquid poison into the Sleeper's ear, pours a shudder into us; but from this we are lifted at once to the crest of excitement by the detective glance with which the prone Hamlet pierces the heart of Claudius.

Now, although I listen like a three years' child to tales of the amazing achievements of those geniuses Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance, I cannot down a grudging sense of their good fortune. Lucky fellows, I say, to be furnished with a supply of selected crimes, carefully committed for them to solve! For a literary detective is denied the advantages of a detective in literature. No omniscient author predigests his problem, carries the answer up his sleeve, and provides the puzzle with fascinating varieties of circumstance. True, the Case of Christopher Marlowe came pretty well within the regulations. One knew that the poet had been killed, and the puzzle was to find the slayer and throw light on the crime. But there are cases in which we must begin with far less hope of success — cases in which we are completely in the dark.

For if the lost crime was committed upwards of three hundred years ago, and no one has heard of it from that day to this, your detective faces a sporting proposition. He must begin sans newspaper, sans confidential informant, sans everything but his curiosity. In two words, he must start from scratch; and it is to the story of such a novel hare-and-hounds that I now invite you.

Henry Porter, you must know, is an arresting presence in the stormy procession of Elizabethan dramatists — no less arresting because he vanishes so suddenly and strangely from our sight. First mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary,* in December 1596, as one of the leading and popular playwrights for the Admiral's company, he runs for two years and a half thereafter a lively career — writing three plays himself and collaborating in two others. In one of these he worked with Ben Jonson: a significant association, for the two must have had much in common. Like Jonson vigorous and downright, he further shares with Ben the distinction of introducing the amusing 'humor' or type character to the English stage. And more than this can be said for Porter on the authority of his *Two Angry Women of Abingdon,* the only play of his that has come down to us.

Unlike Jonson's, Porter's genius was pure English, uncomplicated by Renaissance influence and borrowing. His people are drawn from nowhere but the life of the English countryside; their shrewdly observed characters are richly developed in a hearty humor and a plain and flowing English. Francis Meres placed Porter in a group with Shakespeare as 'the best for Comedy amongst us.' The *Angry Women* may stand shoulder-high to the *Merry Wives*. Here is no space for an adequate appreciation of Porter's genius. There is keen regret for his lost plays. Havelock Ellis well says, 'Many golden galleons of our drama lie sunken at the bottom of the sea; few that we would more gladly recover than the stout oak-built ships of Harry Porter.'

Natural enough, we may say, to expect the loss of many an Elizabethan playhouse manuscript. Plays in any age are mostly fugitive productions. But the unexplained disappearance of a leading playwright is another matter — one which sets the curiosity ablaze and the questing hounds of the imagination a-straining in the slips to be off on the trail of the lost Harry Porter.

II

Now the most insatiable of clue hunters would find food for his hunger in Chancery Lane. Here in the Record Office are thousands and tens of thousands of parchment rolls and files of documents from Elizabeth's England. In such a *matto grosso* the great question is, of course, which way to turn first, which of the countless jungle tracks to follow.

For a hint, let us look to the last known trace of the missing man, found in Henslowe's *Diary* — an acknowledgment written in his own hand: 'Be it knowne vnto all men that J henry Porter do owe vnto phillip Hinchlowe the some of x^s of lawfull money of England w^{ch} J did borrowe of hym the 26 of maye a^o dom 1599. Henr [*sic*] Porter.'

Now Henslowe, as everyone knows, lived in Southwark — Southwark, that turbulent transpontine appendage of London which harbored the Bear Garden and Henslowe's Rose Theatre. In Southwark, too, were brothels — the notorious 'stews' of the Bankside, near the elegant town house or palace of their landlord, the Bishop of Winchester; prisons — the King's Bench, the Clink, Marshalsea, and the White Lion; alehouses — three hundred of them; courts of justice — Southwark Assizes and the High Court of Admiralty, both held in St. Margaret's, a disused church which also housed the jail called the Southwark Compter. A grim enough catalogue, exhibiting a very Elizabethan mixture of religion and crime.

This whole congeries has long disappeared from the face of Southwark. But in the Record Office documents are to be found which bring it to life for us. If we dip into the criminal files of the High Court of Admiralty, for instance, we find the sea thieves and murderers haled before their judges in St. Margaret's Church. Pirates on trial for their lives a bowshot from the Bankside stage where Shakespeare is acting with his fellows! The temptation to digress is too seductive, and I am absorbed to find interesting proof that the Admiralty had cognizance of crimes committed not only on the high seas but on the London Thames as well. Here we find a specimen — the murder of a waterman, one of the fraternity of Taylor the Water Poet, by a dangerous religious maniac: —

> John Lawson, late of London, yeoman, came running along the street in Redrith and called for a pair of oars; and the said John Staples, now dead, and William Aide took him at Redrith Stairs into their

wherry; and as they rowed him from the Stairs towards London, the said John Lawson began to read on a Bible which he had in his hand, and said the devils and witches had bewitched him and brought him that day out of his chamber; and being warned by the water men to call upon God, he read on his Bible again; and, looking up again, he said he thanked God he had, and [He had] saved him from them. And then he, the said John Lawson, of a sudden, in the said wherry in the river of Thames over against St. Saviour's Mill, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, the said fourth day of April aforesaid, being devilishly minded, drew his rapier and thrust the said John Staples through the neck on the right side, and also into the thigh ten inches deep up towards his body, and hurt him also in the left hand in two places; of which wounds so given . . . the same Staples languished about the space of half an hour, and then died.

With stories like this coming before my eyes, it is difficult to put aside the Admiralty records, though, to be sure, they are hardly likely to contain a clue to the vanished Henry Porter.

But a better source suggests itself — the Southwark Assizes. Southwark was in Surrey in those days, and Surrey came under the Southeastern Circuit. Here luck is with me, for of all the records of the Clerks of Assize preserved in the Record Office the only ones which extend back into the sixteenth century are those of the Southeastern Circuit. I promptly send for a bundle, and, on opening it, select the Surrey file.

Here before me on the old brown slips of parchment are lists of the justices of jail delivery, panels of jurors, and quantities of original indictments — indictments for petty larceny, for non-attendance at church, for witchcraft, for assault, for seditious speeches, for highway robbery, for manslaughter, for murder. Is the lost playwright to be found among them? Hunting fever is growing on me as I grope my way along through that grim wood where on every second tree a felon hangs.

III

I reach the file for 1599, the year of Porter's disappearance. Is my quarry here? The leaves of parchment fall swiftly . . . . strange names flit past . . . and now, Porter. Henry Porter. Killed. Is this my man? The date — June 6. Eleven days after he disappeared from Henslowe's book. The missing playwright is found; and his tragic death is told in a legal Latin which may be Englished as follows: —

Surrey: — The Jurors for the Lady the Queen present that John Daye, late of Southwark, yeoman, on the sixth day of June in the forty-first year of our Lady Elizabeth by God's grace Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., with force and arms, at Southwark aforesaid in the said county, not having God before his eyes, but moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, *of his malice aforethought feloniously* made an assault upon a certain Henry Porter, and when the said Henry then and there was in God's peace and the peace of the said Lady the Queen, with a certain sword, Anglice a rapier, of the value of two shillings, which the same John Daye had and held in his right hand, feloniously struck, then and there giving to the same Henry Porter a mortal wound on the left breast of his body of the length of one inch and of the width of one inch, of which mortal wound the said Henry Porter languished at Southwark aforesaid in the said county, from the said sixth day of June in the forty-first year aforesaid until the seventh day of June then next ensuing; on which seventh day of June in the year aforesaid, at Southwark in the said county, the said Henry Porter died of the said mortal wound. And thus at Southwark in the said county the said John Daye, in the form and manner aforesaid, *of his said malice aforethought* feloniously killed *and murdered* the said Henry Porter, against the peace of the said Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

The first thing to note here is that the inquest jury brought a charge of murder against the slayer. But the passages I print in italic were subsequently struck out; and on turning the parchment over I find the endorsement of the grand jury: 'Not found for murder. True bill for manslaughter.' Furthermore, over the name of John Day at the head of the indictment the clerk has entered a memorandum of the trial and verdict: 'Puts himself guilty; no goods; self-defense, and he fled to a certain wall beyond which, etc.'

While this is formal language, the meaning of it is clear enough. Day confesses that he killed Porter. 'No goods' means that he has no property to be forfeit to the Crown for his felony. He urges self-defense in extenuation of his crime, offering evidence that he retreated as far as possible from Porter — or, in the old phrase, he 'fled to a certain wall, beyond which he could in no wise go without peril of his life' — before defending himself effectively with his rapier. On referring to the docket of prisoners at the bottom of the file, I find Day's name, with the note 'gave bail for next, etc.' — which is to say that he found sureties for his appearance 'at the next gaol-delivery in his proper person to plead his pardon or yield his body to the order of the Court.' Day, then, was released on bail, and, since his name does not appear in the record of the following jail delivery, we must conclude that, like Ingram Frizer, he was granted a royal pardon for homicide in self-defense.

With this account we may contrast Ben Jonson's trial at Middlesex Sessions in the preceding year for killing the actor Gabriel Spencer in a duel. Unlike Day, Jonson is presented, not for murder, but for manslaughter. At his trial he has no evidence of self-defense to offer, and to escape the gallows which awaits the convicted felon he pleads clergy: 'He asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked in the hand with a T, and is delivered according to the form of the statute.'

In spite of the expense involved in securing a pardon, Day got off better than Ben Jonson. For not only is it painful and ignominious to be branded in the hand, but such a mark is a distinct disadvantage. If you should happen to kill another adversary, no amount of clerkly scholarship would save you from the tree. Benefit of clergy could be claimed once, and no more.

IV

But we have got ahead of our story. Who was this John Day, at whose hands Harry Porter had his last quietus? The question answers itself. Who should he be but the rival playwright for Henslowe's company, John Day, who collaborated with Chettle in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green?* What more natural than a heated quarrel between two men employed by one manager, especially between two playwrights, who, according to the *Diary*, never collaborated with each other? Further evidence is given by Ben Jonson himself, who, a month before he killed Gabriel Spencer, had collaborated with Porter in the play, *Hot Anger Soon Cold.* A fellow worker with Harry Porter, Ben was no friend of Day's, and in conversation with Drummond he calls Day 'rogue' and 'base fellow.'

These are hard words for admirers of Day's work to swallow; and we have no other testimony than Ben's as to his character. What can be said of his writings? Of his plays, perhaps the most characteristic is *Humour out of*

Breath. Here, though to be sure in a less delicate form, we find the 'polish and politeness,' the wit and Arcadian grace, of *Love's Labour's Lost* and *As You Like It.* Further, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green* shows that on demand Day could collaborate in producing boisterous and bustling scenes of realism and crude humor with some indifferent success. But, left to its own pleasure, Day's talent found its most grateful path to expression in the poetry of his delightful masque, *The Parliament of Bees.* Of this sweet fancy Charles Lamb wrote: —

> The doings,
> The births, the wars, the wooings

of these pretty little winged creatures are with continued liveliness portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old drama, in words which bees would talk with, could they talk; the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies while we read them. Surely bees were never so berhymed before.

But we must leave the measuring of poets' fame to Time's yardstick, and return to the dark business with which we began. Who can say with any confidence what provoked the quarrel, and how the playwrights fought? Except for the certainty that Day thrust Porter into the breast with a rapier, we are in ignorance. No further light comes to us from either combatant, whether from Porter's twenty-four hours of languishing life or Day's remaining years.

A fancy strikes me that perhaps Porter lacked Day's skill with the rapier. To many an untraveled Englishman it was still a fairly new weapon, and Porter's play shows its author English to the core. Is there a trace of Porter's own feelings in the words he puts into the mouth of the humorous serving man Dick Coomes? 'Nay, mistress, I had a sword, ay, the flower of Smithfield for a sword, a right fox, i' faith . . . 't is gone, and there are few good ones made now. I see by this dearth of good swords that dearth of sword-and-buckler fight begins to grow on't; I am sorry for it; I shall never see good manhood again if it be once gone; this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then; then a man, a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or a coney; then a boy will be as good as a man, unless the Lord show mercy unto us; well, I had as lief be hanged as live to see that day.'

If an angry man merely wanted to settle a sudden quarrel with a good gory hand-to-hand, but not carry it to the length of killing, he was ill advised to use a rapier. Giacomo di Grassi, in his *True Arte of Defence* (Englished 1594), well observes that 'the Rapier is generally allowed as a weapon because most perilous, therefore most feared, and thereupon private quarrels and common frayes soonest shunned.'

Can we trace in Day's subsequent writings any reflection of that fatal fight with Porter? It may not be the mere accident of popular demand that in the autumn after he had put a bloody period to the life of a dramatist — one of 'the best for Comedy amongst us' — we find him collaborating with Haughton in writing two tragedies which deal with recent murders: *The Tragedy of Cox of Collumpton* and *Thomas Merry, or, Beech's Tragedy.* It was not until the following spring that he made an effort toward comedy in some of the scenes of *The Blind Beggar.* Yet here, if we give a loose to our imaginations under the stimulus of the grim fact just disclosed to us, we may fancy some echo of that tragedy acted to the life in the June of 1599: —

> (*Enter Captain Westford and Officers*)
> *Cap. W.* Lay hold on him; and, Mr. Strowd, once more,
> Confesse thy guilt.

Old Strowd. Why, Sir, I not deny Sir Robert
Westford, doing me much wrong, is by me slain.
Cap. W. And you for this offence
Shall be conducted safely unto Prison
Till matters may be better thought upon:
Mean time your own confession is my warrant.
O. Str. Well, Gentlemen, I do obey the Law,
And will yield my body Prisoner to the King.
Son, work what means ye can for my repreiue
Till we may sue for pardon. So adue my Son;
Heaven give thee grace such desprate bralls
to shun.

And, finally, think of Day, a few months after he had slain Porter with his rapier, penning the lines in Act V, where Captain Westford and Young Playnsey, demanding trial by combat before the King, are making choice of weapons: —

Y. Playn. Come, Captain Westford, you have
been in Spain,
And are well practis'd in the desperate fight
Of Single Rapier.
Cap. W. Playnsey, I am pleas'd.
King. So are not we.
The single Rapier is too desperate;
And therefore choose some other weapon,
Or we will have no Combat fought this day.

MR. BUNTING PAYS THE PIPER

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

Mr. Bunting sat on the top step of the front porch and yearned toward the distant hills. His ears were lifted, his black eyes, glistening, protruded slightly with excitement, and his white moustaches twitched with the rapid movements of his small black nose. From over the hills came again the deep baying of foxhounds. Mr. Bunting's long silken white hair, newly brushed, quivered to its very ends.

He looked over his shoulder at the closed door behind him. Then he hopped down two steps and stood waiting, his plumed tail curled tensely over his back. There was no sound from inside. The big shady farmyard lay around him, a benign prison. Beyond its slope the highway curved, so smooth to run upon, so redolent with smells — unbearably forbidden. Mr. Bunting sat down.

All pleasure in his beautifully brushed coat was gone. His eyes darkened and his ears drooped. After a few moments he lay down, whimpering a little. The warm spring afternoon was very still. Presently the oak leaves above him stirred, and Mr. Bunting lifted an eager, trembling nose. The baying of the foxhounds broke out again, louder, more triumphant, excited.

With the suddenness of an explosion Mr. Bunting disappeared.

He was a flash under the far corner of the fence, a streak across the highway and over the hill. In the woods on the other side of the hill he found them — powerful great dogs, but kindly, with beautiful waving tails. For a brief moment they gathered around him, and Mr. Bunting stood up on his hind legs, rigid with delight, pawing at their smoothness, his warm little tongue licking the muzzles pressed against him. Then they were off, running swiftly through the dense underbrush. Mr. Bunting, ignored, bounded at their heels.

A blackberry brier tore his tender

skin. He pulled away, leaving a long strand of silky white hair behind. One of his ears began to bleed. Sharp flints cut his feet, but he did not feel them. His coat was matting with burrs. Once he stopped and with a desperate paw tried to scrub the hair out of his eyes. His tongue hung out dripping, but when the voices of the hounds, long-drawn, clear tenor and deep bass, echoed through the hills, Mr. Bunting found breath to yap shrilly.

They circled the village and ran on, their shadows lengthening. Mr. Bunting ploughed stubbornly behind, bravely spattering through the streams. A chill crept into the air, and into his wet coat. His tired little legs barely raised his feet from the ground; his tail hung down, limp and bedraggled. The hounds were almost out of sight. In a little they were gone and their voices grew faint. Mr. Bunting paused, bit wearily at a burr on his paw — and turned homeward. A stretch of long tangled grass clutched at him, but he struggled through it to a ditch beside the road. There he stopped. His raw, swollen feet flinched at the touch of gravel, and he sank down on the edge of the road, a numb little bundle of dirty white fur. The twilight closed down upon him. Mr. Bunting slept.

He was wakened by a glare of light and the sound of voices. They were not familiar voices and Mr. Bunting stared upward, startled. A car stood by the roadside, but it was not his car. Strange hands were laid upon him, fingers felt of his legs, moved his paws, pressed along his spine. He was raised gently to his feet. Mr. Bunting stood still, bewildered, feeling that he was being looked at, though no one was touching him now. A moment later he was lifted up, and the blinding circle of light changed to the darkness of the car. A lap received him.

Mr. Bunting sniffed vaguely; the car ground its teeth and started with a jerk. Mr. Bunting's head nodded and his eyes closed. The lap was very comfortable.

When he woke again the car had stopped and Mr. Bunting rose stiffly and prepared to descend into his own yard. But it was not his yard, nor was the house his house. His round eyes, full of distress, peered in wonder at the strange faces. He struggled a little, but was carried firmly indoors. Food was set before him. Mr. Bunting regarded it with distaste. He did not like bread and milk, and he never ate beans. There were a few scraps of meat mixed with the beans, and after a second of hesitation he nosed them out and ate, but sparingly. Then he looked up hopefully and waited for the bone. But there was no bone. Mr. Bunting surveyed the room and perceived a sink. He went to it at once and sneezed. This was understood. There were exclamations, and a pan of water was placed on the floor. Mr. Bunting drank gratefully and lay down in a corner. It was a very hard corner, but it would do.

It was then that he began to comprehend that there would be no peace in this place. He was picked up at once out of the corner and taken to a bathroom. Mr. Bunting, squirming in restraining arms, turned his head as far as possible from the horrid sight of running water, and he trembled, but it was useless. He was plopped into the water and *washed*. Not that he was n't accustomed to being bathed — but at such a time, with his coat full of burrs, not one of which had been removed! Soap got in his eyes and it hurt dreadfully, but no one wiped it away. Mr. Bunting bore up bravely. After all, at the end of the disgusting business there would be the paper mouse to chase.

When it was all over he was partially dried and put down. No one produced the mouse. Instead, he was carried out of the house and put into a shed, on a pile of clean hay, and left there. The door was closed. Mr. Bunting sat down on the hay, staggered. The hay pricked him. Mr. Bunting rose with dignity, went to the door, and barked. There was no response. A cold wind whistled through the cracks of the shed and Mr. Bunting shivered. He barked again, in no uncertain tones. Still no response. Mr. Bunting went slowly back through the darkness to the hay, and climbed up on it, tail hanging. After a moment of consideration he dug himself a nest and lay down. He was very tired, too tired even to lick his sore feet or bite out the offending burrs.

He slept fitfully, and all night he was aware of a strong smell of dog somewhere around. Once he sprang up and listened. There was a soft pad-pad of something going along the side of the shed. Mr. Bunting snarled and the sound ceased. After a time he lay down again.

The sunlight had been streaming through the cracks for a long while before anyone came to let him out. Mr. Bunting was extremely uncomfortable. He was accustomed to being let out at six o'clock. When the door was opened at last Mr. Bunting dashed through it — straight into the waiting jaws of a gigantic Airedale.

As those hot jaws were shutting upon him Mr. Bunting, gibbering with rage and terror, twisted himself violently around and caught the upper lip of the Airedale in his teeth. The Airedale roared. Mr. Bunting shrieked through clenched teeth. There were shouts and screams. Mr. Bunting was shaken until he was dizzy before hands seized him and pried his jaws apart. He continued to shriek all the way to the house and up a flight of stairs and into a bedroom. In spite of soothings and caressings he muttered to himself for a long time, between spasmodic tremblings.

When he grew quieter the need for that morning walk became more and more urgent. Somebody was throwing bedcovers around just above him and Mr. Bunting stepped forward, put his paws up on the leg of the person bending over the bed, and stared into her face, waiting for the familiar phrase, 'Do you want to go out, darling?' To his indignation he was gathered into her arms, squealed at, and put down again. Mr. Bunting tried once more, but his stare met with the same response. He was outraged and desperate. If he were not let out immediately, there would be an accident and he would be blamed for it.

Mr. Bunting's claws clicked across the floor to the doorway and out into the hall. Someone had put a suitcase across the head of the stairs! There was no way to get down. Mr. Bunting rose to his hind legs and peered over the top of the suitcase, whining. Instantly the Airedale, who had been waiting at the foot of the stairs, flung himself upward with that bloodcurdling roar. Mr. Bunting fell back and scrambled madly to the bedroom. The person who was in there came out and went down the stairs, saying things to the Airedale — but leaving the suitcase just as it had been before.

Mr. Bunting lay on the bedroom rug and shivered until he could endure it no longer. He returned to the stairs and listened. There was no sound below and nothing in sight. Mr. Bunting stepped back, made a flying leap, cleared the suitcase, and rolled over and over down the stairs. At the bottom he picked himself up, prepared for anything, but the room was empty.

He *must* get out. The rug in that room was soft under his feet, but in the next room his claws clicked sharply on the hard floor. Mr. Bunting tried walking gingerly, on tiptoes, but this hurt his feet and he gave it up. A door was ajar, just a crack. Mr. Bunting inserted a paw and pushed. The door swung open noiselessly, enough for Mr. Bunting's little body to slip through, and he perceived three things almost simultaneously. A woman stood at a table with her back toward him; the Airedale lay dozing under the sink; there was a door leading to the yard — and it was wide open.

Mr. Bunting made a dash for it, but he was not quick enough. As he fled into the yard the Airedale was on his heels. Mr. Bunting could feel his breath. This time the Airedale was silent, and his silence was more horrible than his roar had been. Mr. Bunting ran as he had never run before, his heart pounding against his ribs, his breath coming short with terror, his moustaches blowing back into his eyes. Blindly, he fled toward the shed and shot under it. The Airedale thudded against the wall, snapping at Mr. Bunting's tail as it disappeared.

There was a moment of silence.

Mr. Bunting crept to the farthest corner and backed into it, breathing more freely. Suddenly he heard that soft pad-pad coming around the side of the shed. There was a long, hideous snuffle just behind him. Mr. Bunting whirled, and sprang to the opposite corner. His growl stuck in his throat. The pad-pad-pad followed to that side. Mr. Bunting fled back.

Crouched in the corner, he watched in paralyzed horror as four brown paws winked along a crack in the wooden foundations to the place where Mr. Bunting had gone under. The daylight was abruptly shut out. Two red eyes glared in the head squeezed under the beam.

Mr. Bunting was as motionless as stone, but his eyes bulged. The murderous brown face remained staring. With the effort of one chained, Mr. Bunting shifted a forepaw, and his pale tongue flickered over his nose. He swallowed once, twice. 'Ah-r-r-r-r!' he said.

The answer was a long whine. Mr. Bunting shuddered violently. Daylight suddenly flooded his corner. The head was gone.

Barely a second later two paws came into sight and began to dig, not hurriedly, but with steady determination. Now and again something dripped from the jaws above them. Mr. Bunting, watching, moved his head piteously from side to side.

Slowly the hole grew larger. More than the paws were visible now — Mr. Bunting could see part of the legs. He wrenched his eyes away and looked frantically around the walls of his trap. There was no opening there, nor in the floorboards over his head. The paws dug on. Stones rattled; the dirt flew, landing with a soft patter on the grass behind.

With a 'woosh' the head reappeared in the opening. It came in easily now, almost to the shoulders. It vanished, and the digging went on. There was a sound of eager whining. Mr. Bunting's entire body contracted slightly. It would not be long now.

A door slammed and footsteps approached. The brown paws hesitated and were withdrawn. Their place was taken by a broad back and a fat, hairy stump of a tail that wagged in the dirt. Mr. Bunting's eyes glittered. Without an instant's pause he flung himself forward and his sharp teeth closed on that stump. Its firmness filled his mouth and the hairs on the end tickled his throat. He gagged and hung on.

There was a scrambling upheaval, and a roar of anguish. Mr. Bunting's head cracked on the beam; blinding sunlight stabbed him in the eyes; his feet left the ground.

The white farmhouse whirled before him and behind him. Bushes swam past him in a blur. His body slammed against something hard and bounced off. He was being carried forward in great jerks and the air around him was loud with howls. Shouts and the thud of running feet added to the uproar. 'Ah-r-r!' said Mr. Bunting thickly.

For an instant Mr. Bunting saw a man running toward him, and a woman shaking an apron. Then the wind whistled in his ears as they were left behind. Mr. Bunting sunk his teeth deeper. The trunk of a tree leaped past, and a row of bushes, rushing at him, tore out a patch of his hair with one scrape and were gone. Mr. Bunting's jaws ached. He closed his eyes to shut out the spinning landscape.

A splash, a shock of cold, and Mr. Bunting sank down into roaring depths of water, until his lungs were bursting. Powerful feet beat a tattoo on his chest. His ears gurgled. Mr. Bunting opened his mouth, wide, and the stump was jerked from between his teeth. He came up instantly, gulping. Distorted by the stream of water that ran into his eyes, a brown head moved rapidly away from him, the water standing up in a frill around the neck. Mr. Bunting turned and paddled slowly in the opposite direction. When his feet touched ground he stood up and with an effort dragged himself to the bank of the pond. He shook himself thoroughly several times, opened his jaws once or twice to relieve the cramp in them, and looked back. The Airedale was growing small in the distance; his tail was between his legs, and he ran as one demented.

Mr. Bunting started and cocked his ears. What voice was that? He listened, not believing. It came again. 'Mr. Bunting!' it called. He fled toward it. His car, his own car, stood in the yard, and beside it She was waiting. A tangled wet mop, Mr. Bunting flung himself across the grass and was gathered up, shrieking, into the safety of the beloved arms. She was real. His tongue rasped over the dear familiar face, he nibbled delicately and avidly at the lobe of a familiar ear, and his whines quavered. Mr. Bunting was vaguely aware that people were gathered around him, talking and laughing, but it did n't matter. His sopping paws clasped Her neck.

He was still far from calm when he was bundled into the car and the white farmhouse began to move past him. A moment more and the road was unwinding among the hills.

Mr. Bunting was acutely uncomfortable and growing more so every instant. That morning walk! Confidently, though with some difficulty because of the bumps in the road, he lifted his forepaws to the soft shoulder beside him, and stared into the one face in all the world. His ears stood almost at right angles to his head, his moustaches moved soddenly, and his gaze was piercing in its distress.

A pair of blue eyes looked into his dark ones with amusement and comprehension. 'Do you want to get out, darling?'

Mr. Bunting's face relaxed. 'Wuff!' he said firmly. The car came to a stop at once and the door was opened. With peace in his heart and gratitude in his hasty upward look of thanks, Mr. Bunting tumbled out and rushed for the nearest field.

THE LOST WAR

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THERE is a widespread popular delusion that wars are either won or lost. There is a third alternative: sometimes they are lost in another sense, mislaid, and the war I am about to describe was one of these.

I came across it, or joined in it (I am never quite sure how one terms one's associations with a war), by design and not by accident; for I was sent to find out where it was, what it was, and why it was.

To put the matter more formally, this was the situation. In March 1919 I was at the headquarters of the British army of occupation at Constantinople. As soon as was feasible this army took over control of all the odd campaigns east of that city. Thus the Caucasus and its British army of occupation were controlled directly from Constantinople; the 'North Persian force,' which had been run from Baghdad, had its lines of communication swung round to the west and was run by us for the remainder of its brief life. The British fleet on the Caspian Sea — strangest of all our exploits by water — was likewise supplied, revictualed, and armed from the west. Finally, there was a kind of Ultima Thule war which was said to exist far away in the deserts of Western Turkestan of which all we knew was that it was run by the Indian Staff and that it was so very much alone and by itself that the lines of communication which joined it up with its base were no less than a thousand miles long. Of this thousand miles the first four hundred from Quetta in India were by rail and the remaining six hundred ran through the scorching deserts of Baluchistan and East Persia and so ultimately over the terrible mountain passes of Khorasan, leading down to the mud plains of Turkestan that extend between the Perso-Afghan frontier northward to Bokhara and Samarkand. Later, when I had met some of the men of our small army engaged in this forgotten war, I found that most of them refused to talk of that dreadful journey from India, so unbearable had it been.

We knew little enough about this lonely force marooned in the mud plains. It had gone there to help the so-called Transcaspian Government, which had in the summer of 1917 established itself as an independent entity with non-Bolshevist tendencies. The possibility of Turkestan in turmoil was not one which the Indian Government could tolerate with equanimity. To prevent this turmoil spreading to Afghanistan, and to maintain some sort of steady equilibrium north of that troubled land, a force was sent in August 1917 to the two large towns of Western Turkestan, Askhabad and Merv — Merv, the 'Queen of the World' of mediæval Asia.

Here the war began. The enemy was said to be vaguely Bolshevist, our allies Turkomans and the Russian settlers along the Central Asiatic Railway. What the point of dispute was nobody quite knew. What would happen either if we won the little war or if we lost it no one could predict. The whole affair was a complete paradox, a combination of invasion, annexation, demonstration, and occupation.

So I, with three others, was sent from Constantinople to find out what was going to happen, what it was all about, and how exactly our little marooned army could be extricated, to the credit of all concerned, and sent home — for the Armistice was already almost half a year old and nobody was now feeling that the thrills of war were of serious consideration any more.

So on a cold day at the end of March, with snow lightly blowing in the cold northwest wind, we took ship at Therapia on the Bosporus and sped across the uneasy swell of the Black Sea bound eastward for the frosty Caucasus and the heart of Western Asia. Imagine yourself given the prospect of the most legendary East: not the fly-blown East of the Orient and Pacific liners, — Aden, Colombo, Calcutta, Singapore, — but the East where one goes with danger and difficulty, or with privilege and pomp, where no unhallowed tourist has ever set foot, the real East that begins where the Black Sea ends.

II

Soon the mighty ridge of Caucasus swung into sight, snowy and uncrossable as I had always seen it in my dreams. Batum with its gilded domes and its rows of palm trees, Tiflis and the distant shape of Ararat, we passed swiftly, and reached the grim and sordid town of Baku, where oil is in the soil, the smell of it in the air, and grease on every savage Tatar face.

The Caucasian lands were kept at peace and ruled soberly by British troops. Ever since the Armistice republics had budded, burgeoned, and faded like spring flowers. There were the mountain republic of Daghestan, the republic of Georgia, that of the Tatars, — the Azerbaijan Republic, — republican Armenia, and, in odd holes and corners, a host more, like the tiny Khazar Republic on the Black Sea coast that was swallowed by Georgia overnight, or the minuscule republic of six hundred souls called Kobuletia, which lasted two days only. Self-determination had spread like influenza and flourished like the bay leaf. Nor was there as yet any Bolshevism, only freedom from the imperial Russian bondage.

But the Caucasus was none of our business; we were bound for still more distant lands. And the passage of the Caspian was before us. So at Baku we took ship across this strange lake. In harbor were curious ships flying the British white ensign, temporary units of the distant British navy which they were never likely to see, though British sailors were their crew and British guns their armament, brought overland from the Black Sea.

On a windy night, with a heavy sea, we set out. To my astonishment all lights were dimmed or covered, for fear of submarines, as we were told. We laughed aloud at so comical a situation, for this sea was a lake with no exit but the River Volga. Yet rumor had it that the Bolsheviki — with whom we were at last in touch — held Astrakhan in force and were there assembling a submarine brought in sections by river from the Baltic!

At last on a brilliant morning we saw the low roofs of Krasnovodsk and skirted the ancient mouth of the river Oxus, which a few centuries ago changed its course and now discharges itself into the Sea of Aral instead of into the Caspian.

At the quay our serious task began.

The Caucasus was peaceful and settled. But Transcaspia was in a ferment, for Bolshevism was spreading slowly but surely round the arid Caspian shores from Astrakhan and from the far northeast at Tashkend.

To me personally Bolshevism did not seem a deadly enemy, nor our combating of it in these remote regions a burning necessity. But what a chance of seeing some of the forbidden parts of the East, and what humors there would be by the wayside!

Nor was I kept long waiting for my entertainment. First of all we went to the president's house at Krasnovodsk, for Krasnovodsk was a republic all on its own, with its own worthless paper money and its own slightly more valuable president (for he had charge of the bullion which was at the back of the paper money). At last we saw the president. He came down the main road of this ramshackle town (rather like what I imagine Klondike to have been) in a cloud of dust with a bodyguard of four mounted Turkomans on ponies. All five were riding at full gallop — 'to avoid bullets,' as the president later explained, for he was not at the moment at the height of his popularity with his republican friends.

A brief conversation explained our needs, which were, in brief, a special train of two carriages to go to Merv, six hundred miles east. We had our own guard of a dozen English infantrymen to go with us, in case of minor troubles on the way. The president was delighted. 'Consider it arranged,' he told us. 'Just tell the station master I authorize it,' he added. 'And by the way, on your return journey, which you tell me is next week, would you be so very kind as to take me with you to Baku? You see, things are a little difficult here. The Bolsheviki keep sending people over from Astrakhan to assassinate me, and, to tell you the truth, I was not appointed president by what you would call popular election. I merely took over the post from my predecessor.'

He was a very large man and he gave a very large smile. I felt rather sorry for the predecessor. But I felt rather sorry for the president, too. So we agreed to take him back with us, but could not guarantee that that agreement would hold valid with any successor whom we might find in his place on our return. For lives were brief in Transcaspia in those days. But he was supremely satisfied and undertook to do his best to survive until our return. In fact he did, and we took him.

Imperial Bolshevism has long since swallowed this and all the Caucasian and Asiatic republics and made larger units that now form well-organized states in the Soviet Union. But in those days of 1919 it was profoundly interesting to see how the pronouncements of President Wilson in 1918 had led to the mushroom growth of countless hopeful republics, some genuine enough, like Georgia, some wholly bogus, like Krasnovodsk and, as we found later, the republic of Askhabad.

I must confess I liked that president more than any of the many presidents of republics that we met en route. He was physically so splendid a type of the northern Russian. More still, he had all the personal attraction of the habitual homicide. For, as they darkly told us in the town, he had slain with his own hand at least sixteen of the notables in the process of forging his way to presidential eminence. There was nothing of the Chicago gangster about him; he was rather the 'wide open spaces' type of the cheap novelette, simple, generous, even sympathetic, and quite definitely firm.

But our time was short, and I felt rather uncertain about the facilities of the Central Asiatic Railway. So off to the station we went and I interviewed the station master, a sombre and untrusting man. Quite clearly this station master was a Bolshevik in sympathy. He looked upon us as the intruders that we were. He made us feel that we were uninvited guests, — which we were also, — and he was quite adamant about the special train. Without any Oriental politeness or circumlocution he told us flatly that he would not procure and could not find, even if he wished, any sort or kind of special train. We told him that we were looking for a mislaid war and hoped to end it, but he was unimpressed. I threatened him with reprisals, but could not for the life of me imagine what they would be. He remained disdainful and unmoved. So I produced my trump card and sent a hurried note to the president. In a few minutes I heard the galloping bodyguard and saw the dust of his approach. The president appeared, bowed and smiled to the station master as if to his oldest friend, and offered him a cigarette. I explained my difficulty with tact and caution. The president turned to the station master and said gently, 'Just get that train ready.' 'It is already under steam in the siding,' replied the station master suavely. We rose, bade farewell to both dignitaries, and prepared to entrain.

That charming president had, I felt, considerable force of character. What he said went.

III

So off we started upon a journey that remains in my mind as the most unusual and most interesting that I have ever made. There are many books written by travelers who penetrated these parts before the war, particularly in the eighties of last century when the imperial Russian armies had just subdued with blood and slaughter the marauding and head-hunting Turkomans of those days. The famous General Skobelev had with an iron hand transformed nomad tribes of considerable savagery into sedentary cotton growers, and built small colonial cities along the trade route that soon was transformed into a railway. This region was certainly one of Russia's most successful imperial enterprises.

But we saw it under conditions which were unique. None of the many books would now be even tolerably accurate. They were, too, written by travelers who were there only with special privileges, who were allowed only to see what was thought good for them, and who were personally conducted by officials or governors. But we saw it stripped of its Russian bureaucracy, freed from its Russian rule, and thrown back for a brief and exciting period on to its own resources. And these resources were peculiar. The Turkomans, magnificently tall, picturesque, and dignified, still retained the elements of Russian civilization and the discipline of Russian rule. Many of them had served in the Great War with the Russian armies in Galicia and Austria and bore the medals of the Russian army. All, in a sense, were pro-Russian, and yet there stirred within them the same germ of self-determination that stirred all around them, although in their case it had not developed to the stage of any specific organization; they still remained a tribal people ready to move and act on a tribal basis. But we found them our friends because all they wanted was peace and quiet and to be left alone, and they were mortally afraid of being exploited and taxed and pillaged by the Bolsheviki in the northeast from Tashkend and near Bokhara.

The other element was the Russian population, colonists in type, who lived mainly on and for the railway. Like all railwaymen, they disliked drastic change which was likely to alter their settled life, and the discipline of a railway system was in their blood. They, too, wanted to be left alone and would have welcomed an independent Transcaspian republic. But, instead, they had to endure a series of presidents and local republics, each independent of the other, each with a currency which was not current a few miles farther on and a president who changed from week to week.

Our train left Krasnovodsk and set forth optimistically. We skirted the old Oxus estuary and at last came into sight of the bastion ridge of mountains that was the frontier between Persia and Turkestan. To the north and northwest stretched an endless plain of fertile mud washed down from the hills and dotted every few miles with cotton-growing villages. The snow had only just left the plain, for Turkestan has as hard a winter as it has blazing a summer. Everywhere were careful irrigation and apparent prosperity. At every station we found the same scene: Turkomans in their long robes and shaggy sheepskin caps, occasional black-hatted Persians, and Russian railway men. No one seemed curious to see us; no one, in fact, seemed surprised at anything. The Turkomans showed a polite interest, while the Russians were phlegmatically helpful.

The desert over which our train passed was not the desert of the novels or of the films. It was perfectly smooth and had no sand. Beyond the fact that caravans of camels and bushes of camel's thorn were to be seen on it, it bore no resemblance to the deserts of Egypt. And all the time there loomed in the background the unending ridge of mountains that screened Persia.

One town only of any size did we pass before reaching Askhabad, the capital of the province. This was Kizil Arrat, and here we found the first traces of our forgotten war in the shape of English soldiers on the platform. They were men of the Hampshire regiment, a mere handful stationed at this town (six men in all, I think) to govern it, keep it in order, protect it from external attack and internal sedition. They assured us that in fact these onerous duties were purely nominal, for nothing of any sort at all had happened there for a month and they were all living in complete comfort on the best of terms with their neighbors.

So we passed on and at length came in sight of a lovely oasis of trees with fine houses rising above them. This was the considerable settlement of Askhabad and here the mountain ridge at the back rose up to a greater height and was snow-covered. Behind it was no longer the peaceful land of Persia, but the uncertainties and ambiguities that went under the name of Afghanistan. Here we were met by British staff officers, by Russian officers whose allegiance was to the far-off armies of Denikin, and by Indian troops. Here at last was our forgotten war apparently in full swing.

Askhabad, with its long avenues of planes and poplars, its old-fashioned Russian stucco-fronted houses, its drainage and water system, and its electric light, was a model townlet. Forgetting the war which we had just found, we visited the main square and the market place. In the centre of the square were two muzzle-loading guns which we found were British, dated 1838 and 1849 respectively. As British had never fought Russians in Turkestan, we were driven to assume that they were British guns captured from us by Afghans and captured from Afghans by Russians.

The market was the cleanest and the most interesting which I have ever seen in the East. There were for sale all the nicest things one can imagine: dried peaches from the oases, fish from the Caspian, apples from the 'Garden of the Hesperides' in the Caucasus, of enormous size and fabulous redness; joints and heads of wild ibex in the meat shops, skins of Persian lamb, of marmot, fox, and snow leopard, rugs of Bokhara and of the Tekke-Turkomans, and, most popular of all commodities, brand-new bicycles, for bicycling on the mud flats seemed to be the favorite pursuit of the Turkomans. A hospital, government offices, and even a museum added to the amenities.

IV

Over a pleasant dinner we were told the nature and condition of the war which we had been sent to inspect. It was evidently a good war, if any war can be so called. But it was good in the sense that there were hardly any casualties, no front, no trenches, practically no artillery, and certainly no gas, mines, or other horrors. And then there were the entertaining extras, such as a local currency struck by the British general (General Malleson) in charge; the local Republican Committee, who had other sources of income independent of ours, and were nominally our advisers; and, last but not least, our Intelligence Service, which brought information that would have made Edgar Wallace or Phillips Oppenheim envious.

It was, in short, just the sort of war that our regular officers had always longed for, the sort of war that many of them thought the Great War should have been.

But to those of us who had been in France it was hardly a war to be taken seriously. True, it had a certain importance outside itself. It gave us a means of knowing, at least in part, what was fermenting in that vast mysterious region south of the Urals, west of the Pamir, and east of the Volga, that most romantic of all regions, whence so much of barbarism or potential culture has always throughout endless centuries pushed westward and forced its way either into Asia Minor or round the north of the Black Sea into Europe. Here germinated the Huns, the Tatars, the Bulgars, the Sarmatians, and the Scythians, and hence they moved out at intervals westward, either driven by the pressure of Chinese and remoter Eastern tribes or forced to seek new pastures by the periodical desiccation of the land and the decay of vegetation. Here was the very pulse of Asia itself, and we had our hands on it. That and that only justified this strange war and this unwanted expedition. Vaguely, by means of agents, intercepted messages, or deliberate spying, we had learned what was afoot in Astrakhan, in Tashkend, and on the confines of Mongolia and China, at Kashgar in the east and at Balkh, the back door to Afghanistan, on the west. For here we were in the ruins of an empire that had just tottered but not yet completely collapsed, and in such a condition there was much to be found out. Where unity of command has vanished and unity of administration gone, every joint gapes and every rent opens wider in the general fabric. And we could see much of what was inside.

So off we went the next day to see the foremost line of battle. An hour in the train to the eastward and a scamper on desert ponies for another half hour brought us to the last eastward point of the British spearhead, near great Merv itself. At a point about twenty miles east still of Merv was the end of all things, the little railway station of Annenkovo. It was a curious thing to think that from here I could go westward continuously to London in safety and comfort, but that half a mile farther on I could reach London only by walking to Peking! One felt that if the Allied victory had done nothing else it had at least succeeded in producing a certain unity of control over areas hitherto plunged in inextricable confusion.

At length we reached the 'front.' For there was, after all, something that could just be called that. But it was only four feet in width — for it consisted of the railway line! On that line we had an armored train, and about a mile farther on, almost on the banks of the Oxus, the Bolsheviki had their armored train. As ours advanced, theirs receded, and vice versa. But of flanks to this 'front' there were no traces, for the railway was well out in the desert and the mountains of Afghanistan were far away to the southeast. To outflank the armored train, one had to make a circuitous route in the desert, and this was virtually impossible owing to lack of water. Consequently both sides lived in, around, and near their armored train and moved with it backward or forward. All the ordinary rules of strategy were forgotten or put aside; the whole thing was a game pure and simple.

Then there was the enemy. A few skirmishes showed that he consisted, strange to say, not of Russians, but of Hungarians and Austrians. Imagine this strange little war, months after the Armistice, where Englishmen from Hampshire, Punjabis, and lancers from Bengal fought side by side against citizens of Vienna and Budapest, on the banks of the remote Oxus in the plains where Alexander of Macedon had passed and founded mighty cities! Nowhere, I think, in the whole area of warfare had there been so odd a paradox, so strange a collocation of forces. I had a long talk with an Austrian officer recently captured. He was delighted with his fate, for his chances of seeing his home had hitherto been but slight. He told me that the Hungarians and Austrians had been made prisoners years before and sent to Siberia. He said that they were asked to serve as mercenaries and were well paid; that none of them had heard of the Armistice, and they had been told that their only hope of returning home was to push the British back to the Caspian and so reach Astrakhan. Probably most of them were resigned to the not unpleasant life of mercenaries in this not very unpleasant war.

With our binoculars we could see the enemy sentinels at the distant station of Ravnino and the steam of the Bolshevist armored train. But there was no sound of war, no shells — not even an occasional bullet. The war was a thing of spasms and surprises. The trains would push each other backward and forward, unable to do any very satisfactory shooting, since most of their guns pointed out at right angles to the railway line. Once a party of Hungarians had succeeded in carrying their water and creeping round the desert by night. A small battle developed and our forces round the railway drove them back again. A small cemetery by the station marked our casualties, surely the loneliest and strangest of all the many war cemeteries, now, I imagine, utterly forgotten and not within the jurisdiction of the War Graves Commission.

V

This, in brief, was the war we had been sent to find, a comical enough affair in itself, but with serious issues depending on it. It was obvious that the officers of the Indian army who were 'at the front' thought it was real war, thrilling, genuine, and epic. Nice youngsters, in command of smart Indian lancers, but none of them had even the vaguest idea what war really was. And the senior officers, too, thought it a very serious war; but the northwest frontier is an inadequate training for the horrors of intensive bombardment, mustard gas, and the *Minenwerfer.* The officer of the Indian army still retains the boyish enthusiasm for war which has long ago been knocked out of the veterans of Continental European warfare.

Our 'allies' were in force at this spear-point front. There were the Russians, a very uncertain quantity. Their officers looked upon us as intruders, even as the station master at Krasnovodsk had done. Everywhere I had received the same impression; nobody really loved us. Not that we were not definitely useful to Russians and Turkomans alike, but both felt that we were interfering in affairs that did not concern us. And no doubt we were, but it was a most profitable intrusion from our point of view and it was of no little interest that it was the first, and perhaps the last, time that British troops had ever fought battles in Central Asia.

Our Turkoman allies were undoubtedly the most picturesque of all the allies that helped us on any front during the war. Their leader was a fine old man called Orad Sirdar who had served with high rank in the imperial Russian army. He wore a Russian uniform, but a Turkoman sheepskin hat, about the size of the ordinary English busby. He carried a sword of formidable type, more like a Persian scimitar than anything else. His personal staff were superb Turkomans who wore the usual Turkoman dress of a long gown (cut like a dressing gown) of silk, and black or pure white sheepskin hats. The general impression of the Turkoman forces was one of efficiency, but we gathered that in action their cavalry, which was their main contingent, was of little value, since, in the charge, it scattered and was not well disciplined enough to re-form quickly. Such had been their behavior at the battle of Dushakh in September 1918, when the Turkoman cavalry had scattered and commenced looting the abandoned Bolshevist supply train, with the result that the Bolsheviki had re-formed and counter-attacked them with some effect.

For the forces on the spot our task was not a cheerful one. We had orders to arrange for the evacuation of the British and Indian troops back by way of the Caucasus and for the general winding up of the enterprise. Our place was to be taken by a new contingent of Russians from the armies of Denikin at Ekaterinodar in South Russia. The reaction of the Russians on the spot was curious. They did n't want to lose us, but they felt that we ought to go. By the Turkomans our departure was viewed as a disaster. So much so that at Askhabad we were asked to meet a delegation of Turkoman headmen of tribes who wished to know our intentions. The meeting remains in my mind as one of the most interesting and impressive affairs which I encountered during the war. Some eight or nine splendid chieftains appeared, each dressed in the purple or brown silk robes of Turkestan, each with his head uncovered, displaying the clean-shaved poll that Turkomans hide beneath their shaggy hats. All were over six feet in height, with clear-cut features and long aquiline faces, exactly like the rare type of Anatolian

Turk that one sees from time to time in Turkey, who still preserves the facial characteristics of his desert ancestors from Turkestan.

They announced that if we withdrew our troops they would be at the mercy of either White or Red Russians and that they relished the control of neither. They further said that as soon as we went they would start a tribal move of some 200,000 men southwestward into Persia. In fact they did so, and for some time in the last months of 1919 Turkestan became largely nomadic again. But our commitments would have been too large for our forces if we had remained, and in any case our task of holding the equilibrium and surveying the ground in general had already been more than adequately carried out.

So with plans prepared we started on our return journey. Arrangements were made for all our troops to be sent back via the Caspian and the Caucasus or by way of Baghdad.

One deep regret remained. Away to the northeast was Bokhara, ruled by an Emir of astonishing ingenuity and courage. His state was a kind of non-Bolshevist enclave in Bolshevist territory. He had resisted all attempts of the Bolsheviki to penetrate his domain or to control him in any way. He had even gone so far as to blow up Bolshevist railway lines in various places and to declare openly his alliance with us! But we on our part were helpless to do anything to help him. As token of his esteem and affection for British arms he had sent, on a famous occasion early in 1919, an emissary, who had made an enormous circuit in the desert and reached Merv, whence he had been taken to Askhabad to General Malleson. The emissary reiterated the professions of friendship of his sovereign and produced as proof a package of decorations for the British troops — the 'Star of the Emir of Bokhara,' a lovely and resplendent Oriental adornment. Unhappily sanction was never granted for the wearing of these decorations, which was a pity for those who held them, as they outclassed in brilliance any foreign decoration granted in the whole war.

The Emir was our one deep regret. We could not help him and we had to leave him. Later, when the whole anti-Bolshevist force collapsed and the Turkomans dispersed and Bolshevism established itself firmly in Transcaspia, we heard that the Emir held out to the very end, until overwhelming forces captured Bokhara by storm. The Emir escaped before the final fall and went, I believe, to Afghanistan. But his lovely city of Bokhara was looted and its autonomy ceased. Turkestan became virtually an imperial province once again.

VI

Our journey back was as diverting as our arrival. Just as we were about to leave the station of Askhabad and had said our farewells to the British Staff, a strange and swarthy man appeared. He introduced himself as the president of Askhabad! Behind him were two men carrying a heavy box. With the greatest politeness he begged permission to be given a place on our train in order that he might 'pay a visit to Tiflis.' There was room enough on our train, but we did not wish to involve ourselves in complications, as our task was a purely military one, with no political issues to consider. Nor did we feel that we were in any way indebted to the president, and above all we distrusted the look of that large wooden box. Later our suspicions of it were found to be justified, for it had held the contents of the republican treasury. So we proffered our sympathy and regret and left the unhappy president behind us. I can see him now lighting a cigarette and gazing despondently after us as the train steamed out, for he knew that his presidential career would be a checkered one if he stayed much longer.

Our journey back to Askhabad was uneventful and we were able to enjoy the loveliness of this remote province. For it was lovely in color and in form. The railway skirted the mountain ridge the whole way along, and to the north the plain lands had a beauty all of their own. Soft fawn-colored earth with vivid green crops and trees at the infrequent settlements, pale turquoise-blue distances, and pale rose-colored skies at evening. It is a land of no sharp outlines or tremendous contrasts. And it has everywhere the imprint of a most ancient world. Here and there along the line — for the railway follows the only route possible along the desert, the only route where water, which comes from the mountains, can be found — were great mounds of prehistoric settlements, links of a great chain that runs east and west across the valleys south of the Caucasus ridge and so across Turkestan to Balkh and the Pamir. One group near Askhabad has been excavated by American archæologists and the results show affinity with Europe on the one hand and Mesopotamia on the other. The railway here, as in the Caucasus, follows the ancient road, perhaps the most ancient road in the world.

At Krasnovodsk we took ship once more, accompanied by our friend the president, who had managed to survive. But this was our only interference in local politics.

A few months after the evacuation of our troops was completed the whole of Transcaspia fell into Bolshevist hands. White Russians and Turkomans alike were scattered like chaff, and the first steps were taken which ended in the establishment of Turkestan as a semi-autonomous Soviet Socialist state. For Russia its potentialities are great. The mud plains are the finest of cotton-growing areas and the organization of the whole province in material ways is quite excellent. As a colonial province it leaves nothing to be desired, for after the conquest of Skobelev fifty years ago it was made as perfect as an imperial province could be. In export of rugs and carpets alone it contains immense wealth. And for Russia it is of the greatest strategic importance. It forms the background of Afghanistan, the Russian counterpart of our northwest provinces. From Merv runs the only strategic railway that Russia possesses against the Afghan frontier. And it was precisely in these parts that Germany, during the war, spent much time and effort with anti-Allied propaganda, conducted by two able and enterprising agents, Captain Wagner and Dr. Neidermeyer, who in ability, though not in results, were the equal of men like Colonel T. E. Lawrence.

The history I have related is now ancient history. All the chief characters have vanished and the situation is so completely changed that it seems to belong to another age. For Central Asia is the least static of all the regions of the East. But every change there has its counterpart on the southern marches of Afghanistan, and the mighty mountains of that unruly state link up rather than sunder the affairs of the plain lands south and north of them.

But those who curiously read the words 'Central Asia' among the list of places recorded upon the war memorial at Hyde Park Corner in London will now know to what a strange forgotten war it bears witness.

THE STRANGER

For years I left the door ajar,
For years the windows wide —
Always waiting your return,
I never went outside.
  (Life give me patience,
  God let me know
  You will be coming back,
  In a day or so.)

Many strangers passed me,
None came in —
Till once a very old man,
Shriveled up and thin,

Crept through the open door,
Wide night and day.
(I have never closed it
Since you went away.)

He is very quiet,
Sits very still,
Watching foolish shadows
Flicker on the sill.

Or holds a yellowed hour glass
In his long gray hands,
Watching the slowness,
The sliding of the sands.

He never spoke a word to me,
I never asked his name,
But I am not so lonely
Since the old man came.

. . . There's a queer dark coming,
Like the shadow of a nun,
Like a great wing slipping
Down across the sun. . . .

The old man is groping
In my farthest room,
I must go and tell him
That the dark comes soon.

Lest he be frightened
I shall make a light,
Set it in the window,
Pretending this is night.
  (For fear that you should pause here,
  And then go on,
  Seeing the darkness,
  Thinking I had gone.)

. . . But what is the old man doing,
His sandaled feet slow moving
Across my sun-warped floors?

  O God in Heaven, stop him!
He is shutting all the windows!
He is barring all the doors!
  He is shutting all the windows . . .
  He is barring all the doors. . . .

Josephine Johnson

INVISIBLE STUFF

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

A PETROLEUM refinery out West had a fire. The plant was engaged in producing gasoline by the cracking process — in which enormous pressures and hot temperatures are harnessed together to convert crude oil into gasoline — when suddenly and mysteriously some part of its high-pressure system gave way. There was a terrific explosion, a volcano of flame, and millions of dollars went up in fire and smoke as the entire works burned to cinders.

So complete was the destruction that not enough metal was left in the cinders to give a clue as to the origin of the accident. But the company had similar refineries in other places equipped with duplicate machinery, and the loss was too serious to risk a repetition. How could a like accident be guarded against over in Kansas and down in Oklahoma? Engineers went through the works in each of these other plants; they searched and tested, and could find nothing wrong. Finally, suspicions centred on a certain steel casting. It looked all right; by every customary physical test it sounded and felt and acted all right; but it occupied a strategic place in the system where the explosion had occurred, and the engineers decided that if there were a hidden weakness in this piece of metal it would cause just such a catastrophe as had wiped out the first plant. So they decided to look at the insides of the casting and see if it was sound all the way through.

A few years ago there was just one accepted way of inspecting the interior of a piece of metal. You could break it or saw it into sections, and thus open its inner structure; but of course after you had seen it, and perhaps proved that it was sound, you would have destroyed the object itself. Such testing is like striking a match to see if it is good.

The petroleum engineers did not like the idea of sawing up this casting; it was too important, too costly, its replacement would mean expensive delay. They appealed to a government institution, the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts, which had been using X-rays to inspect steel castings for army gun carriages. The X-ray expert there, Dr. H. H. Lester, told them to send on the casting; and a few days later he was able to show radiographs (X-ray photographs) of it.

The pictures scared the oil men. What did this black streak near the centre mean?

'It means an interior crack,' answered the physicist.

A crack in a section that must endure tons of pressure! It was what they suspected, of course, but hard to believe, just the same.

They sawed the casting in two, and there was the crack, exactly as indicated by the radiograph. The X-ray inspection was completely vindicated. You may be sure that no more castings were installed by this company until they had passed the X-ray test.

To most readers it will come as a

surprise, perhaps, to learn that this delicate, highly penetrating radiation, which is used by the surgeon in setting a broken bone and by the dentist in exploring a troublesome tooth, has now rolled up its sleeves and gone into the factory and taken its place as one of the tools of production. There are certain industrial plants where X-rays are being used regularly to inspect three and one-half to four inches of steel, and in research laboratories even greater penetration has been attained experimentally. The idea is not new, but its applications are, and the last year has developed many new applications. Altogether, more than twenty-five industrial plants in the United States are now using X-rays in the inspection and testing of materials and products — and many more are putting to work in their manufacturing processes the new knowledge of metals and other materials recently discovered in the X-ray laboratories.

II

Industrial possibilities of X-rays were early suggested by the discoverer himself. In his very first paper on the subject, published in 1895 just a few weeks after he had first beheld the strange luminescence of barium salts when penetrated by the unknown radiation, Dr. W. K. Röntgen reported various objects that he had radiographed. Among them was 'a piece of metal whose lack of homogeneity becomes noticeable by means of X-rays.' It is precisely this that Dr. Lester and the other industrial radiologists are checking up to-day by means of the rays. For any lack of homogeneity in a part that has to endure stresses and strains is a sign of weakness. In our machine age of high speed and high pressure and high temperature, such signs had best be discovered before, rather than after, using.

The World War demonstrated the industrial value of X-rays as a detective device. Down at Galveston, for instance, cotton shippers during the early war months made X-ray photographs of bales destined for Germany, and thus were able to satisfy the clearance officers that there was no copper or other metallic contraband concealed within their cotton. Later, when the United States got into the war, X-rays began to be used at our munitions factories to inspect the finished bombs, grenades, detonators, and other complicated devices, to make sure that their parts were complete and accurately assembled. Then, after the munitions were packed and delivered to the docks, the sealed cases were X-rayed to check against shortage, thievery, and sabotage.

Meanwhile, abroad, this new inspection had developed earlier and on an even more comprehensive scale. Much of the modern technique of industrial radiology was worked out then by the British physicists, Pullin, Kaye, Knox, and their associates in the British war service.

One day a new airplane, one of several recently received from the same manufacturer, snapped an axle of its undercarriage in landing. The ruined part showed that the break had occurred at a place where a hole had been drilled through the axle and then plugged up and cleaned off to conceal the flaw. The question immediately arose, How many other planes had been similarly treated? All of the remaining axles were radiographed, and several were found to be faked in this same way — though the most expert visual examination failed to find the plugged holes.

Not only aircraft metal, but also the vital wooden parts were subjected to the X-ray test. Thus there was the case of a split spar in which the workman had skillfully glued a strip of shaving over the crack. Sandpapering completely concealed the defect, and this dangerous section would undoubtedly have passed inspection but for the X-rays. Under their imperturbable invisible glow the line of that crack and the shadow of its glued covering loomed up in the radiograph as unmistakable as the hole in the doughnut.

Hidden knots, resin pockets, and other imperfections of the wood, peculiarities in the structure of the fibres, the differentiation between heartwood and sapwood, between summer and spring growths, the presence of wormholes and even of the entombed bodies of dead larvæ — all these hidden differences and defects were clearly revealed. Indeed, the air ministries of the Allies found that one of their most facile tools in providing wings for the fighting forces in France was this mysterious glass bulb which had been hastily requisitioned from the hospital and the research laboratory to provide its unfoolable, unbribable inspection.

The modern aircraft industries would be seriously handicapped if deprived of X-rays. Aviators are more and more demanding X-ray inspection of their machines. The engine of the biplane *Bremen*, which made that spectacular flight from Germany to North America, was radiographed in all its vital parts before it ventured the Atlantic west wind. Several aircraft manufacturers will accept no castings that fail to pass the radiographic test.

On the sea, as in the air, the X-ray is becoming an accepted insurance device. When the cup defender *Enterprise* was under construction, all the steel forgings that went into her trim and elegant hull were scrutinized by means of the rays, and had to pass that inspection before they were accepted.

A boiler factory in the Middle West installed in 1930 an X-ray apparatus which is mounted on wheels and travels along a rail. In this way it is able to radiograph a strip of welding many feet long, and to determine the soundness of a seam in a huge boiler or a long tank car.

A cheese factory is using X-ray inspection to make sure of the size and position of the holes in its product — apparently holes are an important essential of proper cheeses! Rubber factories are using the same means to prove the symmetry of the cores of golf balls, to determine the quality of rubber tires, and to inspect the imbedding of metal washers in rubber heels. In another factory, scrap rubber is sorted through X-rays to detect any metal filings or other foreign waste before it is put back into the pot to be remelted and reprocessed. The vacuum tube with its hidden wiring and delicate construction, the telephone cable with its thousands of insulated strands, the lump of coal with its varying content of slate and ash — all these are inspected and passed or rejected on the 'say-so' of X-rays.

Even art has its industrial demands on this invisible light. At the world conference of art experts, held at Rome in 1930 under the auspices of the League of Nations, many scientific tests to fix the genuineness of works of art were reported. Dr. Paul Ganz, of the University of Basel, told of discovering through X-rays a precious Holbein under a painting of no particular value. The old masters used mineral pigments, which are more opaque than our modern vegetable pigments; therefore a canvas on which a later work has been painted over an old one will almost invariably reveal its hidden original when photographed by X-rays.

On another occasion, Dr. Ganz discovered that a portrait of Sir William Butt, the younger, was in reality a Holbein on which a later artist had painted whiskers and wrinkles to represent the proud knight as an elderly man. But X-rays know nothing of vanity or of proud purses. They betray imitations as well as reveal the hidden treasure. Mr. Alan Burroughs, who is in charge of the extensive X-ray work at the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, tells me that spurious art claims have been punctured and fraudulent sales prevented through the telltale evidence of X-rays.

This American museum has made itself a leader in the application of X-rays to art studies. It has not only radiographed practically all of the paintings in its own valuable collection in Cambridge, but has extended these studies to many other collections on both sides of the Atlantic. As a result, it has assembled eighteen hundred radiographs of art works, including many of the most esteemed paintings in the Louvre, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, the National Gallery in London, the Royal Museums of Brussels and Antwerp, and the Museum of Bruges. Coöperating in this country have been the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Cleveland Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Boston Art Museum. Classification of the information thus obtained by X-rays has already begun, in the hope of settling eventually some of the vexed questions which confront connoisseurs almost everywhere as to the authenticity of disputed paintings.

Another interesting application of X-rays has recently been reported from the Fogg Museum. In this case it was desired to restore some rare bronzes brought by a collector from Iraq. The objects were just as they had been dug out of the ruins, heavily encrusted with sand, clay, and corrosion; and the success of their restoration by the electrolytic process depended on whether there remained any solid metal core. By means of X-rays these ancient relics were photographed, the extent of their remaining metal was shown, and thus the technicians were guided in what has proved to be a very satisfactory restoration.

Police have used X-rays to search jewel thieves. The same means have been employed in the South African diamond fields to detect diamond swallowers among the miners. There is an instance reported from England in which an elephant was radiographed in the search for a valuable jeweled ring which he had swallowed. A French expert secured radiographs of thumb prints by rubbing the thumb of the subject with red lead before photographing. The resulting shadow picture shows not only the surface lines, but also the shape of the thumb bone, thus providing an added detail of identification.

It is now possible to make such sharp radiographs of the skull that one authority suggests their use to supplement thumb prints as a means of identification of persons. Recently biologists were baffled by a disease affecting carp in the Illinois River. Dissection methods were not successful in diagnosing the obscure ailment; but with the aid of X-ray pictures of the afflicted fish the scientists were able to identify the trouble positively. Applications of X-rays to human diagnosis are as numerous as are their applications to industrial inspection.

Nor is that all. Just as the surgeon, by his radiographs of the broken bone and its progressive changes under his treatment, is enabled to improve his surgical methods, so the industrialist is finding in the X-rays a guide to new and better manufacturing technique. Perhaps the most important contribution of the X-ray laboratory which the Government established at the Watertown Arsenal in 1922 is the improvement in metal-working processes which has resulted from this pioneering in a new form of inspection. For the radiograph is used here, not only to discover defective castings, but also to test new methods of making castings, and thus to establish improved processes.

So great had been the improvement of castings under this system that when the Arsenal in 1928 decided to try the fabrication of gun carriages by means of electric welding the engineers immediately resorted to X-rays to inspect the welds. By varying their methods under this all-seeing eye of the sensitive film, they were able to develop a new welding technique.

It was found, for instance, that a certain energy of the electric arc gave the best results. When the current was greater than this, porosity in the welds began to show in the radiographs; when the current was less, the X-rays revealed a lack of fusion and adhesion between the welded surfaces. Similarly, by X-raying each trial, they learned that for one particular job six inches a minute was the right rate of feed. So, too, they checked up on the right size of welding rod — and, in fact, on every detail of the process. A good weld — which used to be described (like Bernard Shaw's definition of a good play) as a weld that was made by a good welder — now was reduced to established standards. Naturally, the percentage of work that needs to be rewelded has grown less and less. And now the art of welding may be said to have arrived at a scientific basis — thanks to the shadow pictures which Professor Röntgen thirty-five years ago showed us how to make.

III

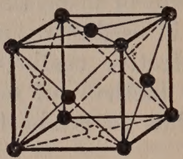
Meanwhile, the laboratory explorers have found that the X-ray can do more than provide shadow pictures. New powers have been discovered — capabilities which Röntgen could hardly have suspected. For while the immortal professor inferred that his rays were something different from the stream of electric particles which generated them, he did not know what they were. We cannot say that we know fully what they are to-day; but at least we are sure that they are of the same nature as light rays, being of a much shorter wave length and obeying the laws of electromagnetic radiation which Clerk Maxwell formulated theoretically fifty-odd years ago. In spite of Maxwell's prediction of the existence of radiation of short wave length, it was not until 1913 that X-rays were identified as belonging to this category.

Since then, however, their application has fairly galloped. The modern physicist is using X-rays to explore the molecular and atomic structure of things — to identify, measure, and chart values far beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope. By means of X-rays he has discovered a new chemical element, hafnium. By means of X-rays he has explored the inwardness of solids — of which we know far less than we know of liquids and gases — and has discovered the fundamental crystalline structure of all solid matter. By means of X-rays he has found that the muscular tissue of human flesh is made of minute crystals, that wood and cotton and silk and all natural fibres are crystalline, that the varying properties of metals are an expression of varying arrangements of their crystals.

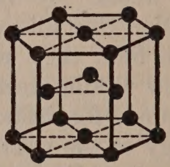
Nor have these research results stayed in the laboratory. Industry has promptly taken them up and applied them in its manufacturing processes. Thus, at the University of Illinois, Dr. George L. Clark has been studying the structure of fibres through the patterns which they reveal on a photographic film by their diffraction of X-rays. Dr. Clark found that silk gives a pattern different from that diffracted by rayon. From these studies he was able to draw a picture of the crystalline structure of the two fibres, indicating the size and arrangement and characteristics of each. One of the manufacturing companies took these results, and by using X-ray diffraction to test each step of its process it has succeeded in spinning a new rayon which closely approximates silk in the size, strength, tenacity, and elasticity of its fibre.

At the X-ray laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor John T. Norton showed me photographs made by metals through this same phenomenon of X-ray diffraction. Each metal had written its autograph on the film in a symmetrical pattern of concentric rings, each ring and segment telling the physicist something of the arrangement of atoms into crystals. These structures are infinitesimally small. Thus the iron crystal, which is a cube with an atom of iron at each of its eight corners and a single atom inside the cube at its exact centre, measures less than three two-hundred-millionths of an inch across its face. The eye can never hope to see these minutiæ; light rays, by which we see, are too large and clumsy for such microcosms. But by the deflected X-rays, bent as they strike the planes and lattices of the atomic crystals, the physicist is enabled to visualize these structures so exactly that one may fairly say he 'sees' them.

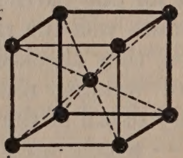
X-rays reveal that most common metals are of three crystalline forms. The soft ductile metals — copper, silver, gold, aluminum, and the like — are built up in cubes with an atom in each corner and an atom centred in each face, like this: —



Zinc, magnesium, beryllium — less ductile and more brittle than the face-centred metals — have their atoms in the form of a close-packed hexagon, in this wise: —



Finally, there are the body-centred crystals, in which iron, tungsten, molybdenum, chromium, and the other hard metals arrange their units — cubes with the corner atoms tightly held by the inner centred atom: —



Scientists long played with theories as to the fine structure of metals, but it is only recently that X-rays revealed unmistakably the simplicity of these three building blocks. Copper thus has the same form of crystal as gold, silver, and aluminum, but differs in size.

In the aluminum crystal the atoms are more than 10 per cent farther apart than those of the copper crystal.

X-rays show what happens to a metal when it is subjected to different conditions. Just as a man's handwriting may reflect his sobriety or fatigue or excitement, so the X-ray diffraction pattern reveals the effect on the crystal of rolling, annealing, heat-treating, and alloying.

When copper is fused with zinc, the diffraction pattern shows the picture of the alloying process — and the expert can fairly see the tiny hexagons of zinc edging into the cubes of copper to form brass. Similarly, the X-ray shows why tungsten carbide is harder than steel, why cold-rolling a plate makes it hard, why heat-treating a metal relieves its strain.

Several years ago Dr. Ancel St. John, studying carbon by X-ray diffraction methods, discovered a new form of the element — a crystalline carbon similar to graphite in its electrical conductivity, but having a higher resistance and being an abrasive rather than a lubricant. One of the manufacturing companies has found this discovery useful in the manufacture of an electric product. By the same method of diffraction analysis, this physicist was able recently to settle a disputed point in a patent suit. The question was whether in a certain appliance the element thorium was present in its metallic state or as thorium oxide. The diffraction pattern of the compound differs from that of the element, and by the X-rays Dr. St. John established positively that the element was present as a metal.

All of these applications of diffraction analysis are derived from the brilliant discovery by Laue, a German experimenter, in 1913. Prior to this, investigators in many lands had tried prisms and finely ruled gratings in the attempt to break X-rays up into a pattern of wave lengths similar to the rainbow pattern which light gives when it is diffracted. But the X-rays passed in straight lines through all prisms and gratings, or, if the material was dense enough, the rays were stopped — and no diffraction could be noted. It occurred to Laue that Nature itself had provided in the fine lattices of atomic crystals a grated surface of a fineness sufficient to deflect the minute wave lengths of X-rays. He tried the experiment — and his success is history. (One should add, to bring history up to date, that recent experimenters with optical gratings have succeeded in diffracting X-rays. Notable among these doers of the impossible is Dr. Arthur H. Compton, of the University of Chicago, whose X-ray discoveries brought him the Nobel prize in 1927.)

It was found that X-rays vary in wave length from about one hundred-millionth to about one ten-billionth of an inch. They were emitted in Röntgen's original experiments from the glass surface of the bulb, generated by the impact of the speeding particles of the electric current as they bombarded the atoms of the glass.

The next step was to place a metal target in the path of the speeding particles; and it was later discovered by the English experimenter Moseley that the X-rays are characteristic of the target material. Thus a copper target gives a different wave length from that of a platinum target, and so for each material. Hence a new means of analysis was placed in the hands of the scientist. If he was given an unknown substance to identify or analyze, it was necessary only to place a sample of the substance on the X-ray target and turn on the current. If the substance was a known element or compound, its radiation would betray it just as unerringly as his thumb print betrays the human suspect. And just as helium was discovered in the sun by spectrum analysis of sunlight, so the rare element hafnium was discovered on the earth by spectrum analysis of the X-rays generated by the unknown substance.

IV

The effect of X-rays on life is less known and not so well formulated as is their effect on such inanimates as the crystals of steel and silk and rayon. For many years hospitals and medical research institutes have been using X-rays to treat cancerous and other malignant growths, much as they use radium. It has not been possible as yet to generate X-rays of the same power as the gamma rays of radium, but X-rays may be produced at will and at relatively less expense than radium radiation. The dangers involved in exposure to these intense transfers of energy should be obvious. Only recently, in 1930, another name was added to the roster of martyrs to X-ray research, when Dr. Edward Mulvaney, medical inspector for the Jersey City Health Department, died as a result of X-ray burns. It should be mentioned, however, that his original burns were contracted several years ago, before the nature and danger of this radiation were realized. In modern practice, the X-ray instrument is screened in lead, and some laboratories devoted to X-ray work present the appearance of heavily armored vaults. Eight tons of lead cover the inner walls and ceiling of the industrial X-ray laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

While medical men have been experimenting with the therapeutic uses of X-rays, the research biologists have been trying them as a key to unlock the mystery of evolution. Why should a species change? If characteristics are inherited, why should there be any break? Why should not sons and daughters be exactly like their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers, on down through the generations?

In the fall of 1926, Professor Hermann J. Muller, of the University of Texas, began a series of experiments with such questions in mind. He placed fruit flies (Drosophila) in gelatin capsules and exposed them to X-radiation. Then he allowed the flies to breed, and observed the resulting progeny.

The children born of the X-rayed fruit flies were, to quote Dr. Muller, 'startling and unequivocal. All types of mutations, large and small, ugly and beautiful, burst upon the gaze. Flies with bulging eyes or with flat or dented eyes; flies with white, purple, yellow, or brown eyes; flies with curly hair, with ruffled hair, with parted hair, with fine and coarse hair, and bald flies; flies with swollen antennæ, or extra antennæ, or legs in place of antennæ; flies with broad wings, with narrow wings, with upturned wings, with downturned wings, with outstretched wings, with truncated wings, with split wings, with spotted wings, with bloated wings, and with practically no wings at all. Big flies and little ones, dark ones and light ones, active and sluggish ones, fertile and sterile ones, long-lived and short-lived ones. Flies that preferred to stay on the ground, flies that did not care about the light, flies with a mixture of sex characteristics, flies that were especially sensitive to warm weather. They were a motley throng. What had been done? The roots of life — the genes — had indeed been struck, and had yielded.'

It sounds like a ghastly orgy of mutilation — but scientists ask whether it may not be a demonstration of the method of evolution. May not the changes which we see in nature be brought about by the radiation which is continually bombarding all living things on this planet — radiation from star stuff and from radioactive elements in the earth? Since this question was first raised, Dr. Muller and Dr. L. M. Mott-Smith, of the Rice Institute, have collaborated in a study of this possibility. They find that the cosmic and other radiation carries energy sufficient to cause only a fraction of the mutations which occur. If their findings hold, it would seem that radiation is only one of the factors that change the genes. The direct causes may be chemical, within the very molecules or atoms of the genes themselves, with the rays serving only as an accelerating agent. If so, certainly they are the most powerful accelerator of the kind known. Dr. Muller finds that normally, in nature, changes occur in about five individuals out of a thousand, whereas the most powerful X-ray treatment produced changes in about seven hundred out of a thousand.

Meanwhile, others have tried the rays on other forms of life. Dr. Stadler, at the University of Missouri, observed marked changes in barley and corn grown from X-rayed seed. At the University of California, Dr. T. H. Goodspeed X-rayed tobacco seeds; they sprouted into a curious medley of tobacco plants — dwarfs, giants, some stubby and thick-leaved, others slender and tall, some with curiously inverted leaves.

Whether the biologists will be able to control these mutations — to produce finer tobacco, better barley and corn, more capable fruit flies, fatter pigs, and superior men — is something yet to be proved. A plant physiologist in New Jersey claims that he improved his yield of potatoes by X-raying the potato seeds. Plants grown from these treated seeds flowered and fruited one to three weeks earlier than those grown from untreated seed, and their tubers were larger and more plentiful.

At all events, the X-ray tube has gone into biology. The gardener and the stock breeder of the future may find it as invaluable in solving their problems as the foundryman and the textile manufacturer are finding it to-day in solving theirs.

V

But the industrialists are not satisfied. To quote one: 'The persistent tendency in industry, buildings, bridges, machines, is toward greater size, greater power, greater output; these developments demand steel that can be depended on for super-performance.'

For example, there is now under construction a turbine engine which will take steam at a pressure of 1200 pounds to the square inch and discharge it into a vacuum. The turbine is designed to drive a dynamo which will generate 250,000 kilowatts of energy. This is enormous power — the total connected load of the city of Boston in 1930 was only around 200,000 kilowatts. The cost of interrupting so much production even for a few minutes becomes prohibitive, therefore the 250,000-kilowatt generator cannot be shut down to repair or replace a broken forging or casting — it must be of such steel that it can be counted on to be accident-proof.

Continued increases in the size of machines and structures mean eventual increases in thickness of the steel parts. Already there is a demand for steel castings of six to ten inches cross-section, and X-rays as generated in commercial practice to-day are not able to radiograph satisfactorily through such densities. About four inches is the upper limit for the most powerful tubes available to industry.

To overcome this limitation and inspect sections of the greater thickness required by the United States Navy, scientists at the Naval Research Laboratory recently tried the gamma rays of radium as a substitute for X-rays. Since gamma rays have a wave length from one tenth to one twentieth that of X-rays, they are more penetrating. The naval researchers succeeded in photographing through twelve inches of steel, and they made exceptionally clear pictures through ten inches.

'I don't see any necessity for going much beyond this,' said Dr. R. F. Mehl, who conducted this notable industrial research, aided by Dr. C. S. Barrett of his staff and Dr. G. E. Doan of Lehigh University. 'But if industry requires it, I am confident that we can radiograph through even thicker sections. We may increase the penetration either by increasing the time of exposure or by increasing the amount of radium (or radium emanation) used.'

This novel industrial application of radium — which was first announced in the fall of 1930 — has been on trial at the Laboratory near Washington since early in 1929. Dr. Mehl and his associates made many comparative tests of gamma radiation and X-rays, and claim for the former these advantages: (*a*) its simplicity, the process requiring no high-voltage wires or complicated apparatus, only a capsule of radium or emanation; (*b*) the possibility of taking many radiographs simultaneously, since the radium radiates continually and equally in all directions; (*c*) the portability of the radium set-up; (*d*) its power to radiograph irregular sections of steel; (*e*) its higher penetration.

It was found that a modern X-ray tube operating at a given current would require ten minutes to photograph through three inches of iron; for the same tube under the same operating conditions to photograph through six inches would require an exposure five thousand times as long — or more than thirty-four days of continuous radiation. By contrast, to increase the thickness of a gamma-ray inspection from three to six inches it was necessary to increase the period of exposure only ten times — a matter of hours to compare with the more than a month required by the X-rays.

Thus radium is beginning to follow its elder brother, the X-ray tube, out of the hospital and laboratory into the foundry, the factory, the inspecting room. Already the Navy has put radium emanation to work in a programme of inspection. And I am informed that one of the large commercial foundries in the United States has adopted gamma-ray inspection for its heavy steel castings. The report of the naval research attracted wide attention in the steel industry here and abroad, and commercial applications of its results are sure to multiply.

VI

And so one may say with reason that the machine is harnessing to its uses even the invisible stuff of radiation. The word 'stuff' is not loosely chosen. One of the paradoxes of modern science is the discovery that these transfers of energy which we call rays are not only waves in space, but are also particles, tiny bundles of energy which behave in some experiments like bullets. When these bullets pass through the spaces between atoms and between the electrons of an atom to a photographic film, they affect the chemical coating of the film much as light affects it in our pocket cameras. But when one of the bullets happens to strike an atom or one of its electrons, the bullet may be stopped, absorbed, converted into new radiation. Obviously, the thicker and denser the material penetrated, the greater the number of bullets that will happen to hit and be absorbed. And wherever there are holes, cracks, porosity, or inclusions of less density, the more bullets will get through to the film, and so the greater will be its exposure. It is in this way that the invisible stuff helps us to see the hidden interior of the more ponderable visible stuff.

The same invisible stuff, hitting through and against the lattices of atomic crystals, shows their structure and size — betrays their unseen make-up.

And the same invisible stuff, bombarding a living cell with its bullets, knocks out parts of the cell's atoms, and so changes the very nature and characteristics of the life unit itself.

All these powers of radiation have been discovered within the last three and a half decades, most of them within the last two. Perhaps another few years will bring confirmation of that bold hypothesis which Dr. R. A. Millikan has suggested: that the invisible stuff of radiation is the creative force in nature by which matter is made and the elements forged into their characteristic forms. A *deus ex machina* — or, more accurately, a *deus in machina* — continually rewinding Time's clock.

THE ART OF LOAFING

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

'Sitting for hours in the shade of an apple tree, near the garden hives, and under the aerial thoroughfares of those honey merchants — sometimes when the noonday heat is loud with their minute industry, or when they fall in crowds out of the late sun to their night-long labors — I have sought instruction from the bees, and tried to appropriate to myself the old industrious lesson.

'And yet, hang it all, who by rights should be the teachers and who the learners? For those peevish, overtoiled, utilitarian insects was there no lesson to be derived from the spectacle of Me? Gazing out at me with myriad eyes from their joyless factories, might they not learn at last — might I not finally teach them — a wiser and more generous-hearted way to improve the shining hour?'

This modest and pertinent query, breathed with and into inimical air some ten or a dozen years ago by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, must have brought comfort and encouragement to more than one confessed, confirmed, and conscientious idler like myself. How rarely in these days do we receive the heartening news that there are others of our kind left in a workaday world! Nearly half a century has passed since Stevenson wrote his eloquent brief for our once numerous tribe, and the fact that he considered it necessary to call it an 'Apology' shows which way the wind was blowing even then. Since his day, defenders and apologists alike have grown fewer and fewer in numbers, less and less ample in utterance, more and more despondent in tone. Silence and darkness deepen over us as decade follows decade. Even the poets have lost heart. They sit, like birds under icy hedgerows, numbed and brooding, scarcely daring to twitter lest they betray their presence; and when one of them — more courageous, or, perhaps, merely a little less miserable than the rest — breaks into song, it is usually a mere fragment, like Ralph Hodgson's

> God loves an idle rainbow
> No less than laboring seas,

so brief, so furtive, that it is lost at once in the frozen air.

Let the melancholy truth be admitted: idlers and so-called ne'er-do-wells have never done less well than during the three fortunately elapsed decades of the present century, and if Henry Ford is right there is little promise of a dawn in the decade at hand. His day, he believes, is to grow only the more dazzlingly bright and our night the more hopelessly black. 'There is no place in civilization for the idler,' he says. 'None of us has any right to ease.' It is presumption, I suppose, for a mere loafer to take issue with one whose lightest word, if there is any such, becomes the inspired gospel of millions; nevertheless, I cannot but dissent. In my opinion he has, unwittingly, made the harshest possible arraignment of the kind of civilization he believes in. I agree, however, with the latter statement. Men have no more right to ease than they have to lives of laborious activity. It is not a question of right, but of privilege.

The surprising thing, to me, is that so few men seem to covet this high privilege any more. Formerly, most men's desire was so to order their lives that they might join the ranks of the non-spinners and non-toilers as early as possible, before they were too old to enjoy the benefits of so fortunate a state of being. Even as recently as the turn of the century a not inconsiderable number worked to, and largely for, this end. Now all of them toil and vertiginously spin, with or without cause or need, until they are on the brink of the grave.

As for the women, what are they not doing, in these days, to avoid the stigma which attaches to the idler! They were once the ornaments of leisured life, and I use the word in the high sense. They did little or nothing — as nothing is now measured — superlatively well; they knew the fine uses to which leisure may be put. They have since lost their enviable gift so completely that it is hard to believe that they ever possessed it. So far have they strayed from their old gracious manner of life that they now consider mere busyness the queen of virtues, and so they waste their days, and their lives, in numberless occupations most of which have little or no excuse for being, even in the utilitarian sense.

All of which seems to me unfortunate, to say the least. There is so much idling needing to be done in the United States that our case is all but desperate. If I were President I would concern myself very little with the nation's industry, except to point out the disastrous effects in our time of its monstrous expansion. I would call attention to the deplorable waste of our resources of leisure. At the rate and in the manner in which they are being exhausted, for lack of intelligent direction, another generation will see us bankrupt; for leisure, flagrantly and continually misused, turns into something else, — hopeless boredom, for one thing, — and whatever reserves of it may yet be made available, by means of shorter working days in shorter working weeks, will be of less value to us than the sands of the desert or the thorns on all the prickly pears in Australia; for the raw material of leisure is nothing unless we protect and encourage and profit by the example of our enlightened idlers who know how to convert it to use.

There is no doubt in my mind that a nation in which loafing has ceased to be a virtue has taken a wrong turning somewhere. I wish that we might send an emissary back to learn where the error in direction was made; but the danger there would be that our emissary, having escaped out of the present and having discovered the road not taken, would forget, in his joy, ever to return to enlighten us. In the mind's eye I see him plainly, entering that lonely, peaceful, bird-frequented highway, loitering through what delightful landscapes, stopping now and then to view what glamorous vistas lie ahead! Ahead of him; but, alas, behind or at least away from us, and never to gladden our eyes, for we might not return even if we would. Our road leads straight on, like a cement pavement — in fact, it *is* a cement pavement for turning wheels over, and we must get what pleasure we can from the hardness and dangerous smoothness of the pavement itself, and from the speed with which it allows our wheels to turn.

But I see no reason why they should always be turning. Perpetual motion is not exacted even of us, and we may loaf at times if we will. 'Loafe and invite your soul' is a good old saying, containing wisdom distilled from the experience of innumerable generations of mankind. Men's souls, particularly in these latter days, need a deal of inviting. They refuse to be supplicated or commanded; they will not stand and deliver during the lunch hour or between committee meetings. On the contrary, they choose their own time and method of accepting even the most suitable of invitations. Few men seem to realize this; many, indeed, doubt that they have souls. In my opinion the reason for their skepticism is that they have never given themselves time or suitable opportunities to discover whether they have them or not. But it is true that, as a result of the times in which we live, in many cases what once were souls have become so parched and shriveled, so wizened and anæmic, through lack of any vital nourishment, that it is a pity they can't be extracted, once and for all, like diseased tonsils or an ailing appendix.

Say what you will in disparagement of idlers, they are, or were until recently, in excellent spiritual health. It was axiomatic with them that a healthy soul is a perpetually hungry one, needing great store of life-giving food, and so, as the first necessity of a happy life, they arranged that they should have ample opportunity for providing such food. Thus it was with Henry Thoreau, that Prince of Loafers: was he not justified in ordering his life as he did? He was blessed with a radiantly healthy soul, and knowing this, — or, rather, feeling it from the very core of his being, — he took the surest means of keeping it in health. It is true that the Henry Fords and the Thomas Edisons of his day had no time for him, just as they would have even less time for him now; but let any impartial man open *Walden* or a volume of his *Journals* at random and, after reading for an hour or two, decide whether the fruits of his idleness were not at least as valuable to mankind as the fruits of their industry.

II

Never before, in the history of the world, I imagine, has there been a time more favorable than the present, so far as opportunity is concerned, for the advancement of the fine art of idling. The amount per capita of available leisure has increased enormously during the past twenty-five years. How, then, are we to account for the rapidly thinning ranks of idlers, and for the hostile attitude of the public at large toward those who still exist?

The answer to the first part of the question is obvious. As I have said, leisure itself is nothing like so essential as the leisurely type of mind; and machines, and those who aid and abet them, have hurried and harried us out of that. We flatter ourselves that we are much better off than our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who, in pursuit of their crafts and trades, worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day; but we forget that what they considered work we should now consider indolence of the most shameful kind. They had no efficiency experts and 'engineers' to watch their every movement lest an ounce of energy or a moment of time should be spent unproductively. With them, social life went hand in hand with industrial and pastoral life. Gossip, stimulating discussion, day-dreaming, musing, and fruitful thought were integral parts of the day's business, and mingled with it as easily and naturally as oxygen with hydrogen. In fact, many of the world's most illustrious idlers toiled, ostensibly, from dawn till dark. Think of Robert Burns and his contemporaries, of Charles Lamb and his; and how many others one might mention, the fruits of whose laborious days shame those of our abundant leisure. Would that we might return to the fructifying idleness of the sixteen-hour day, and the conditions of life that made it so!

But we are linked, or, rather, riveted and welded to our fate, and if we are to live in comfort, to say nothing of happiness, we must develop a technique of loafing that at least approaches theirs. One fact must be accepted: idleness and industry can never again mingle as they once did. Those who serve machines, either directly or indirectly, must give them undivided and unremitting attention during the six or eight hours of daily slavery exacted. But this lesson — heaven knows! — has already been adequately learned. What has yet to be learned is how to return to life on human terms after the day's servitude is over.

And this, I think, accounts in part for the generally unfriendly attitude toward confirmed idlers, who, in their efforts to avoid accepting on any terms the conditions of labor demanded by the machines, loaf more than they should, perhaps, or is good for them, and their example offends those more resigned to such conditions. But at least they have not forgotten how to loaf, and it is unfortunate, it seems to me, that their justifiable resentment against motor cars, radios, motion-picture theatres, miniature golf courses, and other destroyers of leisure is not more widely spread. To be sure, the use of such things has a certain lethal value for those so wretched that they can no longer enjoy conscious life and thought in our industrialized world, but not many of us, surely, are as badly off as that. Self-respect, to say the least, demands that we should refuse to accept these spurious substitutes for idling at the hands of those who now foist them upon us. Worms that we are, or seem to be, I cannot believe that we are as wormlike at heart as they. The trouble with us has been our tolerance, our good nature, a heritage from happier times; and our quite natural bewilderment in the midst of such rapidly changing conditions has given the real worms, who have welcomed and glory in these changes, an advantage over us. As might have been expected, they have so abused their advantage that I firmly believe they will eventually defeat their own end, which is to make all of us as abject worms as they themselves.

If idling is ever to regain its rightful position as one of the arts, — or, better, as the fostering mother of all the arts, — there must be a change of attitude toward its professors and practitioners. Active encouragement they do not need, but toleration is as necessary to them as to other men. 'Who are these professors?' you ask. 'Name some of them.' There you have me! I feared that question and am not prepared to answer it. So far has the decay of loafing gone in the United States that I cannot think of a single eminent loafer of American birth since Walt Whitman's time. Lafcadio Hearn was one, but he was born in the Ionian Isles, of Greek and Irish parentage. Although he made heroic efforts to loaf, in New York, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and elsewhere, so great were the odds against him that he at last fled to the island of Martinique, and later to Japan, arriving at this latter country too late, unfortunately, to loaf to full advantage; for there, too, idleness, practised for so many centuries with such beneficial results, was fast falling into disrepute, owing to the influence of Western ideas.

Harvard University had an idler of genius in Professor Santayana, a man splendidly qualified to teach, by both precept and example, the highest branches of the art; but lack of willing students, and of those congenial influences which are the breath of life to a man of his kind, forced him to retire. The College of Business Administration which has risen in the great void — the place, not the room — made by his withdrawal offers sufficient proof that he was not mistaken in his view of the hopelessness of the situation.

There are, perhaps, eminent idlers still living in America whose lights burn clear, steady, and cheering to those who share their retirement. But wide are the gaps between light and light! Small wonder that those who grope through the murk without finding them doubt at times that any lights are there.

What I mean by an idler of the higher categories is, I hope, clear by now. As Francis Thompson said, —

From stones and poets you may know,
Nothing so active is as that which least seems so.

Perhaps he gained his knowledge of stones intuitively, or he may have taken it from the Japanese, who have always been stone worshipers, not alone because of their sense of the beauty of stones as objects, but also, I believe, because of their realization of the tremendous energy latent or simmering within the stones. Poets, the most distinguished of idlers, are such outwardly harmless containers of power, which makes them truly dangerous — not of themselves, but because of the uses to which may be, and is, put the enormous energy of thought they throw off.

The Greeks, who, as idlers, were one hundred per cent literate, so to speak, fully realized the danger of being so; therefore it was a point of honor with them, as well as a matter of self-preservation, to keep all of their potentially harmful ideas in their rightful places, merely as objects of beauty or of curious interest. Our Western world owes Francis Bacon an incalculable debt of obloquy for being the first great teacher of the fatal doctrine that all ideas may be put to practical use. In a by no means fanciful manner of speaking, he is the father of most of our present ills. It was during his century that the road we should now be following was missed, and it was largely through his agency that our forefathers were lured away from it. What an imposing ruin he made of his life! Never has a more kingly idler been self-destroyed. His essay, 'Of Gardens,' shows him at a moment when he was following the true bent of his genius.

III

The mention of gardens leads me to sound a more cheerful note. The fact that both private and public pleasure gardens are becoming more numerous and more beautiful every year shows, I think, a growing disposition to loaf that may eventually become something more than a disposition. During a recent journey from San Francisco to New York, and back again by a different route, I was surprised and greatly encouraged at the number of private gardens that may be viewed even from car windows; there are many more of them than there used to be, and they are often found in the most unlikely and needful places. This is particularly true of those lying in the vicinity of great cities. The greed of real-estate owners and promoters has made it almost impossible for men of small means to have gardens of any sort, but there is a limit, apparently, beyond which even the greed of real-estate owners may not go, and so, sometimes, there are postage stamps and pocket handkerchiefs of land that householders may call their own. How much they have learned to make of little! With what loving and patient care they lay out their tiny gardens, taking advantage of the most meagre resources of light and air! No shred or patch of sunlight is wasted. They have lawns the size of hearthrugs, and beds of flowers the brownies might have planted, with graveled paths a handsbreadth wide between them. In rare instances where there is room for a tree, the tree is there; sometimes all other pleasures are sacrificed to that of having its moving leaf-shadows for a carpet, over an earthen or sanded floor. Thousands of these gardens are passed during the course of a journey across the continent where, ten years ago, they were hard indeed to find. Not a few of them are enclosed with vine-covered walls or trellises, and in these, one may be sure, the art of idling is sometimes modestly, if furtively, studied.

As for our public pleasure gardens, many of them are now of princely amplitude, offering the most congenial inducements to idlers, the most varied refreshment in the way of shaded lawns and arbors, walks, lakes, and fishponds; but something is wrong here, for, as you stroll through these green and restful retreats, you will see only men reading newspapers, than which nothing could be more hostile to the cultivation of the proper disposition for idling. Unfriendly spirits are abroad in these gardens, the chief of them, I believe, being the spirit of carbon-monoxide gas, a deadly poison to the pollinating germs of idleness that formerly floated at will even through the air of cities. Were this evil spirit to be exorcised by that powerful magician, Public Opinion, I predict that idlers would soon be as customary a sight in our public parks as rooks in a rookery. The advantages that would spring from so fortunate a circumstance are too numerous for mention.

One other evil spirit should also be exorcised, not from parks alone but from life in general, if idling is ever again to flourish. It too is a gaseous spirit, and vocal, issuing from the radio.

Some months ago I had a harrowing experience with such a spirit. It was in Rochester, Minnesota, a pretty town, though filled to overflowing with ailing mankind drawn there from all parts of the Western Hemisphere by the deserved fame of the Mayo Clinic. I was not ailing, but I began, first, to wish that I were, and then to fear that I was, for all the talk was of disease: its innumerable symptoms and peculiarities, the stages of its progress, and the methods of campaign used against it. Everywhere — in hotels and restaurants, in the shops and the streets, in season and out of season, in English, German, French, Spanish, and Italian, the one topic of conversation was disease. At first I was interested, then bored, then desolated. I tried to escape by taking country walks, but all the roads were filled by the departing cured, joyously hastening homeward at fifty miles an hour, and the approaching sick, anxiously hastening in, at sixty; and roads, of course, in whatever part of the country, are no longer for the delight of leisurely pedestrians. So I was confined to the town and took refuge in the park; and a refuge, I thought gleefully, it was to prove, for it was then late October, the temperature near freezing, and all of the invalids and convalescents were keeping well within doors.

There was no one in the park except some children covering each other with autumn leaves, and their laughter was as bracing and health-giving as the wan sunshine and the biting air. I sat down on a bench near an open pavilion, used, evidently, for summer concerts, and had just settled myself for a morning of luxurious loafing when a radio, hidden somewhere on the platform of the pavilion, shattered the autumnal silence beyond all hope of repair. This truly infernal machine was provided with an amplifier that was something more than ample. I fled to the farthest recesses of the park, but the unctuous voice of the announcer — the unction magnified one thousand diameters — pursued me wherever I went. During the week that followed, I returned to the park at various hours of the day, early in the morning, even late at night, and, while there were brief periods of respite, no pleasure was to be had from them because of the realization that a demon with an inhumanly human voice was crouched close by, ready to spring, and that soon he would spring. And this demon, I mused bitterly, has somewhere a local and sumptuous habitation and a name; and when, if ever, he retires to rest, no doubt he does so with an easy conscience, a sense of virtue as unctuous as his voice. But he had eaten fern seed at Rochester. One could not get at him to endow him with eternal peace.

Much remains to be said on the subject of idling; in fact, I have scarcely scratched the surface of it; but perhaps a self-confessed loafer may gain more credit for his calling by practising it than by preaching it.

But was my Rochester experience typical, I wonder? Are radios now common nuisances in public parks? If so, is there no other voice of protest to be joined to my feeble cry? Breathing this question into the air in reproachful but gentle, unamplified accents, I descend from the rostrum.

One last pregnant remark while descending. I believe that, had more men occupying strategic positions in American life — financiers, promoters, captains of industry, and the like — been idle by choice during the past thirty years, there would now be vastly fewer of those, in humbler stations, idle of necessity.

PSYCHOLOGY TO THE GENERAL

BY ROBERT N. CORWIN

I

The public press some time ago announced that, during one of the forensic impasses to which debate not infrequently leads in our most august legislative body, a member proposed that the services of the official chaplain of the Senate might well be dispensed with and the time hitherto given to devotional exercise allotted to a professional psychologist. This proposal to appeal when in doubt to mundane rather than divine counsel was probably neither made nor received with entire seriousness, though the *Congressional Record* sometimes makes difficult any attempt to separate the ridiculous from the sublime. But, whether the intent of our Solon was serious or not, this plan to have recourse to this modern God from the Machine, psychology, for aid in calming emotional squalls and in discovering correct and practical methods of addressing and deciding baffling questions, is in keeping with the spirit of the present day and the attitude of the present generation.

The reasons for this pressing need for succor in meeting the accumulating problems of this golden age of novelty and speed are not far to seek, and, in fact, need not be sought at all, for they are recited or reiterated from every pulpit and forum and echoed by the public press. It has become commonplace to call attention to the dislocation along the fault which separates to-day from all the yesterdays and to show that the simple practices and codes of our forefathers have been strained to the breaking point. But in the midst of this Rip van Winklian bewilderment, and thus at a moment uniquely psychological, the new science of psychology comes to the rescue and places at the service of mankind the rich results of its prodigious industry. Researches in this productive field, so we are told by the more active protagonists, have made available to all and sundry the laws which underlie the motives and determine the behavior of the mass and of the individual. Each of us may now learn, for the asking, the sources and the limits of his own capacities, the hidden springs of his own personality, and may know the influences which motivate his relations to his fellow men. The way is now clear, so the assurance runs, and the first steps taken toward the solution of the basic problems of human nature and the social order.

Never have man-made plans held fairer promises. Little wonder that a confused and famishing world should, without close scrutiny, give ready and general acceptance to a boon which seems to fall but little short of a knowledge of good and evil, and that psychology, or what passes for psychology, should become our guiding cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. Everyone, accordingly, who takes thought concerning his relation to his own time and place finds himself an unconscious participant in this twentieth-century mass psychology, or its unwilling victim. He cannot but seek to orient his mind to this new all-embracing movement.

These considerations have prompted this brief non-professional survey of the present status of psychological research and of those applications and derivatives of this research which most affect our daily life, in the hope that some basis may be gained for estimating its value to the average man, who is, after all, the ultimate consumer. This venture is that of a layman who must form his estimate of what psychology is by what it does to and for him and his kind. It will seem both presumptuous and futile to officers holding high command for the common soldier to try to conjecture, on the basis of what happens to him, what is going on in the minds of the General Staff. His not to reason why! But psychologists must know, even if generals do not, that conjecture on the part of the lowly is inevitable, however inadequate the basis upon which it must rest.

II

The evolution of modern psychology is spanned by the memory of living men. It grew out of the discovery of new worlds to conquer in the biological and sociological sciences, resulting in an awakening comparable with that which followed the revelation of the new heavens by Kepler and Galileo and a new world by Columbus and his successors. The latter part of the last century was characterized by unprecedented progress in every field of natural science. Intensive study and experimentation, coupled with new incentives and new approaches, led to numerous broods of new sciences. Thus psychology, deriving on the one hand from philosophy and on the other from physiology, entered upon an independent rôle. In one important respect has the recent renascence of intellectual interest and activity differed from the earlier. Then, only the intelligentsia were interested or affected; now, any important scientific discovery becomes on the morrow the common property of the whole reading or listening public.

The first psychological laboratory was set up by Wundt at Leipzig, in 1874, in the belief that mental phenomena could be best studied by controlled experimentation and that the knowledge of the mind in all of its manifestations need no longer be wholly dependent on introspection and inductive reasoning. From this source has sprung a vast and vigorous progeny, well represented in this country by numerous laboratories, many of which are devoting their resources to investigating the organs and processes of sense reactions, the effects of various kinds and degrees of stimuli, and to recording and interpreting all discoverable processes and evidences of sensation, feeling, and will. The great foundations established to promote human welfare have drawn millions from their reservoirs to aid the new cause. White rats, guinea pigs, cats, dogs, and bees, and primates of various stages in the evolutionary processes, have been made to serve man's great need. The product of this research is purveyed to scholars and to others in several learned periodicals and in more than a thousand monographs yearly — to say nothing of textbooks for schools and books with a less technical purpose for the general public.

The layman is immediately struck by the disconcerting divergence of faith and hope illustrated in this research or in such parts of it as are intelligible to him. Learned psychologists, or those who purport to be, appear to disagree as to the relative dependability of introspection as compared with more objective investigation. They differ as to whether intellectual activity consists of functions and processes merely, and thus as to whether we can know what the mind is except by observing what it does and how it acts. They are not in agreement as to whether sensation brings concepts to the mind as simple units or as patterns and relationships as well, or as to whether there is outside of sensation some impelling force which integrates these sensatory units into concepts and, if there be such force, whether it is innate or acquired. There is no consensus of opinion as to the relative influence on human behavior of instincts, if these exist, and of the subconscious, whatever that may be. The structuralist, the functionalist, and the behaviorist each interprets the same mental phenomena as evidence of the truth of his own separate and divergent faith. There is wide divergence of claims as to what has been attained by modern psychology and as to what may be confidently expected of the future.

Thus the layman has brought home to him, at the very outset, a fact which he had already suspected — that there are psychologists *and* psychologists, and that the extremes of these two groups are as wide apart in claims, methods, and unfortunately in general influence, as a typical professor of dogmatic theology and a much-sought-after revivalist of the Pacific Coast.

The smaller group applies to its researches methods no less objective, a skill no less trained, and a restraint no less marked, than are illustrated in the best representatives of the natural sciences. None can doubt that benefit has accrued to us from the researches in this field and from the consequent interest aroused. We have a clearer conception of mental states and mental activities, of the physical sources of such states and activities, of the importance of emotional factors, and of the controllability and measurability of intellectual processes. They have added to our knowledge of abnormal and subnormal mentality, of habit, motivation, and the processes of memory and of learning, the effects of mental fatigue, and have thus given us simpler and more adequate pedagogical approaches to certain problems. These achievements represent something substantial and definite which may serve as a safe *vade mecum* to all seekers after truth and which will help on the way to clearer thinking and greater intellectual stability.

The psychology or near psychology, however, which is prescribed for the defenseless layman and practised upon him comes for the most part from the larger and more vocal group, which naturally includes the exegetes, popularizers, and exploiters. Representatives of this group undertake to prove by precept and example that psychology, once the most remote and theoretical of sciences, has become one of the most adaptable and practical. The results of its researches have, accordingly, found application not only in school and in college, but also in corrective institutions, large industrial plants, in selling and advertising agencies, in literature, — pure and otherwise, — and, in fact, in nearly all the concerns of everyday life.

It seems reasonable, therefore, to raise the question as to the rating of various enterprises and activities which, in the evident belief of the public, are backed and guaranteed by the whole psychological industry. It is proposed to examine, as briefly as may be, some of the recent applications of what is offered in the guise of new psychology with a view to learning whether the recent pyramiding of psychological projects is warranted by the capital stock, and to determine how much of what is being offered as proved and sound belongs in the purely speculative class. All scientific progress is characterized by constant trial and frequent error, and every offering is fair game to 'bears' and 'bulls' alike, but in most fields of research the public is not made the victim of all half truths revealed. The estimate of psychological values here submitted is not based on data collected under controlled conditions and must suffer from such defects as inhere to 'purely subjective' findings.

III

Psychology, or what purports to be psychology, touches the average man intimately and affects his life profoundly at three cardinal points — education, literature, and certain everyday business and social contacts. Some of the more familiar aspects of these will be considered.

Education is the greatest industry in this land of great industries. It absorbs more capital and expends more effort than any combine of mass labor and capital. Twelve million children and the future of the States are involved. It is right and proper that all aid to be derived from science and experience should be applied to this great cause, but it is equally essential to the national welfare that the field of education should not be made free to the latest and loudest revivalist or sales promoter to appear over the horizon, proclaiming and 'representing' New Psychology — Latest Edition. Life has become synchronized to a series of rapid and abrupt changes. It is hard to hold fast to that which is good or even better. We grasp at every novelty, from a new car to a new vitamin or a new complex; anything that will brighten the home, quicken the memory, break down sales resistance, or build it up, is welcomed. We have neither time nor patience to give the new model or device a thorough road trial before acceptance. Education has shown itself especially susceptible to pseudo-psychologists bearing gifts. It has not been content to adopt and apply the few sound and simple doctrines derived from the study of the processes of learning, of memorizing, of aptitudes, of motivation, and of the transferability of skill from one discipline to another — and underwritten by scientists of recognized standing. Much of doubtful value has been adopted into the educational theory and practice without thorough testing and chiefly because pushed by skillful propagandists who claim psychological backing.

The chief threat against the integrity of the teaching profession arises from the demand that all teachers shall have a thorough training in the science of teaching, which in turn claims as its basis the more recent pronouncements in psychology. When a like demand went forth a generation ago (1892) that the teacher must become proficient in psychology, William James said: —

'As regards this subject of psychology, now I wish at the very threshold to do what I can to dispel the mystification. So I say at once that in my humble opinion there is no "new psychology" worthy of the name. There is nothing but the old psychology which began in Locke's time, plus a little physiology of the brain and senses and theory of evolution, and a few refinements of introspective detail, for the most part without adaptation to the teacher's use. It is only the fundamental conceptions of psychology which are of real value to the teacher and they, apart from the aforesaid theory of evolution, are very far from being new.

'I say, moreover, that you make a great, a very great, mistake if you think that psychology, being the science of the mind's laws, is something from which you can deduce definite programmes and schemes and methods of instruction for immediate schoolroom use. Psychology is a science, and teaching is an art.'

This statement was made, to be sure, a generation ago, and thus before the most active, and some might claim before the most productive, period of new psychology, but it would be reassuring to a large class of consumers to have some conservative and nonpedagogical psychologist point out the fundamental discoveries of this intervening period which show or tend to show that James's criticisms are now quite out of date. His counsel has, in any event, remained unheeded and is probably forgotten. Teaching is in a fair way to be relegated to the lost arts. It has become a science properly relabeled pedagogy, with a rigid system of dogma, an elaborate ritual, and a professional cant. Initiation of novitiates into this caste has become as elaborate as it is perfunctory, and consists, as is well known, in the acquisition, usually by the coupon method, of a certain number of courses in 'education,' psychology, methodology, and the like. Meantime the profession has been carefully protected from intrusion by the uninitiated by what amounts to trade agreements with institutions which train novitiates — a unity of interests, confirmed in most states by legislation.

No wholly sane person will object to the training of teachers, or to changes in educational theory and practice, so far as these reveal higher ideals and saner methods, or promise better results. If teaching is to become a learned profession, there must be training, and the aid of tried and true psychology must be invoked. Likewise, if education is to rid itself of the futile doctrine of equalitarianism and to assure to all fair play in opportunities, if it is to give over the regimentation of all recruits at a safe level of mediocrity and to help each to discover and develop his own talents — if education is to undertake these and other progressive and cumulative changes with reasonable hope of fruition, psychology must aid and abet.

The objection here lodged is solely to those laws and practices which so rigidly and inexorably define the methods of selecting and training teachers, and thus artificially and greatly limit the sources and numbers from which the profession may be recruited. The quality of teachers must inevitably be lowered where native ability and knowledge, personality and character, are subordinated to easily acquired technique. Teachers cannot be fabricated to order from whatever material happens to be at hand. In most parts of the country, however, state laws require that one or more years be spent by the would-be teacher largely in the acquisition of doctrines which, with few exceptions, James regarded as of doubtful worth. A person with sufficient native ability to make a good teacher will from his own experiences and those of his successful and unsuccessful associates hardly fail to pick up an adequate knowledge of method and technique, if these are insisted upon as essential. One who has not such ability will not acquire it through the absorbing of the required courses in educational psychology, but, under present laws, no great teacher from Socrates to Charles William Eliot could qualify for service in the public school system of most states. We have sacrificed ability to pedagogy, professionalism, mass psychology, and mass production.

IV

The educational field, thus weakened in its personnel, has been invaded in recent years by a popular device known as the psychological or intelligence test. Since the chief concern of experimental psychology at present is the study of stimuli and responses, it is perhaps natural that the most active, if not the most important, phase of investigation during this century and in this country should be the development of the measurements of responses which reveal intelligence and mental alertness.

There is no question of the need for improving on the traditional hit-and-miss method of measuring a student's ability and progress. It must be obvious to all concerned that the grades assigned for recitation or examination under the older usage correlate quite as closely with the instructor's mental attitude and physical well-being as with the student's knowledge of the matter under investigation. Not all professors are good cross-examiners or good mind readers or good guessers. Yet progress is difficult without some means of determining longitude and latitude and speed.

Intelligence tests were widely used as a rough and ready means of classifying the personnel during the recruiting of the national army, 1917–1918. They have since been developed and perfected by many practitioners and in many laboratories and applied to many different problems. An abundant literature and numerous textbooks deal with the subject. The tests have been tried out on hundreds of thousands of children and adults, and the results thus gained have been used in the manufacture of reasonably reliable scales for measuring achievement in many subjects of study and many varieties of skill. The scales for reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic have been of great value in determining both the progress of classes and the proficiency of teachers. Most important of all, perhaps, they have helped to demonstrate the necessity of grouping together for instructional purposes pupils of approximately the same mental rate and have thus aided in the baffling problem of the supernormal as well as of the backward child. These tests have, moreover, captivated the interest of the parent, who now speaks glibly of mental age, chronological age, I. Q.'s, correlation, and raw scores.

Intelligence tests can, then, show a good balance on the credit side of the account. The ingenuity displayed in concocting questions which shall reveal every shred of concealed intelligence, in devising stencils or other mechanical means of tabulating answers 'objectively,' and in constructing formulæ and graphs for correlating and interpreting results, has put on his mettle the old-fashioned examiner who questioned only for knowledge and power — and, so far, good has resulted. But these new devices, like psycho-pedagogy, have been oversold, or at any rate overbought. Their promoters have been too optimistic in their claims and have confused hopes and promises, means and end. These tests, without question, measure intelligence, 'if,' as a well-known psychologist states, 'intelligence is what is measured by intelligence tests.' But they can be and have been misleading because of the uncertain nature of this element and because of the many determining factors which they must leave out of the reckoning. Their forecast of future performance is not as infallible as represented.

These tests, as thus far perfected, have tested chiefly for mental alertness, cleverness, smartness, or, as one psychologist puts it, whether the examinee has high or low mental gear. The time limit has always been an important factor. Recognizing this characteristic of these tests, a colleague makes it a favorite pastime to defend the thesis that most Americans rated as great by several generations — among them Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, and many more — were slow in their mental reactions, and, therefore, that the rapidity of decision or of the thought processes is no guarantee of good judgment or wisdom or success. This contention lacks the validity of a controlled laboratory experiment, but probably has a considerable basis of truth.

The lay critic, therefore, resents the prevalent assumption that these tests are based upon a new principle and that newly discovered laws of educational psychology underlie them. As far as has been revealed to him, they are as empirical in origin and use as those which educational psychologists rather derisively call 'content' tests. The data derived from them are not entitled to special privilege. The layman resents, likewise, the statistical invasion of the field of teaching and learning and the mechanistic implications of these alleged quantitative objective tests, — the kilowatt-hour idea, — the assumption that the mind is made up of functions or patterns or forces which may be readily and accurately measured only or best by the newly devised question-and-answer method. He is not convinced that the educability of the child or of the adult may be reduced to curves and percentages and treated as such. The corollary of this popular process is mass fabrication.

The success of the intelligence tests, as demonstrated by the avidity with which they have been absorbed by the trade, has led to the wide application of this measuring-rod process. Educational psychologists have been busily engaged in perfecting pencil-and-paper tests for discovering other desirable traits of personality — honesty, dependability, stability under stress, and various other qualities or attributes into which character may be resolved. Such tests may also now be had for determining the aptitudes, skills, and other types or degrees of intelligence — if these be intelligence — required in particular studies or tasks. Upon the resultant charts, curricula may be built. There need be no misdirected effort from the beginning to the end of the school or even of the college course if the personality chart justifies this sequel. No more lights need be hidden under bushels of prescribed subjects. There will be perfect division of labor along the lines of aptitudes as revealed by the new process. The character or personality record now demanded for admission to certain progressive colleges covers sixteen pages of questions. Admission officers must not be outdone in the application of up-to-date production-engineering methods.

The benefits of an early and reliable discovery of aptitudes need not end with the school or college course. Researches now in progress indicate that in the near future the aspirant may have his life's work cut out for him as soon as he has progressed to a point where he may offer himself for an intelligence and a personality test; for it has become possible, it seems, to classify and tabulate the mental attributes, the emotional ingredients, and the species of personality required in each of the numerous trades, professions, and business careers represented in modern life. Our rough-hewn ends may now be shaped by engineers in personality. Those who have blacksmith tendencies will no longer become dentists, and the bedside manner will no longer be seen at the bar or in the pulpit. Mr. Ford may reduce labor turnover and costs by adopting personality specifications for the various machines and manipulations of his great enterprise.

Such are the miracles claimed for modern practical psychology. It does not lack temerity, for its task is as difficult as rescrambling the castes of India. Its further progress in determining the essential desiderata for each walk in life will be watched with open-eyed and, let us hope, open-minded interest. Meantime, the layman cannot but marvel that civilization has seemingly progressed so far without realizing and supplying the need for psycho-personnel guidance.

V

It is now less timely than would have been the case a few years ago to speak of another not wholly dissimilar product of the school of psycho-pedagogy — the questionnaire. There can be little doubt that this well-worn device has not only affected the emotional nature of all recipients, but has, to some extent at least, modified educational procedure in general, for much of the lore issued during recent years in the name of education has been based on so-called data collected, classified, and correlated by the perpetrators of these 'fact-finding' inventions of despair. They now, however, seem likely to pass without leaving irreparable havoc.

Another phase of psychological investigation and practice which has had great vogue and deep influence on public opinion is associated with the name of Freud. This shrewd investigator has given to practical psychology quite a new turn, or slant, for he found that what earlier psychologists had considered a stream of consciousness was rather a stream of sexual desire, and that it, if inhibited, might from out of the subconscious depths avenge itself on the individual. Dreams, it appears, reveal uncensored thought, and are more significant than to Joseph or Daniel of old when subjected to psychoanalysis. Sex impulses motivate and dominate behavior from birth and are suppressed at one's peril. Here we have Socrates' dæmon turned bestial, to be exorcised only by psychoanalysts. How pervasive has been this cult, originating with Freud and developed and diversified by Jung and Adler and their pupils and successors, is shown by the glibness with which the layman and the daily press speak of libido, complexes, overcompensation, defense-mechanism, self-projection, intro- and extro-version.

Priceless truths are not usually revealed in this sudden and overwhelming manner, but, after the smoke of battle between addicts and critics has cleared away and rampant exploitation has exhausted itself, some modicum of benefit and practical value will come to the healing profession and thus to the public at large. This phase of the new psychology must be commended for focusing attention on the rôle played by the subconscious in emotional and intellectual reactions and for promoting a more profound study of childhood and adolescence. The investigations which have originated with psychoanalysts, or in opposition to them, will help the general practitioner in the diagnosis of various types of neurotics and of unsocial and unstable misfits, and may enhance the technique of the specialist in the treatment of such cases. Pending this happy ending of the melodrama, the layman is at the mercy of those who exploit his helplessness.

Present-day literature reveals the

most evident and far-reaching consequences of this Freudian and psychoanalytic cult. The greatest of all arts has no doubt suffered in the past from Puritanic strait-lacedness and Victorian prudishness and other sins of repression, but the lean years, if they may be so called, can neither explain nor justify the satyric slough of sex in which the reading public must now welter. It is no longer a question of reticence — sex has become an obsession. If one may judge by the evidence presented, the motto of the publisher is, 'If it's sex, 't will sell,' and of the Best Sellers Club, 'If it sells, it's good.' This encourages mass production and creates captains of this industry. Confession and self-revelation may be a necessary part of the cure of neurotics and of those suffering from sex obsessions and other emotional disorders, but publishers should not be encouraged to accept 'histories' which belong in a doctor's office or in a hospital. The reading public ought not to be made to suffer vicariously for the sins, real or fictional, of everyone afflicted with a case of nerves.

The reading layman of the present day is neither a prude nor a Puritan. He does not shy at dirt as such or at nakedness. He approves of adequate knowledge of the physiology or hygiene of sex and applauds a healthy appetite for the pleasures of this world, but he does protest against a literature, based upon this new-old phallic cult, which threatens to break down those restraints and traditions of decent behavior which have been building up ever since men climbed down from trees. Both individuals and nations, in their healthier moods and more robust ages, have protested against letting the worship of Aphrodite get out of hand.

The behaviorists form another bloc situated well to the left in the body psychologic. This cult, too, offers a rule of life which looks both easy and pleasant. The followers see neither a higher nor a lower in human nature. There is no missing link between the intellectual and emotional nature of man and that of the so-called lower animals. The animal and the human being respond in the same manner to the same stimuli. These responses are purely mechanical in nature and may be as easily and as satisfactorily explained as any other physicochemical process. Since, however, several of the prominent captains of this school have wrecked their own ships, and several in positions of less authority have not been wholly successful in exemplifying this philosophy, a radical revision of the older order and traditional codes has seemed less important.

Codes of conduct are not entirely wanting in evidence of the survival of the fittest trial-and-error experiences; for though they differ, to be sure, in certain matters from age to age and from country to country, there appears to be a substantial agreement on a considerable body of those sanctions and loyalties which concern social relations and human welfare. Irrespective of time and place, this agreement — an inheritance, perhaps, of ancestral memory — includes a large portion of such old-fashioned concepts as honesty, decency, and justice.

The earlier lessons of philosophy and of its handmaid, psychology, were moral in their implications. Modern psychology, or what masks in its guise, has, in its drive toward objectivity, become as unmoral, or as amoral, as physics or chemistry. Perhaps this is as it should be. Psychology, as such, need charge itself with no moral mission provided it keeps within the bounds prescribed for all sciences. But many who claim membership in the profession must answer in some measure for the moral bewilderment of the present day. The quantum theory and that of relativity have had no such effect on human behavior. The layman cannot be expected to separate the just from the unjust among psychologists. It is this aspect of the matter which led one of the most broad-minded and level-headed and successful college deans to state recently that the great moral problem of his university to-day is its department of psychology.

The art of living is the most universal of arts, and the art of thinking the most difficult. Philosophy has never shirked its responsibility or remitted its efforts to give practical service in both these arts. Practical psychology, which in public interest has supplanted philosophy and assumed its function in large measure, lacks not only the seriousness and serenity of the older discipline, but, what is more important, its responsibility. To all appearances, it throws out its theories to be picked up by sales promoters, personnel officers, pedagogues, psychographers, and other would-be docents and practitioners who prey upon the public, and is off on the hunt for more.

The lay critic is, accordingly, inclined to regard as unprofitable much, if not most, of what is offered in the name of practical or applied psychology. He fails to see how or where the new derivatives discussed have simplified or enriched our daily life — have made it either saner or sounder. He cannot, then, but concur with William James as to the futility of attempting to engraft upon our inherited stock of ideas every new offering from the science of the mind, and to adapt our code of morals to conform to the latest fashion in behavior. We find reassurance in remembering that the great feats of intellect and the most illustrious deeds of valor and of sacrifice were achieved without these recent revelations on mental processes and human behavior. The vigor, durability, and usability of this funded inheritance are illustrated in the records of two millenniums of searchers after truth and champions of the right. What they thought and taught has become art and part of our mental fabric, has become embedded in our language and everyday doings and dealings, and can no more be overlooked or put away than our physical characteristics, evolved through the ages. Quick turnovers had better be confined to other stocks in trade.

In view of the above considerations, it is proposed that a moratorium be declared in the psychological market until a psychology of psychologists can be prepared under the editorship of a long-suffering but hard-headed layman or of a commission composed of ultimate consumers. We have a psychology of childhood, of adolescence, of the only child, of twins, of industry, of war and peace, of religious experience, of the masses, and of this, that, and tother. Modern psychology is a most adaptable and inclusive science. It cannot exceed the competence of a wisely chosen commission to prepare a handbook which will enable a layman of average common sense to recognize on sight a real honest-to-goodness psychologist and which might save him from being victimized by any and every one who has learned to lisp the latest psychological shibboleth. To be effectively modern, modern psychology must assume some degree of accountability to the laity for the pretensions of its representatives.

AN APOLOGY FOR YOUTH

BY THEODORE MORRISON

I

Nothing is more obnoxious to clever youth than the doctrine that whatever is, is right. The bitterness of the young toward any degree of contentment with things as they are is often an embarrassment and a bewilderment to their parents and older friends. Any attempt to defend the world as it is, any complacent or thoughtless remark which betrays the acknowledged tendency of older people not to chafe against wrongs that custom has established, ignites all the explosive intemperance, boldness of language, readiness for extreme conclusions, and unmanageable emotion which belong to intelligent immaturity.

Sensitive young people brood much over the enormities of the world. The vast and, as it often seems, insoluble problems which have come in the train of applied science and the Industrial Revolution, the brutalities to which labor is still subject, the starvation of all but whole peoples while food enough for the world entire is produced in favored lands, the prevalence of want and injustice even among prosperous nations — all these are very lively and present thoughts in the minds of the young, and excite them to blind rage against any semblance of toleration on the part of their elders. And it is well so. There is a kind of youth — early indoctrinated with the complacence of its parents — that goes through life contemptuous of revolt, smug with acceptance of the prevailing scheme of advancement and social approval, unstirred by any generous resentment, unmoved by fellow feeling for the oppressed, skeptical of every effort to right established wrong, faintly scornful of those who turn aside from the broad way of success to mitigate the world's inequalities. There is something frankly disgusting about a young person of this kind. A man ought at some time in his life to burn with liberal ardor; there ought to be that in him that leaps out in denunciation of smugness, that welcomes every hope of progress, and that will not endure the thought of the wrongs ground out day by day in the perfunctory turning of the social mill. Youth is the time for such generous impulses, if they cannot be sustained throughout life; youth despising them and adopting the dull rigidity of conservatism is a sorry sight. An acquaintance said to me once, with a smile of self-satisfaction, 'I am a very conventional young man.' Anything but a Bohemian myself, I wished at that moment that I could claim partnership with those who toil on the fringe of society and salt their bread with rebellion against the chilling sluggishness and unction of the elect.

Sensitive youth does not always stop with adopting and passionately defending some radical social programme, or with sharpening its wits upon notorious injustice. Its dissatisfactions may reach a profounder level. It casts its eye over history — as much of history as it knows — and asks when society has ever been organized on what might seem the rudimentary principle that all its members should be supplied with enough before any were maintained in luxury. It asks when the oppressed ever failed to outnumber the oppressors, when the sum of misery and want has ever failed to outweigh the sum of plenty and ease. Receiving a pious answer, it rends the religion of its elders with terrible logic as an unctuous defense of inequality and injustice. Precociously it learns that the rich and the fortunate suffer from disappointed ambition and private grief, that the gifted struggle against poverty and hostility, and that no man is secure by his station or his talents from despair. It has a keen eye for mockery and hollowness, and comes to suspect that what it has always been taught to think the lasting satisfactions of life may themselves be delusive and hollow. And seeing so many thousands of men who to the external eye must appear wretched, it does not hesitate to ask, 'Why should they live?' From this question it passes on to the profounder one, 'Is life itself worth living?' And so it comes to the most intimate of all, 'Why should I live?' It questions, as Samuel Butler did, the common assumption that parents confer a benefit on their children by begetting and bearing them; it may even burst out with the wish that these acts had never occurred, to the no small shock of an unsuspecting parent. Youth is a keen taster of ironies, and can take a fine pleasure in a morbid epigram.

> Bring hemlock, black as Cretan cheese,
> And mix a sacramental brew;
> A worthy drink for Socrates,
> Why not for you?

These are terrible questions and thoughts. It may seem alarming, pitiable, or merely comic that youth, often healthy and apparently happy youth, should be afflicted with them. But they are quite sincere; that is to say, they are actual and overwhelming at the moment when they are being felt. They do not make up the whole mind of youth, or occupy the whole of life. They do not interfere with a good game of tennis, with intense friendships, with eager respect for a beloved master or counselor, with riotous enjoyment of a dance or an escapade. But they make up a larger part of the life of young men (and I suppose young women) who are sensitive, thoughtful, and ambitious than those who observe them may suspect. And it is an important part of life that they fill, the intelligent and mentally restless as well as the emotional part, conscious of unfolding abilities and purposes, but panicky about their application, standing diffidently before the world and able to see it only through a mist of unasked and confusing feeling.

Obviously this state of precocious despair must wear off; otherwise the world would be less densely populated. The author of the *comédie humaine* would have to be imagined as a cosmic Ibsen, and his puppets would always be stealing off-stage to shoot themselves. It is a truism that advancing age mitigates the tremors and uncertainties of youth. It is a truism — alas — that increasing years frequently transform the radical into a conservative, and the impatience of youth at manifest wrong into the passivity of age toward the established order. Youth, getting wind of nearly everything that is to be known about life, soon hears this ancient piece of worldly wisdom proclaimed; and nothing is more distasteful to its ears. Youth wants its questions answered; it does not want them to sink into mere sluggishness.

Ironically enough, every state of

being seems to be precious to a man in some degree. He will gladly exchange a wretched condition for a better one; but if the wretched condition is the only one he knows, it will be dear to him because it is life and not death. And so with youth in the condition I have described. Its state may be wretched, but it is fresh, poignant, and intense. All its ferment may take place in a healthy frame, teased by vital impulses which create an appetite for life in despite of scruples. Logic may condemn the world, but a good walk in the mountains is a more powerful argument, while it lasts, than any logic. Not knowing what maturity may be like, and on good grounds suspecting the worst of it, youth has a right to regard the exchange with skepticism, and to look down its nose at the platitudes of Rabbi ben Ezra.

But what the young particularly resent is to be told that their profound trepidation and their earnest questions, extending even to the justification of life itself, will mysteriously become of no account as they grow older. Suppose this true: what sort of answer does it constitute to the logic which youth brings against the world? No answer at all. It is mere callousness, tacit ridicule, or patronizing stupidity. Are the wrongs denied against which the young mind revolts? They have convulsed nations with revolution, and troubled the consciences of the most serious and thoughtful men. Are its doubts of existence compounded with solid reasons? The greatest philosophers have confirmed them. Is its ardor condemned? So was the ardor of Shelley crushed and calumniated by the men of his time, and venerated since. Why, then, should those who are experienced seem to approve the change by which resentment of injustice becomes toleration of evil, profound questioning of existence turns into complacency of mind, and restless eagerness of spirit sinks into dull passivity? Are age and experience desirable because they promote this change? Is the defense of life to rest not on the ground that it possesses some intrinsic good, or even that its wrongs are remediable, but rather that after it has gone on for a certain number of years doubts of its value and indignation against its evil succumb to inertia?

So those counselors of youth might be answered who dismiss its criticisms of existence as a mere ferment of immaturity. If advancing years are of value only as they promote the habit of accepting the world without improving the reasons for it, then the youthful view is decidedly the more creditable, and age is a tragedy. Is there not a real measure of truth in this, and is it not so acknowledged by those who have grown old without losing the memory of their youthful fire? Youth's case against the world is a good one. In the late teens and early twenties, a man's capacities have largely matured, if not his application of them. He is prepared to give reasons, draw conclusions from data, and use his mind as an instrument as well then as at any later time in life. He is prepared to do so; this is not to say that he has done so. The crown of his achievement may await years of effort. Though his mind is a completed instrument, it is an untempered and untried one. He has had little experience of the complexity of things; he has met few practical rebuffs; he is largely unacquainted with the actual field in which his abilities must be put to proof. But his wits are quick and developed, his logic shrewd. If reflection — and youth is capable of prolonged and intense reflection — leads him to question whether life is defensible, he is entitled to ask reasons of those who urge a contrary view, and to be impatient with them when they answer that with the passage of years he will grow less revolutionary. The child who can ask a precocious question can bring precocious understanding to a candid reply.

II

If custom, or the ticking of the clock, or, worse still, the decline of natural powers, were the only means by which the questioning spirit could be reconciled to life, we might well disdain to be reconciled at all. But a more subtle transformation is involved. What youth lacks, of course, is experience. But experience is more than the mere passage of years; it is more than the formation of habits, or the rise and decay of natural capacities. It is much to be suspected that life cannot be very successfully defended by reason, and that if it is to put in a word for itself it must speak through the qualities of this mysterious agent we call experience.

In the last analysis it seems as though we must live because we want to. Religions and philosophies do their best to obscure a fact so inimical to logic, but this primary impulse is what mans the pumps when reasons and metaphysical apologies, like rats, have deserted the foundering ship, concluding that she is fated to go down, while the captain grimly stays aboard and keeps his vessel afloat in the troughs. Surveying the troubled sea and the frail bark at its moorings, youth wonders why such a perplexed and fanatical voyage should ever be undertaken, and what mysterious value resides in it. But once the hawsers are cast off, and it begins to be plain that the vessel is seaworthy, the excitement of the gale rallies his spirits, and experience reveals what reason had only obscured.

The step that confronts youth is the step into experience. Perhaps if some illumination could be shed on this crucial transition, it would be possible to show why so many who began in rebellion against the world have ended, even if a little sadly, on good terms with it, and why so many who began by wondering how the wrongs of existence could be tolerated have ended by populating further the society from which these wrongs are inseparable.

The only way of making up a defect of experience in advance is by borrowing from the experience of others, and this youth proceeds to do with lively imagination. But it is easier to borrow large generalized views of experience, which are necessarily specious, than the living current of individual life, so full of casual but absorbing particulars, which each of us lives in himself; and it is easier to appropriate vicariously the violent and tragic emotions than the tranquil and cheerful ones. The imaginative mind is deeply susceptible to a broad view of the world's misery. Human life to the sensitive spirit seems to parody itself continually with grotesque, unconscious distortions. It looks a simple thing to be open, frank, kind, tolerant; it seems incredible that men should spend their days tracking and baiting society's victims, immuring prisoners in filthy cells, grasping for advantage, mocking and snorting at visionary good. That the instruments of the law, the very means intended to incorporate justice among men, should compound the felon's crime and lock the innocent man in jail, that a Negro should be lynched, that among remote tribes of savages human life should be of such small account that the women suckle pigs instead of their own children, are not isolated facts to a mind jealous for life's good report; they darken the whole universe, and call existence itself in question.

A man whose business lies with writing and the imagination may never lose the overwhelming impress of such facts. *Gulliver's Travels* must have been written from just such bitter revulsion against man's wrongs viewed in the general, from the fundamental disgust with life which is apt to be aroused by bringing its enormities before the mind in their terrifying mass. But even Swift was forced to confess that while he hated mankind, the abstraction, he loved men, loved Pope and Arbuthnot while hating Lilliputians and Yahoos. Yet Pope and Arbuthnot were embraced in the same genus as the Yahoos, an irony on which Swift must have reflected, although he kept it from his book.

It is no credit to a man to lose the sense of life's general wrongs. Not all men can be incensed against them all the time, or the business of life would never get done, and no one's household would be in order. But while the sense of the world's vast amiss must sometimes be in abeyance, it should never die; it should not even sleep. And we see it sleeping and dead on every side much more than we see it vigilant and keen. We see the torpor and callousness of the great unleavened mass of society supporting the shrill self-interest of the demagogue and thrusting its dull, contemptuous weight against the forward movement of intelligence and compassion. Toward this vast sluggishness and imperviousness of society a man should ever keep his defenses bright and pure. But he may do so, and yet find that the facts and impressions of which I have been speaking, without losing their reality or their enormity, take their places by degrees in a less tragic perspective of the world, to the extent at least that those who question existence itself on a preliminary view become reconciled to it as they become acquainted with it. Perhaps this reconciliation is not altogether creditable. Moral glory may shine brighter in the rebel who condemns life to the last. Yet while the most odious people in the world are those who are smugly unaware that anything is wrong with it, the man who admits us to the sweetness and savor of human nature at its best is the man who intimately knows and has suffered the world's wrongs yet remains patient with life and tolerant of its creatures.

III

Reconciliation with the world must take place by some means or other if the majority of men are to preserve their sanity — and we can hardly desire the opposite. Perhaps the simple and familiar explanation is the sufficient one: youth grows older and wiser. It may not be worth while trying to refine upon this piece of worldly judgment. But perhaps more can usefully be said. A part of this growing older and wiser is apt to mean growing merely duller in sensibility and more settled in habit. As a man's business grows upon him, he has less time to think of social or metaphysical qualms about existence. But the case is more subtle than this. There are many opposite ways of falling into error, and two are applicable here. A man can become so sunk in his private ambition, happiness, or, for that matter, unhappiness (which people are sometimes very loath to part with when they have taken it to their bosoms and married it), that the generous youthful sense of universal wrongs quite deserts him. On the opposite side, it is a distorted view of the world that mistakes the imaginary sum of human misery for the actual substance of life. To other fallacies might be added the pessimistic fallacy, which is just this substitution of mankind for men, of the world's misery as a general concept for the life that each one of us leads in his own person.

If it were possible to go about among men who to the external eye must inevitably appear wretched, perhaps even so wretched that we wonder why they should wish to live, and dip into the actual stream of their separate thoughts and the thousand particulars of existence that confront them hour by hour, the situation would appear very different. Satisfactions are often trivial and unobtrusive: a quiet half hour for tea or beer, a small triumph or recognition, a piece of business well carried off, a word of friendship. The trials of actual life, in the daily experience of real persons, are correspondingly different from those solemn major burdens which the imagination of youth conceives. Truth to tell, neither the satisfactions nor the sorrows of common life would make a great showing in the eye of reason; but life is not lived for reason. It is lived, in the last analysis, and when all else has been stripped away, to gratify certain appetites and emotions. Its vital framework is constructed of feeling, and the only object for which, ultimately, life can possibly be lived is the satisfaction of one or another set of feelings. Some type of gratification every one of us seeks — and finds, in circumstances trivial enough, it may be, and by standards that a too glorified or romantic view might consider lamentably meagre and contemptible. But the growth in experience is a growth of the concrete in place of the abstract and the romantic. It fills in the broad sweep of untutored thought and feeling with manifold knowledge of the small decisions, responsibilities, expectations, and achievements on which mature life is built up.

In a wide view of the miseries of the earth, a large part is true and valuable; but some part is deceptive. If the world's wretchedness were as universal and black as it seems to the sensitive eye of youth, then indeed the race might long since have tired of living, and might have renounced existence as vain. But if we reckon up the balance by each individual life in turn, the case may not appear a great deal nobler, but certainly it is very different. Satisfactions may not often be exalted, but at least they are more frequent than a pessimistic view suspects; and what looked at in the mass may seem universal groaning and lamentation breaks up, when we consider the innumerable separate lives of which the world is formed, into varied fragmentary colors of pleasure, hope, dismay, drabness, responsibility, delight, intermingled in ceaseless profusion. Even grief is not all unwelcome to a living man, for it is not death, and it too is interfused with appetite for existence and with ultimate, radical interest in even the trivialities of being.

If more important incentives to live were lacking, I can imagine that a man who proposed to shoot himself might wait to see whether a fly on the ceiling would cross the crack that lay in its path or turn aside from it. This may be an irony of which the cynic could make his own use; but is it not a testimony to the nature of the bonds that really hold us to existence? It is easy to imagine that we value life for some transcendental or sublime principle; but when religions and social programmes and romantic philosophies have been swept away, the simple and primary appetite for the world's continual small happenings is left. 'Come, let's away to prison,' says Lear to Cordelia when fortune has brought them to the last pass.

> . . . So we'll live,
> And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
> Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
> And take upon's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies.

This vital interest in trivialities is often disdained as an ignoble defense of life, or rather no defense at all, but a cheat. It is dignifying mere gossip. Worse than this, if it is true, it shows how little command reason has over mere animal instinct, and how blind is our love of life that will shut its eyes to the travail of the whole earth to dote like a country lout on some trivial stupidity. Of course this is true. We are all bound to existence by cords that have no foundation in logic and do not ask the leave of reason. The scales are loaded in advance in favor of any state of being rather than annihilation, and pure animal instinct makes men prefer misery to death. But there is a more favorable way of regarding the matter. Even a transcendental principle or a religious revelation, whatever high sound of duty or abnegation there is about it, is cherished because it ministers to emotional satisfaction of some kind. No defense of life could be imagined — life being what it is — that did not address itself to the gratification of some desire, perhaps the desire for order, peace, restraint, perhaps for high daring and the grand passions. The very subjection of the emotions in favor of pure contemplation or Stoic austerity is but another state of emotion. Let us begin with this primary, naked fact that as human beings we are interested in existence, even in its trivialities, and that this interest will survive terrible shocks and disasters. If this fact is tragic and ironic, it also has a dignity of its own, and deserves to weigh in the reckoning of things. It is tragic that the universe seems able to support conscious life only at the cost of infinite pain; but it is not tragic that the only beings who can explore themselves and nature, who feel sentience flooding through their bodies, who have eyes with which to see the light and ears to hear sounds and harmonies, have also a radical and all but unconquerable interest in the spectacle and struggle of which they are a part.

I do not see that this interest is to be condemned because it does not wait for the sanction of logic, or because it is a product of animal predisposition and not of independent thought. It does not constitute a defense of life in the realm of reason. No logic on earth can show that life is worth living, for logic does not belong to the realm of primary feeling in which the desire to live arises, and in which we find the satisfactions which living creatures irrationally crave and seek. Indeed reason usually meets with a good deal of success when it sets out to show that life is not worth living. Logic bears pretty hard on existence. The argument is the easier because its terms are not quite true. The miseries which we throw in the balance, the wrongs by which we condemn life, are specious, and not actually those we suffer in our real experience of the world. Actual grief and disaster do not usually destroy the appetite for life, as in logic they should. They, as well as happiness, contain that element of radical interest and expectancy which sustains the daily round of living. It is rather true that when we are suffering from that *tædium vitæ* which, no less than the love of life, has a real station in the experience of sentient creatures, we marshal our griefs and disasters, together with the griefs of the world, and use them as reasons against existence; and so they acquire their compelling status in logic. But here, too, feeling and the tides of animal appetite are the governing force; and in normal beings the balance is soon swinging again in life's favor.

IV

We rage justifiably against the smugness of 'whatever is, is right,' against the pragmatic piety of 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' These phrases make their peace too easily with the wrongs and injustices of life. But let us consider another and a grander sentence: 'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' These are tragic words, yet they do not disparage life. Their very grandeur testifies to some satisfaction which we feel even in a creation that groans together, some dignity and nobility of life even in distress.

Youth, with its wits matured but its experience defective, condemns life by reason and fails to understand why advancing years should reconcile it to a world the wrongs of which are great and slow to diminish. Experience removes this bewilderment in many ways. It turns some of the ferment of self-examination and diffidence into responsible action. It supplants the imaginative picture of things which a sensitive mind forms with the things themselves, which, whether they turn out to be better or worse, are at least so different that only experience could have revealed their qualities. Youth looks on the world from a detached height, in which only its broad aspects appear. And from this height the conspicuous feature is the want of organization and control in the interests of reason. There is a vast groaning of unnecessary friction and conflict; it seems as though a little competent social engineering should set things right. The plunge into experience reveals the world in a different aspect, as an innumerable collection of individuals, each necessarily pursuing his own way, protecting his own brood, striving to establish his own household. Out of these numberless separate lives rises all the groaning and the turmoil, out of the clash of these myriad individual interests rises all the cruelty. And if the cruelty is not mitigated in an absolute sense, if its sum remains as great and its nature the same as when youth surveyed it from the anticipatory height, it seems to me that relatively it is mitigated very greatly. What the individual contending for his own household has to bear is not what youth imagines the whole great mass of men to be bearing. It is neither so vast a burden nor so unadulterated. It is a life of many moods and daily transformations, in which defeat is not often an ultimate tragedy occurring once, but a moment's or a year's reverse occurring many times; in which grief is not irreparable, and in which achievements, pleasures, friendships, and delights have their part in the many-threaded tapestry of existence.

As I write this essay I am myself at a point not far from midway between youth and full experience. I am — I thank God for it — still well clear of middle age; but I have had at least some acquaintance with responsible toil, I have a wife and son, and while my life has been fortunate, the common pains and reverses of the world have fallen on those near me, and have not left me untouched. I write primarily for my own satisfaction; this is the principal reason, aside from the hope of success and reward, for writing anything. I have been intensely interested to watch the process of experience in myself and to try to understand it. If I am preaching in these pages, I am preaching, as a good priest ought, to myself. If anyone wishes to overhear the sermon, I am flattered. If anyone profits by it, I am humbled. I should of course be gratified to think that I had illuminated the path that other young people must travel, or had made clear to those more distant from youth the questions that may trouble the minds of their own children. It is not easy to speak an enlightening word to a young man who may be sincerely asking himself whether it is justifiable to bring children into a world where human life is subject to so many disasters. For one thing, the question is too well founded. But experience will provide an answer beyond the scope of reason. The same young man will find himself incurring children despite his scruples; and watching them through their first novel encounters with the world, he will come to perceive why it is that men would rather expose themselves and others to the hazards of existence than allow either their own lives or the long experience of the race to vanish from the earth and sink into outer darkness. He will find himself hoping that his own children may live to feel what he has felt, not excluding a portion of his doubt and trepidation, since these too belong to the full life of the spirit.

Have I been drawing round insensibly to the view that 'whatever is, is right'? I hope not. Certainly I shall never be caught saying that whatever is done is right. Man's cruelty to man is the most tragic fact of existence. Against it, and against the vast insensibility of men in the mass, I hope that I shall ever burn with youthful ardor. It is true that I feel a skepticism — some of my friends would call it a paralyzing and unworthy skepticism — of reforming the world merely by reorganizing its economic or social structure. It is true that beneath all remediable evil I believe that there is intrinsic pain too deeply stationed in natural circumstance ever to be dislodged. This fact has its reflection in the highest passages of tragic literature. But I doubt if we can wish the world wholly other than it is, for then we should be wishing it something other than human, and the human is all that can know or judge, the source even of our longing for some transcendent satisfaction and fulfillment such as never has entered our experience. There are many circumstances of my life which I could wish different. There are many acts for which I suffer acutely with chagrin when I think of them. But I cannot wish myself altogether different from what I am, for how shall I know or judge the creature I should then be? What I desire is the purification of the faculties I possess, the improvement of the sort of man I seem inherently to be. Perhaps if the race could speak for itself, it would say something of the same kind of its whole sum of experience. We desire the improvement and the purification of the sort of experience with which man is familiar, and not the substitution for it of some unimaginably different experience. Probably, if the truth were known, we do not desire the complete suppression of any representative element in it. We wish cruelty mitigated and pain diminished; we do not wish experience to be deprived of all its tragic quality, without which, I suppose, it would lack the fundamental seriousness necessary to continued interest. It is a striking thing that when we are aroused by some public injustice, or threatened by some private loss, life itself is enhanced, raised above the humdrum, given importance and meaning. Here too is an irony of which the cynic can make use. But, taking a more favorable view, may we not say that it shows the craving of our faculties for large and serious employment, and the nobility they are ready to assume when we give them an opportunity?

Let us say, then, not that whatever is, is right, but that ultimately what is right cannot be established apart from the nature and constitution of human life, and the elements that go to make up the sum of experience. It will be a hard task to show that among these elements the tragic is one which can be wholly and finally rooted out.

> To think that two and two are four
>   And neither five nor three
> The heart of man has long been sore,
>   And long 't is like to be.

This is read with a smile. But there are disasters, both of public and of private fortune, which make us wonder how the human frame can endure. There are lives which we can only dismiss with such words as those that were pronounced above the dying Lear: —

> Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

There are wrongs so final and so vast that they restore in all its force the question whether life is justifiable, and leave us without an answer. Such a wrong was the World War. Such wrongs (in the view of many) are the social injustices consequent on the present organization of society — unless men can be united to redress them. There is enough groaning in the whole creation always to pose the great question of life's worth. Answers given in reason or theology are mere logical figments or pious apologies, unworthy of the best in human nature. Rather let the question go unanswered on this plane. For sentience is a gift that men always seem likely to prefer to oblivion, even if it must be accepted at the price of some irreducible travail and injustice in the constitution of things. Perhaps it is life's profoundest credit that the preference is established not by thought but by experience. We need not try to stifle the ultimate question when it arises, nor regret that it continues to trouble the profoundest impulses of sensitive minds. For out of minds so troubled have sometimes come the highest utterances of human fortitude and reflection.

> Have patience; for a long eternity
> No summons woke thee from thy happy sleep;
> For love of God one vigil thou canst keep
> And add thy drop of sorrow to the sea.
> Having known grief, all will be well with thee,
> Ay, and thy second slumber will be deep.

THE ROYAL YARD

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

The decks of the ship had been recently holystoned, and gleamed whitely in the light of the brilliant moon. Thin lines of black showed where pitch had been poured into the seams between the planks. Here and there, in the proper places, ringbolts lay on their sunken iron plates with an aspect of coiled shadows. There were many shadows about the decks. Under the fo'c'sle head the windlass stood concealed within a wall of blackness. Bars of sable slanted aft and to leeward from the rigging and the masts, and solid masses lay beside the deck houses. Larger shapes of gloom were cast by the lower parts of the mainsail and foresail, and narrow bands by the hatches.

All these shadows moved with the motion of the ship, not in the direct manner of solid things, backward and forward and from side to side, keeping their shape and quantity, but oddly, sliding two or three ways at once, spreading outward, drawing in, changing their angles and their forms and dimensions, like living things boneless and silent.

Shortly after eight bells in the first watch a boy crouched over the forward taffrail on the lee side of the poop, absorbed in this fantasy of motion. He was very still, and unconscious of anything but the shadows, whose movement fascinated him. They seemed so solid and real that he wondered why they left no mark on the deck, and by what quaint magic they changed their shapes, moving into the world and out again.

The bark was heading north on a summer sea, with the wind on the starboard beam, all sail set and drawing sweetly, her movement through the water gentle and smooth. The slight rolling motion was due to the swell, not to the little waves raised by the balmy wind, which were thinly capped with foam and slapped playfully against her weather side as she slipped along. Placid sounds of bubbling and faint splashings came from the water overside.

Lost in his contemplation of the shadows, the boy was unconscious of these whispers of laughter from the friendly sea; but they went on without pause, and after a while the melody of the overside chorus drew his attention. Moving without a sound on the pads of his bare feet, seeming as effortless as the shadows he had been watching, he reached the corner of the taffrail and looked down. The bark was moving swiftly through the water and pulled the sea along with her for a little way, turning it slightly in her own direction of motion. Countless tiny bubbles floated up from the depths and burst at the surface, an endless fusillade whose delicate frothing mingled with the wash of the ship's passage and the slapping of the waves in a soft medley of delightful sound. There were small ripples curving toward the bow, and close against the side of the ship was a line of churning foam.

These sights and sounds, almost as

familiar as the ship herself, held him with unwavering charm from night to night. But now a different sound came to his ears, a sort of vibrant sigh that he knew he had heard before. He searched the surface closely, but it did not come from near the ship, and he raised his eyes to the wide stretch of sea. For a few moments he saw nothing but the little waves running in the moonlight, with purple shadows underneath and small crests that broke in foamy whispers. Then, suddenly, a cloud of glittering shapes flashed out of the sea. They rose slantingly, cutting through the crests in their upward leap, sailed swiftly above the surface on motionless wings, then dipped with fan-shaped splashes, and came up again for another short flight. The silvery gleam of the flying fish delighted him, though he knew that terror drove them out of the water, that just beneath the surface raced the ravenous bonitos, swiftest of all sea dwellers, with sharp-toothed jaws agape. There were different schools hunting that night, some driving one way and some another, and he marveled at the speed of the hunters when they leaped out of the water to catch a lagging prey.

On the weather side of the poop the mate paced slowly back and forth in an endless series of short journeys, terminating when he halted abreast of the wheel to observe her moonlit wake, and again at the forward taffrail when he paused to cast a searching glance aloft. Infrequently he strolled amidships and peered into the standard compass abaft the mizzenmast, to see if the ship was holding her course. On one of his journeys forward, as he came abreast of the companion hatchway, he glanced across the poop and saw the boy jammed into the corner of the taffrail, lost to all but the gleaming shoals of flying fish. The mate went softly down the companion stairway and glanced at the cabin clock. It was five minutes past nine, and two bells had not been struck. Ascending to the poop, he walked over to the boy, who heard his approach and turned to look at him with slightly startled eyes.

'Dreamin' again,' said the mate accusingly. 'What time is it?'

The boy squirmed round, fronting the officer.

'I'll see, sir,' he offered guiltily.

'Look here, Jim. You'd better stop dreamin'. Duty comes before flyin' fish. Miss the bells again an' you'll spend your watch below on the royal yard. Now mind what I'm tellin' ye.'

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy appeasingly.

'Strike two bells,' ordered the mate, turning away.

The boy went to the after end of the cabin skylight and struck twice on the little bell, listening to its mellow tone until it faded into a far-away wisp of sound that was lost among the murmurs of the night. Then came the deep chime of the ship's bell from forward, and he listened to that also until its last note died.

When he went forward to the rail again he intended to keep very alert and strike four bells exactly at ten o'clock. But as he reached the head of the ladder he heard a multitudinous sighing of filmy wings, and a shoal of flying fish sailed across the main deck at the waist. He stopped dead, then darted down the ladder to look under the foot of the mainsail, but they were gone. He thought he had heard a faint smack somewhere, and wondered what it was. Perhaps one of the fish had fallen aboard, so he ran along the deck, jumped to the main hatch to secure a better view, and descried a slender small shape on the lee topgallant rail. In a moment he was beside it, his hands resting on the edge of the rail and his head bent in close examination of the unintentional visitor. It was a small fish, of a silvery color, with wings of membranous, filmy stuff that looked too delicate to be roughly touched. Its movements became slower and weaker as he watched it, and it looked rather pathetic, he thought; so he climbed on the rail, caught it behind the wings with his forefinger and thumb, and dropped it into the sea. That side of the ship was in deep shadow, but he saw the fish sink inertly for a moment, then flash out of sight with the speed of a rifle bullet. Pleased at this, he stood faintly smiling until he heard a murmur coming from forward, the barely audible voice of one of the men. He slid off the rail and approached within a few feet of two men, one of whom was talking, the other smoking and listening in complete silence.

The boy leaned against the rail, his eyes slightly above the level of the bulwarks; the words of the speaker came clearly to him. The man was telling his companion what he was going to do at the end of this or some other voyage, and the boy became absorbed in the simple tale and charmed by the voice that was telling it. The sailor had saved his money and had nearly a thousand dollars in the bank at home. At the end of this voyage he would have two hundred more, and with twelve hundred dollars he knew where he could buy a two-masted schooner, old, but sound and seaworthy, which he would take down to the South Pacific to look for an island he had heard about, where flowed a spring of magic water that would cure every disease in the world. He had learned of it from a man he was shipmates with, a few voyages before this, who had reached the island in an open boat after being shipwrecked. One of the men in the boat was nearly dead with consumption, another had heart disease, and one had trouble with his kidneys; but after they had been drinking the water for a week all their diseases vanished, and when a passing ship took them off they were in perfect health and very strong. This man intended to fill the hold of his little schooner with five-gallon bottles and carry the water to San Francisco, where he would sell it at a handsome profit. The schooner would be his own, and if he did not find the island right away he could do a little trading to cover expenses.

The moonlight on the sea, the murmur of the caressing wind, and the deep glamour of the night made a perfect setting for this kind of yarn, and the boy saw the schooner, the island, and the bottles full of magic water as plainly as though they were set before him. But the man's voice charmed him more than the tale. It was mellow and very low, tuned to the night in such a way that it seemed an impersonal sound, like the murmur of the wind or the wash of the sea alongside.

By and by the image of the little schooner faded away, and the boy gazed at the horizon, which had a sort of thin, smoky haze above it, very fine and low. He turned at the sound of someone going aft, saw it was Lars, and followed him until he halted below the break of the poop and asked the mate's permission to harpoon bonitos at the bows. There was a school of them under the bowsprit, he said.

'Go ahead,' the mate granted permission. 'But don't wake the watch below.'

'I won't make no noise, sir,' promised Lars, turning to go forward again.

The boy's heart stirred with excitement. Harpooning bonitos! He must go up to the bows and see that. He would not miss it for anything.

'Can I go, sir?' he asked the mate, who pondered for a moment.

'Yes, but don't forget what I told you about the bells.'

'I won't forget, sir.' He ran into the cabin from the main deck and looked at the clock. It was half-past nine, and he stood for a moment impressing on his mind the necessity of remembering to strike four bells at ten o'clock, unless he wanted to spend his watch below on the royal yard. He left the cabin and raced forward, went up the ladder to the fo'c'sle head in two bounds, and came upon Lars standing beside the port anchor. The seaman was working with the harpoon, lashing the shank to the iron, which had a swivel barb at the end. The barb was held in place by a thin iron ring, which was pushed back when the head entered the fish; then a jerk on the line turned the barb crosswise, which prevented it from drawing unless the strain was very heavy, in which case a large piece of the victim was torn away.

Lars looked up and winked as the boy came close.

'Want to see the fun?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied the boy eagerly. 'I'd like to see it, Lars.'

Lars paused a moment and pressed a hand against his jaw.

'I got a hell's-fire toothache,' he complained. 'Did n't get no sleep las' night. I'll die pretty soon if the bloomin' thing don't quit.'

He completed the lashing, took the check ring between his finger and thumb, and moved it up and down on the iron a few times to see that it worked smoothly. Then he lifted the end of a line coiled on the deck and made it fast by passing it through a hole in the end of the shank and putting a double hitch in it. Carrying the line and harpoon in one hand, he went forward and stepped out on the bowsprit, walked along it a few paces, and sat down, straddling it. The free end of the line he made fast to the jackstay, slid over sideways, and planted his left foot on the bobstay, letting the bight of the line hang free. The boy followed him on to the bowsprit, but stopped a fathom or more behind him and crouched down on the boomkins. Lars turned his head.

'Soon as you see me fast, Sonny, get in off the bowsprit. Them bonitos are strong an' struggle like hell. Don't make a noise an' wake the watch below, an' don't get excited an' fall overboard.'

The boy promised to follow all these instructions, and looked over the ship's bow. There was a singing curl of foam at her forefoot, a bone in her mouth, and forward of that a dozen or more bonitos were sporting about — crossing back and forth, frolicking with each other, going straight ahead in regular formation, diving suddenly, dashing off like flashes of dark blue lightning, or leaping clear of the water in a graceful curve. The boy watched the fish with his usual absorption in what he looked at, admiring their ease of movement and their effortless leaps out of the water, careless expenditures of superabundant energy. But now a large bonito, moving in line with the ship, curved into the air directly beneath Lars. The seaman's arm went up with a jerk, and the harpoon darted down. It seemed a straight cast, and the boy felt a swift surge of excitement; but the point of the barb did not strike true, either from a sidewise motion of the bonito or from the inaccuracy of the throw, and the harpoon plunged harmlessly into the sea.

'Missed!' growled Lars, hauling in the light line to which the weapon was attached. Immediately he was ready again, and the boy raised his eyes from the sea, whence the bonitos had disappeared with a flirt of their tails, and watched the seaman. He crouched on the bowsprit, poised and tensely expectant, his right hand gripping the jackstay, his naked left foot placed firmly on the bobstay, the harpoon held ready in his left hand. He seemed to the boy in the moonlight like a figure of olden legend, wrought in some enduring stuff with the color and glow of life and the stillness of bronze.

The bonitos came back, having recovered from their scare, and continued their gambols under the bowsprit, attracted by the enormous creature, the ship, and desirous of keeping it company. Lars waited, silent and motionless, till his next chance came, and made his cast at a fish that turned on its side at the surface and made a broad target. The harpoon went down and pierced clear through its body, and the boy in his excitement uttered a faint, whimpering scream. Lars whipped in the line with swift overhand pulls, and the bonito fought madly, frightfully wounded as it was. At first it tried to dash away, but the harpoon made that impossible, and when the line came taut in the strong hands of Lars the struggling fish was hauled under the bowsprit and lifted out of the water. The boy remembered his instructions and skipped back to the fo'c'sle head, where he watched the struggle between man and bonito. The fish was three feet long, with a heavy, powerful body, and its struggles were titanic. When Lars got it up on the bowsprit it flogged about with tremendous strength, and, powerful as he was, he had all he could do to hold it. Gripping it with both arms against his chest, he slid along the bowsprit bit by bit until he reached the boomkins, then he scrambled to his feet and reached the deck, where he threw down his catch and knelt over it to extract the harpoon. When he had done that he pulled an iron belaying pin from the rail and struck the thrashing bonito several crushing blows on the head, until it lay still. The boy watched excitedly, making little ineffectual motions to help, but keeping out of the seaman's way.

When the bonito was dead, and the boy stood bent over the still body whence the amazing energy had fled, noting the blue back and lighter-colored belly and the four brown stripes on the side, Lars turned to him and said, 'It must be four bells now, Sonny, an' it's my next wheel.'

The boy looked up uncomprehendingly, so deep was his present interest, noticed that the seaman's shirt was soaked with blood, glanced down at the bonito again, and saw a film of dark stuff spreading slowly over the deck, which Lars would have to wash off before it soaked in and left a stain. Then his mind came back to ordinary things, and he remembered the mate's threat of the royal yard if he forgot the time again. He leaped for the ladder and down to the deck, fled aft to the cabin, and saw that it was two minutes after ten. The mate noticed him, and suspected from his hurried striking of four bells that he was late again. Waiting till they heard the ship's bell repeating the hour, the mate called the boy over.

'What time is it?' he asked ominously.

'Two minutes after ten, sir,' answered the boy, looking steadily at the officer.

'What were you doin', dreamin' again?'

'No, sir. I was on the bowsprit, watching Lars harpoon a bonito.'

The hard look on the mate's face changed to an expression of interest.

'Did he get one?'

'Yes, sir.' Animation lighted the boy's face. 'He caught a big one. You ought to have seen how it struggled.'

'Aye, they're strong.' Memories of other days carried the mate's mind away from the boy's fault, and he stood looking off to leeward until Lars came to relieve the wheel. The relieved man reported the course on his way forward, which brought the officer back to the present. Two minutes was a small matter, he thought, not enough to justify such severe punishment as spending a watch below on the royal yard. For the sake of discipline, however, he could not overlook the boy's carelessness a second time, so he compromised.

'Stay on the poop the rest of the watch, an' keep movin',' he commanded.

'Yes, sir.' The boy returned to the lee side, and walked back and forth in the mood of subdued rejoicing that follows narrow escape from a grave danger which may still be hovering near.

II

The mate sent his glance aloft in swift scrutiny, saw nothing that needed attention, and glanced outboard, scanning the horizon for a light or a black cloud or the loom of land. Nothing was in sight, and he brought his gaze inboard again. There was something about the starboard headlight, he began to suspect, that was not quite right. The headlights were not visible from the poop. Their reflection could be seen from aft only against rain or fog, or when the ship was rolling and the light struck the surface of the sea, but his trained vision told him that the light was not burning as brightly as it should. He called the boy quietly, so as not to disturb the sleep of the captain and the second mate in their cabins below.

'Go for'ard an' take a look at that starboard light.'

'Yes, sir.' The boy went down the ladder and ran lightly along the main deck, mounted the ladder to the fo'c'sle head, and came face to face with the man on lookout, who stopped his 'thwartships tramp and looked at his visitor in silence. The boy told him the mate's order, and Mac walked to the lighthouse and leaned over the rail to look at the lens.

'It's a little bit dim,' he admitted. 'But how can he tell? He must have damn good eyes t' see round a corner.'

The boy laughed and went down to the main deck, entered the closet under the light, and stood on the seat to open the door of the lantern. With a match he broke the crust off the wick and turned it up till it burned with a clear, bright flame and no smoke, then closed the door and returned to the poop, where he reported to the mate.

Going back to the lee side, he leaned over the stern taffrail and watched the wake, which stretched far astern in a straight line, like a white road leading over the horizon. Lars was a fine steersman, he thought. He listened to the sound of the water, watched the whirling eddies astern of the rudder, then turned and walked forward a few paces until his roving eye was caught by a movement near the starboard royal backstay. The moon was on that side, and the motion that attracted his attention was going on about five feet above the deck, a faint flickering of something that wavered into the shadow of the backstay and out again. It could not be a night moth, blown out to sea by the wind, as the ship was too far from land for any creature of the shore to be hovering about her. The thing near the backstay was slender and pale gray, so delicate that he could just see it.

The mate passed along the poop, halted at the backstay and looked at it, glanced up at the weather clew of the main royal, and went on to the head of the ladder, where he stood thoughtful and motionless. The boy passed to the weather side, which he was not supposed to do without orders; but he could move without the mate seeing or hearing him, and he wanted to know what that thing was. Putting up his hand, he caught it on his palm, and found it to be a fine strand of gray woolen yarn blowing in the breeze — tied there by the mate, he learned later, to show him the direction of the wind. The boy went softly back to the lee side. He struck six bells exactly on time, and glanced at Lars, who had changed his shirt before coming to the wheel.

'How's your toothache?' the boy whispered.

Lars gave his usual friendly wink. 'All gone,' he replied in a murmur so low that it barely reached the ears of the boy, who smiled and resumed his happy wandering about the poop. It had been an eventful watch, and there was more to happen. Along about seven bells the lookout sent a hail aft: —

'Light on the starboard beam, sir.'

The boy glanced swiftly to windward, where a single gleam shone clear above the horizon about a point before the beam. He watched it rise and saw the headlights appear, green on the left and red on the right, which showed that the steamer was heading straight for them. But the sailing ship had the right of way, and she was moving out of the steamer's course, in any case. Gradually the latter's port light faded from view and only the green was visible under the bright twinkle at her masthead, which indicated that she would pass astern of them. Other lights appeared as she drew swiftly nearer, dim gleams about her decks that seemed to the watching boy to make her more mysterious, a sounding shadow on the lonely vastness of the sea. She passed close astern, and he heard the rhythmic beat of her engines, dull throbbings that carried clearly over the water. Once he heard a high, angry voice, faint and far away, and a sound like a drum beaten with erratic strokes, the ash can clattering down the ventilator shaft to the stokehold. The ashes were being hoisted by half-naked men, strong and hideously profane, who toiled in front of her blazing furnaces to make the steam that drove her along. To the enchanted boy she was not so much a ship that passed in the night as another world, swinging briefly across his vision from darkness to darkness.

When her lights were low on the western horizon he turned away with a sigh and went down to the cabin to look at the clock. He saw it was just a quarter to twelve and struck one bell, listened for the answering stroke on the ship's bell, and went into the half deck on the starboard side to call the boy who relieved him at eight bells. That done, he entered the cabin from the main deck, and went into one of the rooms to call the second mate, who was a heavy sleeper and hard to wake. The boy shook him vigorously by both shoulders, imploring him to wake up, as it was nearly eight bells and the mate would be furious if he was not relieved on time. Failing to rouse him by this method, eliciting nothing but a few drowsy grunts, the boy dipped a sponge in a washbasin half full of cold water, squeezed it a little, and applied it briefly to the face of the sleeper, who awoke with a curse and sat up in the bunk, glaring at him. The boy tossed the sponge neatly into the basin, fled from the room, and got back to the poop in almost no time. But the angry oath of the second mate had taken something from the peaceful glamour of the night.

It was ten minutes to twelve, and, feeling slightly depressed, he went aft to the stern taffrail, leaned over, and looked at the foaming water, his startled interest suddenly aroused by an immense moving shadow at the edge of the wake. The dark bulk of a shark was plainly visible in the bright moonlight, its dorsal fin and part of its back showing clear of the water in the hollows and submerging under the crests. He could see the occasional glint of its cold evil eyes, and was almost certain it was staring at him. A faint shudder passed through him, and his feeling of depression deepened. The sea darkened as a small cloud hid the moon for a moment, and something menacing seemed to have crept into the night. He glanced at Lars, who was weary from loss of sleep and glad that his trick at the wheel was nearly over. The mate, tired of his slow promenade, leaned his elbows on the forward taffrail and gazed sombrely along the main deck. But he remembered to heave the log at five minutes before eight bells. A seaman of the watch came on the poop to hold the glass, the boy held the log reel, the mate eased the line over the stern while the sand ran out of the half-minute glass. The ship was going, according to his reading, at the rate of ten knots an hour.

The seaman hauled in the log line and the boy wound it on the reel, which he hung in the canvas slings suspended from the rail; then returned to the lee side and went to the head of the ladder. There was a peaceful stir about the decks forward as the men of the starboard watch came out of the fo'c'sle one at a time and sat on the fore hatch smoking their pipes, ready to muster aft at eight bells. The other boy came from the starboard side of the half deck and sat on the after hatch. The boy on the poop looked at the clock again and saw it was one minute to twelve, then went aft and glanced over the stern. The shark was still there.

The lookout on the fo'c'sle head halted his slow tramp from side to side and gazed uneasily ahead. Something had attracted his trained eye, but when he looked steadily ahead he could see nothing unusual. It showed again, and he moved quickly forward to the starboard cathead and scanned the sea, saw a dark patch like a shadow, and threw a swift sidewise glance at the moon, but saw no cloud near it that could cast a shadow there. It might be seaweed, he thought. His attitude grew tense, and he stared fixedly at the dark area on the surface, which was now within a cable's length of the prow. A dark flat mass rose barely into view, and at once there was a white flash of broken water. Breakers! But there were no tide rocks in this part of the sea. Then the frightful truth crashed into his brain. He leaped aft to the rail and sang out in a harsh, urgent voice that rose to a scream: —

'Hard astarboard! Derelict dead ahead!'

For a brief moment this voice of terror and dismay, shouting the deadliest peril of the seas, struck all hands into stark silence. But before the sound of the words had died away the mate awoke to action with a volcanic roar: —

'Hard astarboard!'

Lars at the wheel, alert and waiting the word of command, released his pent energy and spun the wheel with a twinkle of whirling spokes. The boy's head had jerked up at the hail from the lookout; he turned swiftly at the order from the mate, listened for a second to an exploding babel of voices forward and the drumming feet of men running aft, then sprang toward the wheel to lend Lars a hand.

The derelict was awash, her dark and weedy decks now above and now below the level of the sea. She lay fair across the course of the ship, which had no time to answer her helm and struck with appalling force, heaving her bows upward in a clamor of rending steel. The boy was thrown violently to the deck, striking his head against the binnacle standard. The mate was hurled over the poop ladder and fell headlong to the main deck, where he lay stunned. The man at the wheel was driven against the spokes and twisted across them, sprawled backward, and fell beside the boy, both of them concealed from view behind the cabin skylight.

The foremast, wrenched upward and backward against all its weight of canvas, snapped short above the deck and came down with a crash like the end of the world, the ends of parted backstays whistling through the air. Thrust downward by the force of the collision, the derelict sank clear of the keel and came up again under the waist, lifting the ship crazily, so that she fell on her beam ends and cracked off her weakened mainmast. The mizzenmast remained standing, but the peak halyards carried away and the gaff came down by the run, snapping off at the mast and falling near the spanker boom, bringing with it the spanker, which hung from the boom to the poop on the port side. The derelict submerged a second time and did not come up again, as she must have been smashed wide open and brought up the first time by the air imprisoned in her hold. The air escaped and she sank, leaving the ship with only her mizzenmast standing, her bows stove in and her back broken, a total wreck and sinking rapidly. She was now heading due east, having been swung round at right angles to her course, and lay motionless.

This sudden fury of blind destruction had lasted less than a minute. The white-faced captain rushed up the companion stairway and read in one comprehensive glance the whole tale of the catastrophe, saw that his ship was wrecked, and with a groan that was barely audible strode to the break of the poop and shouted for the mate. The second mate came running on to the poop and stood slightly behind the captain. The boy on the main deck picked himself up and pointed to the foot of the ladder, calling up that the mate was hurt.

'Get the boats over as quick as you can,' said the captain to the second mate, glancing at the sea creeping up the side of the ship. 'I don't believe she'll stay afloat for twenty minutes.' He turned and descended to the cabin. The second mate ran down the ladder to the main deck, calling all hands to take their stations and get the boats over. Some of the men had been hurt, but he paid no attention to these at first. Working in a fury of ordered haste, he got five of the eight lifeboats swung outboard and lowered into the water. But a davit tackle got fouled somehow, and while trying to straighten it out they let the fifth boat fall into the water, where it floated bottom up and useless, as they had no time to right it. Fortunately the four remaining boats were sufficient for the men they had to carry.

The captain came from the cabin with a black leather bag in his hand and stood watching the work, his face set and troubled. The second mate made his report about the boats and the injured men, of whom there were four, including the mate. One had been assigned to each boat. One man and a boy were missing.

The carpenter was sent in command of the first boat, the bos'n of the second, the second mate of the third. They were told to keep in sight of the captain's boat and to steer due east for the Cape Verde Islands if they got separated. The captain had the fourth boat and took the injured mate with him. Believing himself the last man on board, he took silent farewell of his vessel, looked gloomily about the broken decks, and marveled at the frightful destruction. But the men in the boat were impatient, although he tarried no longer than a few seconds, so he took his place in the stern sheets and gave the order to push off. The boat was shoved clear and pulled swiftly away from the sinking wreck, the sail was hoisted and they came up with the other boats, then dropped the sail and lay by to see the last of their ship.

The man lying behind the cabin skylight became conscious and raised his head, felt a stab of pain in the region of his heart, placed his hand there, and found a severe bruise made by one of the spokes of the wheel. He moved listlessly to a sitting posture, glanced at the boy, and saw him stir slightly, trying unconsciously to alter his position. Lars became suddenly aware of the dead stillness about the decks and rose to his feet abruptly. A single glance showed him the situation. They had abandoned the ship, which was sinking, and had failed to see the boy and himself behind the skylight. Casting a swift glance to starboard, he noted that the sea was empty in that direction, and his view to port was cut off by the fallen spanker. Going swiftly to the companion hatch, he briefly surveyed the shattered main deck, looked over the side at the capsized boat, and saw that the water was just coming level with the scuppers. She would go down any minute, and they two were alone on board.

The pressing need for haste sent him racing down the companion stairway and into the pantry, where he caught up an empty quart bottle, which he filled with drinking water from the cooler and slung round his neck with a piece of marline he had in his pocket, pressing the cork well in to keep out the sea water. Rushing from the pantry, he sped up the stairs to the poop, and felt the ship settling under his feet as he darted to the boy and picked him up. A moment later he was struggling in the water, and in the midst of supreme and exhausting effort wondered why he had not been dragged down in the vortex. But this inconsequent thought did not interfere with his proper action, and he reached the overturned boat bobbing about in the foamy water, dragged himself and his unconscious burden on to the rounded surface and rested there, safe enough for the present. The spanker had concealed his movements from the boats, which set sail the moment the ship went down and went dancing away toward the Cape Verdes.

Laying the boy carefully alongside the keel, he examined the water bottle and found it unbroken, pulled the cork and rinsed it off with a few drops of the precious fluid, raised the boy's head and gave him a drink, then took a mouthful himself and wished there had been time to drink all he wanted in the pantry before the ship sank. The boy's feet slipped downward, and Lars noticed a dorsal fin cutting the water not far away. He jerked the boy upward and inward as a dark, enormous shape came hurtling past with a snap of lethal jaws and an ugly gleam of bluish-gray belly. A slow panic, against which he fought with small success, forced Lars to close his eyes in the effort to shut from his mind the immense, indifferent sky and the waiting shark. Tragic stories of the sea passed through his mind, tales of horror and suffering that had chilled the blood and cast a shadow over the hearts of men. Trembling in a cold sweat, he opened his eyes, leaned over carefully, and moved the boy partly on top of the keel, which in the middle of the boat projected about two inches from the bottom, thus placing him in the position of greatest safety. Slight as the action was, it provided a moment of self-forgetfulness and loosened the grip of panic, which faded away and left him calm and somewhat ashamed.

III

The commotion on the sea subsided, and soon not even her shroud of foam remained of the ship that had been his home for two bright and careless years. He surveyed the water in the neighborhood of the boat, examined every floating object in the hope that something of use might be found. There were many articles, but their present value was nothing: a chicken coop, a pigpen, oars, some empty boxes, fragments of broken spars, a white-painted cork life belt, and one of the poop ladders. His thoughts were busy as he inspected this flotsam, but he could see no way to use any of it.

Relaxing his interest in that direction, he turned his eyes on the boy, searching the inert, faintly breathing body as if the sight of his helpless shipmate might awake an idea in his anxious mind. But nothing came to him, and his mood gradually subsided to passive patience. There was nothing to do but wait. They might be picked up by a passing ship, or thirst might kill them if the shark did not get them first. Lars came from an ancient line of seafarers, and he knew from racial as well as personal experience that the sea held many unexpected chances. The boat was right in the track of ships, and one might come along at any time. He drew comfort and some degree of serenity from this thought, and sat watching the sea's motion, noting the small crests of foam that sparkled in the moonlight, the purple shadows of the hollows, the little ripples running at varying angles from trough to crest on the windward side of the waves, the quaint small feathers and plumes of foam that spurted here and there from the tops and were scattered by the wind.

Once he saw the spout of a whale, and in spite of his averted gaze he was always aware of the shark's livid track just beneath the surface. So long as he kept awake he knew the shark would not get him, but if he went to sleep the motion of the boat would topple him and the boy over the side and the shark would get them both. If they escaped that fate they might be picked up by a passing ship during the coming day, but he did not think he could stay awake through another night. And the shark was not their only enemy, perhaps not their worst. There was the lack of water, and the torture of thirst on the high seas.

Added to the weariness due to his lack of sleep on the previous night was the effect of the blow over the heart received from the spoke of the wheel at the moment of collision. Craving sleep, but fearing and resisting it, he sat on the keel of the overturned boat, whose motion was gentle and soothing, while the balmy wind caressed him and the voice of the sea was a lullaby. His legs were stretched out on each side of the boy, whose feet were toward him, and Lars occasionally leaned forward to push the unconscious lad inboard when the motion of the boat shifted him. The seaman had laid him on his face, his head resting on his arms, which were crossed over the keel.

Sleep came suddenly upon Lars; his body sagged downward and forward; in a moment his precarious balance was lost and he fell overboard. The livid wake of the shark flashed toward the boat. But even as he fell Lars awoke, threw himself inboard with a convulsive effort and grasped the keel, felt his feet touch the water and jerked them up in time to save them, by a fraction of a second, from the clashing jaws alongside. The boat rocked with the impact of the powerful brute, and the man had no time to be aware of his racing heart, so intent was he on keeping the boy from rolling into the sea.

The motion of the boat became normal again, the heart of the sailor resumed its regular beat, and the drowsy sea continued its liquid song. Unaware of beauty or terror, the boy lay heedless along the keel while the shark patrolled in circles round about them. That narrow escape had made Lars thoughtful. He did not think he would go to sleep again, but he might, and if he did — what would become of the boy? The question was easily answered.

His hand moved aimlessly to the piece of marline that held the half-empty bottle of water round his neck, and as he touched it an idea flashed into his mind. Drawing his knife from the sheath, he turned his attention to the keel, which was shod with iron a sixteenth of an inch thick, and started probing with the blade between the iron and the wood. As he had expected, there were spaces here and there through which he could pass the blade of the knife. He would cut the marline into four pieces, push the ends under the iron with the blade of the knife, and tie the boy to the keel at the wrists, the belt, the knees, and the ankles. There was barely enough of the marline, but he would make it serve.

He forced the water bottle into the pocket of the boy's jumper, cut the marline and tied him securely, then sat back in his place, responsible for himself alone. All he had to do now was to stay awake and keep a close lookout for a passing ship, a task of the first importance, which he performed by rising to his feet at intervals and balancing himself while he scanned the horizon eagerly.

Between these anxious searchings Lars sat down and let his thoughts run free, dwelling mostly on the tragic possibilities before them. He would have liked a smoke, but this solace was denied him because his tobacco and matches were soaking wet. His thoughts went back to the days of his childhood, to his father and mother and the girl of whom he had dreamed in the long watches of the night. He caught himself falling asleep again, and shook his head vigorously, raised his eyes and looked at the sea, at the sky with its low-hung moon and scattered stars; and the beauty of the night stabbed at his heart. To leave all this, the happy wandering across the world — never again to tread the deck of a ship!

'God!' he whispered, dropping his head on his chest.

He set himself to fight against sleep, but in spite of an iron will his eyes closed wearily, and although he raised his head it sank forward again, his muscles relaxed, and his crossed hands fell away from their saving hold on the edges of the keel. His body swayed perilously as sleep deepened; still, by some instinct that labored while he slumbered, he did not lose his balance, and shortly before dawn he awoke with a start to find his toothache raging again. He sat up and gripped the keel, wondered how long he had slept, and saw the moon just sinking below the rim of the sea. A hint of dawn crept into the sky.

The boy stirred and opened his eyes, raised his head, and looked vacantly at Lars, who swore joyfully and leaned over him.

'How d'you feel now, Sonny?'

The boy looked about him with wonder in his eyes.

'Where are we, Lars?'

Lars told him all that had happened, then gave him a small drink out of the bottle.

'I got this bloomin' toothache again,' he complained.

The eastern sky brightened, and the

boy asked to change his position. His bones were aching where he lay across the keel, and he spoke of the pain in his head. Lars untied him carefully, and kept an arm around him when he had helped him to sit up. As sea and sky grew rosy with the dawn, Lars peered closely at the water all round the boat.

'That shark's gone,' he exclaimed. He rose suddenly to his feet and swept his eyes round the horizon. To the southward he saw the smoke of a steamer. His breathing stilled, and his heart almost stopped beating as he watched. The toothache vanished. Was she coming in their direction? In a minute he knew that she was, and, leaning down toward the boy, he cried in great excitement: —

'A ship, Sonny! A ship!'

Hurriedly pulling off his jumper, he waved it wildly above his head, hailing the approaching steamer at the utmost pitch of his voice: 'Steamer ahoy-y-y! Steamer ahoy-y-y-y!'

The steamer stopped and lowered a boat, which sped swiftly toward the castaways and took them aboard, where they told their story and were tended by the doctor. When they were alone again in one of the cabins, stretched in quiet safety on luxurious berths, the boy seemed restless and began to talk in a rambling voice. The mate, he said, had threatened to send him to the royal yard if he did not strike the bells on time, and now the royal yard lay under the sea uncounted fathoms deep, no more to swing in the wide, free sky. And the bells would never be struck again. He wondered about this, but after a while the pulse of pain in his wounded head abated, and he fell asleep.

WHAT GOOD ARE DOCTORS?

BY EDWA ROBERT

'What good are doctors?' you ask.

I cannot tell you in the proper terms, because I am not one of them. But because I am a human being, and because human beings have profited more from medical science than from any other one branch of man's learning, I regard it highly. Medicine is a science in the strictest sense of the word, which implies not only *knowing*, but also *learning*. As it is not the same kind of science as the multiplication tables, rigid and fixed for years, it must continue to discover, and must, in order to develop, experiment as it goes. While the results of these experiments have sometimes been bitter mistakes, on the whole mankind has profited so much from the doctors' knowledge that we have come to consider good health our natural right and to resent illness as a personal insult. We expect our doctors to be more than the limited human beings that we know ourselves to be. We expect them to ensure to us a life happy and void of pain, and if circumstances which neither we nor they can control produce ailments that irk and hurt us, we blame the medical profession first of all.

This attitude is very modern, and very narrow.

In proof of this statement, I beg you to turn your attention to another age, when doctors were not expected to make a heaven of earth and when people were not so pampered by the mechanical conveniences of our generation, and therefore bore within themselves the ability to ease the more difficult moment by means of fortitude and philosophy. I mean the age of Samuel Johnson, about one hundred and sixty years ago.

I call it the age of Samuel Johnson, — though it would, of course, be more appropriate to mention the American Revolution, — for I wish to designate it by the name of the man who dominated the intelligentsia of England, and who, with his circle of wealthy and clever admirers, got as much out of life as anyone could. Yet none of them expected perfect health, and none of them blamed the doctors when he did not get it.

And what kind of doctors were theirs?

They were men so ignorant, compared with our physicians, that, tracing the history of medicine from its beginning in the mummification art of Egypt to the latter half of the eighteenth century, one wonders why they were allowed to practise at all! Disease was the ordinary condition, not the extraordinary, as it is with us. Once it laid hold on a man, it rarely let go. These doctors could dope him, bleed him, and embalm him. They seldom cured sickness, and never prevented it.

Consider Samuel Johnson, who had scrofula. As a very young child he was taken, with dozens of others similarly afflicted, to be touched by the royal hand. Though he remained scrofulous until he died, it is not unworthy of note that the disease has since become most uncommon, and we can only assume that the kingly power, which unfortunately failed in Johnson's case (perhaps because it was a queen who exercised it), has reduced this hideous malady to a minimum. Much as the Great Lexicographer had to say on almost every subject under the sun, I can find no record of his bearing a grudge against Queen Anne for betraying his faith in her healing powers. Instead, he lived all his life without hope of recovery, at times partially blind, periodically practising his 'strange discipline — starving, mercury, opium.' Yet he helped to write one of the most authoritative books on medicine of his day and was considered to have a wide knowledge of that subject. He died of dropsy at seventy-five, and few men have accomplished more in an equal number of years.

Had his own poverty been the cause of Johnson's ailments, Hester Thrale, who finally inveigled him into gracing her literary group at Streatham Park, would have seen to their curing. But money could not buy health then any more than it can now; and in those years a patient got even less return for the investment of his fee. You may say that Mrs. Thrale took charge of Dr. Johnson too late to do him any good. I ask you to consider the life of Hester herself, who from the time of her marriage had everything wealth could command. It could command a good deal, but not health, nor the love of her husband, nor the lives of all her thirteen children. Thirteen! And no ether to lighten the labor, and no serums to combat the childhood diseases of eight of them, who were not strong enough to combat the infections alone.

So the children died, and Henry Thrale grew more bitter and self-indulgent, and solaced himself with the tremendous meals that made his beautiful home renowned throughout England, and which ultimately caused his death. He had a fortune, as money went in those days, and he wanted a son to leave it to. Finally there came a boy, who lived to be ten years old. One day, when racing with his sisters, he dropped dead at his mother's feet. There were no stethoscopes to indicate if a child had a weak heart, and so long as he had n't a fever, no one thought he might be ill.

Henry Thrale grew more bitter, but his wife was a clever and an interesting woman, with, as she said, 'too many strong points in her face for beauty,' and she had Dr. Johnson to talk to when her husband went to see the Sly Sophie Streetfield, who lived and died in the same house. Mrs. Thrale also had a Diary, for there were no sanitariums or psychoanalysis clinics in those days, and she relieved her feelings, as most other ladies of her time were wont to do, by keeping secret journals of her more dramatic moments, and inventing witty rhymes against her rivals. Her husband laughed at her endless scribblings, and twitted her on their seriousness, but gave her a thick book to keep them in, nicknamed the 'Thraliana.'

From it comes the account of her trip to Wales with Dr. Johnson, in an age when, if you wanted to go somewhere, you hired a carriage and drove there. They took Queeny, the eldest of the girls, with them. She was about thirteen.

August 12. — Queeny's cough is not now worth thinking on. She has a slight touch of the worms, but I don't much mind that.

August 16. — Queeny rose in such spirits that I fretted myself for fretting about her, but she is always in spirits in the morning and at night, and seems to flag in the middle of the day. So I think did poor Lucy! Oh! what a horrid thought! And she is feverish too, and hot in the hand. I wish I knew what ailed her. — I gave her some salts today to cool her. The aloes, I think, was too hot a physick.

September 2. — Queeny's worms bite again. I gave her a quarter of a Scott's pill, but it was not enough. Her head does not ache, however.

Stalwart Queeny, to survive the discomforts of such a journey! For, fever or no fever, the trip was never halted, and the ill child was jolted over rough Welsh roads and then given a Scott's pill. She deserves vast credit for withstanding that remedy. It is more than Oliver Goldsmith could accomplish, for 't is said that it was of a Scott's pill that he died. But Queeny was a model for our Better Baby Shows, from all accounts. Once her father, to test her ten-year-old ability to count, offered her a penny for every goat she could see in the pasture. Dr. Johnson kept the score, and was witness to the fact that whereas Mr. Thrale saw a dozen goats, Queeny saw one hundred and forty-nine, and cleaned her father out of pocket money. That was a surprise for Henry, but so was the discovery that he was nearsighted.

Dr. William Fellowes was the Thrale physician. He gave Hester much advice about the 'flatulance and spasms' to which she was, all her life, subject, but his advice apparently never helped her, for she continued to have them. He did, however, give her husband a lecture about his diet, of which Henry took as much as he chose and ignored the warning as to what would happen if he did not curb his appetite for food and yet more food. And he died as the doctor had predicted, from apoplexy, after a prodigious meal. It was only by bleeding till he fainted that his life had been saved once before, as Dr. Johnson had remarked. One could hardly expect the rigorous bleeding to work every time!

Hester was not long in contracting a marriage with an Italian musician. Indeed, she lived to celebrate her eightieth birthday, when she entertained with a concert, a ball, and a supper to six hundred people at the Kingston Assembly Rooms in Bath. Her health was drunk, and she led the dancing. Two years later, the still vigorous old lady fell and broke her leg. She died in ten days.

Mr. Pennington wrote of the accident: 'Probably you will suppose that the accident to the leg was the cause of this sudden catastrophe? Not at all — it was *perfectly cured*, and the manner in which it headed, contrary to all expectations, was considered a *Proof*, a fallacious one as it turned out — of the purity and strength of her constitution. Inflammation of the Intestines, over which Medicine had no power, was the cause of her death.'

Such is the fate of a fracture without an X-ray!

'I have now lost, just lost,' wrote Fanny Burney d'Arblay, 'my once most dear, intimate, and admired friend, Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi.'

Shortsightedness in friendship was not the only kind of shortsightedness that Madame d'Arblay suffered from. While it was only during her illness at Court that she reached the point of being unable to see unless her eyes were within a few inches of her book, — a condition which took Sir Joshua Reynolds from his painting, — still her limited vision was a constant source of discomfort and embarrassment. While a lady in waiting to Queen Caroline, she would often march upon the astonished George IV before she was aware of his royal presence. Then came the blushes, apologies for not seeing him, and the awkward, backward exit, with tangled skirts and a thumping heart; for she was a very shy person, and frightfully sensitive about her defective sight. That spectacles might have helped her was beyond her comprehension. On the contrary, the Court physician regarded her case as one needing diet, and of it she writes her sister: 'The weakness of my eyes, which will not bear the light, prevents me from tasting animal food all this time.'

But though her vision was not as broad as one could wish, either in fact or in friendship, Madame d'Arblay was capable of seeing scientifically far ahead of many people of her age. The scourge of smallpox was the horror of her generation, as indeed it had been for many generations before her and many after, some of them not so far removed from our own century. All too many of her friends had succumbed to it or, what was sometimes worse, had survived it, to live out their lives blind, unlovely, and too frequently unloved. It was a menace that hung over the thrones of kings and startled thinking people into a realization of the need for adequate protection. Hester Thrale had, she said, 'small pox and measles' to interrupt the studies of her girlhood. Apparently the two of them went hand in hand in the list of expected children's diseases.

Indeed, the sense of general alarm is felt in the Queen's discussion of *Camilla*, the third of Madame d'Arblay's novels, when Her Majesty says to Fanny: 'I have read but fifty pages as yet; but I am in great uneasiness for that little girl, for I am afraid she will get the small pox! — But I won't peep. I read quite fair.' The Queen was herself an ardent advocate of inoculation, and had her own children safeguarded against the disease, and the Court held its breath until each one was pronounced out of danger. But she was Queen, and had not to argue what she chose to do as lesser mortals must, as Fanny d'Arblay did with her sister concerning her own son.

'But consider, my dear Esther, the small pox —'

And the more timorous one replied: 'I have considered it at least six times, in all its stages, Heaven help me!'

Yet it was an intelligent fear that led the d'Arblays to subject their 'so sweet a bantling' to inoculation, and it was no slight ordeal, as you see from the letter describing it to Dr. Burney: —

> MY DEAREST PADRE,
>
> Relieved at length from a terror that almost from the birth of my little darling hung upon my mind, and with what confidence in your utmost kindness do I call for your participation in my joy that all alarm is over, and Mr. Ansel taken his leave!
>
> When Mr. Ansel came to perform the dreaded operation, he desired me to leave the child to him and the maid; but my agitation was not of that sort. I wished for the experiment upon the most mature deliberation; but while I trembled with the suspence of its effect, I could not endure to lose a moment from the belovéd little object for and with whom I was running such a risk.
>
> He sat upon my lap, and Mr. Ansel gave him a bit of barley sugar to obtain his leave for pulling off one sleeve of his frock.
>
> [The four-year-old boy here held out his arm, and the doctor made a deep incision.]
>
> Mr. Ansel pressed out the blood with his lancet again and again, and wiped the instrument on the wound for two or three minutes, fearing from the excessive strictness of his whole life's regimen he might still escape the venom. When it was over, Mr. Ansel owned himself still apprehensive it might not take, and asked if I should object to his innoculating the other arm. I told him I committed the whole to his judgement as Mr. d'Arblay was away from home.

The letter continues: '— so the other day, Mr. Ansel begged leave to take some matter from his arm for future experiments,' whereat the small Alexander 'suffered him to make four successive cuts to take matter for four lancets.'

Hardly a pretty picture, but none the less, I believe, a very accurate one, for Dr. Johnson is our guarantor of Fanny's veracity, and we may be quite sure that whatever he said on earth he will adhere to in Heaven, Dr. Johnson being Dr. Johnson.

It was one hundred and thirty years ago that this scene occurred. Technique and human thought have changed greatly since then. Vaccination is now a simple little pricking of the skin, thanks to the mothers who helped the doctors in their 'future experiments.' We wear spectacles at the slightest provocation, and instead of being bled until we faint, we are given blood transfusions. We have anæsthetics and twilight sleep. We have antiseptics and plastic surgery and X-rays and serums. We have comfort undreamed of one hundred and sixty years ago!

The result is that our point of view has changed. If we wish to threaten a heroine, we depict a failure on Wall Street, not an attack of smallpox. After all the doctors have done with smallpox, the vaccinated public does not think it worth reading about. With the lessening of danger from it and similar diseases, our sense of security, vastly exalted, has in turn depreciated the doctors' achievements. We like the feeling that we are immune, and we expect the men who have made us immune to keep us so. And then we blame them when they can't. We neglect to look into the reasons for our immunity. We forget that it was not built by the medical profession working alone, but by the coöperation of our forbears with the doctors in the making of their 'future experiments' — the fruits of which we are enjoying to-day.

What good are doctors, without the coöperation of the patient?

'IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY'

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

'In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.' This is the advice on business depressions which was offered by the son of David, King in Jerusalem, and which may still be read, thanks to the Gideons, by any commercial traveler in any hotel room. It is unnecessary advice, however, as far as most of us are concerned, for it is only in the day of adversity that we ever do consider.

The son of David, it seems, was the first man to declare that business cycles are the result of natural law. What goes up, he said, must come down. 'The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. . . . The thing that hath been, is that which shall be . . . and there is no new thing under the sun.'

But can't we create something new? Can't we foresee a depression, and prevent it?

Not at all, says the son of David. God hath made prosperity side by side with adversity, 'to the end that man should not find out anything that shall be after him.' Fair warning to those who engage in the extra-hazardous occupation of business forecasting!

As for attempting to iron out the curves of the business cycle, 'Consider the work of God,' says the son of David: 'for who can make that straight, which he hath made crooked?' This was the Biblical warning, no doubt, which prompted a United States Senator to declare: 'I would rather postpone a panic until the time when God brings it than to have Hoover entrusted with this power and get the panic a year sooner. We had better let God run it, as in the past.'

This is the Economics of Original Sin. It has been expounded by Doctors of Despair ever since the time of David. It is, indeed, a Dismal Science. Shall we escape from it through study of the real causes of depressions? Or shall we, for another two thousand years, put all the blame on God?

To-day, as in every day of adversity, business is like a traffic jam, with the red light against it. Long lines of cars are held up; cars with powerful engines and plenty of fuel. The drivers, eager to go ahead, are craning their necks to see what the matter is. Presently one of the drivers, losing his patience, honks his horn. Impatience is contagious. All the drivers begin honking their horns. The din becomes terrific; but it has n't the slightest effect on traffic. The red light holds its own.

All winter the drivers of business have been eager to go ahead. They have had powerful machines and plenty of fuel. They have been craning their necks in every direction to find out what the trouble is. They have been holding one unemployment conference after another. Unemployment conferences are contagious. Everybody has made a lot of noise, Congress fully doing its part. Still business is stalled.

How can we turn on the green light? The whole world is perplexed by that question. Concerning the causes of these periodic traffic jams, there is much confusion of thought. Concerning the remedies, there is, therefore, a confusing conflict of advice. Clearly, it is useless to try to agree upon remedies until there is agreement as to causes.

Other perplexing problems, the solution of which depends on a knowledge of facts, have yielded to intensive study. We no longer look upon the plague of yellow fever as a Heaven-sent punishment for our sins. We do not try to scare it away with the beating of tom-toms. But with regard to the plague of business depressions we still have a chaos of thought and a honking of horns. If all the discussions of unemployment were laid end to end, they would not reach very far. Most of them would curl up and finish about where they started — namely, with the futile assertion that the way to cure unemployment is to put men to work. Even concerning the direction in which we should seek a solution there is no agreement; yet the very first step toward learning significant facts is the choice of the right line of attack.

Everybody knows that there is much unemployment even in times which we call prosperous; and the causes are many. About these permanent aspects of the problem we have nothing to say here. We ask only whether it is not possible to come to an agreement concerning the major cause of periodic slumps.

Already there seems to be agreement that the chief cause of the present slump must have to do with deficiencies of machines, materials, men, management, or money. But surely not of machines. Machines we have in superabundance, and new inventions so productive that we dare not use them. Materials, too, we have in superabundance: cotton, copper, coal, oil, leather, wheat, and the rest; too much of nearly everything. Too many men, as well, and men with the will to work. A little while ago, they actually were producing more wealth per capita than any men ever produced, anywhere in the world. And to-day they are even more willing to work. Management, too, is abler than ever before. To be sure, we blamed management in 1928 and 1929 for neglecting business in order to watch the stock market. But while it was neglecting business it employed more men, and paid more wages, and realized more profits, and created more wealth, than ever before in all our history. No, we cannot ascribe our troubles to poor business management. There is no evidence that managers, as a class, have suddenly become inefficient.

II

What, then, was the chief cause of the depression? General overproduction, we are told, and rightly told. But general overproduction is, of course, nothing but general underconsumption. And general underconsumption is mainly a failure to buy on the part of consumers who are perfectly willing to buy, but lack the *money*. One need not consult economists on this point; he need only draw on his own experience. Thus the root of the evil of hard times appears to be, not the love of money, but the lack of money; not deficiencies of machines, materials, men, or management, but deficiencies of money.

Approaching the whole subject from another angle, we note that for general underconsumption there can be only two remedies: one is to produce less; the other is to consume more. But to produce less is to declare that we cannot create as much wealth as we have proved that we are perfectly able and willing to create, and eager to consume. By producing less — by keeping production *down* to demand — we can stabilize poverty. But to stabilize prosperity we must tackle the problem the other way round; we must keep demand *up* to production. In other words, we must increase consumption.

In this connection it is well to remember that the fundamental aim of economic society is a higher standard of living; and a higher standard of living — on the economic side — is nothing but increased per capita consumption of wealth. When we say, as Paul H. Douglas says in *Real Wages*, that the standard of living of wage earners in manufacturing in the United States was one third higher in 1928 than it was before the war, we mean that the average wage earner consumed one third more. We mean that for every three oranges, coats, books, baseballs, watches, and other things which the average wage earner used up before the war, he used up four in 1928. We mean that and nothing else. So, also, when we say that the standard of living declined in 1930, we mean that the consumption of wealth declined.

Prosperity does not consist of inventions, laboratories, mills, bank deposits, gold reserves, farms, stores, railroads, or any other capital goods. These things benefit us only if they result in a higher standard of living; and they do that only so far as they result in higher consumption. In other words, distribution must keep pace with production, or some of the money savings which we put into capital goods are not real savings. Idle factories are real waste.

How to increase production, as everybody knows, is for us no problem at all. The problem is how to increase consumption; and that is almost entirely a problem of distribution. Now distribution takes place almost entirely by means of the exchange of money, under which term we include checks on bank deposits as well as other forms of the medium of exchange. This brings us back again to money as the core of the problem. If we could buy goods with our free time, the six-hour day and the five-day week might cure general underconsumption, and the three-day week would be a still surer specific; but leisure is not legal tender. If, with presidential prerogative, *we* could settle unwelcome bills with a pocket veto, that would do the trick. But we can't. Everybody knows that without money we can't buy; and that, with a given quantity of money, we can buy and pay for a given quantity of goods, at given prices, and no more.

This means, roughly, that the volume of goods which we can buy and pay for, at given prices, is determined by the quantity of money in circulation and the average number of times each dollar is used to pay for goods. This means, in turn, that whenever the quantity or the turnover of money is reduced, the volume of trade *must* be reduced, or the price level *must* fall; and when the price level falls fast, employment falls, too. That is one statement of the much discussed quantity theory of money which is true — absolutely. This is all common knowledge.

It does not tell us whether changes in prices are caused by changes in money, or the other way round. But for practical purposes we do not need to know. What we do need to know is how we can prevent a rapid fall in the commodity price level and the resultant crowding of the bread lines. The quantity theory of money gives us an essential part of the answer. This was what one of our great business leaders, now in high Federal office, meant recently when he said to the President: 'I don't know whether you believe in the quantity theory of money. I don't know whether

I do. But there is no hope for a revival of business unless we do.'

Already there is general agreement that changes in the quantity of money have something to do with changes in the price level, and that an extreme change in the price level is a dominant feature of every depression. Whatever may be the cause of these extreme changes, it is evident that, if they continue, we shall continue to suffer from periodic slumps in trade and employment. In other words, a stable currency — a dollar which changes only slowly in purchasing power — is one of the fundamentals of sustained prosperity.

Now it is common knowledge that a stable currency is impossible if the volume of *paper money* which is printed and the volume which is retired bear no fixed relation to changes in the volume of business. Everybody knows the danger of fiat paper money. Everybody knows what happened when such a deluge of paper money poured forth from the printing presses in Austria that the thrifty proprietor of Kronen Bier used money for beer-bottle labels, in order to reduce his printing bill. What happens, on the other hand, when the volume of paper money *contracts* faster than the goods volume of trade is equally well known. Since prices keep on falling, everybody is eager to retain his money, rather than to turn it into goods. Production is discouraged; employment falls off; trade thereby suffers a further decline; prices sink further; and so on.

Such fluctuations in prices, trade, and employment actually have taken place in the United States recently, but there have been no large changes in the volume of paper money. The large changes which have taken place have been in the volume and turnover of bank deposits subject to check — what we may call 'bank check currency'; and it is well known that above 90 per cent of our trade is transacted, not by paper money, but by bank check currency. Less than 10 per cent is transacted by paper money. It is possible that an agreement might be reached that one dollar of business, done with bank check currency, has the same effect on prices and employment as one dollar of business done with paper money. Such an agreement might lead to the further agreement that changes in the currency which is used in more than 90 per cent of our business may cause as great disturbance as changes in the currency which is used in less than 10 per cent of our business.

Unfortunately, increased use of bank check currency does not offset decreased supply: it is precisely when the volume shrinks that the turnover slackens. Each dollar of individual demand deposits was used about five times, on the average, in prosperous 1929, for every three times a dollar was used from 1919 to 1925; but now the velocity has slowed down to the old rate. This decrease in the *use* of bank currency appears to be roughly equivalent to a reduction of 40 per cent in the volume.

If the volume of *paper money* in circulation had been largely reduced in 1930, we should have no doubt as to what caused the depression. But an equivalent reduction in the use of bank credit passes almost unnoticed. It is not even mentioned in six lists of the causes of our present trouble, recently published, which are intended to be comprehensive.

Yet it now seems possible to lay down a basis of fact upon which agreement might be reached that the chief cause of business depressions is changes in the volume, and in the turnover, of bank check currency. If such an agreement were reached, the problem of sustaining prosperity would then become chiefly the problem of taking into account changes in the volume and use of bank check currency, beyond the requirements of sound business, and offsetting the influence of such changes.

III

Already there is general agreement that a large decrease in the volume and use of bank check currency — in other words, monetary deflation — necessarily decreases consumer income, and that one fundamental of sustained prosperity is sustained consumer income.

'Why do we have hard times?' wrote a lady reader to the editor of the *Brunswick Pilot.*

'Lady,' answered the editor, 'hard times is a period when people quit feeding the cow, and wonder why she gives less milk.'

There are learned treatises on business depressions which say less than that. It sometimes appears that scholars, by close and persistent study, finally contrive to see everything except what is perfectly plain. Nothing seems plainer to the plain people than the fact that they cannot keep on feeding dollars to business unless they have the dollars. And without the dollars, business cannot keep on producing wealth.

Business either gets enough dollars out of the nation's pay roll to keep from starving, or business does n't get the dollars at all. To quit paying wages is to quit feeding the cow. Scolding a hungry cow does n't fill the milk pail. Talking cheerfully to her does n't help much, either. Petting is n't any better. Caresses are no substitute for calories. There will be a larger flow of business when there is a larger flow of wages, not before. Urging people to 'buy now,' when they have n't any money, does about as much good as feeding the cow sawdust.

At present, both men and dollars are underemployed. The main difference is that the dollars are slackers. They refuse to take long-term jobs, even at prohibitive wages. They will not even volunteer for the duration of the depression.

Deflation has been under way for the greater part of two years. Little by little, we have reduced the cow's rations. Total Federal Reserve credit outstanding is the lowest since the summer of 1924. Business, while contending with such malnutrition, has never recovered, in any country. Business will not recover in this country until there is a substantial expansion of bank credit — an expansion beyond the expressed needs of business, on the present low level of business. If that is inflation, there is nothing the country needs right now so much as inflation. The need is advertised by every man who hangs an 'unemployed' placard around his neck and tries to sell apples. An increase of money in circulation which opens up blast furnaces, and sets idle machines in motion, and puts men back to work, and restores the confidence of the business world, is not necessarily a calamity. Calling it 'inflation' merely gives it a bad name. An increase of money is not harmful, no matter what you call it, as long as it brings about a rise in employment and production, without bringing about a rapid rise in the general level of prices.

Continued deflation, on the other hand, which reduces employment and production and brings about a rapid fall in the level of prices, generates a demand for further deflation. 'No revival of business is possible,' said a banker at the meeting this spring of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, 'because we have not yet had enough liquidation.' Presumably he meant enough bank failures and other business losses. This is an old story. In every depression, men insist that business cannot possibly turn upward without further liquidation; and they keep on saying so for at least two months after business actually has turned upward.

How much liquidation is enough? Last year there were 1345 bank failures and 26,355 business failures. Many of these failures did not cure troubles, but caused troubles. The more failures there are, the lower the price level. The lower the price level, the greater the burden of debts, and the smaller the value of tangible assets. This makes the banks more reluctant to lend money, causing still further contraction of bank credit currency and still further liquidation. If we should allow the price level to fall far enough, and fast enough, most firms would become insolvent; for their debts would remain the same in dollars, but they could not raise enough dollars on their assets to pay the debts.

When we force liquidation so far that we *think* business cannot get worse and must get better, we proceed to make preparations for improvement, and the improvement comes! It could come sooner if we thought it could. But the apostles of liquidation always insist that further liquidation is necessary. Then they take steps which make further liquidation necessary. Then they say, with much satisfaction, 'See, we told you so!'

For business as a whole, the basic trouble is extreme changes in the volume and use of bank credit, and consequent extreme changes in the value of the dollar. Over such changes, the United States has not yet exercised the control which is readily within its power.

Everybody knows that it is always within the power of the Federal Government to bring about the needed expansion and increased turnover of money by sufficiently aggressive open-market operations, or by borrowing money for war, construction, or relief. No other immediately effective plan having been presented by anybody, the enemies of deflation rallied in defense of the bonus-loan plan. It is a poor plan; but evidently many men thought it better than no plan at all. It is one way — though a poor one — of conscripting some of the slacker dollars. It is a more or less conscious demand that they line up in the front trenches and assault the forces of deflation.

At times, *private* business keeps up a sufficient flow of wages to sustain consumption and prevent deflation. At other times, it does not. Like the unprofitable servant with the one talent, it tries to play safe. It buries its talents in the earth — or in time deposits, which often amounts to the same thing, since time deposits do not take goods off the markets. During the first nine months of last year, merchants lost their markets and men lost their jobs mainly because there was not enough money in circulation. During the same nine months, seven hundred and twelve millions were added to time deposits. Throughout the past year, time deposits were in excess of thirteen billions. The only reason we had any business at all is because there were some five-talent men and ten-talent men who circulated money in such a way that it enabled willing consumers to consume. When we have enough of these good and faithful servants, we shall emerge from this day of adversity into a day of prosperity.

Whereupon, if history repeats itself, we shall follow the advice of the son of David. We shall rejoice with exceeding great joy, and refuse to consider what to do toward preventing another day of adversity until the day arrives.

RUSSIA'S CHALLENGE TO AMERICA

BY A. F. HINRICHS

I

A COINCIDENCE of world-wide depression and the emergence of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on the world market has focused widespread interest on Russia. The Soviet Union has enjoyed a tremendous press, not by any means entirely unfriendly. The thought of American business men has shifted from the question, When will it fail? to the question, Can it succeed, or is it succeeding? Many of them are now interested to know what Russian success means to the rest of the world. The point on which American business interest centres is the Five-Year Plan.

It is not a new idea, even in the United States with our highly prized individualism, that the mass of the population lives as a collectivist society. The qualities of capacity, industry, and thrift that were the entire basis for the rise of our pioneer stock are inadequate to-day. With rough approximation they may still differentiate the fates of John Jones and Tom Smith; but men and women in the mass live and make moderate material progress, not because of what they are, but because of an appropriate organization of social resources.

This has become increasingly true over the last hundred and fifty years. Therefore, in a sense far more fundamental than ever before, we may speak of society's obligation to furnish a living to these collectivized individuals. This living is limited by resources, technological development, and the capacities of the population. There is no apparent reason why it should be accorded to those unwilling or, for individual reasons, unable to render service, except on a basis similar to existing charitable relief. Society is faced with the necessity of creating an environment within which individual capacity can exploit existing resources and technology efficiently in order to achieve a maximum of material well-being. Furthermore, merely a high average of well-being is inadequate. It must be coupled with a sense of security.

Immense progress has been made in technological development in the last century. Henry Adams wrote that the boy of 1850 was closer to the year 1 than to the year 1900. However, relatively little progress has been made in the adaptation of economic society to its changed material and technological environment. Some highly significant developments have occurred; but despite such changes as the growth of the corporate structure and of trade-unions, the development of such diverse legislation as workmen's compensation, railroad regulation, and judicial interpretations of combinations in restraint of trade, I cannot help feeling that the business man of 1800 would be infinitely more at home in his workaday environment to-day than would the engineer of that time. I know of no better evidence of this fact than that Ricardo and the other classical economists are still regarded as useful manuals, whereas a book written in 1820 on almost any mechanical subject, even with regard to scientific fundamentals, would have only historical interest.

It will be miraculous if this changed material environment does not revolutionize the entire social structure in order to restore the security that formerly lay within the grasp of individuals. There is abundant evidence of the gigantic strains under which the existing structure continues, which become most evident in periods of business depression. In cotton textiles, in agriculture, in coal mining, and in other industries, there is a chronic condition of depression, which indicates an inability to use to the greatest advantage our technological gains.

I think there are at least two obvious explanations of the difference in the rates of social and mechanical development. In the first place, the scientific basis of the latter was easier to establish from the factual base available in the nineteenth century. Perhaps even more important, the urge to make advances that was present in the physical sciences was lacking to improve the social organization. The individual business man could adopt new material discoveries on his own initiative. As an individual, he was often powerless to modify the social environment.

Above all, there was no unified leadership. Technical changes are made by dictatorial methods. Social innovation in countries that advanced rapidly in the nineteenth century depended upon a democratic process. Fundamental social change in the last century was never absolutely essential. The majority of leaders and followers alike recognized partial failures of the economic machine, but assumed that these were the high price necessary to maintain an average of well-being much above that possible in a society of non-interdependent producers.

To-day, for the first time in the history of business enterprise, thoughtful observers looking ahead to the forecastable future visualize the possible disappearance of individual security. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has not yet developed an economy that challenges that of any Western European country on the basis of realized accomplishment, but the outlook is for a progressive improvement in communist productive practice. This being the case, there does exist a continuing alternative to our form of economic organization. The question at issue was formerly in the realm of academic speculation: Can some alternative form of organization function? The question to-day is in the realm of practice: Does this alternative form of organization function, or promise to function in the forecastable future, as well as ours? The contrast in the import of the two questions is almost as great as that between a debate in 1870 on the possibilities of flying and one to-day on the relative merits of air force and floating navy. The communist practice of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics must be considered as a perfectly possible and real alternative to the system in vogue in the Western world, though it by no means follows that it is desirable from the point of view of any substantial part of the population. Its desirability, not its possibility, is the probable point at issue before the world in the next generation. The balance of evidence seems to me to point to the probable increase in the success of the Russian economic life.

Drastic changes have occurred either by revolutionary processes or by more or less rapid evolutionary development. The only thing for which there is no historical precedent is the continuation of a status quo under existing conditions of social tension. The most successful transformations have been effected when the dominant groups in a society have made their own the most immediately practicable parts of the opposition programme. Where they have done this, they have stayed in power. Where they have insisted on maintenance of the status quo, their temporary successes have only increased the violence of the ultimate change.

II

Under these conditions it seems to me that we shall be wise to study the workings of the economic system of Russia with neither particular sympathy nor hostility, — for it is entirely irrelevant whether or not we *like* what they are doing, — but with the utmost objective comprehension. The purpose of such study should be to find out: first, how the system works; secondly, what institutions and practices give it relative strength and what are sources of weakness; and thirdly, which of these sources of strength can be adapted to the evolutionary development of our society.

The first lesson that we must learn is the necessity of painstaking study — critical study in the highest sense of the word — of Russian economic society. It will be curious indeed if the experimental progress of a nation of 150,000,000 people develops no useful practice for the rest of the world. In the course of my study of particular practices — especially that of economic planning — I was impressed at the close integration of economic planning and of political communism. It by no means follows that a given practice, such as planning, cannot be adapted to the needs of a society preserving private property and a high degree of private initiative. All that I know with certainty from my preliminary study of the Russian economic system is that to unravel the interrelationships of institutions, to discover whether it is the taproot that is bedded in communism or merely fibrous laterals, requires a more intense study than has yet been made by an American economist.

The second point, so obvious to an American as hardly to warrant mention, is the wastefulness of revolutionary change. Materially, the destruction of property, and more especially the dissipation of technical and executive leadership, were a disaster of major proportions, affecting the mass of the population as well as the formerly favored classes. The spiritual losses involved in the suppression of substantial percentages of the population are a heavy charge against the birth of a new soul in the rising mass.

It is inadequate, however, to conclude that revolution is never worth while for the generation in power at its inception. Revolutions may become inevitable, as most authorities agree was the case in Russia at the beginning of the twentieth century, in France at the end of the eighteenth, and perhaps in the American Colonies in 1776. The lesson which England learned in our Revolutionary War has preserved a valuable though very different something, known as the British Commonwealth of Nations. The upheaval in France precipitated a series of more or less peaceful social and political reorganizations in other European countries. It is not too much to say that the most important task of our generation in the Western world may be to assure society against the accumulation of stresses and strains that may make other revolutions of Russian pattern inevitable.

There are three things in Russia which it seems to me would be highly desirable in American society, and not incompatible with a modification, rather than an overthrow, of our existing society. Economic planning is one of the most marked advantages which the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics enjoys. In addition, provision is made, partly through planning, for the security of the wage earner. Finally, the younger industrial wage earners attain a sense of social importance that is invaluable.

Some elements of strength in Russia may be more incompatible with private enterprise. I mention a few of them only to show that the Soviet Union possesses economic advantages other than planning alone, advantages which are well worth studying. Soviet economy creates the largest unified economic enterprise in the world. Aside from the great advantages mere size and resources may give it in the field of foreign trade, a virtual monopoly of imports and exports makes possible a far more thoroughly considered *policy* than has ever been developed by means of the tariff. The latter must become something much more than political juggling with cross-purposes if it is ever to be as effective as the direct control of trade. The losses incident to social forces rather than managerial inefficiency — for example, changes in world market prices — are borne in Russia by the system rather than by the enterprise. In this respect the Soviet Union sets its enterprises up on a basis analogous to that which we establish for the departments of an individual plant.

The security which the Soviet Union gives to the wage earner calls for no special discussion except as it is due to stability which may grow out of planning. In other respects it is not essentially Russian, since in some ways better and more comprehensive work is being done in Western European countries. The importance of provisions — not on a charitable basis — for health, maternity, care of infants and young children, old age and disablement, and against unemployment, is only partially recognized in this country. Communists capitalize what is being done for the wage earner in Russia and neglect to add that, on the whole, municipal housing is better in Vienna than in Moscow; that sickness insurance is extremely well developed in Germany; that clinics in many American cities, operated without the taint of charity, do better work than is possible to-day in Russia; that public schools in the United States are giving to the children of the workers an education which is still only a dream in Russia. These social provisions for the well-being of the individual are capable of tremendous expansion under a system of private enterprise. Some are desirable; others may not be. The important thing for us to remember is that they receive great stress in the Soviet Union, that the same result is not necessarily economically attainable through individual effort, and that a sense of security, an assured minimum of well-being, is a thing desired by workers quite as much as higher individual incomes.

In Russia the younger industrial workers are experiencing a thrill of *being* that is tremendously stimulating. I do not wish to give the impression that I disregard existing suppression and oppression in Russia. But the misery of the disfranchised finds at least a partial offset in the zest of many millions of workers. They know what is going on and why. They are well informed, or think they are, on matters of public and industrial policy. They know, furthermore, exactly what is expected of them as individuals. They are conscious of goals. I am not certain that this particular value can be captured, though I am inclined to believe that in some of the more democratically organized plants and industries of the country it is approximated.

I mention these two features of

Russian life primarily to set planning in proper perspective. The treatment of neither has been adequate, but it should suggest that we may have to learn to do other things which Russia attempts besides merely controlling economic life. Since my return from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics I have frequently heard discussions of planning American production which gave the impression that Russia had nothing more to offer the world. We shall have missed the entire point of the revolution if our thinking ends there. The purpose of the revolution was to make life more worth while for the masses. Planning helps to accomplish it there, and may well help under a system of private enterprise. It is only one means to the end. From our own doctrines of liberty and individual initiative we may make important contributions to this goal. In almost every country of the world there now is a more or less articulate demand from those whose destinies are determined by the social structure that it be moulded primarily to serve them.

III

I have said that in Russia economic planning is merely one device for increasing the well-being of the masses. In that statement is contained the first requirement of an economic plan — a definition of goal, a philosophy. Without a clear definition of objects one goal may be inadequate or militate against reaching another. This decision of objectives is a political one. It may be the result of democratic discussion or the decision of a dictatorial group.

However the decision is reached, this definition of objectives is prerequisite to the work of planning. The guiding principles of Russian planning appear to be three. First of all, there is to be maximum utilization of existing plant and population resources. Secondly, industrial self-sufficiency is to be achieved in the shortest possible period of time. Thirdly, but only after the second objective has been realized, the standard of living of the masses is to be brought to the highest level in the world. Disregarding the superlative nature of the last objective, the reader will see at once that two radically different plans would be devised, depending upon whether self-sufficiency or a maximum of immediate consumable income is the goal. In the first case, the planning body focuses its attention upon imports of capital equipment, upon new construction, upon the development of iron and steel and other industries whose products are machines. In the latter case, expansion takes place first in industries producing goods ready for consumption, in a diversification of agricultural products, and in imports of things to eat and wear. In the latter case, foreign trade is an advantageous, though a relatively unimportant, appendage of national economic life. In the former case, though the percentage of foreign trade as compared with domestic trade is small, the imports are essential to the success of the plan and the economic life of the country is determined by the necessity of producing an export surplus.

The place of the philosophy of the plan is significant in an American discussion of Russian planning because it is so frequently overlooked. I have heard many business leaders in this country discuss planning without any reference at all to objectives, as though there were some one plan that would naturally emerge from a given set of resources. Where they have introduced a concept of purpose, it has seemed to me diametrically opposed to that of Russia. In Russia the underlying motif, irrespective of particular goal, is a full use of man power and equipment within the limits imposed by resources, technical knowledge, trained leadership, and the capacity of the underlying population. In America the basis of a desire for planned development seems to be the limitation of the stream of products to a volume that can be absorbed by existing markets with profit to the producer. It does not follow that an economy of private property with private profits cannot serve the ideal of large income for the masses better than a communistic one. It is this question which is to be decided within the next two generations by the United States on the one hand and Russia on the other. So long as a private economy is to continue, profits will presumably play an important rôle. But limitation of output is no answer to the challenge that Russia may give. If we plan only for stability and neglect to plan for raising real per capita income, communists and their sympathizers the world over will be vindicated in their present contention that planning can only be introduced in a communist society, for planning only limitation of output would be interpreted as the last stage of an intellectually bankrupt capitalism.

I am quite certain that economic planning in the modern world must visualize the creation of wider and deeper domestic markets. Undeveloped foreign markets are becoming very scarce. The spread of modern technical methods and their quick development necessitate a rapidly rising standard of living. Higher wages and greater leisure are the only effective instruments that I can see to remove and destroy the flood of materials and services that our resources make possible. Limitation of output under these conditions should involve an even distribution of the leisure made possible by a technique that has temporarily outrun the consumptive capacity of the population. Such leisure would in itself broaden the general market. Complete unemployment of a small percentage of the population only narrows the market still further. As a matter of fact, until we have actually attained what we like to regard as an 'American standard of living,' — something not now enjoyed by most American workers, — we can hardly regard the market as satiated or the plant capacity as in excess of social needs. The most difficult problem of an American planning body will be to visualize practicable ways and means of placing larger spendable money incomes in the hands of wage earners. Unless that is done, I repeat, the Western world will not be meeting the challenge of Soviet Russia.

I fear that if the sole guiding principle is limitation of output to amounts allowing a profitable market there will be stagnation. I can contrast two types of stability by reference to current devices for plotting business cycles. What is aimed at in planning, among other things, is to iron out the wide swings of activity in basic industry. As we conventionally represent these swings, they are shown as movements about a horizontal line. Under ideal conditions this norm would be approximated. After such an achievement the graph, instead of representing the norm as a horizontal line to facilitate comparison of different swings, would be depicted as a true growth curve. In Russia, planning is concerned not only with fluctuations but with the development of the trend itself. I am not certain that the concept of limitation, applied in the easiest fashion, will not lead to damping the rate of growth that has characterized the United States; will not give us, in other words, an approximation of the heretofore fictitious horizontal norm.

The second point apparent in connection with Soviet planning is the importance of the coöperation of individual managers and even workers. The Five-Year Plan has become part of both the warp and the woof of the thought of individual Russians. A plan cannot be drawn without coöperation. In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics it is initiated in the individual plants and in its final form is referred back to them for approval. Its successful execution depends entirely upon enthusiastic support and a popular will to succeed. In Russia the plan is at once an acceptable recommendation and a mandate.

In borrowing the concept of a plan, not the least important point to bear in mind is that it must gain strength from its own merits. This is particularly fortunate for America, for, with our constitutional limitations and our habits of thought, planning work in the first instance will be primarily advisory. When, as, and if it enjoys general acceptability, and the limitations of purely advisory recommendations become apparent, the work may be implemented with legal and extralegal sanctions. But the first stage, that of 'selling' a plan to the individuals involved, is a process to which the American stage is particularly well adapted.

One may well ask: Why plan? The answer comes out of American practice. We do plan. Probably in no country in the world, with the possible exception of Germany, and certainly at no other time, has planning been as extensively developed for the control of individual enterprises. It is by no means universal; but there are outstanding examples of both short-run and long-run planning in such diverse fields as telephone communication and paper-goods novelties. Control standards of performance are certainly the basis of the efficient management of individual departments. Our economic system is anything but planless.

The thing that bedevils planning is the existence of unknown, unpredictable, or uncontrollable factors. This is quite as true in Russia as elsewhere. I find it almost impossible to visualize the additional strain to which the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was subjected by the depression of the world markets in which she had to sell raw materials to pay for imports that were an integral part of her planned development. Coal production in the Donetz Basin last summer fell substantially short of the quota because proper consideration had not been given to the industrial worker's habit of returning to his village at harvest. From even so brief a visit as I made, I can cite other instances of the limitation of planning by factors external to the plan.

If this is true in Russia, it is even more disastrously true in the United States. Here virtually the entire economic mechanism except the single enterprise lies outside the field of the plan. There is comparatively little planning involved in the intervention of the motor truck in the field of transportation. Whether it is economically sound or not is a debatable point. But if it is sound, it should certainly be a rationally controlled development. In many instances the untoward development breaks without the sort of warning which motor transport is giving and renders useless recently accumulated capital and experience.

The outstanding example that shocks us all is the senseless rush of capital to avail itself of a profit that cannot be more than temporary in view of the amount of capital that is added. In industry after industry we find capital equipment in excess of rational needs. In some cases this is due to the disappearance of a phenomenal demand, as has been the case with the woolen and worsted industry since the war. In other cases there is a speeding up of obsolescence in the development of an industry in a new area, as in the case of cotton textiles. But the automobile industry with plant capacity in excess of any rationally predictable demand, stimulated perhaps by the short-lived disappearance of Ford production, stands as a horrid example of avoidable waste. Even the automobile industry would have been better off had this capital been invested in new forms, or, if none appeared profitable, been distributed in the form of spendable income to the owners or workers, or both.

In an economic society so closely interwoven as ours, these starts and stops, excessive output balanced with shut-downs, are disastrous. One can account for a substantial fraction of the present depression — roughly, perhaps one quarter or one third — in terms of the automobile industry's uncoördinated gyrations. The deficit in dealer stocks, particularly in foreign markets, and the deferred demand that accumulated under Ford's withdrawal from production led to plant expansion by other producers and a level of activity in the first quarter of 1929 that was so out of line with continuing possibilities that I do not know of a statistical service in the country that missed calling the turn. Our experience with such forecasters this last year would indicate that the course of events for automobiles must have been fairly obvious.

Unfortunately, automobile assembly lines cannot be crowded without gearing iron and steel, machine tools, rubber, glass, copper, and even textiles to an unusual pitch. A recession in the one is followed by a recession in the others. Still more unfortunately, the steel manufacturer is helpless. He may know that the level of activity cannot last. He may save himself and his stockholders from serious loss by planning correctly for a drop in volumes in the next half year. But, with all the foresight of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, he could not regularize his production. He can only strengthen his defenses and wait for the zero hour. Irregularity, occasionally utilized over-capacity in automobiles,— and I use this example only as typical of a number of others, — require in greater or less degree excess capacity in dozens of other industries.

Planning for an entire industry is beset with difficulties. Planning for the national economic life is a herculean task. It is by no means impossible, as Russia is demonstrating. For one thing, the task is simplified by a process of elimination. When we think of our economic life, we think of the thousands upon thousands of commodities in their multiform sizes and qualities. The work of the Bureau of Simplified Practice in the Department of Commerce has shown, however, that much of this multiplicity is superficial. In industry after industry with hundreds or thousands of inventory items, it has been shown that volumes concentrate upon a handful. By no stretch of the imagination would an economic plan for the United States ever concern itself with the question of the sizes of common brick required, though the item of aggregate common-brick requirements on a regional basis might well be included. The central planning body relegates all such variations to the industry and concerns itself almost exclusively with the species or the genus, and Russian practice has concerned itself only with the more important species. There are a host of minor commodities which concern the economic life of the country very little. The list of fundamentally important foodstuffs, textiles, furnishings, building materials, power and transport requirements, is not so extensive as to be incomprehensible; a moderately accurate picture of society's needs can be constructed.

IV

The leaders of business in the United States are charged with a tremendous social responsibility. They have been evolved from a race of forbears whose concern could be quite largely with the balance sheet. No man on earth was concerned with the mistakes of Jeremiah Jones, the general-store manager, except his few creditors, his clerk, his family and friends. To-day a single department store in New York is determining the fate of one of the largest textile mills in Rhode Island, and with it the life of a mill community. The largest of the chain-store systems buys and sells approximately as much in dollar volume as the total import and export trade of the United States with the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations excepting Canada. The blacksmith or the carriage maker of even fifty years ago was one of many hundreds, dependent upon the local countryside, in whom the countryside had a vital personal interest and almost no lasting economic concern. To-day the two largest automobile manufacturers are together using about half as much steel as was produced in the United States thirty years ago. These business enterprises and their conduct are no longer matters of private concern. The business executive is still charged with the responsibility of maintaining a favorable income statement and balance sheet; but there has been added to this an obligation to society.

Consciously or unconsciously, the leaders of American industry are acting as a State Planning Commission; their plans for the year or the month are the economic plan of the United States. Their decisions determine what and how much are to be produced, what the spendable income of a substantial part of the community shall be, in no small measure what the volume of new savings shall be, and in even larger part what use shall be made of savings. These are precisely the points considered by a planning commission. Their decisions are the preliminary stages of Russian planning, the tentative drafts drawn up by plant managers and trust executives. But in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics there is a reconciliation of discrepancies by the State Bank and the State Planning Commission. These discrepancies are fundamental factors in business fluctuations.

The question that remains for us to decide is whether even the United States is rich enough to afford the wastes of a process of unconscious coördination working itself out brutally in the market place. Science has advanced. Technique has been developed. Skills undreamed of fifty years ago have been learned. An intricate web of economic interrelationships has been developed that transmits with terrific force disturbances in any segment of the web. The executive's responsibility has developed until one may well argue that a mistaken decision on his part is a far more serious injury to society than the cold-blooded murder of a few of his more obnoxious relatives. Under these conditions it seems probable that human intelligence is going to be called upon to bend itself to the task of consciously coördinating its efforts. We cannot declare a moratorium on mechanical development; we have created a monster endowed with the power of reproduction. The salvation of our society lies in bringing our institutional environment into harmony with its technological setting.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MAUVE

FOR a little while in the late spring, the front of the small brown frame house in which the Old Gentleman Opposite lives is clothed with the glory of blooming wistaria. One sunny day not long ago I saw him sitting out of doors in his tiny front yard, luxuriating in the color and fragrance of the drooping clusters. He was holding his soft hat on his knee, and his hair, which is not too closely cut, stirred in the light breeze.

('Really,' I thought, 'he is beginning to get quite gray. I shall be sorry when the roan effect disappears.')

'Is n't your wistaria a beautiful color?' I said aloud.

'"Lumenque juventæ purpureum,"' he quoted with relish.

'I suppose you'd call it mauve?'

He smiled and frowned. 'I should,' said he, 'if the word were not soiled with all ignoble use. You remember Whistler said, "Mauve is just pink trying to be purple." That was just Whistler trying to be witty. Of course, he did not have to try very hard. You have read *The Mauve Decade?*'

'What a brilliant, provocative book it is!' said I.

'Unquestionably,' he responded, 'and quite miraculously packed with condensed history. But I have a bit of a grudge against it. By basing his title on that very saying of Whistler's, the author has launched, among hasty reviewers, a current cheap sneer at the literary product of the nineties. And that is especially vexing to me in the case of the poetry of that period.'

'Do you think that effect was intended?' I asked.

'Possibly not — but wait a minute.' He dived in at his front door. As his study on the ground floor is lined with bookshelves, I rightly concluded that he was hunting for the book in question.

'Now here,' said he, emerging and rapidly turning the leaves of the book in his hand, 'is just one sentence in a late chapter which neatly applies the engaging title.'

He read aloud the passage: '"The aspiring decade that tried so hard to be purple, imperially grand, and ended in a compromised, ridiculous tint." . . . It is true,' he admitted, 'that the greater part of the book seems given to a different thesis, the thesis that, in the period treated of, amiable editors and militant matrons required all representations of the world to be impeccably pink, and firmly ignored the existence of a certain ugly and putrescent purple, not to mention a sanguinary scarlet. By the way, it won't surprise you that I sympathize entirely with those amiable editors, in view of the present-day developments in the matter and diction of fiction. But all that is another story, irrelevant to Whistler's witticism.'

'Whistler,' I repeated musingly. 'A very modern art dealer told me the other day that if he arranged an exhibit of Whistlers nobody would come to it.'

'"Nought may endure but Mutability,"' said the Old Gentleman. 'But to return to my grievance: the popularity of this clever book has, accidentally or not, fixed upon the entire poetic expression of ten years the undeserved reproach of a pretentious feebleness, striving for unattained effects. Have n't you noticed the headings of current patronizing reviews — "A Mauve Survival," "The Recrudescence of Mauve," and so on?'

I saw his mounting indignation, and endeavored to divert his thought. 'In spite of Whistler and all his butterflies,' said I, 'the color mauve is a delight. I saw some pleasant remarks upon it lately in that charming book by Mary Webb containing "The Spirit of Joy." Her list of lovely mauve flowers is like a flower passage from an Elizabethan pastoral, or something in Bacon's "Essay on Gardens."'

'Some day,' said he, stubbornly clinging to his grievance, 'I shall make a very choice little anthology, and call it "Mauve Garden"; and the object of the collection shall be to show that the poets of the derided decade were *not* striving for false effects of imperial grandeur. They were not *trying* —'

'Though you find that the casual reviewers *are*,' I interpolated. He took no notice of the petty torpedo I had placed on the track of his mind; and I felt ashamed. 'By all means, carry out your idea,' said I. 'It will be a delightful task to gather your mauve flowers. Now, for instance?'

'Why, of course,' said he, 'one thinks immediately of the poems in *A Branch of May* and *A Handful of Lavender*. Even the satirist here' — he tapped his book — 'has a respectful reference to "the quiet lady in Baltimore, with her definite sincerities."'

'Long may her cherry branches wave, as they do in *White April!*'

'There were a number of others, not with us now,' he went on, 'true poets who looked into their hearts and wrote, without a straining effort — though as far as the modern reviewers are concerned, their names seem to have been writ in water. They were not artificial experimenters; they spoke in their own natural voices, though without the intonation now fashionable.' He was silent a minute, then resumed with a reminiscent smile. 'A few years ago, a contemporary and friend of mine collected his verses — all of the old type, written before 1900. A reviewer, presumably young, remarked that it was almost weird to open a book of verse which showed no trace whatever of the recent important influences; he mentioned realism, imagism, the vogue of *vers libre*, and, I believe, *Spectrism.* (I hope you recall Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan, the make-believes of that delectable hoax in 1916?) You see, the critics now require that one's poetry should not be "derivative" from the past; they prefer that it should be derivative from the future.

'Oh, I shall easily enough fill up my garden plots! I could name you offhand a dozen poets of the nineties,' — he proceeded to do so, — 'accomplished craftsmen in their day, sincere and noble souls —'

'Ah, that's the trouble, no doubt, from the standpoint of to-day,' said I. 'It's really bad form now to let one's noble soul loose in one's poetry; it is sure to get shot at, like the angel in Wells's *Wonderful Visit!* But is n't it rather absurd, anyhow, now that Time has been authoritatively annihilated, to insist that the product of a given period in time was all of the same color? What color word could you properly apply to the present decade?'

'If I had to decide that question,' he answered, 'I should experience the embarrassment of the legendary chameleon which tried to adapt itself to a Highland plaid.'

'I should like to see your anthology when it is ready,' said I. 'But what about a publisher?'

He sighed. 'We are such dependent creatures!' said he. 'Faith, I'll have it printed myself, and bound in mauve and silver — and you and I and Narcissa will read it.'

PROJECTED PROEM TO 'MAUVE GARDEN'

Friends, who so long your sight have fed,
Avid, on flowers of franker hue,
Calendulas of orange-red,
Gay tulips, cornflowers boldly blue,
Perchance you now have lost the power
To pleasure in a paler flower.

Behind this locked exclusive gate
My seasonable sweets arise;
The lavender sweet peas await
Elect appreciative eyes;
Hyacinths grace the young year's prime,
Faint asters, the autumnal time.

Here blooms the violet heartsease,
Choice, in her corner fenced with box;
Here, Canterbury bells for bees;
There, Shakespeare's silvery lady-smocks;
Tall foxgloves, nodding by the wall,
And heliotrope, best scent of all.

And, when the sunset's floating rose
Has paled to mauve, on paths oft paced,
From flower to flower kind Memory goes,
Like Collins' Evening, votaress chaste.
— You too might walk with her, with me:
But she alone could give the key.

THE JOY OF THE OPEN ROAD

STOP a minute, Edith. Pull out to the side and back up to the house where the sign is. No, not the 'Tourists Eats' sign; you are n't hungry again, are you? It's the one behind that — there, 'Antiques.' Now don't sag at the shoulders in that disagreeable way. I've only stopped three times this afternoon, and when we're up at the lake and you want to ask some of the girls in to luncheon you'll be awfully glad if I have eight Bennington plates to set the table with. I have seven now, with the two I got yesterday, and if I can find just one more we have it. You'd like to run in for a minute, would n't you, Georgia?

Don't say a word about Bennington after we get there. I'm going to ask if she has any milk glass. They always raise the price of the first thing you ask for if they think that's what you really want, and anyway it's a good plan to ask for something you think they have n't got, so you can get out easily if they have n't anything you want to buy. Not that you can always tell. Lucia's whole collection of bleeding-heart glass is made up of pieces she hoped they did n't have.

Oh, good afternoon. Yes, I'd like just to look around a little. You have n't any milk glass, have you? You know, that whitish-looking stuff. I'm trying to get a plate shaped like a fish, for olives. Oh yes, they used to make them. Well, if you have n't any I expect we'd better go. Come, Edith. Oh, by the way, what are those brown plates over there? I don't suppose they amount to anything, but they're sort of funny-looking. Bennington, did you say? What an extraordinary name! I never heard of that before, did you, Georgia? What's that jug thing of the same color? A what? Oh, but I don't think you could use it for flowers on the table if it's a cuspidor. Still, there are lots of people who would n't have any more idea than I did of what it was, and it is a nice shape for flowers. When I first used those china setting hens for soup I did n't like the idea a bit, — you see, we used to *keep* chickens when I was younger, — but now that everybody's doing it I've really quite got over the notion. How much are those brown plates? Four dollars *apiece?* Mercy, I could n't think of getting those. No, no.

What's that white goblet over there? Oh. No, I thought it just might be a piece of blackberry glass. I did n't want it myself, but they're selling in Chicago for eighteen dollars apiece. It's ridiculous, but ever since that Senator's wife began to collect them that's what they are. She does n't seem to care what she pays. Yes, it's the same one. They used to be given away with groceries, you know. Last month when I was motoring through Pennsylvania I asked a man if he had some and he said he'd just shipped his last West. I think it's dreadful the way people run up prices like that. And half the time people do it when they have n't the slightest intention of buying. At that same place I saw a nice piece of Stiegel (Nellie would have loved it), and when I asked how much it was he said two hundred and fifty dollars. When he saw me gasp he said, 'And guess who it was told me it was worth that!' He went to his desk and handed me an envelope, and there in the corner was 'Henry Ford.' Now I don't mind Ford's buying antiques; I think it's awfully nice for a business man to have an outside interest (I only wish Harry cared for them a little more); and I'm crazy to see Ford's new Detroit Museum; but if he is n't going to buy something I don't see why he has to go and put it out of sight for the rest of us. I'd hate to tell you how much I spend every year on antiques as it is. Of course I get some of it back because I do dispose of things every now and then when they don't seem to fit in any more. You know that man who has that new shop over on the North Side that I pointed out to you the other day? He asked me if I belonged to the dealers' association, just because I dropped in to see if he would have any use for those pulled-in rugs I got East and that Windsor chair that used to be on the porch and the little lowboy from the dining room. Imagine! I said I certainly was n't a dealer and walked right out. But if you don't mind, when we get back, I wish you'd go in and price the silhouette that's hanging on the right-hand side of his window. I was looking at it just when he said that to me, and I'm pretty sure it's an old one. Of course it is n't anything you'd want yourself, but you could get it and I'd pay you and he'd never know I'd been back.

Did you say those what-you-call-'em Bennington plates were four dollars apiece? What would they be if I took all three of them? Twelve dollars! Could n't you make it any less? Well, if you could n't, I guess you'd better wrap them up for me and I'll go along. Edith seems to be sitting on the front step all lopped over. It's funny the way that child seems to be so easily tired sometimes and so strong others. She can play golf all afternoon and never seem to feel it, but these drives just wear her out. I suppose it's having to keep her mind on the traffic all the time.

Here's the money. Thank you. Come, Georgia. Edith, you can take this out to the car for me. Why, put it anywhere, only be careful it does n't bump against that lamp chimney or my pair of brown bottles — they're the ones that are wrapped in a funny paper, remember. I think it would go on top of my suitcase, and that fire-back I bought this morning will keep it from slipping.

You know, Georgia, I want to talk to you about an idea I've had. What would you think of our running an antique shop together up at the resort? You know you felt just as strongly as I did about the prices that that woman charged who had one three years ago — it was awful; and nobody's tried it since. Of course I think one ought to get a fair return on one's money — I thought it would be about right if we'd double what we pay for things; then we could rent that cute little cottage cater-corner from the post office and still have a little money to pay the girls to go down if there were afternoons when we did n't feel like it. What do you think? We can talk about it going along in the car, for perhaps we'd better not stop again this afternoon — it's getting on and we ought to get to Crossing City before dark on account of that bad place in the road. At least we'll *plan* not to stop, but if we see a place with lots of china I might want just to take a peek. You see, with these new plates I have ten, and it would be awfully nice to complete the dozen, would n't it?

THE BABAW CLUB

IN the propaganda material I am putting out as secretary of the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club — I call it the Babaw Club for short — reference is made to the Great Glacial Epoch, when ice pushed down and covered most of the world thousands of feet deep, ending all life and making everything awfully stupid. On page 2 there is an excellent picture showing the glaciers making things uncomfortable for even such tough old creatures as the mammoth and the sabre-tooth tiger. The picture shows these animals and some people that look like Adam and his family fleeing before the onrushing glacier. One of the family is falling down and you feel very sorry for him. You think the glacier will get him.

On pages 4 and 5 of the pamphlet is a chart or graph more or less resembling a side hill leading up to the top of Fujiyama or Pike's Peak. This represents the increasing output of printed books in the United States from 1776 to 1930 inclusive, with a dotted line showing the estimated further increase from 1931 to 1999. With this, on page 3, are statistics compiled by the Obliging Statistics Corporation, proving that if the present rate of increase in book production continues until 1999 the entire surface of the United States will be covered 10,000 feet deep with books, only the tops of the highest mountains not being covered. This is called the Great Book Glaciation Period, and on page 7 is a picture of what looks like William Lyon Phelps and a women's club fleeing before the onrushing book flood. One of the ladies is falling down. The thought of her fate gives one quite a pang.

On page 16 (the last page) is a blank with a dotted line on which you can indicate your desire to join the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club by sending five dollars. This pays the secretary's salary.

Of course, no one in the office of the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club believes in the book glacier. That is merely propaganda and has been made strong for an evident purpose, but in organizing the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club I have been motivated by the best of emotions. I asked myself, 'Why am I buying an automobile and no books? Why am I buying radio sets, fresh roasted peanuts, socks, oysters in season, and coal, but no books?' The answer was that my shelves were full of books, my tables were piled with books, and books were stacked on the floor and peeked out from under the sofa. I could buy no more books because I had no more room.

'Fellow,' I said to myself seriously, 'this is bad. If this state of things continues, you will soon be out of the current of culture and become illiterate and dumb, and that will be a nice state of things, won't it?' I took time to consider what answer to make, and then I said, 'Yes.'

The briefest further thought showed me that with all the bookshelves in the United States jammed to capacity with books no one would be buying books. The whole course of culture would be dammed, advance would be dammed, progress of thought would be dammed, the world's thinkers would be dammed, you would be dammed, and I should be dammed. It was a serious outlook.

The remedy, I saw immediately, was to burn books.

On the shelves of every man's library are books he does not care a cent for and does not want, but he leaves them there because he lacks the courage to get rid of them. It was here, I saw, that the mob spirit must be invoked. The solution of the problem was to organize a Burn-a-Book Club, every member pledged to burn a book at a certain specified time. In union there would be courage.

My first thought was to organize a Burn-a-Book-a-Day Club, but I saw that this might repel many who had but 364 books who would otherwise sign up for a year. They would say, 'How can I promise to burn 365 books (366 in leap year) when I have only 364 books?' — forgetting that they would probably buy a book or two as their shelves were relieved, and almost certainly be given a book at Christmas. On the other hand, if I made it a Burn-a-Book-a-Month Club, the vacant shelf places would no more than take care of the sendings of a Book-a-Month Club. Other books would be, as we psychologists say, sunk.

Burning a book a week seemed to me the best possible periodicity to adopt and I adopted it, setting Sunday night as the time for burning. On Sunday night the whole family should be gathered around the fireplace and, having spent the day with the Sunday newspaper, would be glad to burn any sort of reading matter. Having decided this, I made out and signed a membership card in the Burn-a-Book-a-Week Club and set about choosing the first offering to the flames.

Immediately there was not a book in my house that I was willing to burn.

'I don't know what to burn,' I said to my wife, and she drew my head down and whispered in my ear. The book she mentioned was one I had hidden behind the bookshelves lest our children find and read it.

'Burn that one,' she said. 'It ought to be burned.'

'No,' I said firmly, 'I am going to keep that book. Some day it will bring us a lot of money from some collector of erotica. Already it is worth five times what I paid for it.'

'Very well, then,' said my wife, 'do your own choosing.'

The children, quite naturally, refused to allow the burning of any of their books, whether *Little Black Sambo, The Boobly Twins at School,* or *Ethel at Overmore,* although now they are reading Anatole France and Ernest Hemingway. My wife refused to let me burn *Birds of New England* or *How to Know the Mushrooms.* I could not part with any of my collection of Americana or my several hundred autographed and association books. Whenever I picked up a novel someone said, 'No, Father, I may want to read that again.'

Finally I burned a copy of *Quo Vadis* that I had borrowed from George Barclay. It was one of a half-morocco set, but the morocco had become brittle and in my hands the back had come off the book, so I had never returned it. My advice to our club members is to burn first all the books they have borrowed. This gives no pang and gradually accustoms one to burning books.

I have now burned all my borrowed books, and this morning I have begun on an admirable source of supply that will keep the book fires burning in our home for many a week. This morning the flames licked up Heath's *Primary Arithmetic* and next Sunday they will curl around *An Introductory Latin Book Intended as an Elementary Drill-Book on the Inflections and Principles of the Language and as an Introduction to the Author's Grammar, Reader and Latin Composition,* by Albert Harkness, New York, 1889.

To the flames anything is a book.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XIV

Mrs. Court raised no difficulties over Sarah's engagement. In fact, she seemed to be delighted with the idea of having Leigh for a nephew. She told Augusta that she believed she herself had brought about the match by her tact and understanding of the young people. Augusta was offended because of her plans for Finch and Sarah. She had an inward conviction that Mrs. Court was making the best of a bad job. If she had to lose an unpaid companion, she would get what credit she could out of the affair and trust that Sarah, in her future affluence, would not forget her kind old aunt.

At once Mrs. Court took a motherly tone with Leigh, was anxious about his paleness. She was having a course of cod-liver oil and begged him to join her in it. Leigh, always nervous in regard to his health, was persuaded. After each meal Ellen carried a small tray to Mrs. Court, on which were a bottle of the oil and a tablespoon. The rest of the party watched fascinated while she measured out the nauseous dose, turned away as she opened wide her thin-lipped mouth and gulped it, turned back again, with sickly smiles, to see her lick the spoon.

'It's all in getting used to it,' she declared. 'Once you are used to it, it grows on you.'

The moment Leigh consented to try it she ordered two tablespoons to be brought. She poured out his dose herself and trotted round to his side, balancing it on the spoon. He opened his mouth. She thrust it in. His expression of heroic suffering delighted Sarah. She threw one of her malicious looks at Finch.

Inside of a few days Mrs. Court could perceive an improvement in him. 'Is n't he getting a pretty boy?' she cried. 'I call him my poppet! My pretty poppet.'

It was arranged that Mrs. Court and Augusta should take Sarah to London to buy clothes for the wedding. Arthur was to accompany them.

When Nicholas and Finch found themselves alone at Lyming for a space they were pleased rather than otherwise. Nicholas had been finding it increasingly difficult to get on with Augusta. He was tired of Mrs. Court, her passion for bridge and playing accompaniments, her habit of taking cod-liver oil in public. He was tired of hearing her extol the virtues of Thomas Court and condemn the habits of Dennis, for he had disliked one and liked the other. Besides, he wanted an opportunity of seeing something of Eden and Minny. He resented the fact that because of Mrs. Court he could not have Eden come to see him at the Hall.

Nicholas suggested that they ask 'the lodge keeper and his lady,' as he called Eden and Minny, to spend the Sunday evening with them. The maids, excepting Ellen, would be out, and Ellen knew how to hold her tongue. 'Even if Augusta finds out that they've been here, I don't believe she'll mind much. Though she does wear a Queen Alexandra fringe, she dates from before Victorian days.' And, looking hard at Finch from under his shaggy brows, he added, 'I want to see Eden. I want to see Minny. I like the young folk about me.' Finch thought, 'Good Lord, he's at it again! It's a good thing Uncle Ernie is n't here.

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[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — Editor

It upsets him so to hear Uncle Nick being like Gran.' He agreed that it would be jolly to have a little party.

The two from the lodge arrived looking tidier than Finch had yet seen them. Minny, poor girl, had got a new frock of summer silk, purchased through the advertisement of a London shop's July sale. Eden had himself trimmed her thick hair. And, surely enough, there were the dabs of rouge on her ears!

'I've turned barber!' Eden exclaimed. 'How do you like Minny's hair?'

'I like her ears,' said Nicholas, and pinched one.

Minny caught his hand. 'May I call you Uncle Nick?'

'My dear! What else should you call me?'

There was hilarity at supper. Eden swore that it was the first good meal he had had in months. Minny cooked so badly, he said, that he had to do most of it himself. But it was impossible to offend Minny. Like the yielding fulfillment of hot July itself, she opened her mouth, and laughter and breath as sweet as clover issued from it. Nicholas was generous with Augusta's best wine.

After supper Nicholas and Eden talked, and Finch and Minny listened. Then there was music, and the talkers listened.

On the way back to the lodge Minny said, holding tightly to Eden's arm, 'Oh, darling, would n't it be thrilling if we owned a place like that!'

'We never shall, my child,' he answered. 'You and your poet must sing on other people's doorsteps.'

When the others came back from town all was haste and preparation for an early wedding. Leigh was nervously intolerant of delay. The pangs of his love could not brook the loss of summer weeks with Sarah as his bride. His mother and sister were in British Columbia. His mother had had an illness and it would be some time before she could make a long journey. He would have liked to be married in a registry office, but neither Augusta nor Mrs. Court would hear of any such thing. The wedding might be simple, the guests few, but it must be properly done. Augusta thought it augured well for their happiness that Renny and Alayne had been married from her house the year before. Only people from the neighboring houses and a few friends of Leigh's from London would be present.

Since Sarah's coldness had melted into love under Arthur's passion, Finch wondered at his friend's feverish unrest. He looked tired after the week in London. Suddenly one day he confided to Finch: —

'I often feel as though she were slipping away from me. I've never been quite so near her again as that first day by the stile. I feel half frightened. . . . And irritated. . . . Then I'm angry at myself. She's so absolutely sweet and adorable. Yet she puzzles me. I think when I've had her in the flesh it will be different. We've disagreed about the honeymoon. I wanted to go to Norway, but no — she wants to go to the sea. Some place quite near here. She hates society. She scarcely spoke to my friends in London when I brought them to see her.'

'Has she ever told you about her childhood?' asked Finch.

'Nothing except that she was orphaned at thirteen, and that Mrs. Court adopted her then — educated her, took her traveling. My feeling is that Sarah has no spark of gratitude toward her for what she's done. I think she's an old dear.'

Finch hesitated as to whether or not he should tell Arthur of the manner of Dennis Court's death. A longing to keep something of Sarah secret to himself prevented him. If she had wanted Arthur to know of her strange childhood, she would have told him. In any case, Finch's conversations with her in the garden were his own to forget or to meditate on as he chose. He was glad that she had told Arthur nothing.

'I agree with Sarah,' he said. 'I can't think of anything better than a honeymoon on the seacoast here. Renny and Alayne had a cottage in Cornwall for a month and they were awfully keen about it.'

'I like the idea of a cottage. I must speak to Sarah about it.'

They hired a motor, for the keeping of one was an extravagance Augusta did not allow herself, and went into Cornwall. They sought out agents and had one disappointment after another. All desirable places had been let months ago. It was within a few days of the wedding, and Leigh was in despair, when an agent in Polmouth told him of a house belonging to a well-off, retired Cornish farmer. It was a fine house, he said, vastly superior to the places that were usually to let. The two youths rattled off in their hired car to inspect it.

It stood on the outskirts of the town, in its own garden, a square, ugly house, with white sun blinds and curtains gleaming frostily behind each polished pane. Not a fallen leaf lay in the spruce garden, not an atom of dust within. They were shown into the dining room, where, seated on the mahogany chairs upholstered in crimson plush, they were critically interviewed by the lean husband. With a hard, quizzical gleam in his small eyes, he sat entrenched behind the dining table, tapping on it with his spectacles while the rent was discussed. The plump wife, with a yearning beam in her large eyes, sat silent, with submissively folded hands. Finch soon discovered that her chance of visiting her married daughter in Scotland depended on the letting of the house. Something in the Cornishman roused a feeling of antagonism in Leigh. Finch was astonished to hear him haggle over the rent. There were periods of terrible silence while they sat at grips, the old man tapping with his spectacles, Leigh looking stony. By the time all was settled and the rent had been reduced by twenty-two and six a week, Finch and the wife were in a state of abject depression.

Leigh and the Cornishman were suddenly beaming, pleased with each other. Finch thought, 'I begin to see why Arthur's people all made money.' Yet, Arthur was so extravagant. Finch and the wife smiled at each other and drew sighs of relief.

In the car Leigh threw himself back with a gesture of dismay.

'To think,' he ejaculated, 'that I should be taking my lovely Sarah to such a mausoleum! It seems too bad to be true! Did you see the dreadful whiteness of the bedrooms? Why did you let me do it?'

'I don't think it will be so bad,' comforted Finch. 'Look at that, and you'll see how little the house matters.' He pointed to the sea, stretching to the blue horizon in an incalculable multitude of advancing foam-fringed waves. 'You should worry,' he grinned, 'about lace curtains and texts on the walls!'

Arthur looked out; his face brightened. 'Is n't it glorious! Oh, if only you were going to be with us to enjoy it, too!' His eager eyes turned to Finch with a compelling look. 'There is no reason on earth why you should n't.' He smote Finch on the leg. 'You must! You must! Think of those fine white bedrooms! Don't refuse me this, Finch! You've no idea how much I want you.'

'Well,' said Finch, 'it's the rummest suggestion I ever heard. To want to take your best man on your honeymoon! Why, Sarah'd never stand for it. It would be awfully upsetting for her. A honeymoon is about enough for a girl to take on, let alone a groomsman thrown in!'

'Rot! Sarah would love to have you. She likes you tremendously — she's told me so. And it's not only that we'd like to have you — there's something more. . . . I can't quite explain. . . . Finch, darling, I want your support. You may think that my love for Sarah has come between you and me. You're wrong. I think more of you than ever. And I want to have you near me in these weeks. I want the woman I love and the man I love beside me. I want the two different loves merged into one beautiful whole. I want our love to be as clear as the brightness of a three-pointed star. Do you understand?' He held one of Finch's hands tightly in his.

'But — had n't we better begin it a little later?' asked Finch. His very flesh and bones seemed to melt into some ethereal substance at Arthur's words, Arthur's touch, but he was assailed by doubt at the thought of sharing the honeymoon.

'No, we can't!' Arthur returned, fiercely. 'It's begun already. Now is the time to hold it to us. Cherish it. Make it part of us, don't you see?'

Finch felt rather bewildered, but he agreed. 'You won't want me right at the first, will you?'

'Of course we shall!' Arthur pulled his hat petulantly over his eyes. He relapsed into brooding silence.

The day of the wedding was a day of soft rain. Everything felt warm and damp to the touch. The pensive air held the sound of the wedding chimes as though reluctant to let it go. The chimes beat, quivered, pulsed through the patter of the rain, and died at last in the mist of the moor. Arthur was delighted at the thought of giving money to bell ringers at his wedding.

Mrs. Court annoyed Augusta excessively by beating a tattoo with her heels throughout the service. Augusta shed a dignified tear or two, since there was no one else to do it. She had also done this for Renny and Alayne.

That part of the church not occupied by guests was filled by curious villagers and country people. They agreed that the groom was a pretty young man and that the bride was proud and cold. They thought that the best man was a kind-looking young man, but sad. An aged Court, almost stone deaf and with an appetite even greater than Finch's, came over from Ireland to give Sarah away. He evidently mistook her for some other great-niece, for he continually addressed her as Bridget.

At first Augusta and Mrs. Court had thought the idea of taking a third person on the honeymoon a far too unconventional one. Arthur persuaded them, however, that on the contrary it was really one of archpropriety. Sarah herself was acquiescent. The thought of a house near the coast pleased her, for her aunt's house was inland and she longed for the sea.

XV

They were taking their first picnic to the shore. After three days of wind and rain the sun shone warmly and a period of tranquil summer weather was foretold. The wings of the gulls shone between sea and sky of equal blueness. All the life of Polmouth that had retreated, damp and discouraged, to the shelter of its slaty roofs now leaped out rejoicing. The links were dotted with figures of golfers with upraised bare forearms. On the downs the black-faced sheep exposed the dampness of their wool to the sun. On the porches of the boarding houses appeared rows of drying bathing suits.

'What a pity,' said Leigh, 'that we have no bathing suits! We must buy some in the town.'

After that they went bathing almost every day, the limbs of Arthur and Finch turning a ruddy brown, and Sarah's a pale coffee color. She bought a black bathing cap that fitted closely about her face, which looked like a strange pale flower appearing from its dark sheath. They had almost to carry her down the steep steps cut in the rock. She relaxed in their arms like a young child, seeming to give no thought to the difficulty of the descent. The cave was assigned to her for a chamber, while they undressed in a sand-strewn crevice of the cliff. Then she must be guided among the small sharp rocks jutting from the sand. Finch cast a shy look at her legs, wondering that she was not able to make better use of them. They were thin but shapely. When she was safely on the sands that gleamed like wet brown satin she glided at her accustomed pace to the surf.

When it was too cold to bathe they built a fire of driftwood in a sheltered coign of the cliff and boiled a kettle for tea. It was at these times only that Sarah attempted to give any assistance. She would stand sheltering the fire from the wind with her shawl until it began to crackle and the flames licked about the kettle. They would sit smoking, while Leigh talked happily, watching the sun sink into the sea, cloud flakes, like a flock of butterflies, drifting above it.

As the sultry days passed, their gayety was tempered by pensiveness which grew into a faint melancholy, making them sit silent in each other's company, feeling troubled, they knew not why.

Toward the end of the month they were caught in a sudden squall. It was Sunday, and there were many people abroad. In order to escape these they walked to a point more distant than any they had reached before. They sat on the brow of a cliff enjoying the new view of headland beyond rocky headland stretching northward. Vast cloud formations were reared like cities gilded and glorified by the sun's splendor, then were disintegrated, dissolved before their eyes, leaving the sky a tranquil arch of unbroken blue.

The squall, the driving rain, were on them before they had time to do more than collect their belongings and run to the shelter of a hedge. They huddled together while wind and rain beat on them. Near by a flock of sheep took refuge.

When the worst was over they set out on the walk back, wet, but rather exhilarated by the experience. The twilight was silvered by rain. Dense clumps of furze loomed black as pools before them. The boys ran down the long slopes of the downs with Sarah between them. She ran, as she walked, with a peculiar gliding motion that left her upper part immobile. Finch had the fancy that she was on wheels, and that he and Arthur were drawing her. His nerves were intensely alive.

As they were passing through a gap in a high hedge, they made out the figures of two people who had found refuge there. They did not seem to be in a hurry to leave the shelter. The woman lay with her head toward the hedge, and the man, raised on his elbow, beside her. They were oblivious of the three who were passing. Finch saw the bulk of the man's shoulders and the movement of his arm as he caressed the woman. They were shadows thrown against a wall of rain. The woman half sat up. The man's head, bent above her, was as motionless as the head of a gargoyle on a church tower. She sank back.

'Heavens, what a night!' exclaimed Leigh, when they had passed through the gap. 'What a night, and what a place for love!'

'I can think of worse nights — and worse places,' said Sarah. 'Have you my shawl safe, Arthur?'

'I have it, and it's as safe as anything is.'

He spoke crisply, feeling suddenly irritated by her, irritated by Finch, by the rain that was trickling down his neck.

Finch thought of the two by the hedge. They must be soaked through, but they would be unaware of the discomfort. They were lying there wounded, shot through by the fire of love. They were natural — that's what they were. People were n't intended to go into houses, to hide themselves away from the rain and the blown spray of the sea. He gloried in it wetting his cheeks, plastering his hair on his forehead. For the first time in his life he gloried in his maleness, feeling it strong and untamed and bitter within him. He gloried in the feel of Sarah's fingers caught in his, clinging to him for support and guidance, in the jolt of their bodies together as they passed over a rough bit of ground. He felt a creeping antipathy for Arthur. It crept through him like a slow fire through grass, sending a choking feeling like smoke through his being. He would like to order Arthur to go on alone, to leave Sarah and himself together. . . . He would kiss the raindrops from her face. He would know what it was like to be kissed by her. . . . Heavy hatred for Arthur surged through him. He was afraid of himself — afraid of what the storm and the sight of those two in the hedge had done to his mind. . . . He remembered Arthur's saying, 'You are both Courts. You have the same ancestors behind you.' That must be the explanation of something wild in them both. . . . If only he might talk to Sarah alone!

Not watching where he was going, he stepped into the opening of a burrow, hidden in grass, and fell headlong, almost dragging the others with him. When he gathered himself up he found that his ankle was strained. He could walk no farther. He sat down on a low crumbling wall and nursed his ankle. The rain was ceasing and the faces of Sarah and Arthur were pale disks in the glimmering moonlight.

'You must stay here while I go and fetch a car,' Arthur said, in a flat voice. He felt no sympathy for Finch's suffering, only irritation. The three had been isolated too long in each other's company. 'Sarah will wait with you.' He was glad to leave Sarah behind, to put down the heavy basket on the wall beside her. He set off gloomily toward the blurred lights of the town below.

They listened to the soft suck of his retreating steps. Sarah took her shawl from the basket and wrapped it round her. Her nearness, the consciousness that they were shut in by the walls of the night, made Finch forget the ache in his ankle. This was a pain that obliterated all others.

She said, 'This is as it used to be — in the garden.'

'It's not at all as it was there.'

'Why is n't it?'

'Because now I'm mad about you.'

'And you were n't then?'

'I don't know. Perhaps I was. But I did n't realize it. Now it's too late.'

'I've loved you all along. From the first day you played my accompaniments.'

'Sarah!' His voice broke. He tried to see her face. 'You loved me, and married Arthur!'

'You did not ask me.'

'You did n't give me time.'

'You never made a sign. You say yourself that this is different — that you don't know what your feelings were then.'

'But you! You knew yours!'

'What could I do?'

'Could n't you have made a sign? Don't women let men know? Never once — never once did you give me any intimation that you cared for me!'

'I met you almost every night in the garden. You knew I was deceiving my aunt.'

'But a word — a look! You were as cold as ice! I don't believe you love me! You just want to torture me.' He buried his face in his hands.

'I love you more than you love me.'

He gave a bitter laugh. 'What do you know of love? Marrying one man — loving another!'

'What do *you* know? It's new to you. It's partly the night — the storm — those lovers we saw. You're excited.'

'You're as cold as ice. As cruel. And what a shame for Arthur — if what you say is true!'

'He need not know.'

'He will know. He's too sensitive not to find you out. Even now — he's not happy.'

'Did he tell you so?'

'No, but I feel it.'

'He will be happy again when we are away from you.'

'Yet it was Arthur who insisted on my coming! And you let me come — loving me?'

'You said just now that you do not believe I love you.'

'I was wrong! You do love me, Sarah! Oh, my darling, beautiful Sarah! Tell me you love me!'

She put her arms about him. In the darkness they kissed. A mighty primeval urge rose to them from the earth. The triumphant beating of their hearts almost stifled them. A great wave thundered on the beach and filled the night with its murmuring.

Finch tore himself from Sarah's arms. 'We must not!' he gasped. 'Arthur — my best friend — never again! . . . We must forget all this — never let him guess — that I — that you — '

Sarah folded her arms under her shawl. She gave her small, mysterious smile.

XVI

Mrs. Court surveyed them critically. 'Arthur is the only one,' she said, 'who looks the better for the stay by the sea. But probably it was that dosing of cod-liver oil I gave him that put flesh on him. Finch's cheeks look more hollow than ever. As for Mouse, she looks exactly the same. Let her bask in the sun or live in a hole, she's always the same — Mouse and Mole!'

The young people stood looking down at her, the youths rather shamefaced before her scrutiny, her niece as aloof as ever.

'The house depressed Sarah,' said Arthur. 'If you had seen the house, you would not have wondered that she could not play in it. But it did n't affect Finch. His music is its own roof and walls. He used to play to us in the evenings while we sat by the fire.' He told them then how they had changed the aspect of the house in the first hour of arrival and how they had forgotten the original position of things when they set about restoring it at the last.

'You can picture Finch and me,' he laughed, 'running distractedly about with antimacassars in our hands trying them first in one place, then another, discovering that they looked natural nowhere. There was a doormat with "Watch and Pray" on it and we tried it in seventeen doorways before we found the right one.'

'And which was the right one?' demanded Augusta.

'Ah, Lady Buckley, don't ask me. Let me tell you about the aspidistras! There was a large one in a glazed pot in each of the principal rooms. Finch agreed to take them all into his bedroom. I don't know what he did to them, but they grew so that when we carried them out they would scarcely pass through the door. His room looked like a jungle.'

'In my house,' observed Mrs. Court, 'I

have three aspidistras, nine begonias, and fifteen cactuses.'

'Cacti!' boomed Augusta.

'I call 'em cactuses. Funguses, cactuses. I never did like la-di-da pronunciations.'

'What is the plural,' asked Ernest, 'of candelabrum? I mean the sensible, unaffected plural.'

'Brums,' answered Mrs. Court curtly, but she eyed him with suspicion.

Soon she carried off Sarah and Arthur to another room where she could question them without interruption.

'Well,' said Nicholas, when the door had closed behind them, 'I can't imagine what young Leigh saw in that girl.'

'She is certainly a very strange person,' agreed Ernest. 'She says almost nothing, yet one feels she thinks too much. She seems to be amiable, but one wonders what is behind it all. One feels baffled.'

Finch asked, 'Have you heard from home while I have been away?'

'Yes,' answered Nicholas, 'and not good news. Meggie has not been well. It will be necessary for her to have an operation, the doctor says.'

Finch was aghast. 'An operation! But wh-what's the matter? I had n't heard of anything wrong with Meggie.'

'Well, I don't think it's anything very serious. Something that has been troubling her since Patience was born. But it will be worrying for them.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Ernest. 'Poor Meggie!'

Poor Meggie? Finch's heart contracted with fear for her. And there his uncles and aunt had sat discussing this and that as calmly as though all were well at home! How callous, how self-absorbed they were! And they had no secret trouble such as he had.

He had had no peace of mind since the scene on the downs. He had suffered shame, wild desire which there was no hope of assuaging, and an unreasoning, bitter anger against both Sarah and Arthur. He had sat by the hour brooding on what had passed between himself and Sarah. In tacit understanding they had avoided each other, but one look into that face, mysterious as a closed flower, was enough to set his nerves on fire.

And now there was this worry over Meggie! No love could make him unheedful of Meggie, so tender, so unselfish, so kind. Did Eden, he wondered, know of it? He did not ask the others whether they had told Eden, but set out at once toward the lodge, moving slowly with the aid of a stick.

As he limped down the drive he noticed how things were beginning to take on the appearance of late summer. The climbing roses that half hid the lodge had attained their full growth of the season.

He found Minny swaying indolently in a hammock hung between two apple trees. The lichen-covered trees were so old and bent that they tottered under the weight of Minny's fresh, exuberant form. She looked up at Finch smiling, mirth in her oddly colored slanting eyes.

'Did you enjoy yourselves? Was it a nice honeymoon?'

Finch answered seriously.

'Yes, I enjoyed it very much. The sea bathing was glorious.'

'You did n't find yourself *de trop?*'

Finch gave a little laugh and began gently to swing the hammock. 'You'd better ask them that.'

'Even Eden,' said Minny, 'thought you were an unconventional lot.'

'I suppose we are, but Arthur and I are such pals. He's a curious fellow. Very sensitive and easily upset.'

Minny burst out laughing, then pressed her hand to her mouth, glancing fearfully at the lodge, where Eden was writing.

'Minny,' asked Finch, rocking her a little harder, 'what do you think of my cousin? Do you like her?'

'Very much. I think she's the most striking girl I've ever seen. But I don't think they're suited to each other. I don't think she'll make him happy.'

Finch turned away his face. He watched a flock of rooks wheeling above the park.

Minny continued, 'You and she would have been much better suited in my opinion. I know I should n't say that, but I'm hopelessly candid.' She looked curiously into his face, but for once it revealed nothing.

'I strained my ankle,' he said, tapping his boot with his stick, as though forcibly to attract her mind from the dangerous subject of Sarah.

'Oh, what a pity!'

'It's nothing. What is worrying me is some bad news about my sister. She's not well. She's got to have an operation.'

'I have heard of that already. You must n't worry. I'm sure she will be quite all right. She complained when I was with her, but I don't think it was anything serious.'

She was made for the comforting of men, Finch thought. Her very tone gave him reassurance. The relaxed curves of her body gave him a feeling of tranquillity.

'How kind you are, Minny!' His hand dropped to hers. She clung to it, swinging herself by it, smiling up at him.

When, after a few days, Arthur persuaded Sarah to go on a motor trip and they left for London to buy a car, Finch said good-bye to her almost apathetically. He had no desire to experience again the passionate emotions she had aroused in him. Between him and Leigh an inexplicable coolness had arisen, in which each felt that the other was the withholder of confidence.

Two days after their departure Mrs. Court returned to Ireland. She already had in her mind another niece to take Sarah's place.

XVII

Nicholas and Ernest decided to return to Jalna while the fair weather held. They went to London, intending to spend ten days there before sailing, but the ten days became a month and they ended by making the voyage in heavy gales toward the end of October. By the time all their expenses had been paid, Finch found that his present of a trip to them had been an expensive one. But he did not regret it. He scarcely felt interested in the fact.

Nicholas remarked to Ernest, 'The boy seems very down in the mouth. I think he should go up to London with us. He's really wasting his time in the country when he ought to be seeing life.'

'He's a strange, moody boy,' Ernest had replied.

'He ought to come up to London with us. He needs a change. He's a bundle of nerves like his poor flibbertigibbet mother.' The shadow on Ernest's face, caused by his anxiety over Finch, deepened to gloom at what he could only consider Nick's mimicry of their mother.

But when they approached Finch on the subject of accompanying them he said that he wanted to remain in Devon. While Augusta was flattered by his desire to remain, the thought of being entirely rid of visitors was not unpleasing to her. She was afraid, too, that if Finch stayed behind she would see more and more of Eden and Minny. It was becoming the problem of her life how to get them to remove from the lodge. But she could not definitely ask Eden to go, since he had no money to go on. Really, she thought, what with two difficult elderly brothers in the house, and a fidgety friend like Mrs. Court, and a moody boy, she needed a rest.

Well, what was Finch going to do? Was he going to London later? Was he going to Paris or Rome? It was usual for young men to sow a few wild oats in these places, the elderly men suggested.

Yes, he would see those places later. Just now what he wanted was to be let alone. Soon after this Nicholas and Ernest left for the return journey.

Finch took long walks about the countryside. The ankle he had strained at the sea was still weak and he learned to ease it by the carrying of a stick. Soon the figure of the tall thin boy with the stick was familiar to all the neighborhood.

He came to hate the thought of Sarah. When the subject came up between him and Augusta he now disparaged her. 'She's a queer sort of girl,' he said once. 'I'm afraid poor Arthur has made a big mistake. I think he's going to find himself up against it. I should hate to be in his shoes.'

'I shall be very sorry if the match turns out badly,' said Augusta. 'He's such a nice boy. And I'm fond of Sarah, too. You know, dear, when you first came I thought you and Sarah were going to be fond of each other, but I see how mistaken I was. You never would have got on with her.'

'Get on with that girl! Never! I'm attracted by an entirely different sort. I like a girl that can be a pal to a fellow.'

This expression, as a matter of truth, was repugnant to him. The thought of a woman he loved being a *pal* to him was distasteful. He only used the word because it implied something so different from what Sarah was or ever could be.

Another time he said, 'You should have seen her walking on the downs, Aunt! There was no more freedom in her movements than in the movements of a Chinese woman. I don't know what's the matter with her, but she seems to be too tightly put together.' And almost at the next moment a pang of cruel desire for her went through him.

Leigh wrote to him dilating on the beauties of the Lake Country; then, a month later, France, where they were going to spend the winter. Finch read the letters greedily, noting how much Arthur wrote of what he was seeing and how little of what he was feeling. He fancied that Arthur wrote cautiously. He did not answer either letter. Leigh and Sarah both wrote several times to Augusta. Finch listened judicially, smoking his pipe, while Augusta read Arthur's letters aloud. But when she began to read Sarah's letter to him he exclaimed:—

'Please don't trouble to read her letters to me! I know just the sort of boring thing she'd write.'

'It's not at all boring,' said Augusta, as she reached the end. 'It's very bright.' She folded the letter and put it in her writing bureau.

When she had gone upstairs after lunch to lie down, Finch went to the bureau and took out the letter. He turned it over several times in his hands, then he opened it and read it. It was unexpectedly simple and girlish. He read and reread it, his eyes dwelling on the words 'Please remember me affectionately to Finch.' He went to the piano and played almost noiselessly, so as not to disturb his aunt, some of the pieces he had played with Sarah.

He saw her with the utmost clarity standing beside the piano with her violin under her chin. He could hear the piercingly sweet notes of it as in imagination he accompanied her. He could see her sweet secret mouth, the pinched elegance of her nostrils. He held his breath for fear her face would contort in the expression of agony which it sometimes assumed for him. But, as long as he played, it remained steadfastly serene and as though lighted by some inner radiance.

In the late autumn he heard of the stock-market crash in New York. He read the newspaper headings concerning it with very little emotion. Augusta was distressed when he told her that he had lost thirty thousand dollars. She blamed his brothers and hers for having allowed him to invest so much in a foreign country. Eden, too, was aghast. He told Finch that since it was his intention to throw away his money, he might as well throw some of it in *his* direction. Finch did not remind Eden that when he had first spoken of the investment Eden had applauded his initiative.

The mortgage on Vaughanlands which Finch had taken over was fifteen thousand dollars. The interest, payable twice yearly, was now due, and a letter in Maurice's handwriting arrived. He wrote:—

> I thought perhaps you would not mind waiting a bit for the money. Things have gone rather badly with me this year. And now this operation of Meggie's is giving me a lot of worry. I have had a large bill to pay to the doctor already, and the specialist who is going to operate will of course charge a big price. You can be certain that I care nothing about the cost if only he can bring her through it safely. They say the danger is not great, but one can never tell how those things will go. Meggie is as courageous as possible. She sends her best love. She would have written you long ago, but she has been ailing all summer. Patty is growing prettier all the time. The other day Meggie asked her, 'Where is Uncle Finch?' And Patty answered, 'In Heaven!' Well, I suppose Devon is almost heaven. You are lucky. I expect to be in hell for the next few days, at any rate. Meggie goes into the hospital to-morrow.
>
> Will you give my kind regards to your aunt. Meg and Patty both send love and kisses.
>
> Yours,
>
> MAURICE

Finch folded the letter with shaking hands. His Meggie, his darling sister Meggie, in such danger! Perhaps he would never see her again. . . . He remembered the time when he had been ill at Vaughanlands and she had sat by him and fed him as though he were a baby. He remembered the feel of her tender feminine hands on his hair, the ineffable sweetness of her smile.

Oh, she was so loving, so unselfish! If only all the brothers had been like her, how happy they might have been!

He reflected, as his mind calmed a little, that if she had not come through the operation he should have had a cable by now. Perhaps, some day soon, he would get a letter to say she was doing nicely. In the meantime better not say anything to Aunt Augusta to worry her. Though she knew the operation was pending, she did n't know of its imminence.

XVIII

Rain was steadily falling on the old house. It was a cold rain for the end of May and it fell, not in drops, but in a slanting sleet that beat against the panes and ran down them in rivulets to form puddles on the sills. The fact that the panes could not be seen through was a matter of no significance, for the eyelids of all in the house were closed in sleep. The changes worked on the flower beds, trees, and lawn by the rain, cold as it was, would not be observed until the morning sun revealed flowers from yesterday's buds, buds from yesterday's sheaths, leaves shaken out to full size, and grass in a thousand springing spears.

The rain entered the house at two points, the attic and the basement. Through rotted shingles it dripped into Finch's vacant room. Soon after Finch had gone abroad, Rags had placed a basin on the floor during a heavy rain, to catch the drip. He had not been in the room since, so he had not observed that the basin was full. Now the drops falling from the ceiling struck the water with a clear musical note, sending tiny ripples to the brim that overflowed silently on to the worn carpet. The daylight would show this room with a bereft air. Its furniture, most of which needed repairing, had been the ramparts of Finch's world. In the cupboard hung his worn clothes, still showing the impress of his body.

The rain came into the basement through a crack beneath a window, outside which it collected from the soaking ground above. From the window ledge it dropped with a smart rapping sound to the brick floor beneath. This sound, entering Rags's consciousness, caused him to dream that he was back in the trenches and that the Germans were bombarding the British position. His sleep became more and more troubled. His snores turned to gaspings, and Mrs. Wragge, awakened by his distress, put out her hand to quiet him. The result was the opposite of what she intended. The instant the large heavy hand was placed on his head he imagined that a fat German had captured him and he uttered a yell of fright.

Old Benny, the bobtailed sheep dog, who slept on a mat in the hall above, heard in his sleep the echo of the yell. He had been dreaming of a strange creature, half tramp and half sheep, that had been prowling about the shrubbery. He had been stalking it through illimitable spaces of time without its having perceived him. Suddenly it turned, peered at him with the face of a man, uttering at the same time the metallic bleat of a sheep. His hackle rose and with a sonorous growl he leaped and caught it by the throat.

Upstairs Nip slept in Nicholas's armchair. He refused to sleep anywhere but in his master's bedroom, and always had one ear cocked for the sound of the deep voice he loved. Now he was in his first sleep of the night and the sound of Ben's growl came up to him. It came as the voice of his master saying, 'Nip, Nip! Catch a spider, Nip!' He stood on the seat of the chair, quivering. He gave tremulous whines, part pleasure and part fear. His eyes were fixed on the door, though the darkness hid it from him.

Wakefield, snuggled against Renny's side, was the only one of the family who heard Nip's whining. He opened his eyes, saw that it was black night, heard the little quavering sound again, and shivered all over.

'Renny,' he whispered, tugging at his brother's sleeve. 'What's that noise?'

Renny grunted sleepily. 'Nothing. Go to sleep.'

'But I heard something strange. Like someone crying.'

'Mooey. Having a bad dream.'

Wakefield sat upright listening. Nip, at that moment, jumped from the chair to the floor and scratched at the door. 'There! Listen to that! There's something very queer going on.'

Renny, to satisfy Wake, got up and went

into the passage. He listened, but heard nothing. Nip had gone back to bed. Then the growl came again, from below. Renny remembered a loutish stableboy he had dismissed that day for kicking a horse. He had pitched him bodily out of the gate and the fellow had gone off shaking his fist. It might be as well to see that everything was all right downstairs. He lighted a candle and made the round of the principal rooms. All was quiet, Benny curled up again on his mat wagging his stub of a tail to show that he was quite capable of handling the situation.

The light from Renny's candle fell across Piers's face as he passed the latter's door. Piers's eyelids slowly raised and he looked sleepily about, wondering what had waked him. He was deliciously comfortable. An earthly tenderness was diffused through all his being. Pheasant's breathing came quick and soft beside him like that of a sleeping fawn. He drew her to him, his lips touching her bare shoulder.

It might be considered, then, that the falling rain which opened new flowers in the garden that night was also responsible for the conception of a new Whiteoak.

XIX

It had been many a long year since the family at Jalna numbered as few as six. It had taken those who remained some time to get used to the empty places at table. The vacancy left by the heavy figure of Nicholas was especially hard to get used to. Renny did not like it at all. It was like losing his grandmother over again to have her sons, whom he had always had at his side, go off like this. Alayne suggested that they take the leaves from the table so that they might draw closer together about it, but the idea was abhorrent to him. So he and she continued to sit facing each other across the long stretch of tablecloth on which stood the ponderous silver that made even breakfast seem a weighty meal. On one side of the table sat Pheasant and Piers, on the other Wakefield, looking very small and self-important.

'I'll tell you what we'll do,' ejaculated Renny one morning. 'We'll have Mooey take his meals with us. He's plenty old enough. Have a place set for him at dinner, Alayne. He can sit beside Wake.'

The thought of a child of barely three sharing the family meals was distasteful to Alayne. She pictured a crumby face and a baby voice reiterating demands for helpings of the grown-up food. She tried to keep her voice even and her expression unruffled, but both failed her. Her voice had a little rasp of irritation in it and a pucker appeared on her forehead as she answered, 'Don't you think Mooey is too small? I'm sure Pheasant does.'

Pheasant's first thought had been, 'Oh, how sweet to have the little darling at the table!' But when she found that Alayne did not want him she turned doubtfully to Piers and asked, 'What do you think? Is he too small?'

Piers, with a swift glance at Alayne's face, answered, 'Wake sat up at table when he was smaller.'

Renny broke into laughter at the recollection. 'Of course he did! I can just see him. All eyes. And Gran used to dip bits of biscuit in her wine and feed him.'

Alayne could imagine the scene. The old woman, even then past ninety, popping wet morsels into the mouth of the baby boy. She said sharply, 'Perhaps that is the reason why Wakefield's digestion is not stronger to-day.'

'Nonsense,' retorted Renny. 'Gran often said that she saved his life! He'd no appetite. It was only she who could tempt him.'

'I remember! I remember!' cried Wakefield. 'I'd be sitting between Meggie and my grandmother and I'd have no appetite at all. Meggie would be holding a spoon in front of me and I'd turn my face away and say, "No, no." And then Gran would lean over me and she'd look simply enormous with her cap and a shawl, and she'd say, "Open your mouth, Bantling." And I'd open it wide and she'd put the most *delicious* little blob of biscuit into it and the wine would run down my chin on to my bib!'

Rags had been an interested listener to the conversation. He was cognizant of every slightest change of inflection or expression. He now said, in his nasal voice: —

'I hope you'll pardon me speaking,

madam. But I 'ad just arrived at Jalna at that time. And it was always my opinion that the little boy might 'ave pined away an' died if 'e 'ad n't got the attentions 'e did from 'is grandmother. Coming right after the sights I'd seen in the War, madam, I thought it was the prettiest picture I'd ever seen.'

Alayne regarded him with icy disapproval. But Renny grinned up at him showing every tooth, resembling his grandmother to a degree very irritating to Alayne, though in this he was blameless.

Piers said, 'Well, of course there would be one advantage in having the kid take his meals with us. As it is, the kitchenmaid has to look after him just when she's needed in the kitchen, or he has to be down there during mealtime.'

'And always the dynger of getting scalded!' put in Rags.

Alayne looked into the marmalade jar. 'Please take this to the kitchen and have it filled,' she said sternly. 'It's been put on the table almost empty, and you can see what the edge is like.'

Rags gave her an astonished look as he took the jar, as though he would say, 'Well, who comes 'ere ordering me abaht!'

Since her return to Jalna as mistress, Alayne had been diffident about giving orders to Rags. It was easy enough to give orders to the cook or the kitchenmaid. They were respectful and friendly. But she felt a cold antagonism in Rags, a resentment, and a desire to thwart her at every turn. He was aware, she felt sure, of her dislike of his intruding into the conversation of the family, and consequently he intruded the more often. He was aware that she was sensitive to drafts, and it seemed to her that there was one in every room. In old Adeline's time she had felt stifled often for lack of air, but it seemed not to matter to the Whiteoaks whether the air they breathed was vitiated or a veritable whirlwind. Sometimes the presence of the little cockney in the house was almost more than she could bear.

When he had gone she said, 'I think Bessie can easily be spared at mealtime to look after Mooey. She gets the vegetables ready for cook, brings in the fuel, and after Pheasant goes to him Bessie is ready to wash up. I can't see that she is needed in the kitchen at mealtime.'

'That's quite beside the point,' said Renny. 'It's the servants' business to get their work done whether or no. I was talking about the look of the table. Too damned lonely.'

Wakefield, responsive to Renny's mood, exclaimed, 'I think the table looks awfully lonely!'

'Well,' said Alayne, 'I think you're the most sentimental people I've ever known. For my part I think we could be very cosy if only you would take the leaves out, as I suggested, Renny, and make the table smaller.' She had longed to speak sharply to Wakefield, but had managed to restrain herself.

Piers said, 'Where is the marmalade? It was here a moment ago.'

'I gave the jar to Wragge to have it filled,' said Alayne. Piers could not have failed to see her do it. He was doing his part to irritate her, evidently.

Piers looked at his wrist watch. 'Well, I must be off. I can't wait for it.'

'Oh, don't go without your marmalade, Piers!' said Pheasant, holding him by the sleeve. 'You're so fond of it. Do ring the bell, Wake, and hurry Rags along!'

Wakefield ran to the bell cord and pulled it violently. It was seldom used now and had become frayed and unable to bear strain. At the second tug it broke in his hand.

'Now, there,' exclaimed Renny, 'what are you trying to do?'

'There was no need to be so rough,' said Pheasant. 'Alayne, I do wish you had not sent the marmalade pot away before Piers had some. There was plenty in it for him.'

'Go to the top of the stairs and shout to Rags,' said Piers.

Wakefield, waving the end of bell cord, ran to the stairs crying, 'Rags! Hurry up!' Before he returned to the table, he ran twice around it, waving the cord.

'Sit down!' growled the master of Jalna, and he gave an apologetic grin towards Alayne's end of the table. His eyes avoided hers.

Rags came panting into the room.

'*Where* is the marmalade?' demanded Pheasant.

Rags looked injured.

'W'y, I was just fetching it, 'm, when first came the ring of the bell and right on top of that a shout. It gave me such a turn that I dropped it. I thought there must be something urgent, 'm.'

'It *is* urgent. Did you break the jar?'

'Well, 'm, I 'ope not. I know I was a bit long, but Mrs. W'iteoak,' he made a bow, half cringing, half impudent, to Alayne, 'she complained of the way the jar was washed, so I 'ad to find Mrs. Wragge to get 'er to wash it — the maid being upstairs minding the little boy, 'm — and I was just fetching it when the ring and the shout came.'

'Please bring some more, and hurry. Mr. Piers is waiting.'

Alayne sat silent, sipping her tea, trying to control her irritation, to conceal her hatred of the little cockney. She said to herself, 'It is nothing. I must not be easily upset. This is my life.' . . . A mental picture was presented to her of breakfast at her father's table. The little embroidered mats on the round polished table, the slender silver vase holding perhaps three roses, the fragile china, the grapefruit, loosened from its rind, sweetened and decorated with maraschino cherries by her mother the night before, the delicious coffee. Her father reading an editorial from the *New York Times* in his slow, precise New England voice. Her mother exquisitely neat, with her special digestive bread and her dish of stewed figs before her. Before Alayne was aware of it her eyes filled with tears.

Her thoughts were broken by the sound of Mooey's voice at the door. Rags was standing in the hall with the little boy on his sloping shoulder.

'Oh, what a nish brekkus!' Mooey was saying. 'Hello, Mummy! I've got a nish 'orsie to wide!'

Pheasant cried, 'Hello, darling!' Then: 'Why did you bring him down, Rags?' But she was obviously pleased.

Rags answered, ''E was cryin' 'is little eyes out, 'm, being left alone by Bessie for a bit while she went to answer the door, I being in the kitchen at the time, along o' the marmalade jar.'

'He deserves a licking for crying for that,' observed Piers, eating marmalade as though it were a delicacy he had never tasted before.

'Don't be such a harsh parent, Father,' said Pheasant.

'Don't Father me!'

Pheasant continued, 'But it is rather inconvenient taking Bessie from the kitchen to mind him when he'd be quite all right here, is n't it?' She cast a propitiatory glance at Alayne.

Wakefield exclaimed, through a mouthful of toast, 'Come to your old uncle, Mooey!'

'I want to go to Unca Renny,' said Mooey, holding out his arms.

Rags sidled into the room with the child. Renny took him on his knee.

It was a small thing, thought Alayne, but it showed their attitude toward her. They had all known that she did not want the child brought to the table, but his presence was to be inflicted on her nevertheless. The presence of such a young child was an infliction, she persisted in her mind. There would be still less possibility of sensible conversation now. Not that the conversation at Jalna was ever intellectually stimulating to her. But now she foresaw that the cleverness or naughtiness of a baby would be its centre. Renny was already looking pleased, feeding the child from his plate, Rags beaming down at them.

Alayne rose from the table. 'I think you will have to excuse me,' she said. 'I must see cook at once about the dinner.'

Renny half rose, still holding the child. He caught her dress as she passed and drew her to him. She went rigidly like an offended little girl. The moment he touched her, dignity seemed to fall from her. Her intellectual clarity made her aware of this, and, while she despised herself for her weakness, her resentment toward him increased. He held up his face to be kissed, his lips pouted, the darkness of his eyes deepened. She was in no mood to kiss him, still less in the presence of the family. She shook her head, compressing her lips.

His eyebrows went up. He formed with his lips, 'What's the matter with you?'

'Kiss him! Kiss him!' cried Mooey, tugging at her.

Alayne kissed Mooey instead. He had left a sticky mark on her sleeve where he clutched her.

'Don't mind us!' cried Pheasant gayly.

'I've never seen you two kiss and I'd love to.'

'Our form improves as the day wears on,' returned Renny.

Alayne was offended and she did not trouble to hide it. Yet as she descended the stairs to the basement she had the feeling of having been priggish.

Mrs. Wragge usually came upstairs for her orders. She greatly preferred to do this, for, as she put it to her husband, 'I don't want none of the ladies nosin' about in my kitchen. Miss Meggie, she stayed out of it. Mrs. Piers, she stays out of it. Now let Mrs. Renny stop out of it!'

Consequently Alayne received a very glum greeting when she appeared in the kitchen.

Holding her head high, she preceded the cook into the larder and began to investigate conditions there with a rather quaking spirit.

First of all was the smell. She did not like the smell at all.

'I don't see what it can be, 'm,' declared Mrs. Wragge, sniffing. 'There ain't nothing 'ere to smell. Bessie scrubs it out on 'er 'ands and knees every day of 'er life.'

'What is in this crock?' asked Alayne, lifting its lid. It was half full of biscuits and small cakes tossed in together. She picked up a biscuit. It was as limp as a bit of flannel. 'Don't you know,' she said severely, 'that biscuits should not be put in with cakes? After this, keep them quite separate.'

She saw butter on three different dishes, all uncovered. She saw a large bowl which had held preserves and now was empty but unwashed, with a lining of green mould, across which a spider scuttled. She saw a cheese half finished, while a fresh one was cut into. She saw milk and cream at every stage from that morning's to wrinkled sourness. Lifting a heavy silver dish cover, she discovered a roast of meat that was unquestionably the cause of the smell. For all these things she reproved Mrs. Wragge. When she discovered an old Staffordshire bowl filled with left-over beetroot, her reproof was inflamed to denunciation of such practices.

She went to the kitchen and drew Mrs. Wragge's attention to the blackened condition of the saucepans. She drew her attention also to the fact that the glazing on every one of the platters in the big platter rack was cracked from overheating.

Bessie was in the scullery plucking fowls. Their feathers whitened the floor like snow; they were even in her thick black hair and sticking to her plump neck. She was a pretty girl with a turned-up nose and full red lips. She got to her feet when Alayne appeared, looking rather frightened. She held a fowl by one leg, its ghastly beak touching the floor. Its fellows, already plucked, lay on the table beside her.

'Don't you think, Bessie,' said Alayne pleasantly, 'that it would be better if you were to have a box to put the plumage in?'

Bessie did not know what plumage was and she looked still more frightened.

Alayne remained a little longer, trying to talk cheerfully and arranging with Mrs. Wragge to have a tour of inspection of the basement once every week. Next time, she thought, it would be much easier. Then she would penetrate into the mysterious bricked passage that led to the wine cellar. She longed to see the place in perfect order. It would help to fill in the time to keep it so, for time often hung heavy on her hands. On the way to the stairs she passed a disheveled bedroom and had a glimpse of Rags making the bed, a cigarette in his mouth.

She felt tired, but not ill pleased with herself, as she went to her bedroom. She would show these servants that she was not a figurehead. She would show Piers and Pheasant that she was as much mistress of Jalna as Renny was master. She would show Renny. . . .

She was astonished to find Mooey in her room. He was standing in front of her dressing table and he had a tin of talcum powder in his hand. She saw that he was sprinkling all her toilet articles with the powder, that he had already whitened his hair, and that the rug and chairs showed what could be done with a single tin of talcum.

She was tired and irritated or she would not have been so sharp with him. 'Oh, you naughty boy!' she said, giving him a shake. 'Don't ever dare come into my room again!'

He looked up at her, tears springing to his eyes. He made his mouth square and uttered a howl of woe. She hustled him to the door and pushed him into the passage. As she turned back she saw that old Benny was lying in the middle of her new mauve silk bedspread. He was curled up tightly, one hazel eye rolled toward her, with an air that intimated that it would take more than her disapproval to budge him from this new-found nest.

It was perhaps the first time in Alayne's life that she had experienced the violence of primitive rage. She knew that Benny had fleas, for she often saw him scratching himself. And after last night's rain his paws were certain to be muddy. She snatched up a slipper and struck him sharply with the heel of it, first on the head, then on the stern. The effect of retribution on Mooey was as nothing compared to its effect on Ben. He screamed as though all the bad dreams he had ever had were come true. He jumped from the bed, leaving a dark moist imprint of himself, but instead of running out of the room he took refuge under the bed. From there, on hands and knees, Alayne was obliged to dislodge him with the slipper. By now she was almost beside herself. She followed him to the door and threw the slipper after him. He bounded down the passage yelping hysterically.

Mooey was still wailing. Pheasant appeared at the door of her room with the child in her arms.

'Why, Alayne! Mooey says you hit him! Whatever had he done?'

'He threw powder all over my room,' answered Alayne hotly. 'Really, Pheasant, he must not be allowed to go in there by himself. He's too mischievous.'

'Was that all?' said Pheasant coldly.

Renny came up the stairs with Benny mourning at his heels. 'What have you been doing to poor old Ben? I've never heard him make such a row.' When he saw Alayne's face he burst into loud laughter. She had got the talcum on her hands, then on her nose and chin. Her hair, for once, was ruffled.

Quite unconscious of her appearance, she regarded him with an air of hauteur.

'You may think it is amusing, but I don't. That dog has ruined my silk bedspread, and that child has made my room look no better than Bessie's scullery.'

Pheasant said, patting her son on the back, while he stared at Alayne wet-eyed, as though she were an ogress, 'I think that cats and a canary would suit you better than dogs and a baby, Alayne.' She returned to her room, still comforting Mooey.

'I like dogs and children as well as anybody, but I like them to behave themselves and to know their place.'

'Let's see what the damage is,' said Renny, leading the way into her room. He glanced at the floor, the dressing table, and the bed. 'That will all brush off,' he said soothingly.

'It may off the rug,' she returned, 'but the bedspread is *ruined!*'

'Can't you send it to the cleaners?'

'Of course I can! And have it come home all slimsy as my dress did. The cleaners here are n't nearly so good as I'm used to.'

He could not take her seriously, looking as she did. His face broke into a smile as he said, 'Only look at yourself in the glass and you'll forget all your troubles.'

She looked, and was angrier than ever.

Old Benny thought, 'With my master here I think I'm pretty safe in getting on the bed again.' Accordingly he hopped with airy lightness on to the silk spread, avoiding the spot he had soiled before. His legs were strung with little beads of dried mud. He began to lick the place on his stern where the heel of the slipper had hit him.

Alayne had barely turned from the survey of her face when she saw him. It was one of those things that seem too bad to be true. Snatching up the other slipper, she flew at him, striking him again and again. Renny caught her wrist.

'I won't have him beaten like that,' he said sharply.

'Keep him out of my room, then! He's a perfect brute!'

'Come along, Ben! This is no place for us.'

'You talk like a fool!' said Alayne.

He stopped in the doorway to look back at her. 'I think,' he said, 'that you are the worst-tempered woman I've ever known.'

(*To be continued*)

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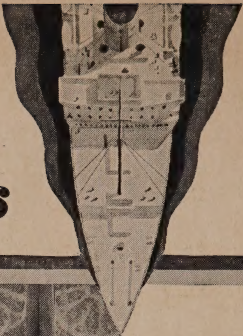

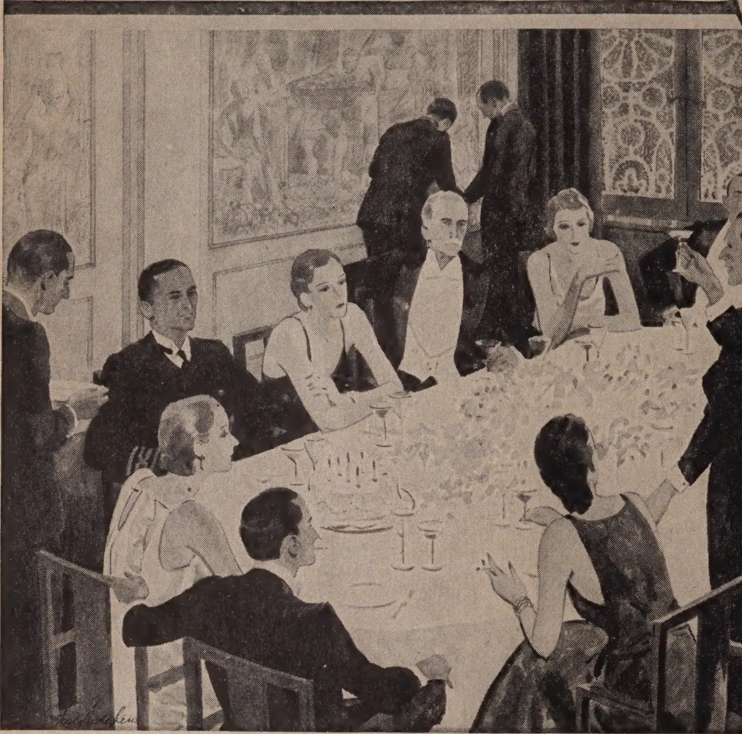

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1931

OUR FOREIGN POLICY IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

BY RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

I

FOR ten years now we have been telling each other — and telling the world — that America leads in the search for peace. Three Presidents and three Secretaries of State, backed by senatorial utterances and party platforms, have reiterated the idea; editorial writers and Rotary Club speakers have elaborated it until now it has become part of the folklore of the country — one of those unquestioned generalizations by which a nation ascribes virtue to itself, and vice, or at least unenlightenment, to its neighbors.

Briefly stated, this particular generalization runs as follows: As a peace-loving people we here in the United States have done and are doing our utmost to promote better understanding between nations. In this matter we have assumed a position of leadership which is universally recognized. Unfortunately the rest of the world, because of racial or economic rivalries which happily we do not share, has not caught up with our position. We have therefore been unable to accomplish what we desired; our efforts have been blocked; our suggestions have been misinterpreted and have frequently met with rebuff. But we have been patient and generous in our understanding, and our hope is that, with the example of America before them, perhaps in time the other nations will bring themselves abreast of our national attitude so that peace will come to the earth.

It was apparently President Harding who gave impetus to this comfortable doctrine. As one wades through the tortuous English of his messages and addresses the theme is encountered again and again. 'It has been our fortune both to preach and promote international understanding,' he said in 1922. 'Cognizant of the world's struggles for full readjustment and rehabilitation, we have shirked no duty which comes of sympathy, or fraternity or highest fellowship among nations.'

President Coolidge developed the text with infinite elaboration. His speeches and messages constantly reiterate it. 'All the world knows that the whole extent of our influence is against war and in favor of peace, against the use of force and in favor of negotiation, arbitration, and adjudication as a method of adjusting international differences. . . . Our example has become of great importance in the world. It is recognized that we are independent, detached, and can and do take a disinterested position in relation to international affairs. Our charity

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embraces the earth. Our financial favors are widespread. . . . We have always been desirous not to participate in controversies, but to compose them. What a success this has brought to us at home, and what a place of respect and moral power it has gained for us abroad, is known to all men. . . . We have given freely of our counsel to the settlement of difficulties in Latin America and the adjustment of war problems in Europe. . . . We cannot make over the people of Europe. We must help them as they are if we are to help them at all.'

President Hoover, upon his accession to office, made the same text his own. 'Year by year,' he said in his speech of acceptance, 'in our relations with other nations we have advanced the ideals of law and of peace in substitution for force. . . . Our foreign policy has one primary object and that is peace.' Senator Fess, as chairman of the Republican Convention that nominated Mr. Hoover, phrased the theme as follows: 'The attitude of the military countries of the Old World has been seriously disappointing to this country toward rational proposals for permanent peace. Declarations of peace are ineffective when drowned out by the clatter of armament.'

II

In view of this tradition which has been so sedulously preached and so widely accepted, it might be as well to examine its claims to validity. Are we, of all nations, peculiarly disposed toward peace? Has our influence been thrown on the side of understandings that make for peace? Is it true, for example, as Mr. Coolidge said recently, that the United States has become 'a leader in limitation of armaments,' while other nations 'constantly think in terms of war'?

Perhaps a few figures in relation to this last question will furnish a point of departure for our discussion. In 1913 the United States had a fleet of 963,000 tons, Great Britain had a fleet of 2,222,000 tons, and France a fleet of 689,000 tons. To-day the United States has 1,173,000 tons, Great Britain has 1,378,000 tons, and France has 618,000 tons. In terms of annual cost for naval armament the United States is spending to-day $382,000,000, whereas in 1913 we spent $133,000,000; Great Britain is spending $271,000,000, as against $247,000,000 in 1913; while France is spending $100,000,000, as against $90,000,000 in 1913. In other words, the United States is to-day spending 187 per cent more than she spent in 1913, Great Britain 10 per cent more, and France 11 per cent more.

If army and air defense costs are added to navy costs, the United States is this year spending $842,000,000, Great Britain is spending $560,000,000, and France $431,000,000. In 1914 the officers and men of our regular forces, both Army and Navy, were about 164,000; in 1924 they were about 256,000; to-day they are roughly 250,000. Our citizens' army, including the National Guard and other forms of reserves, increases these totals to about 299,000 in 1914, 672,000 in 1924, and approximately 728,000 to-day.

Of the present world expenditure on armament, — a total of about four and a half billion dollars a year, — 60 per cent represents the expenditure of all the European countries put together, 20 per cent is spent by the United States, and 20 per cent by the rest of the world. In the United States the expenditure attributable to war (service of war debt, war pensions, and current cost of armaments) constitutes 80 per cent of the total Federal budget. In Great Britain this expenditure is 77 per cent of the budget; in France it is slightly less.

'While other nations have felt that they were forced to prepare for war,' said Mr. Coolidge in his Memorial Day address in 1928, 'our situation has been such that we have always been preparing for peace.' 'While we have had wars in the Western Hemisphere,' said President Hoover in his inaugural address, 'yet on the whole the record is in encouraging contrast with that of other parts of the world. Fortunately the New World is largely free from the inheritances of fear and distrust which have so troubled the Old World. We should keep it so.'

III

We are accustomed to refer with considerable pride to the achievements of the Washington and London naval conferences and to the initiative which came from America. It is true that in both these conferences forward steps were taken in limiting naval competition, in declaring a 'battleship holiday,' and in reducing the tonnage in certain categories of auxiliary vessels. But it must not be forgotten that the significant result of these conferences in terms of American policy was the recognition by Great Britain of our right of parity with her in combat fleets. In the perspective of history this is a stupendous event. We have climbed to the throne of naval supremacy which, in the three hundred years from the Spanish Armada to the Battle of Jutland, was occupied by Great Britain alone. We have successfully asserted our right to have a navy second to none, and that right is now written into the body of international law. Hereafter we can, without question, build ton for ton and gun for gun with an empire whose far-flung commonwealths and dependencies have seemed until now to place its naval needs in a special class. Not what we need, but what Great Britain thinks she needs, is now our basis of measurement. What this will cost us if we build up to the treaty levels cannot with precision be determined. The chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee estimates an outlay for this purpose of $500,000,000 by 1940, which, added to the cost of ships already authorized, will bring the total building cost to roughly $936,000,000.

It is true that these increases are optional and not mandatory, but the big-navy people now have the whip hand; a definite goal has been legally established; and the campaign which has already been initiated to drive the United States to exercise the right which it won at the London Conference will be increasingly difficult to resist.

The London Conference was significant in another way. It was initiated with expressions of lofty purpose on the part of the United States. Ambassador Gibson, speaking for President Hoover before the Preparatory Commission at Geneva, in April 1929, urged the nations to make a new approach based on the recent signing of the Briand-Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, and to 'take the bold course and begin by scrapping the term "limitation" in order to concentrate upon a general reduction of armaments.' President Hoover in his Armistice Day address of the same year went even further. 'We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other,' he said. 'Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us.'

But when the pinch came, the lofty purpose was considerably deflated. Because it could not be reconciled with our claim to parity, the word 'reduction' was forgotten, and 'limitation' was restored to favor. The tentative suggestion of Great Britain looking toward the 'eventual abolition' of battleships was summarily turned down by the United States for the reason, explained by Secretary Stimson, that the battleship constituted 'the core of the fleet.' Similarly the American delegation declined to consider the reduction of aircraft carriers from 135,000 tons to 100,000 tons, and rejected the formal proposal of Great Britain to extend the age limit of vessels, a proposal which would have permitted substantial savings in replacement costs. With President Hoover's fair words still echoing, and with the ink scarcely dry on the Briand-Kellogg Pact, we spent weeks jockeying for advantage with four other great naval powers — each of the five endeavoring to obtain for itself the best relative position for coming battles which they had all sworn were never to be fought.

When it was all over, and the parity that we were determined upon had been secured, the complacent chorus began again. The theory of other nations, wrote Mr. Coolidge in his daily column, is to 'arm for security'; the theory of the United States is to 'disarm for security.' Said President Hoover: 'It [the London Naval Conference] is an accomplishment which I believe will appeal to the moral and spiritual sense of the American people. Through this agreement we have strengthened the forces of peace. It is an accomplishment that has great material advantages to all its participants, but I prefer to have it judged on the far higher grounds of its contribution to the moral and spiritual welfare of our people and the world.' Senator Robinson, who helped negotiate the London Treaty, was more realistic. 'The result of the limitations imposed by this treaty,' he told the Senate, 'will give the Government of the United States, in so far as the Navy is concerned, far more sea power than it possessed during the period when there was no limitation.'

IV

In the last decade American foreign policy has been profoundly influenced by the fact that fifty-four nations have grouped themselves into a League in which we have declined to accept membership. Whatever the seven millions of voters who constituted President Harding's majority may have desired at that time, successive administrations have since interpreted the election as a final determination of the question whether the United States should join the League. Although Mr. Hoover was among the thirty-one who signed the manifesto addressed to the American people in 1920, urging them to vote for the Republican ticket as the best method of getting the United States into the League of Nations, in his speech of acceptance as a candidate in 1928 as well as in his inaugural address as President in 1929 he acquiesced in the doctrine that that election had closed the issue.

In ten years, however, the relationship of the United States to the League of Nations has undergone extensive modification. President Harding's statement with which he started his administration, that 'in the existing League of Nations, world-governing with its super-powers, this Republic will have no part,' was followed by the Guildhall speech of Mr. George Harvey, our Ambassador to London, in which he said, 'Our present government could not without betrayal of its creators and masters, and will not, I can assure you, have anything whatsoever to do with the League, or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively.' Nevertheless, despite this truculence, the United States is to-day represented, officially and unofficially, on many committees and at many conferences of the League; a plank in the Republican platform of 1928 endorsed our 'coöperation in the humanitarian and technical work' at Geneva; and Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have both given cordial approval to a relationship that is far removed from that of a decade ago when we followed Mr. Harvey's doctrine so literally that the State Department would not even answer the letters received from the League.

But the relationship is still undefined and haphazard, and our foreign policy is in a state of continuous embarrassment in its attempt to work with other nations through the machinery which they have developed at Geneva, and at the same time avoid what Mr. Coolidge always referred to as the 'entanglements' of the League. The result is uncertainty and capriciousness.

A few random examples will suffice. Our Surgeon-General, Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, sits as a member of the League's health committee, but for the sake of appearances he represents, not the Government at Washington, but the International Public Health Office in Paris, created in 1907 and long outlived in usefulness. We have been represented 'unofficially' on the League's permanent committee dealing with the suppression of the traffic in women and children, but Miss Grace Abbott, our delegate, has been unable to attend its sessions since 1925, because permission has not been granted by the Department of Labor of which she is an official. In the League's International Labor Office we play no part whatever, and the vast work of that organization, with its world-wide implications, is carried on with no voice raised on behalf of the United States. Although sixty leading professors of international law in American universities recently petitioned the Secretary of State to cause our treaties and international engagements to be registered in the League of Nations Treaty Series, thus facilitating the work of students and obviating confusion and delay, the result was a timid note from an assistant in the State Department to the effect that the United States was not a member of the League.

In spite of the fact that we participate on varying bases of collaboration in many of the League's committees and conferences, in ten years we have contributed toward the expenses of this work only $25,000, approximately. We have paid nothing toward any share in the general overhead expenses of the League, such as salaries, printing of documents, headquarters at Geneva, and so forth, nor toward those conferences of a 'humanitarian and technical' nature — to quote the language of the Republican platform — in which we are represented by private citizens like Jeremiah Smith and Professor Millikan, who have been nominated by the League rather than by the State Department. During this same ten-year period Great Britain and France have contributed to the League roughly $4,000,000 each — and even Liberia and Haiti have given $67,000 and $118,000 respectively.

Illustrations such as these could be given almost endlessly. Even when we coöperate whole-heartedly and completely with the League's commissions — such as the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament — the nature of our relationship necessitates a search for formulas and face-saving devices to disguise the fact that fifty-four nations have an organized method of consultation in which we do not participate. Occasionally the awkwardness of our relationship is the result of friction between the State Department and the Senate. For example, a protocol prohibiting the use of poison gas and bacteriological warfare was drawn up in Geneva in 1925, largely on the initiative of an American, the late Senator Theodore Burton. It was duly signed by the United States, but ratification was defeated in the Senate as the result of efforts by the American Legion, the Chemical Warfare Service of the War Department, and commercial chemical companies. The United States and Japan are the only great powers which have failed to ratify this ban. Incidentally the United States has spent over twelve million dollars in the last ten years in furthering the development of gas warfare.

Similarly a convention signed in Geneva in 1925 for the supervision of the international trade in arms and ammunition has never been ratified by the Senate. The convention relating to the traffic in women and children, drawn up in Geneva in 1921, was never even signed by the United States although it is now in force in more than thirty other countries. Nor have we signed the Opium Convention of 1925. The Convention for the Suppression of Obscene Publications, drawn up in 1923, has been signed but not ratified by the Senate. The same is true of the Convention for the Suppression of Counterfeiting Currency in 1929. The Convention of 1928 relating to Economic Statistics, although drawn up with the assistance of American representatives at the conference, has not even been signed. Altogether there are about twenty League conventions of a humanitarian or non-political character to which the United States has not given its assent, although for the most part they have become the recognized policy of the rest of the world.

V

Our relationship with the League has other unsatisfactory aspects. For example, the United States participated officially in the League's Economic Conference in 1927 and in the two conferences of 1927 and 1928 on Import and Export Prohibitions and Restrictions. In vital subjects like these, where the interests of the United States are so deeply and directly involved, it would be inconceivable for us to allow fifty nations to take action in our absence and without our collaboration. We could not afford to be away when fifty other governments were determining issues that affected us. But the difficulty is that the United States is not represented on either the Council or the Assembly of the League. Consequently we have no part in controlling the work of any of these conferences and committees. We have no voice in deciding what shall be initiated, or how the recommendations shall be carried into effect. Other governments decide what is to be undertaken; they determine what conferences are to be held and what subjects each is to consider. The United States has none of the initiative; it has no part in shaping the agenda; and its representatives arrive at a League conference to find a chairman already chosen by the Council and preparations made by League committees over which our government has no control. When the work of the conference is completed and the report is submitted, it is the Council or the Assembly that determines what shall be done with it, and in the ensuing debates there is no voice to represent the United States. American representatives on the committees may work vigorously for the adoption of a particular proposal, only to have it defeated or forgotten when the matter comes before the Council. Our situation is precisely as if Massachusetts, for example, were represented on the committees of the United States Senate, but had no voice and no vote in the Senate itself.

This state of uncertainty, with one foot in the League's door, makes our foreign policy fumbling and inconsistent. Our representatives on the Geneva committees are oppressed by the anomaly of their status and by the futility of the whole arrangement. No one knows at what conferences the United States will be represented, and frequently our delegates have appeared at the last moment, breathless and unprepared. An atmosphere of unreality and pretense hangs over the whole relationship. We advance and draw back, attend one conference and stay away from another. The State Department is afraid of the Senate and the Senate is suspicious of the State Department. A policy toward the League and its work that might be honest and forthright is consequently whittled down to furtiveness, and vacillation characterizes our whole approach.

Meanwhile fifty-four governments, sitting around a table, have for ten years been reaching conclusions on all sorts of problems that overflow national boundary lines. A new method of international legislation has been developed, a new technique of continuous conference. In the blazing of this trail the United States has had no part. In only a few instances in an entire decade have we taken any initiative. In health, in child welfare, in questions relating to communication and transit, in the opium traffic, in double taxation, in intellectual coöperation, in the codification of international law, — and in a dozen other difficult matters where common counsel is necessary, — it is Geneva that has set the pace, while the United States has trailed along behind, dimly conscious of the new interrelated world in which she must live, but bound by outworn methods and the slogans of old battles.

VI

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the World Court. Here is an institution which Chief Justice Hughes has called 'the absolute minimum of intelligent effort for the promotion of world peace.' Supported by forty-five other nations, accepted by 90 per cent of the civilized world, it has demonstrated over a ten-year period its fundamental usefulness in substituting the authority of law for the authority of force. Although it has received the endorsement of four Presidents and six Secretaries of State, the United States still remains aloof, fearful of some infringement upon its sovereignty. In spite of the fact that three distinguished Americans have served as judges on its bench, not a cent has been contributed from our Treasury to its support. Although America assisted in giving the original impetus toward a world court in the Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, we have allowed the leadership in this great movement to pass to other hands, and to-day, with Honduras, Afghanistan, Mexico, Turkey, and two or three other nations, we stand on the side lines, mere spectators in one of the most significant developments in human history.

It is to be hoped, of course, that in the forthcoming session of the Senate the protocol of the Court will at last be ratified. What is perhaps not generally understood in this country is that the protocol represents far less in the way of commitment than most other countries have agreed to. All the great powers except Japan, together with many of the small ones, — thirty-eight in all, — have ratified the so-called 'optional clause' by which they have accepted the jurisdiction of the Court as compulsory, *ipso facto* and without special agreement, in four broad classifications of legal disputes. The protocol which we propose to sign, if the Senate gives its reluctant consent, limits the jurisdiction of the Court, as far as the United States is concerned, to such cases only as we may specifically refer to it. We will not allow ourselves to be sued in the Court unless we so agree, and in each such case the Senate by a two-thirds vote would have to concur.

We look upon the Court — to use the words of Secretary Stimson — 'as a carefully chosen and experienced tribunal to which the nations of the world, if and when they choose, can refer their disputes for settlement, without the ordinary delays and difficulties which accompany the selection of arbitrators.' On the other hand, the thirty-eight nations that have signed and ratified the 'optional clause' have declared their willingness to submit their policy to the rule of law as interpreted by the World Court. Consequently they think of the Court in terms of compulsory jurisdiction, while we think of it merely as a convenient method of arbitration. Countries like Great Britain and France have taken the bold step of making the Court a real court as far as their disputes are concerned; with us the struggle in the forthcoming session of the Senate will be, in effect, merely to determine whether the United States will ever use the World Court as an arbitrator in those particular cases in which we voluntarily choose this method of settling difficulties.

But complacency has not deserted us. 'We wish to see all the world relieved from strife and conflict, and brought under the humanizing influence of a reign of law,' said President Coolidge. 'We wish to discard the element of force and compulsion in international agreements and conduct, and rely on reason and law.' 'Our ideals and our hopes,' said President Hoover, 'are for the progress of justice through the entire world. We desire to see all humanity relieved of the hideous blight of war and of the cruelties and injustices that lead to war.'

VII

This World Court situation brings up the large question of our attitude toward arbitration and conciliation as a method of settling international disputes. In the minds of many people this method has constituted the American substitute for the machinery of the League of Nations and the World Court, and the popular impression prevails in this country that in this field the United States has a position of recognized leadership. This impression has been confirmed by official words emanating from Washington for over a decade. In a communication to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1927, Secretary Kellogg stated that 'the Government of the United States welcomes every opportunity for joining with the other Governments of the world in condemning war and pledging anew its faith in arbitration.' In the same year the American representative on the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, meeting in Geneva, stated that 'the United States has always championed the idea of international arbitration and conciliation, both in principle and practice,' and 'welcomes the extension of the practice'; but at the same time he announced the refusal of the United States to participate in the work of an international committee on arbitration.

Similarly President Hoover, in his address on Armistice Day of 1930, said, 'It is our purpose to develop in every way the use of arbitration and conciliation agreements in our relations with foreign nations.' In pursuance of this policy the United States has within two years signed such treaties with forty-five nations, at least twenty-six of which have already been ratified by the Senate.

An examination of these bilateral treaties is illuminating. The so-called Root arbitration treaties, negotiated in the first decade of the century, followed the pre-war model of limiting the arbitration to differences which did not 'affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting states.' While the new treaties no longer contain these limitations, other limitations have been substituted, notably questions within the domestic jurisdiction of the parties, and questions involving the Monroe Doctrine. In other words, these new treaties represent little if any advance over pre-war ideas. They are so full of conditions and allow so many loopholes for contention that it is difficult to see how, in a crisis of heated public opinion, they could be made to work at all. They leave both parties free to claim that the subject matter of any dispute is within its domestic jurisdiction, and no method is provided for determining whether the claim is well founded. For the first time they introduce in our arbitration treaties the uncertainties of the Monroe Doctrine. They provide for no definite arbitral body; instead, disputes are to be submitted to tribunals to be created out of the old Permanent Court of Arbitration, 'or to some other competent tribunal, as shall be decided in each case by special agreement.'

Finally, the new treaties reënact the Senate's ancient claim, against which Presidents Roosevelt and Taft protested vigorously and in vain, that in each particular case that body, by a two-thirds vote, must pass on the terms of the proposed arbitration. This waters down the obligation to arbitrate and makes it a mere agreement to agree. It means that we covenant to arbitrate when the President and the Senate, two thirds of its members concurring, are willing to consent to arbitration when the time comes. The decision whether a particular dispute falls within the scope of the treaty, or is excluded by its limitations, lies in the last analysis with the Senate, which means that one third plus one of the Senators may, if they are opposed, prevent recourse to arbitration. It was in regard to this provision that President Roosevelt said in 1905, 'We had better abandon the whole business rather than give the impression of trickiness and insincerity which would be produced by solemnly promulgating a sham. . . . As far as I am concerned I wish either to take part in something that means something or else not to have any part in it at all.'

Yet this provision still finds a place in our new treaties, and with their other weaknesses they have been launched with colorful words of praise from the White House and the State Department. What President Hoover and Secretary Stimson have not told us is that these treaties fall far short of the standard of recent arbitration agreements among other powers. Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, France, and a score of other nations have concluded an amazing network of treaties under which they have agreed to settle by arbitration or recourse to the World Court *all* differences of whatever character which they are unable to settle by diplomacy or conciliation. These treaties provide for the automatic submission of disputes to arbitration without the necessity of a special agreement in each particular case. Moreover the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, which was the work of the Assembly of the League of Nations in 1928, has now been ratified by France and Great Britain as well as by a growing number of the smaller powers. According to this General Act all justiciable disputes come under the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court, and the 'optional clause' is thus reënforced. But the General Act deals also with non-justiciable disputes, and definite binding arrangements are made by which in this troublesome class of difficulties the contracting parties agree without qualification to resort to conciliation. The Act is well defined by the London *Times* as 'more comprehensive than the "optional clause," more precise and specific than the Pact of Paris, and more rigid than the Covenant.'

In all this new forward movement by which nations are trying to build up definite machinery for the pacific settlement of controversies, the United States lags far behind. We are still thinking in pre-war terms. The arguments by which the Senate defeated the Olney-Pauncefote treaty between Great Britain and the United States in 1897 are still the arguments in force to-day. Our recent arbitration treaties represent little more than a gesture toward peace — an attempt to create the impression that we are marching in the procession. And they do give us a talking point. In his recent Pan-American Day address President Hoover expressed himself as follows: 'In this respect [conciliation and arbitration] the Western Hemisphere has placed an enviable record before the nations of the world. From the earliest period of their history the governments of the republics of this hemisphere . . . have demonstrated their willingness and even eagerness to adopt and apply mediation, conciliation, and arbitration. The common purpose to eliminate war and the determination to achieve peace and security represent a major contribution of the Americas to modern civilization.'

President Hoover neglected to add that the Inter-American Arbitration treaty, which with nineteen other American nations the United States signed with such a beating of drums on January 5, 1929, is still sleeping in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. It is more progressive in its terms than any similar treaty to which our signature has ever been attached. Among other things it does not require participation by the Senate in a special agreement in each particular case. For that reason it will doubtless sleep for a long time to come.

VIII

Our foreign policy, as it has developed over the last decade, boils down to this generalization: the United States does not intend to make commitments in advance as to what course it will adopt in any particular contingency. This principle, launched somewhat timidly in the Harding régime, has been given explicit and repeated expression by Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover. 'In case of danger,' said Mr. Coolidge, 'we can join in any consultation that seems necessary to us when it arises. No agreement about it in advance is necessary or desirable. . . . It would be more practical to await the event. Our position can then be ascertained.' President Hoover in his last Armistice Day address phrased the idea as follows: 'We believe that our contribution can best be made in these emergencies, when nations fail to keep their undertakings of pacific settlement of disputes, by our good offices and helpfulness free from any advance commitment or entanglement as to the character of our action.'

How far this doctrine is a rationalization of our failure to keep step with other nations in their development of alternatives for war, or to what extent it represents the sense of frustration and impotence of the executive branch of our Government, faced with a rigid constitutional provision under which it must share with the legislative branch responsibility for our foreign relations, is perhaps impossible to determine. Certainly every President of the United States since Benjamin Harrison has crossed swords with the Senate over this divided function, and the bitter words of John Hay have been echoed by every Secretary of State: 'The thing that has aged me and broken me up has been the attitude of the minority of the Senate which brings to nought all the work a State Department can do.' In all our diplomatic history there is perhaps nothing so revealing as the letter written by Secretary Hughes to President Harding advising him of the uselessness of submitting to the Senate the 'optional clause' of the World Court statutes, which, as we have seen, would make the Court a real court instead of a casual method of arbitration.

But whatever the cause, or however real and patent our difficulties may be, the fact remains that the doctrine enunciated by Presidents Coolidge and Hoover not only is out of line with the entire development of the world since 1918, but is fundamentally incompatible with the obligation which we assumed when, with fifty-nine other nations, we signed the Briand-Kellogg Pact. In that Pact we covenanted never to seek the settlement of disputes *except by pacific means.* But what are the 'pacific means'? What precise methods or technique have we developed to make this clause effective? Do we intend to rely on the old practices of diplomacy that proved so futile a barrier against war in 1914? Do we seriously believe that our new bilateral treaties of arbitration with their conditions and exceptions, and with the necessity which they involve of a fresh reference to the Senate, will avert disaster when mass passion has been aroused? Yet, except for these two methods we have no answer to the question. Or, rather, our answer is entirely in the negative. We will not join the League. We have not joined the Court. We will not sign the 'optional clause.' We will have nothing to do with the General Act. Except in the region of the Pacific Ocean we will not agree to consult with other powers in time of danger. We even decline to say in advance that we will not act as an armory for nations that run amuck — and the Capper, Burton, and Porter resolutions, designed to give assurance to the world on this point, have been shelved in Congress these many months.

Our whole policy is that we will leave to the improvisation of the moment both our own attitude and the method to be employed. When the crisis comes and the world is in flames we will decide whether or not poison gas is to be used; we will determine whether bacteriological warfare is permissible; we will try to reach an agreement with other nations as to a proper method of liquidating the dispute; and we will get the Senate by a two-thirds vote to concur. This is our theory. Apparently 1914 has taught us nothing. We are not interested in the formation of a fire department. When the fire actually breaks out we will plan our own technique for combating it. In the meantime we ask our neighbors to trust our well-known abhorrence of fire.

To be sure, President Hoover in his Armistice Day address in 1930, speaking of the Briand-Kellogg Pact and the possibility of its extension, ventured upon an approach that can scarcely be called too daring or incautious. He remarked, 'I do not say that some further step may not some day come about.' And that was all. Shortly thereafter, as reported in the press, the State Department assured the public that the President had no intention of making a bid for the opening of negotiations. There the matter ended. With this show of valor the army of peace retreated to its trenches.

IX

But the matter cannot be allowed to rest there. Procrastination and extemporization are poor substitutes for the kind of foundation that the world needs to be laying at the present moment. Disaster awaits us around the corner — new wars, new methods of mass slaughter, indeed the possibility that the inheritance of civilization may become little more than a memory. We are face to face with situations which our fathers in 1787 never foresaw, and we cannot hope to muddle through, armed only with the machinery and the ideas they laid down. It will not avail us to appeal to tradition and old techniques. It will not excuse us to claim that constitutional limitations stand in the way of our participation in preventive measures. This is a time when traditions that no longer fit must be thrown aside, and practices that are no longer applicable must be scrapped. This is a time, indeed, when no country can hesitate in taking risks for peace.

Not by improvisation but by careful planning will the cataclysm of another war be avoided. No longer can we trust the inspiration of the moment or dare to gamble that some happy chance will see us through the crisis. The risk is now too great and the penalty of failure far too ruinous. The strategy of peace must be worked out with the same painstaking detail which has hitherto been reserved for the strategy of war. Conscious control must be substituted for chance, and collective planning for haphazard circumstance. It would seem as if the blood of 10,000,000 soldiers, slaughtered in the years from 1914 to 1918, had written this lesson in words which could never be forgotten. Yet thirteen years after the event the only definite strategy of defense against war which we in the United States are able to present is the bankrupt method of diplomacy and a handful of arbitration treaties of a type that President Roosevelt called 'shams.'

Meanwhile we continue to serve peace with words. 'The government of the United States will never be a laggard in any effective movement for the advancement of world peace,' says Mr. Kellogg. 'We are a people peculiarly devoted to the arts of peace,' says Mr. Coolidge. 'We are interested in all methods that can be devised to assure settlement of all controversies between nations,' says Mr. Hoover.

HUNTING THE WILD ASS

BY JAMES E. BAUM

I

THE great salt desert of Central Persia is the stamping ground of the wild ass, a wise, long-eared dun, brother of the horse. I wanted a specimen of the Persian wild ass for the Field Museum, although the Museum has an excellent group of Somali asses that Carl Akeley shot and mounted some years ago. But the Persian ass, or onager, although an allied species, is different from the African, and also from the kiang, the wild ass of Central Asia.

The first thing to do was to gather all the wild-ass information I could in Teheran, the capital. And let me say right here that I've never known a place where reliable information is as hard to get as it is in Persia. Americans and English of the legations in out-of-the-way places are usually the only persons you can rely on for information about game; most of them shoot, all are interested, and, thank God, they tell you the truth. Other Europeans as a rule do not shoot, and their ideas on game are sometimes quaint, to say the least. They mean well, but shooting is out of their line; they don't know. Native information, of course, is notoriously unreliable. The best way to handle native information is first to deduct 50 per cent, then whittle down what's left about one third, divide that by two or any other number you have handy, and work over the residue with a fine-toothed comb.

I went to the American and British Legations, but found to my surprise that no one there had shot wild ass. A Swiss doctor, Stump, was mentioned by two or three as a man who knew as much as anyone about game conditions. Stump has lived in Persia almost thirty years and has done a great deal of shooting on his own. The Legations steered me also to a Persian grandee, an old gaffer about seventy, one Mustophie, who they said was a noted hunter and poker player and a 'buddy' of the Shah. (Mustophie was made Prime Minister three months ago.)

'Mustophie's two passions,' one said, 'are poker and shooting. He's a good rifle shot and a sharpshooter when it comes to making two pair beat three of a kind.' Someone in the American Diplomatic Service has evidently put the Persians through a course of sprouts in the amenities of Western civilization. A few grandees have become poker addicts, and old Mustophie and the Shah are well able to defend themselves at our national indoor sport.

With an American, Arthur Dubois, in Persia to build a railroad for the government, I went to see Mustophie. The old man owns many villages in the country and two or three mansions in Teheran; property in Persia has been in the hands of a few families for generations. We met Mustophie in a large, high-ceilinged room of his house, surrounded by ten or twelve so-called advisers, really hangers-on. The old fellow was dressed as a dirt farmer or homesteader would be in Nebraska or Colorado. His European clothing had seen better days and he could n't be bothered with a collar. Flapping, heelless slippers took the place of shoes (the last thing a Persian gives up when he changes from the ancient to the modern costume is that inexcusable abortion, the bedroom slipper). Flippity-flop, here they come, flapping at every step. You can't stride; you must shuffle to keep them on. I'd sooner go barefoot.

Coming directly to the point, we ordered our interpreter to get Mustophie's ideas on the best place to hunt wild ass at this season. We were in a hurry; Dubois had other things to do. But you can't hurry a Persian. Did n't Kipling say something to the effect that a forest of gravestones marked the resting places of Westerners who had tried to hurry the East? The interpreter was horrified at our abruptness. Tea was brought casually, cigarettes handed around languidly, and candy circulated with great deliberation. We ate and drank and passed compliments back and forth for half an hour. Finally our prodded interpreter arrived in graceful oral curvets at the main business of the meeting.

'The only way you can possibly shoot wild ass,' answered Mustophie, 'is to take an automobile and a good driver, go down into certain parts of the desert where sand and salt are not too deep, and run them by car. A horse cannot overtake a wild ass and carry a man's weight; we Persians have tried it many times. Wild asses have remarkable eyesight. They see you two miles away on the flat desert and they're off! You must use automobiles.'

'How about laying for them at water holes?'

'Can't be done. They drink only at night and but once or twice a week, and they change watering places. Wild asses are crafty. If you lie in wait for them by a water hole, someone always makes a noise at the wrong time, the asses wind you, or something else happens. Even if you were lucky enough to get a shot, it would be dark; you could n't see your sights and you probably would n't hit anything. No, to shoot wild asses in Persia you must run them with automobiles.'

Not having sunk, as yet, to the level of the armchair sports who shoot from automobiles, we left old Mustophie to the ministrations of his numerous retinue and called on Dr. Stump. In Stump's opinion we might possibly shoot wild asses from horseback provided we were unusually well mounted, were close enough at the start, and happened to find them on good ground.

'But,' he said, toying languidly with one of those gruesome instruments that doctors always have lying around, 'wild asses are smart and wild, and they have remarkable eyesight — better eyesight than gazelles. It's almost impossible in that level country to get within half a mile of them. And with a half-mile start no horse on earth can overtake them. They know their business, too. They'll make straight for rocky, broken country where a horse carrying a man cannot compete with them in speed. However, it will be an interesting experiment and no end of sport. I'd like to go with you and I know a good place down in the Kevír.' We told the doctor to throw a saddle on his favorite pony and come along.

Dubois had two Arab horses bought from the tribes down around Bagdad, desert-raised, fast and tough. One of these he lent to me. The doctor had a Shirazi Arab. Shirazi horses carry their tails high, as do all Arabs, but slightly sideways — a curious habit.

We telephoned down to the mud village of Kishlok to a Persian friend of the doctor, one Mirzah Hossein Khan, and asked Mirzah to collect ten pack camels and have them waiting for us.

The place we had in mind to hunt was the Dasht-i-Kevír, the great salt desert of Central Persia. Not a spear of grass grows there, and feed for the horses was carried by the camels. Camels thrive on a thorny greasewood bush; a camel's idea of Heaven, as everybody knows, is a place of unlimited thorn bush and no water. Wild asses feed on the same bush. A horse will not touch it.

II

The great Kevír is a vast plain occupying much of the central part of the country, broken here and there by narrow irrigated strips and short ranges of barren limestone mountains, weathered and blackened by the intense sun. No grass and no trees grow either on the mountains or on the plain, with the exception of a few wild almond trees in the deeper and more inaccessible mountain canyons. Those barren, rocky black mountains have a look about them that calls to mind infernal regions and the hells of the various prophets.

The Kevír is encrusted with a layer of white salt that gleams in the sunlight like snow. If a horse or a man attempts to cross that salt — well, it's just too bad, that's all. A man sinks down a foot or two and a horse to his knees. Nothing lives in that salt area, not even birds. Wild asses range around its border, but have enough sense to stay out of it. Two cousins of a Persian clerk in the American Legation attempted to take a short cut across the Kevír two years ago. They were never heard of again. There is but one way to make the crossing — by a stone road built nearly four hundred years ago by old Shah Abbas. The road, raised slightly and paved with large round stones, is ten feet wide. It runs straight as a die across the glistening salt. To-day, after four hundred years, its condition is not so good; it is just passable for horses, provided always that camels go along to carry horse feed and water.

I was curious to know why old Shah Abbas went to all that labor and expense in such a barren waste. It seems that in his day savage Turkomans from the eastern border of the Caspian Sea had a weakness for raiding into Persia. They went as far south as Isfahan, ravaging and destroying, as boys will when out on that kind of 'bender.' This rough byplay got under the skin of Shah Abbas and kept him awake nights until he lit on the idea of a road to checkmate the hairy Turkoman. Horsemen could then cross the Kevír and reach the Turkoman border quickly, cutting off the freebooters. With such a threat behind them not even Turkomans dared to come far into Persia, and serious raids from that quarter were a thing of the past.

We crossed the Kevír on this old road. Mirzah Hossein sent his brother, Abbas Khan, along with us. Abbas knew the water holes in the desert mountains and also considerable wild-ass lore. We marched at night across the Kevír to avoid the heat and the glare of the sun on the white salt. It was pitch-dark and there was no moon. You could n't see your horse's ears, and about the first thing my stallion did was to join battle with the doctor's horse, also a stallion. I'm the last person in the world to mix up in anybody else's quarrel, and if stallions must fight I want no part in it. 'Let 'em have it out' is my motto, provided they keep away from me. But when you're riding one of the gladiators with a flat English saddle on a pitch-black night, it's not so good! After the first squeal and rush I reined him in hard. But he was a studhorse of infinite resource; he reared up straight and went over backward — *wham!* — on the saddle. I quit him in mid-air and just in time. If I'd been where he thought I was when he landed — but let's not go into that.

The next evening we reached the Siah Kouh, a range of desert mountains, and made camp near a stagnant spring. You're not 'choosy' with your water in the desert. You take it where you find it. This was salty and hard to keep down at first, but in a few days we became used to it and gulped it like so much Pilsener; you get used to anything in time — even Pilsener.

We found from tracks when we reached the spring that a few wild asses had been watering there. So we decided to lie in wait that night. For if they should come in to water and smell our camels, — anything this side of Heaven could smell those camels, — we knew they'd pull up stakes and leave the country. We were all bone-tired after that long trip over the Kevír, but we did n't dare to take a chance on their coming in, sniffing the camels, and leaving once for all.

Mahmoud, the cook, shook up a hasty supper at his small fire behind a jutting cliff, where it could not be seen from the desert. We gulped down the hot food, took our guns and a blanket apiece, and walked half a mile to a narrow place between two steep hills, where tracks showed that the asses had passed on the way to the spring. There we arranged watches; one man was to stay awake for the first three hours, then call another, and so on until daylight.

It rained that night, I believe for the first time in three or four months. We stuck it out, cold, wet, shivering, and hungry along toward morning. My turn came about one o'clock. Low clouds hung close to the hilltops, a drizzle soaked into clothes and blanket. The wind blew in gusts, and every little while I imagined I heard the clatter of unshod hoofs along the rocky trail leading through the narrow canyon. I was continually straining ears and eyes through the pitch-black of the stormy night. Once I shook the doctor and woke him with a 'Sh! I think they're coming,' only to find that it was nothing but the wind, strained nerves, and a vivid imagination. Not a single wild ass came in to drink that night.

We went back to camp at daylight, pulled Mahmoud from his warm felt, — Persians sleep wrapped in a piece of thick felt made somewhat on the order of a giant overcoat, — demanded breakfast, and got into warm dry clothes. We had expected to find plenty of ibex and mouflon on the higher peaks of the Siah Kouh. But a prolonged scout that day showed that practically all had left for parts unknown. Two years ago, according to the doctor and Abbas Khan, the Siah Kouh was alive with them, thousands of them. But we found no fresh tracks or sign. The game must have been gone from that range for six months. We talked it over and came to the conclusion that some Persian hunter had been there with the usual retinue of *shikarchis*, beaters, and satellites.

When a Persian grandee hunts, he sits down on a blanket behind a convenient rock and orders his beaters, sometimes a hundred men, to start the drive at the other end of the range and work toward him. An isolated range like the Siah Kouh is ideal for such work. Ibexes and mouflons come bounding along ahead of the drivers, and, as they pass, your sporting grandee cracks down on everything, regardless of age or sex. Those that get by keep on going until they find a new home on some other mountain range. It's the quickest way I know to exterminate or drive away game from a locality. Such a business would account for the absence of game on the Siah Kouh.

With no ibex or mouflon on the range we had to concentrate on wild ass. And let me say that it took some concentrating, too. I've shot pronghorn antelope at home, zebra and hartebeest in Africa, and gazelle of various kinds in Abyssinia and the Sudan. All those plains animals are wary and, because of the open country they inhabit, are hard to get up to. But for downright wildness, scariness, or whatever you want to call it, the Persian wild ass bears off the palm. We saw two or three specimens in the next few days. But they were a mile away and they saw us as soon as or before we saw them. Immediately they remembered important engagements in foreign parts; away they went in clouds of dust and sand, and they did n't stop until they were out of sight in the shimmering heat waves of the desert. Nothing like the coquettish gazelle, which runs a few hundred yards and turns to look back. They simply quit the locality for good and all. When I saw how much to heart they took our presence, and the serious, businesslike way in which they put country between themselves and us, I knew we were in for a real job of work to get one.

III

And now let me say something about the stamina of an Arab horse. As I mentioned before, I was riding one of the Arabs that belonged to Dubois, a desert-raised animal. He was n't over fourteen and a half hands high, and to look at him you might say, 'Why, a big man can't ride a cat! This horse is too small. He'll never be able to go the route.' And if you said that, you would make the greatest mistake of your life.

We left camp one morning, on horseback, to ride over the range by a trail that Abbas Khan knew, hoping to find a spring somewhere on the other slope. We thought there might be a few wild asses loitering around the water. We left camp at daylight, climbed the steep trail, got down the other side about one o'clock in the afternoon, looked all over the place for the spring, but could n't find it. We had our canteens, of course, but the horses had no water. Finally we gave it up. By that time we were almost at the eastern end of the range, so we decided, rather than go back and climb that steep and rocky trail again, to keep on, round the end of the Siah Kouh, staying on the desert and so arriving at camp that way. The trail around the end of a mountain range is a deceptive thing. It looks to be a fairly short way, but when you go on a bit you find another spur and another row of hills beyond. When you cross these you find more, and the thing piles up on you until, by the time you get around, you've covered three times the distance you expected.

It became dark soon and there was only the ghost of a moon. Not to drag this story out too long, I'll just say that we arrived in camp at three in the morning. Nineteen hours in the saddle. My Arab came in prancing and champing at the bit. He needed a firm hand on the rein at the finish, just as he had at the start. He had not walked one step, but pranced the entire way. Hard on me, I admit, but what an exhibition of stamina! And in the dark, on rocky, uneven ground, he had not once stumbled. I have no idea how much farther he could have gone without showing signs of fatigue. No water, and of course no food. Nineteen hours, head up, tail held high, pulling at the bit, prancing, eager to get out and run. That's what I call a horse!

We hunted the country around the spring thoroughly in the next few days.

But some charcoal burners with their camels had been camped there not long before, and the wild asses had left that locality. We moved camp to the eastward along the same range, one short day's march for the pack camels, about twelve miles, and camped at another spring. Here were many more ass tracks, some made in the last night or two.

We were up and dressed two hours before daylight the next morning, had breakfast, saddled up, and set out an hour before dawn. We rode down into the desert and separated. I rode rapidly far to the eastward, and when the sun rose was lying on a sun-baked mud butte at the edge of a narrow strip of bad lands, looking over the country with the binoculars. Just as the sun poked his nose over the far horizon I saw a small herd of five wild asses moseying along slowly, headed out into the desert. They passed behind a mud hill about half a mile long, walking slowly, one behind the other and entirely unconscious of danger. I waited until the last was out of sight behind the hill, then mounted and rode at a good gallop to intercept them, keeping the hill between us. I beat them to the far end, but they were four hundred yards beyond on the level plain. It was too far to shoot with accuracy, so I headed straight for them with my horse on a dead run. They looked up and saw me instantly, and away they went at their best clip, into the rising sun.

The ground was hard and even, sun-baked, and there were few rocks. It was an ideal place to try the speed of that Arab horse. He was eager to go, as he always was, and I let him have his head. How that little horse did enjoy it! His ears were cocked forward toward the dust cloud ahead, and he stretched out into a stride remarkably long for such a small animal. The wild asses were running low and doing their level best, but the Arab gradually drew up on them. They had a start of four hundred yards, but after a run of two miles and a half we were within seventy-five yards.

'Now,' I thought, as I yanked the Springfield from the scabbard, 'if you pull up suddenly, swing off, turn your horse loose and start shooting, you should be able to kill two or three before they get out of range.'

But when I tried to pull up, the Arab simply would n't hear of it! He shook his head, tried to get the bit in his teeth, and almost threw a cat fit. It took considerably more time to stop him than I had figured on. Meanwhile the asses were going at their best pace, and by the time I could pile off without danger of broken bones they were two hundred yards away. I turned the horse loose — you could walk up to him anywhere — and threw the gun to my shoulder. Then I had the surprise of my life. To save my soul I could n't hold that rifle steady! I had forgotten to take into consideration the fact that a two-and-a-half-mile race leaves the rider just about as winded as the horse. There I stood, panting as though I had climbed a steep hill on the run. The gun wobbled all over the scenery. I could no more hold the sights on one of those running animals than I could fly. I shot several times, but never touched hide or hair; they got clean away. The noise of the shooting scared the little horse, and I had to walk back a quarter of a mile to catch him. By that time further pursuit was out of the question.

I should have kept on in that race and ridden into the middle of the herd and shot from the saddle at close quarters, the way buffalo hunters used to do on the Western plains. But the chance had been lost. I only hoped I'd get another like it. But so wise and wary were those animals that we had no more chances while hunting from that camp, although we covered immense tracts, riding out each morning before daylight. After that first day in our second camp every single wild ass pulled up stakes and left that section. It seemed to us that word must have been passed around among the scattered bands by some mysterious method of communication. Sounds a bit absurd, I know, but how else can it be explained? Upon our arrival the watering place had been all tracked up. Dubois ran another bunch beside the five I saw, and immediately every wild ass within a radius of twenty miles quit the country.

Three weeks of tireless effort passed and we had nothing to show for our work. The doctor and Dubois returned to Teheran; the doctor had his practice to look after and Dubois had business with the government and also an important polo match, the foreign colony against the Persians. Since he used his two Arab horses for polo, he had to take them with him. I made up my mind to remain in the desert alone until I killed a wild ass or the wild ass stamped o'er my head, and I asked Dubois and the doctor to send out a new supply of grub from the village of Kishlok as they passed through and also to send another horse, the best they could find. I kept the tent and one camel man to cook.

I spoke no Persian and of course the camel man could speak no English, so the doctor wrote a list of the more important Persian words on a sheet of paper, with the English words opposite. When I gave an order I pulled the sheet from my pocket, spread it on the sand, ran my eye down the list until I found the words needed. It worked well enough. Camel men are good lads in their way, but excessively dumb, and perfectly content to squat around the fire drinking endless cups of tea, which suited me down to the ground. I did n't want them interfering and trying to help in the hunting.

The horse, borrowed from Mirzah Khan, and the commissary camels arrived in five days. The horse was the best in those parts and a good animal, but not an Arab. I moved camp, still to the eastward, about fifteen miles and on the same side of the range. This time we camped near an old ruin, a caravanserai built by Shah Abbas, the same who made the stone road across the Kevír. It was a square stone structure covering perhaps an acre of ground. Rounded turrets rose at the corners and slits of loopholes, narrow and businesslike, were cut at intervals in the walls. The roof had fallen in, but the walls stood solid. It was built, I suppose, as a fort or place of refuge for caravans in the old days when brigands were many and bold. The sight of the old pile standing in the bright desert sunlight, fallen into decay and with wild-ass tracks all around it, brought to mind the lines of Omar Khayyám: —

> . . . The Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
> And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
> Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

IV

In the next few days I rode the country as thoroughly as a cow-puncher looking for strayed stock. With gun in scabbard, canteen, and a small bag of dried goat's-milk curds on the saddle, I set out each morning. I took it slowly. It would n't do to wear out my horse before I had a chance to make another run after wild ass, and the open country had to be hunted carefully. One morning I saw two asses a mile ahead browsing on the stunted thorn shrub that grows sparsely in the desert. They had not seen me and were directly west of my position. The sun was just coming up. At first I could not figure out a way, in that level country, to approach them near enough to give my horse a fair chance in a run. Then it occurred to me to ride straight toward them. The rising sun shining directly in their eyes when they looked my way might possibly keep them from seeing me until I should be close enough to chance a run. I rode forward very slowly, so slowly that my horse did not kick up the slightest dust to attract their attention. Each time one lifted his head I stopped dead still and waited until he again put down his head to feed.

The sun behind me must have been the greatest factor of concealment. Anyway, I got within three hundred and fifty yards before they saw me. Instantly they wheeled, facing in our direction. Heads were up. Every line of them became rigid. They made a beautiful picture there on the wide desert, the horizontal rays of the low sun gleaming upon their slick coats. Big ears were cocked forward and every line showed extreme alertness. I had taken down the end of the halter rope wound loosely around my horse's neck and with this gave him a crack over the hind quarters. He leaped forward like a shot. The two asses spun around and dashed away. The race was on.

It was a great disappointment. Within half a mile I could see that my horse, although a good one, was no match in speed for those unencumbered animals. They drew gradually away. At the end of a mile they had gained two hundred yards and the horse was blowing like a porpoise. How I wished for that little Arab of Dubois's! I would have given my whole outfit if that Arab instead of the native horse had been stretching out in his long stride between my knees. It was no use. I pulled up.

'Well,' I thought, 'perhaps these two are exceptionally fast. There must be a difference in speed among wild asses as there is among horses. These may be the speed kings of Persia — perhaps one is the Man o' War and the other the Sir Barton of all asses. I'll not be satisfied that my horse can't catch a wild ass until I give him another try.'

But again that curious thing happened. I mean, every ass in the neighborhood pulled out after that short run. Tracks at the spring a mile below the old caravanserai showed that several large herds had been in the habit of watering there. I rode the country for another week, reconnoitring the place, you might say, with a search warrant and a lantern, but not another wild ass did I see. After the first day the tracks in the dust at the spring proved that not a single animal had been in to water. Do they pass the word around? I admit it's beyond me. I make no comments, simply give the information. Anyone's guess is as good as mine.

Again we packed the camels and moved camp, this time around the range to the spring we had looked for that other day and had not found. One of the camel men found it this time without trouble, and we made camp. Early the next morning — and when I say early I mean somewhere between three and three-thirty — I jogged through the foothills and out into the desert. By sunup I was six or seven miles from the hills. This part of the Kevír was more rolling. Several low ranges of hills ran parallel to the Siah Kouh. I crept on my belly to the top of one of these, leaving the horse a short distance down the slope. Four hundred yards away two wild asses were feeding on the stunted bush! I crept back to the horse, tightened the cinch, tied canteen and bag of curds so they would n't thrash around in a fast run, mounted, and dashed down the slope at a high-tailed run.

The asses saw me the instant I showed on the sky line. Up went their heads. One quick look and they were off in a cloud of dust and sand. My horse seemed to be running very well. He was larger than the Arab and apparently had a good stride, and he put his heart into it. But this show was an exact repetition of the last. The wild asses drew away. The native horse did n't have the blood and the heart to catch a wild ass on his home grounds. I pulled up after a mile run and sat there with one leg across his withers, lit a cigarette, and watched the asses disappear in the purple distance, the dust cloud raised by their hoofs visible long after the animals themselves were too far away to be distinguished.

I rode to camp in a thoughtful mood. I had now been hunting wild ass almost six weeks. I had had one chance, solely by virtue of the speed and endurance of that Arab horse of Dubois's. That chance I had botched by a deplorable piece of poor judgment. My present horse, clearly, had not the speed to give me another such chance. Most of the wild asses had withdrawn from the country, too wise to stay around where trouble was likely to pop up at any minute. What method should I use from now on? I did some heavy thinking on the way to camp and that night in the tent. It seemed to me that there was but one system left — to use the horse merely as a means of getting about the country and to stalk the animals afoot when seen. In that way it was barely possible that I could get near enough in that flat country for a long shot — a very long one. It was the one way left and I could only hope for the best.

Another week went by. I saw nothing but *gebir*, a species of small gazelle, almost an exact duplicate of the Sömmerring's gazelle of Africa. I had been so fearful of scaring away any wild asses that might be in the neighborhood that I had refused to shoot a gebir for meat. We had been out of meat for a month and I was meat hungry. One morning three gazelles jumped up a short way ahead. Dainty, fat little things they were — a buck, a doe, and a fawn.

'I'll just take a chance on you,' I said aloud. You begin to talk to yourself after about a month alone in the desert. The buck turned a handspring at the second shot. He was going pretty fast and the bullet broke his neck and curled him up as dead as a wolf.

I stayed in camp the rest of that day and had one of the camel men cook cabobs, slices of meat with alternate layers of fat between, held over glowing coals on a ramrod. It's a Persian specialty and a great dish. I'd be ashamed to guess how many pounds I put away that day. You have no idea how you crave good old rare and bloody meat after a month or two in the desert air.

V

But to get back to those asses. A few days later I was riding along at a walk. I had looked over the immediate country most carefully with the glass and had seen nothing. It appeared to be as level as a billiard table. I was sure there was nothing between me and the far horizon. No hollows or depressions where an animal could remain out of sight appeared anywhere. But those broad plains are deceptive. Hollows and swales occur here and there that are not perceivable at a distance. I found myself riding up a gentle slope. I thought nothing of it and was not especially watchful. But my luck was in. The big ears and forehead of a wild ass appeared as he raised his head just two hundred yards in front of my horse.

I jerked the horse back, slid off, pulled the gun from the scabbard, and crept forward on hands and knees. The wind was right and the wild ass had not seen us. Again he raised his head, and this time I could see not only his head but as far down as his breast. I knew he'd see me in another second. It was a hard shot, just grazing the top of the low swale, but I had to chance it. I shot — and missed. The ass jumped about five feet in the air, gave one look around — and I shot again. That bullet got him in the centre of the chest and he went down in a heap, stone dead. Throwing in another cartridge, I ran to the top of the low rise on the chance that more might be on the other side.

Three hundred yards away I saw in the shimmering heat waves what appeared to be another wild ass. He was standing perfectly still. That was strange. By all the rules of the game he should have been on a dead run, in a panic from the noise of the two shots. But the strangest thing was the fact that he stood with his tail toward me, ears forward, looking directly away from where the reports of the gun had come!

'That can't be a wild ass,' I thought. 'If it were, he would certainly be on the run, or at least he would n't be looking in the opposite direction. It's a rock or a trick of the shimmering desert heat waves.' I held the gun down and peered closely. Surely that was an ass! I whistled. Instantly he whirled. I shot — and the bullet kicked up dust at his feet. I had underestimated the distance. He came to life with a rush and dashed away, broadside. But the next shot caught him in the shoulder and down he went, finished.

I puzzled long before I could understand the strange actions of that animal. He was almost directly behind the first ass, and the first shot, passing over the head of the nearer, had kicked up a small cloud of dust and gravel a short distance beyond the far animal. The noise of the gun meant nothing to him because he had never before heard a gun fired; he must have taken it for a peculiar kind of modernistic thunder. But that unaccountable and mysterious shower of dirt and sand that flew up just beyond him was a weird and ghostly phenomenon. He had wheeled and was staring fixedly at the spot with tail toward me when I reached the top of the swale.

JONES, HIS MOTHER AND HIS WIFE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

For the perfect example of what the Machine Age has done to the soul of America, for the climax and triumph of Standardization, it has been suggested that we cannot do better than turn to the Western Union Telegraph Company and its competitors. The wire companies have laid a heavy hand on the nation's finer feelings. This they have done by compiling a large stock of form messages which permit the customer to express himself on every conceivable human occasion with complete adequacy and without the slightest mental effort.

If Jones, for instance, happens to think of his old mother on Mother's Day, all he needs to do —

Why, no! Jones does not even have to recall that this is Mother's Day. Western Union and Postal Telegraph have been reminding him these last several days, in large display advertisements in the newspapers, of the approach of Mother's Day. Their efforts have been bravely seconded by the florists, who have stumbled upon the happy thought that flowers are an excellent medium for expressing one's love for one's mother. All that Jones needs to do, then, is to call up the telegraph company and leave an order for the dispatch, early on Mother's Day, of Form No. 18. He may then walk over to the barber shop to have his hair cut, while Western Postal sends humming over the wires to the gray-haired little woman in the old homestead the pulsating message: 'Mother of Mine, I have many blessings for which to be thankful, but the greatest of these is you, and my thoughts are with you this Mother's Day.' So daughter at college, as of the less sentimental sex and the more economical, calls up the Union Telegraph and asks for No. 89: 'To-day I salute the most precious of all people — my mother.'

For every occasion, for every anniversary, for every festivity, for every fatality, the telegraph company has seen to it that the American of the year 1931 shall be spared the pains of composing anywhere from ten to fifty words. While the barber cuts Jones's hair and the manicure girl polishes his nails and the bootblack shines his shoes, the Radio Corporation of America is voicing for him his affection, his love, his sympathy, his pride, his congratulations, his regrets, his condolences. According to directions, Commercial Cables is gay for him, grave for him, sentimental for him, tearful or boisterously good-fellow. That is the Machine Age of it. And the Standardization would be, of course, the fact that at any one moment a hundred identical messages of love, affection, grief, and sympathy are coursing through the American atmosphere from Maine to Florida and from Los Angeles to Seattle.

It is a pitiful and portentous spectacle. One need hardly ask what it bodes for the spiritual and intellectual integrity of a nation, this substitution of canned heart throbs for fresh, this expenditure on the old mother at home of telephone and telegraph tolls in lieu of a few minutes with paper and pen and a touch of real affection. But before we have definitely identified in this new American custom another factor contributing to the atrophy of men's souls and the triumph of machines, it may be in order to ask a question.

Have you ever read J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy?* If you are in years more than fifty, you probably know the book, and perhaps you may remember that one form in which young Tommy's exceptional literary gifts found expression was in writing letters for the villagers. At the age of fourteen, let us say, Tommy was an excellent hand at love letters. He would write — But it may very well be that you are in years under forty. You are not acquainted with Barrie's story, but you have read, of course, nearly everything by Chekhov. In that case you may have read the little story called 'At Christmas Time.' The old peasant woman, Vasilisa, and her husband, Peter, have just hired the services of the village scribe, Yegor. The letter is to their daughter, who married and went away to the city four years ago and, after writing to them twice, has not been heard from.

> 'What am I to write?' Yegor asked again.
>
> 'What?' asked Vasilisa, looking at him angrily and suspiciously. 'You are not writing for nothing; no fear, you'll be paid for it. Come, write: "To our dear son-in-law, Andrey Hrisanfitch, and to our only beloved daughter, Yefimya Petrovna, with our love we send a low bow and our parental blessing abiding forever."'
>
> 'Written; fire away.'
>
> '"And we wish them a happy Christmas; we are alive and well, and I wish you the same, please the Lord . . . the Heavenly King."'
>
> Vasilisa pondered and exchanged glances with the old man.
>
> 'And I wish you the same, please the Lord . . . the Heavenly King,' she repeated, beginning to cry.
>
> She could say nothing more. And yet before, when she lay awake thinking at night, it had seemed to her that she could not get all she had to say into a dozen letters.

Or if not Chekhov, you are sure to have read during these last few years a good many books about the way of life among peoples who have not been altogether spoiled by the Industrial Revolution and by literacy. In such studies of pre-industrial man you are sure to have come across the universal figure of the village letter writer. He flourishes in China and Japan and India, as in Russia, and Italy, and Ireland. He squats in the bazaar, in the public square, in his own cabin, and to him come Nipponese mothers for letters to their sons with the army in Manchuria, and Calabrian wives for letters to their husbands in Buenos Aires, and Connaught girls for messages to their sweethearts on the Boston police force. And everywhere, in Yokohama, in Cittanova, in Roscommon, these simple souls find it easy enough to pour out their hearts to the letter writers, but stand tongue-tied in awe before the specific demand of the blank page. The professional scribe thereupon writes as he pleases. He knows what mothers should say to their sons and wives to their husbands. Being seventy and toothless, he knows what girls want to say to their sweethearts. And his message, in style and detail, is quite as far removed from the original source as Western Postal's Form 55 on Mother's Day. Messrs. Newcomb Carlton and Clarence Mackay are only perpetuating an ancient Folkway.

Of course there is an objection to be noted. This peasant mother in Chekhov and this Hindu girl in the Bengal village are at the mercy of the professional letter writer's formulas because they are, as a matter of fact, illiterate. But the American patrons of Forms 55 and 74 have all of them been to school, a great many of them to high school, many of them to college. They know how to write. Why don't they?

But don't they write? And do they know how? A great many sons still write to their mothers on Mother's Day or mother's birthday — many more, I will venture to say, than send form telegrams. By no means all the girls at college are in too great a hurry for a date to do more for father's birthday than wire him Form 74, 'Daddy Dear.' They write a letter and send him a book, and they have the book charged to him.

For it is with this subject of the people and civilization of the United States as it used to be generally with the subject of Woman, and still is in considerable measure: one fact makes a generalization, and three instances make a universal truth. At all times it has been the rule that if a man at lunch is observed putting red pepper into his coffee the incident will be reported in the following words: 'There are some men who have a queer habit of putting red pepper into their coffee.' But if the coffee drinker should be female, the circumstance invariably gives rise to the statement: 'Woman has the extraordinary habit of putting red pepper into her coffee. Some authorities attribute this to her historic subordination to masculine rule; other authorities are inclined to explain red pepper in coffee as a secondary sex characteristic.'

So it is with ever so many traits of American civilization as depicted by foreign observers and native sons. Fifty Americans wire on Mother's Day. Five thousand Americans write letters on Mother's Day. Ergo: 'In nothing, perhaps, does American standardization manifest itself as in the habit of sending stereotyped telegraphic messages on Mother's Day.'

II

And do all Americans know how to write because they have been to school? It is, of course, a rash conclusion. Even among educated people there is only a small minority to whom the business of writing is not a task. Literate man in the mass exhibits in the presence of pen and paper the same timidity that possessed poor Vasilisa in the presence of the village letter writer. The gift of expression is far less common than the gift of self-expression. See what a boast the English people make of the tongue-tied shyness of the English, as when the son goes off to war and father and son cannot bring themselves to speak out their heartache. So perhaps the Western Postal's form messages are a part of an Anglo-Saxon tradition of emotional reticence; and it should be to the credit of the Radio Corporation that its stencils permit parents and children to express a love that would else go silent and for naught.

The notion that sincere feeling cannot be expressed in a formula is absurd. It has been the questionable good fortune of most of us to read in the newspapers the letters written by infatuated old fools to slim young sirens and by women of years to young men. Such documents are always turning up in breach of promise suits and in the domestic relations courts. They show that elderly men and women of fair literacy, when caught on the swell of a real passion, almost invariably resort to a vocabulary of roses and stars, and limpid eyes mirroring Heaven, and lips whispering messages from the isles of bliss; he is her Laddie-Boy aged sixty-five, and she is his Dream Girl in the early fifties. The poetic quotations in such legal proceedings are nearly always from 'The Road to Mandalay,' 'A Fool There Was,' and 'Dan McGrew.' It is a fact of newspaper record that men and women beset by love will go down to destruction shouting the most dreadful banalities.

Fifty years before Americans were standardized into telegraphic form messages, people wrote letters to each other out of the *Complete Letter Writer*, containing one hundred specimens for every possible occasion. One hundred and fifty years ago, little boys writing to their mothers from school addressed them as Honoured Parent, the whole letter dictated by the headmaster. And thirty-five hundred years ago, as we have seen, the Egyptian mother told the village writer that she wished to write to her son in garrison at Jerusalem, and the scribe wrote what he thought was suitable to the occasion. The form of the message does not exclude a living heart behind it.

The mother cult in the United States, as part of the all-pervading woman worship which was long ago identified as a basic American trait, needs the caustic and corrective examination to which it has been subjected by the lighter satirists. This religious code maintains that every prize fighter goes into the ring thinking only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every bacteriologist glues his eye to the telescope through the weary years for the sake only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every aviator is out to break the 42,187-feet altitude record for the sake of the wife and the kiddies. Unmarried prize fighters, bacteriologists, and aviators are spurred on to effort and victory by the thought of the old mother back there in the little whitewashed cottage. If the Nobel prize-winning bacteriologist forgets to mention his old mother, the reception committee in the old home town will remember her. If the reception committee should happen to forget, the committee's publicity agent will remember her. If the publicity agent should forget, the reporters will remind him of his mother. The hint has not been wanting in the press that Professor Einstein discovered Relativity for the sake chiefly of his womenfolks.

Given these amiable lunacies in gyneolatry, there can be no quarrel with the newspaper humorist for suggesting that the cult of Mother's Day may have profited by the activities of the American florist; just as Father's Day is not altogether frowned upon by the necktie manufacturers; just as Apple Week is said to find some support among the apple growers of the Pacific Northwest Coast; just as Fire Prevention Week is said to encounter no undue hostility from the sprinkler and chemical manufacturers; just as Old Home Week finds no irreconcilable enemies among the railroad companies and the bus lines. The newspaper paragrapher is obviously useful as well as amusing when he makes his thrust at this particular bit of nonsense, and goes his way.

Harder to accept is the humorless satirist and sociologist who picks up the mother jest and turns it into a jeremiad, who picks up a grain of incongruity and magnifies it into a problem and a menace. With a mighty clanking of scientific apparatus and at enormous length, people fell to work soon after the Armistice to expose the infantilism which inheres in the Mother's Day cult, and the arrested development, and the narcissism, and other defects and aberrations peculiar to the American people. Sometimes, to be sure, the touch faltered a bit; as when the analyst seemed to find it hard to decide just which was responsible for Mother's Day, the essentially adolescent nature of the Americans or the Western Union

Telegraph Company and the Associated Florists. The dilemma was surmounted, of course, by deciding that Mother's Day was the result of the telegraph company and the florists' bringing their full power to bear upon the adolescent instincts of the American people.

That the mother cult in America should be compared with the Frenchman's worship of his *maman* is obviously too much to ask. It is too much to ask of a social critic busy with the abnormalities of the American scene that he take a look at other civilizations.

That the mother cult in the United States should be studied in the light of the primitive matriarchal institutions of the Protochukchis is too much to ask. In comparing Jones with the primitives it is the rule to cite from primitive civilization only the evidence that will count against Jones, and never for him.

But it is not too much to ask that students of Mother's Day in America, and of the broader subject of woman worship in America, should occasionally give a moment to the thought that the cult may be not altogether an aberration, or at least something more than an aberration. Merely in idle curiosity, merely to take his mind off really serious questions, merely for a change, the observer of Mother's Day might say: 'I wonder if there is n't something in American history and American statistics that will explain, to some extent, why Americans make so much more fuss about their mothers than other nations do.'

Such a question, candidly put and pondered, might ultimately direct the inquirer's attention to the fact that in the United States — even in the United States of super-booming 1928 prosperity — nine housewives out of ten do their own housework.

This interesting fact leads us to what I think is the just inference that in the average articulate American family the children spend much more time in close communion with their mothers than in the average articulate European family.

III

By the articulate classes I mean those that give form and stamp to the national life. They are the classes that count, the classes one has in mind when one says that Englishmen do this or Americans do that. In this sense, even in the most advanced countries of Europe the peasant population and the industrial masses are not articulate. Even in England, where the working classes have become definitely articulate in the political life, they are still but a timid voice in the rounded national chorus. When you speak of what books and newspapers Englishmen read and what music the Germans listen to, you mean perhaps 10 per cent of the English or the German people. But when you speak of what Americans read or play or telegraph to their mothers, you are thinking of a potential 75 per cent of the American people. Whatever may be America's 'contribution' to history, the number of participants in that contribution is easily five times as great as in England or Germany. The people who count are five times as many here as in other countries.

The case might be stated in terms of family income. Take ten English families having an annual income of $2500; eight out of the ten families almost certainly keep a servant. Take ten American families with the same income; one out of the ten will keep a servant. One element in European life that never fails to surprise the visiting American is the presence of domestic servants in 'poor' homes. One thing that never fails to astonish Europeans is the number of 'rich' American women who do their own housework. The wife of the English university professor will stint herself on clothes, on food, on coal, but there will nearly always be a couple of sturdy Devon lasses to do the work of the house. The American professor's wife, herself a college graduate often, does her own cooking and cleaning, and sometimes her own washing of clothes.

Among other things she gives personal care to her children. She performs for her children of the pre-school age the services which the Englishwoman or German lady of her income status delegates to the celebrated Nanny of the London *Times* classified advertisements, to the nurse, the nursery governess, and, in humbler homes, to the stout maid of all work. The wives of American clergymen with an income of $2500, or country lawyers, doctors, small merchants, college professors, bathe their children until the children can look after themselves, put them to bed, read to them. The English or German boy wheedles kitchen gratuities from 'Cook,' the American boy does it from his mother, for it is she who does the cooking while keeping an eye on the small children.

It is scarcely necessary to go on with the details in order to demonstrate the simple truth that the American child sees a great deal more of his mother than his European coeval of the same articulate class. It is so in the early formative years, and is emphasized in later years. The eight-year-old son of the English small-town banker is sent away from home to school. The banker's son in small-town Ohio, California, and Maine does not leave home until he goes away to college.

If, then, a member of the British House of Commons — excluding the Labor Party — is likely between the ages of six months and seventeen years to have seen his mother only one third as often as our average member of Congress has seen his, is there not some *prima facie* reason why 'mother' should bulk larger in the daily American vernacular than in the English? Whether or not the thing is desirable is quite another matter. I understand that mother fixations are dangerous things. But if the mother fixations are there, it follows that Mother's Day cannot be wholly explained as propaganda by the Associated Florists; just as Father's Day is not 100 per cent the handiwork of the necktie manufacturers. Notorious for generations has been the American habit of parents deferring to children, instead of having children defer to their elders as they do everywhere else in the world. Foreigners assert that in this country the family is dominated by the claims of the child. But if it is true that the American child is outrageously indulged and spoiled, is there not the likelihood that the child will remember with some tenderness the mother who spoiled him?

These are obvious matters, but perhaps not out of place in an inquiry dedicated to the great many obvious facts of American life which the critical temper of recent years has so amazingly succeeded in overlooking. The mother cult in America is not all ballyhoo and propaganda, because the general cult of woman in America is not all ballyhoo and propaganda. The American boy is brought up by women as European boys of equal economic and social station are not. The case of the mother and her boy up to the age of six we have seen. After six the American boy goes to school to a woman teacher, but the European boy has a man schoolmaster. Out of every five teachers whom the American boy has met up to college age, four have been women. It is a big subject that has been much discussed, and here calls only for mention.

This American respect for Womanhood, as the orator calls it, this American habit of putting woman on a pedestal, as the cooler heads call it, argues neither virtue nor demerit in the American. The tradition has a sound social-economic basis, and is due, I assume, to pioneer conditions. It is a commonplace among the statisticians that in the older countries of Europe there are more women than men, and in new countries — the United States, Australia — there are more men than women. We have to-day probably two million more males than females. England has two million more females than males, and the war is not entirely responsible. There was a large female surplus in Great Britain and Germany before the war, and a large female deficit in this country. For sixty years it has been true with us that for every one hundred women there have been nearly one hundred and five men.

American respect for womankind would thus appear to be grounded in the scarcity value of women in this country. For this reason, among others, the American male needs comparatively little encouragement from his florist and his telegraph company in order to be kind to his womenfolk. This kindness is inbred in him. The infection is in the air. It seizes upon the immigrant from Central Europe at Quarantine, and impels the peasant woman to step into her higher status as a matter of course and her menfolk to concede it as a matter of course.

Let the critics of American gyneolatry and of its devastating effects on American civilization be patient. As the country fills up, as we cut down the male surplus and ultimately develop a female surplus, our traditional respect for women will approximate the established forms in the older countries. With that will come a weakening of the mother cult as part of our general cult of women. As America grows still richer and more urbanized and more specialized, American children will begin to see less and less of their mothers and more and more of cooks and governesses. They will see less and less of female school-teachers. Our wealthy classes have already mastered the art of sending the small boy away to what the English call a public school and we call a private school, with men teachers predominant. For the moderately comfortable classes there are the public schools (in the American sense). In growing variety and number they are stepping in between mother and child. Below the primary grades are the kindergarten classes, the pre-kindergarten classes, the pre-school nursery, moving steadily down, one is almost tempted to say, to the pre-natal school.

Countless observers, foreign and domestic, have pointed out that American men in respect to their women are like Matthew Bagnet —

Safety first in the face of new reading habits! Let it be said for the benefit of all readers under fifty that there is a book called *Bleak House* by a man named Charles Dickens. Not the least attractive group of characters in that book consists of Matthew Bagnet, ex-artilleryman with a record of service in British garrisons all around the world; his strong, brave, hard-working, cheerful wife, Mrs. Bagnet, affectionately referred to as the Old Girl; their two charming daughters, Malta and Quebec, and their son, young Woolwich. Now to Matthew Bagnet has been denied the gift of ready expression. When approached on any subject, — as, let us say in modern terms, whether the family should move out to the suburbs, or whether the son should go in for aviation engineering, or whether Picasso marks an advance over Cézanne, — this Matthew Bagnet invariably turns to the Old Girl and says, 'You tell them what I think.' And the Old Girl tells them, with vigor and common sense and fondness for her own men.

The men of America as yet depend on their Old Girls to attend to most of the expression and self-expression for them, with one important difference. Though Matthew Bagnet respects his wife enormously, and insists he never saw the Old Girl's equal, he never owns to it before her. 'Discipline must be maintained.' The American male would n't dream of applying discipline to his womenfolk. He delights in telling the Old Girl what he thinks of her. He says it with flowers, with telegrams, with candy. Perhaps he gets a reminder from the Western Postal and other advertisers. But the urge is his own.

(*In September Mr. Strunsky will rediscover 'Jones, His Machines'*)

ANOTHER JEW WITHOUT MONEY

BY T. SWANN HARDING

I

If I were going to be a successful scientist in America, there are several specific things I should certainly avoid if at all possible. For one thing, I should not be a Jew if I could help it. For another, I should not lack those higher symbolic university degrees calculated so usefully to simulate intellectual ability in the mentally sterile. For a third, I should avoid attacking a problem upon which the bigwigs of science or the medical profession had recently made up their minds and unmistakably expressed themselves. In the fourth place, I should certainly seek to avoid problems the pursuit of which would lead inevitably to the disclosure that thousands in this land of plenty are habitually underfed — a disclosure that is bound to be vexatious to members of the classes that profit thereby, whose emotional tranquillity it is wiser not to disturb. Finally, I should aim not to be equipped with an annoying sense of unswerving ethical probity.

This sounds like rather a large order. It is. Many failures in science can be attributed largely to disregard for only one or two of these five prohibitions — say the second and the third, for instance. But economic and professional regeneration (in another sphere) can likewise often be attributed to the fact that the individual's sense of ethical probity unaccountably compromises on occasion with the bleak realities of the preferment methods which obtain in a singularly unethical profit economy. On this occasion my subject is a really great man and a really distinguished scientist who managed eventually, especially after his death, to attain a very respectable modicum of deference and adulation in spite of the fact that he violated every one of the items in my list of prohibitions. He was a Jew. He had no 'scientific' degree. He solved a problem which medicine considered already solved, though his solution reversed the one then held true. His study involved disclosures of starvation on the part of thousands in this favored land of the gods, and he had about the most rigidly imperturbable ethical sense that I ever came across in any individual. The man was Joseph Goldberger. I talked long with his widow the other evening.

I had reached her by skirting carefully the choicer parts of a Washington suburb inhabited largely by exponents of what Veblen well called the art of conspicuous waste. I found her in a most unpretentious home, living within the penumbra of poverty, in circumstances and with furnishings remote in quality from those common in the homes of successful brokers, realtors, automotive experts, and morticians. She was a nervous woman who smoked cigarettes rapidly as she told me about her husband. She has three fine children living with her, each one obviously meriting education, and she is trying to get a job, so that they may all be educated. Coming of a wealthy New Orleans family, but retaining not a single Southern prejudice, she successfully wedded her cultured Gentile refinement to what was noble in this East Side Jew without money, and she exists now on the meagre pension our government is sufficiently generous to give the widows of its Walter Reeds, for really tangible pensions must be reserved for the higher retired officers of the army and the navy. Not that she complains; she accepts this as her lot. She is socially conscious and thoroughly able to realize the uncomfortable predicament of a pure scientist in an acquisitive society. She realizes also that it is better, as things are, to pay large salaries to superb circumlocution experts who laboriously secrete enormous memoranda giving subordinates detailed instructions in the art of official obfuscation, than to pay them to fundamental scientists.

So things are, then, and she does not complain. This man Goldberger was a Jew. He was a Hungarian emigrant. His brothers bore packs on their backs and peddled goods. Paul de Kruif, in his breathless, syncopated way, using words like impudent flails, which batter the mind as do the tonic excreta of jazz orchestras, said some little about him in *Hunger Fighters.* But Goldberger's personal dignity commands more respect than that. He started life with the handicap of being a Jew, and in science, as elsewhere, that is not just the best thing to be. Prejudices are often subtle rather than overt, but preferment is tardy. Recognition can be had, but far less quickly than by some Gentile fop who escaped the heritage of Israel. Yet, in spite of this handicap, Goldberger, at long last, won favorable notice.

Educationally he was an interloper; he came in through a side entrance. He began the study of engineering in college, but heard a lecture on the circulation of the blood which thrilled him so that he changed over to medicine. He pursued this course, performed his interneship, won his medical degree, and ultimately began the practice of medicine in a small city. But the bills were too much for him. He could not bring himself to charge the rich as much as he should, and he could bring himself to charge the poor nothing at all. When a patient died, he canceled the bill, because he felt he had failed. With ethical probity so curious as that, he was bound to fail in medicine corporately organized on a private, individualistic guild basis, and depending upon merciless acquisitiveness for a livelihood.

II

It was then that Goldberger entered the Public Health Service as a surgeon, though he never performed surgical work there. He was impressed into nutrition work. In 1914 the problem of pellagra began to absorb him. Lacking the stamp of authenticity as he did, he was regarded askance by sterile doctors of philosophy whose brains were sealed and placed in permanent storage on the day they began to write 'Ph.D.' portentously after their names. For Goldberger was 'only' an M.D. But he worked on none the less. He was not a vacuum surrounded by an education; he had authentic mental power. Soon he had unmistakable evidence that this scourge which kept thousands upon thousands of Southerners ill and dying was nutritional, not infectious, in origin. As empirical theory this idea was old; Goldberger established it as scientific fact. In orphanages he discovered that the nurses and doctors who ate good food never contracted pellagra, but the child victims who were fed grits, corn bread, and molasses almost universally had the disease. Plaintively he sought to have meat, milk, and green vegetables added to the diets of these sufferers, and also to attract attention to the fact that the disease was widely prevalent in the South.

Both efforts met with stern opposition. The medical profession had been committed to the belief that pellagra was an infectious disease, and it did not, as a vested interest, intend to surrender easily. Medicine has long been skeptical of nutrition anyway, and even to-day many leading physicians seriously doubt the efficacy of vitamins and mineral salts to accomplish therapeutic ends. In spite of Goldberger's rapidly accumulating proofs, prejudice died hard; he was laughed at, ridiculed, and his work impeded. In addition to that, every time he sought to call attention to the widespread prevalence of this disease among the ignorant and the economically 'underprivileged' classes, he was sternly rebuked by the local gentry in Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs, who for business reasons declined to believe unpleasant truths. Worse still, public health officers from the South would storm Washington declaring fervently that the disease did not exist in their communities, after Goldberger, in his objective scientific way, reported what he saw there with his own eyes.

All this it was difficult for him to understand. He returned to his wife and often told her tales of what he had seen, and wept as he spoke. He mentioned the young woman who told of her family living 'well' on thirty-four dollars a month. But this large income was reduced when she had to go to the hospital. Finally, illness and other contingencies also prevented two of her children from working in the cotton fields. Later still, her husband was reduced to odd jobs. Ultimately the income became two dollars a month and she looked at Goldberger wide-eyed and said, 'You know we just could n't make out on two dollars a month,' to which he solemnly replied, 'I was just wondering how you managed on the thirty-four dollars.' He went with the woman to her home, found the husband and two children abed with pellagra, dug down in his own pocket to afford immediate relief, and later said to his wife, 'If it were just that one case! But it is n't. The South is full of such cases. There are thousands upon thousands of them.' This was under the ægis of Coolidge, when Prosperity was in the saddle.

In his naïve way Goldberger felt that if he could somehow get an endowment, pick out a really bad Southern community, go in with hygienists and nutrition experts and educate the people, wiping out pellagra, this would set a good example to the opulent and somewhat ventrally distended gentlemen who desired to hear nothing of poverty and distress in their respective communities. His wife is striving right now to get a job with the Red Cross to lead a crusade of this character. The ideal is noble. Upon reflection one wonders, however, whether the regeneration of these pellagra-stricken people can ever be accomplished effectively under a social and economic régime which places a premium upon greed and profits, and can ill afford to finance work of such fundamental scientific importance as that in which Goldberger was engaged.

This brings to mind his ethical probity. Goldberger could have made money. He could have made it posthumously, in fact. For his wife showed me a letter which had come but a week or so earlier from a well-known medical charlatan who desired the privilege of using Goldberger's name and an apposite — but carefully edited and garbled — quotation from an authentic scientific paper of his to confirm the excellence of a quack health food he was exploiting. During his lifetime Goldberger could have made plenty of money — twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year if he had wished. All he had to do was act a bit unethically and devote his talents to antisocial ends. For America has riches always to throw into the bank accounts of those who will so utilize their ability as to exploit the gullibility of others.

Had he had an advanced scientific degree, — in short, a Ph.D., — Goldberger could have had a professorship at Yale. Perhaps if he had countenanced a personal appeal which could have been made for him to Mr. Taft he might have had the position, degree or no degree. But that was not his idea of scientific advancement. He sternly decided against the technique of special pleading. If they wanted him, they must invite him to come, degree or no degree. But the presentation of a professorship to a man who merely had scientific genius is perhaps too much to expect on the part of any wealthy university dealing in degrees on what Flexner has described as a bargain-counter basis — selling education, but relatively careless of the quality of the education sold or of the innate ability of the educated to absorb such education.

The University of Chicago was more liberal. It was at one time willing to take Goldberger on its staff without quibbling over a higher degree. But it wanted him to devote himself to one specific problem — *dementia præcox*, a problem which did not interest him and upon which he had never worked. He talked the matter over with his wife. He said, 'I should like the salary; it would be a great thing for you and the children; but I should not like the work at all.' She replied, 'Then why consider it for a single instant?'— which ended the conversation and the idea. Though he was away from her ten months of the year, though even his own relatives thought he neglected his family shamelessly, she grasped the nature of those ruthless forces which impelled him to pursue science even in opposition to his own personal good.

III

A more conscientious man never lived. A more cautious writer there could not have been. He was one scientist who never retracted. He consistently prepared his papers in such manner that he could sustain his conclusions against all onslaughts, and he never had to admit an error or take back a statement. Within a year or so, a leading biochemist had to publish in most humiliating form, in the *Biochemical Journal*, a long paper in which he acknowledged and lamely sought to extenuate careless errors he had made in several previous papers. Goldberger was never forced to such extremities. He would not even permit himself to gloat over the mistakes of colleagues, and in the dispute about blacktongue in dogs as an analogue of pellagra in humans, — an assumption denied by Mendel of Yale, — out of deference to his opponent he actually refused ever to make the flat statement that the two diseases were closely analogous. Yet he had seemingly incontrovertible facts to sustain him all the time.

Well, he worked along for a number of years on pellagra. He saw a great deal of distress and poverty, and realized that thousands of Southerners are held guilty of low intelligence, whereas their real deficiency is purely nutritional. He was agonized that so few seemed to be interested in this problem, and annoyed that, when he called attention to it, political exigencies compelled him to soften his words — for were not various candidates for office extolling our widespread prosperity at the very moment? Was it not customary for our statesmen to tell the world that American working people thrive, prosper, have their cars, and own their homes — that they eat well and are well clothed? Should some desperate Jewish fanatic spout heresy in the face of evidence so conclusive? It just was not done. So he worried along as best he could on a small salary. Finally one day he simply could n't drag himself around. He was sick. His illness progressed, and he died while colleagues talked of voting him a Nobel prize, which never reached him. And his picture hangs on the rather forlorn wall of a rather forlorn house — all in uniform, with a sword near by! For he worked under military orders to the last, but was not sufficiently important to leave his widow an adequate pension.

It is a strange thing, this business of discovering new knowledge. We Americans give large lip service to pure science. We toss up our hats to an Einstein, knowing not what we do, while he meantime wonders at the ape antics of these emotional Americans. But we make it very difficult for our scientists to pursue their tasks. If they find out that hungry people should be fed moderately expensive foods, we begin to think them a little 'balmy.' Of course, if later they are fortunate enough, as Goldberger was, to discover that the poor may be fed a cheap food like yeast to prevent their pellagra, that is not so bad. But even then it is bad business to get excited about such matters, and to have the fact blazoned in the newspapers that thousands are ill and starving in a land of plenty. It is not just the sort of thing that should be done — especially by a Jewish scientist who failed to take a Bachelor of Science degree, much less become a Doctor of Philosophy. And one wonders ultimately whether it might not be wise for such men of genius to adopt just sufficient of the shrewd technique of the money-minded men to enable them to profit well and serve the public more widely. Yet it is silly even to mention this, because men like Goldberger cannot do that sort of thing. It is their misfortune to be gentlemen in an age that capitalizes acquisitiveness and rewards louts for their depravity.

WAITING FOR THE RAINS

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

It was midnight, and they had just finished dinner; it had been too hot to face that daily ordeal earlier. They walked across the dusty grass, seared pale yellow, to a clump of long chairs that were placed as near as might be in the middle of the thirty-acre compound that surrounded the mud-walled bungalow. There they escaped the heat which it still reverberated; and the open space around them gave an illusion of comparative coolness. A bearer, carrying a guttering hurricane lantern, preceded them. It was a nightly ritual. The two white men in the station dined each night with the Deputy Commissioner; there was nothing else to do. And, as always, they talked shop at dinner; there was nothing else to talk about.

They settled cautiously into the long cane chairs; the bearer circled gravely round to see that there were no snakes in sight. He returned in a few minutes, lantern in one hand and a tray with 'pegs' in the other, fitted the long tumblers into the receptacle provided to that end in the broad flat arm of each chair, placed a box of cigars, with an air-tight lid, on a wicker table in the centre of the group, and padded off silently, taking the lantern with him. Without the light, the illusion of coolness was perhaps heightened a little. No one spoke.

When the swaying light had disappeared behind the bungalow, the night shut down on them. The sky was blue-black velvet; not a breath stirred; the scent of lilies came strongly from a hidden clump that grew, practically wild, in the vast sprawling garden, and mingled with the faint, acid-sweet odor of tamarinds from the great tree, seventy feet high or more, that heaved its huge bulk in front. Its feathery foliage showed merely as masses of darkness, and of deeper darkness; thousands of fireflies wove their way, their pale green lights glowing and dimming, in and out and round about its towering mass. Overhead, the stars shone brightly: not the cold, aloof stars of Northern lands, but glowing globes, as it seemed, big here, smaller there, that hung suspended at varying distances which the deluded eye thought it could easily appreciate. The men wriggled in their chairs, trying to find the positions where their prickly heat annoyed them least; a flying fox winged its way heavily across, shearing the air with slow, powerful strokes; every now and then ice tinkled coolly against glass, and the cigar tips waxed and waned, like red stars that had come to earth in the thick, scented darkness.

The three men there were the entire white population of the district, which covered about three thousand square miles and had a population of one and a half millions. Carstairs, the Deputy Commissioner and chief civil authority, was of the wire-drawn, capable, untiring, not-to-be-rattled type; he knew his work, and did it without fuss or worry. He had spent most of his life in taking charge of situations of all degrees of gravity; and he knew, with the certainty of complete conviction based on long experience, that if one kept one's head, and did the 'sensible thing,' it would work out all right. Turner, the doctor, was a tiny little man, quick as a weasel, good at his job, but with a superficial air of callousness and brutality that the hard-pressed doctor so often has. Rendel, the policeman, looked a very bullock of a man: red-faced, thick-necked, with great heavy shoulders and abnormally long, powerful arms ending in huge clumsy hands. Elephantine, one would have said, in mind and body.

Cane creaked in the darkness, and Carstairs spoke.

'What about the river, Doctor?'

'Rising a foot a day. Snow water coming down good and hard. Pretty high already; and the banks flopping in all along that big curve, Somastipore way. They have moved the ferry to the rains station.'

And then, reflectively, 'And I had one hell of a time getting across, too. Worse coming back.'

It sounded as if Rendel had sat up in his chair. 'What were you doing across the river?' he asked, imperiously.

'I was attending to my own business, young fella-me-lad.'

Carstairs chipped in, a trifle too rapidly: 'Stop it, Doctor. He's here, Rendel, to tell you all about it. Get on with it, Doctor, and speak your piece nicely.'

'May I have a peg?' Rendel asked. Carstairs apologized, and shouted for the bearer. The swaying lantern reappeared after a minute or two, an order was given, and the servant returned with ice, a whiskey decanter, and three large bottles of soda water. In the flickering lantern light, Carstairs and Turner, eyes shaded with their open palms, watched closely: Rendel's peg was a three-finger one. 'Foreign water for me,' said the doctor, in Hindustani. 'And for me,' added Carstairs.

When all was darkness again, the doctor spoke.

'I got a most urgent message from Bahadur Singh this morning. Wanted me out at Daulatpore at once. Life and death, and the usual flummery. Perfectly bloody journey in this weather, as you know. When I got there, I was told that his brother — that dropsical old swine Kallu — was very ill. Would I see him at once? Usual thing: there he was, in a room about the size of a bathroom, in that great pyramid of masonry; every window pasted up with dark green paper; every hole stuffed up with filthy rags; place packed with people, all of the usual hanger-on type; and a fugg that made me sick. When I managed to see in the dark, there was old Kallu on his string bed, propped up with loathsome pillows, and quite obviously pretty bad. He was very busy drawing imaginary threads from the ragged coverlet. You both know what that means?'

'Aconite,' said Carstairs and Rendel together.

'Right, me sons. Aconite: all Lombard Street to a China orange, in fact, that he had been poisoned. It is your pigeon, of course, Carstairs; but I gather that, if old Kallu slipped off the hooks, Bahadur Singh and his scallywag sons would become the sole proprietors of Daulatpore?'

'That is so.'

'Well, I sized it up that way, and did some pretty quick thinking. Kallu, as you know, is just a great putrescent bag of rottenness, kept from immediate dissolution by being constantly soaked in country liquor. He told me himself that even whiskey had lost its bite for him; opium just sent him to sleep, without his getting any kick out of it;

and *charas* was n't much use anyway. Nice lad, Kallu! As you know, professional honor requires us doctors to do our own killing. I did n't like it at all. I'd clearly been brought out when they knew it was no damned use — I was merely respectability, which was to cover them as a garment. I had to stand between them and the gallows. What I resented most of all — most offensive, I call it — was that they quite obviously thought I was a bloody fool. And there I was, in that cursed great warren of masonry, with every man within a mile Bahadur Singh's man, to the marrow of his bones, and with his life hanging on Bahadur Singh's word.'

Silence fell again, and the fireflies wove in and out of the great tamarind tree, while the cigar tips glowed and dimmed.

'Might I have another drink?' said Rendel. More apologies; more cautious watching. Another three-finger peg for Rendel; soda again for the other two.

'Well,' the doctor went on when the light had disappeared, 'I told them to call in all Kallu's men. There were bags of them, of course; but we made room. Then I asked them what Kallu was doing. They told me, quite accurately. I picked out some of the more important, and asked them, one by one. All quite good at their lesson. Then I cut loose, once I had got that fact well rubbed into them all. I told them Kallu had been poisoned; I doubted if he'd live, whatever I did; but I was quite certain he'd die, and quickly at that, if what I told them to do was *not* done. I said the Deputy Commissioner would be *most* interested in hearing all about it; and I was going off now to tell him. If Kallu died, somebody would certainly be hanged — perhaps quite a lot of somebodies. Then I got busy, and did what I could for him. He is as rotten as punk. When I left, he was probably all right — bar accidents. One can't dogmatize about a decaying dung heap like that; but I think he'll pull through, this time. I left them working hard, regular little busy bees, to save their precious necks. They fair twittered with eagerness. *Ziyada haddiadab.*' (To say more would be to exceed the bounds of decorum and due respect.)

Rendel's feet swung down from the chair arms, and came to the grass with a vicious stamp. 'And why the hell did Durga Singh not come to me about all this?' Durga Singh was the thanadar, or chief police officer, at Daulatpore. 'I'd like to wring his blasted neck. He's getting much too slack — and uppish. Does he think he's there because he's beautiful, the lousy beast?'

'Oh, ease off, Rendel. Turner is just back; Durga Singh rode with him to the ferry; and he knew you would have the story to-night. There was no earthly reason why he should have come in that I can see. He'll be far more useful at Daulatpore.'

Turner added, 'Yes. Rode with me to the ferry; and that roaring piebald stallion of his tried to eat my leg all the way, more by token. I told him I'd tell you all about it. Nice boy, Durga Singh; he can ride, too, that lad — though I don't admire his taste in horseflesh. Great fiddle-headed brute.'

But Rendel was not to be placated. He cursed away stoutly, working himself into a passion, his words rumbling out, now fast, now slow, with curious little halts and mispronunciations.

'By the way, Captain Sahib,' Carstairs broke in firmly, 'when are you taking that second spot of casual leave you wanted?'

'Leave? How the devil can I take leave when we're running two dacoities, or something like it, a week?'

'Well, that can't last long. The rains are overdue already; and this perfectly damnable heat must work up to something, and soon. We can't go on like this. What is it now, Doctor?'

'It's been one hundred and twenty for three days; and touched one hundred and twenty-three to-day. Something bound to break soon.'

'It's we who'll break,' said Rendel, and his voice flickered. 'Anyhow, rains or no rains, and whether the bloody thermometer bursts or boils, here I stay till this dacoity game ends. I'm seeing it through, I am. You can run away if you like,' he added, throwing his voice toward Carstairs.

The silence shut down again; the fireflies wove in and out of the branches of the tamarind tree; from far off came the 'third call' of a pack of jackals; peafowl in the trees near by stirred uneasily in their sleep at that ghoulish sound staining the silence of the night; and the heavy sweet scent of the lilies came in thick gusts of perfume.

'One,' rapped out the doctor. 'I'm for bed. The flea bag, or Indian couch, for this one. May I call my man, Carstairs?'

'Have a drink before you go.'

The three men all took whiskey and soda — Rendel's peg was again a three-finger one — and sat on the long arms of their chairs, while three servants, each with his hurricane lantern, waited silently close by. As Turner rose to go, Carstairs spoke.

'Do you mind having just a word about that Mullanpore dispensary, Doctor, before you go? Night-night, Rendel. And don't worry too much about these dacoits. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, for they shall soon be cut down like the grass." Ever read your Bible? The dacoits are lots of things, but they are certainly not damned fools; and they won't wait, in between the rivers, for us to step in as soon as the rains come, and pick them up like peaches off a plate. I bet you ten to one, in rupees, that we've had our last dacoity for the season.'

'Maybe. I think *not*, however; and I know my dacoit as well as anybody else. Anyhow, Doctor, you'll have a pleasant morning. Two p.m.'s! Sent 'em on to-day. Both women; both tortured to death; and both,' he added viciously, 'rather impatient at being kept waiting for three days in this heat.' He swung off, balancing himself carefully. When the 'clip-clop' of his orderly's wooden shoes had ceased to sound on the metaled path, Carstairs spoke.

'I'm worried about Rendel, Doctor. You saw what he took? And he has never been a drinking man. His temper has gone to shreds; and the official stuff that comes to me from him recently is just plain, plumb foolish. He's been out night and day for a month, Muhamdi way, and in the forests toward Sitapore, after these blasted dacoits. I don't suppose he's had three hours' sleep a day for the last week; and he was run down to start with. What do you think about him? And is there anything to be done?'

'It is n't the drink,' replied the doctor. 'Rendel could drink barrels without it bothering him much. He starts from scratch, as it were. But he seems to me devilish near a breakdown. I don't like the way he talks. Too much staccato altogether about that movement. I noticed he seemed to find some difficulty in lighting his cheroot, too. And he has n't the kind of neck that goes well with this kind of weather. But he'll take no advice; trying to do anything for him would just rile him; and there's nothing for it but wait and see. Night-night,' and he went off slowly.

II

Rendel was exasperated with things. His bearer was asleep, curled up on the stone flags of the verandah, instead of being ready to receive him as he arrived. He wakened him by stirring him up, none too gently, with the toe of his boot. The heavy, used-up, stuffy, thrice-heated air inside the bungalow irritated him still further. He sent his bearer for another peg, sat listlessly waiting for it on the side of his bed, drank it off in great gulps, and then began to undress. His shirt, soaked with perspiration, did not come off easily; furious, he rent the thin silk in shreds, and threw the sodden mass in the bearer's face. His clothes — thin silk also — he flung here and there as he removed them. Dressed in light woolen pyjamas, he followed the servant out of the stifling room on to the lawn.

His bed was there, on a large cotton rug or dhurrie. Beside it stood a wicker table with glasses, a whiskey decanter, candle, and matches — for it was unsafe to move anywhere at night without a light. Below was a small ice box with bottles of soda. Alongside the bed lay a wooden trough, about four feet long and a foot deep, three quarters full of water. The bed itself had no sheets, merely a thin woven mat (a 'smallpox mat,' of fine reeds, the coolest thing to lie on) placed directly over the interlaced tapes of its wooden frame. Over the bed a wooden framework had been fixed, with a punkah slung to it; and attached to the punkah frill by safety pins was a bath towel so arranged that, when in movement, it just cleared the body and face.

Rendel twitched the mat straight, placed his handkerchief on the table, and rolled into the bath. He emerged, dripping, and lay down on the bed. The coolie — some yards off, at the end of the long punkah rope — started pulling at once.

The bearer, standing just clear of the swinging beam, asked, 'Has the Presence need of anything else?'

There was no reply.

'At what hour does the Presence desire to be wakened?'

'Go to hell — and quick!' was the answer.

Rendel, despite the temporary coolness which his unorthodox method provided, found difficulty in getting to sleep. He lay open-eyed, watching the stars slowly wheeling round the pole; the distant barking of a fox annoyed him; he went over and over in his mind the central problem that had worried him for weeks: How was he to catch the dacoits who harried his district? Had all his guards at the river ferries been alive and active? Was it possible that the dacoits could have slipped through his cordon toward Teripore way? Could he scrape up some more mounted men for a big drive?

They must be getting supplies from Beharipore: and his local information must be defective. He'd skin Mahmud Khan if that were so. And so on, and so on; his mind wove in and out, like the fireflies, round the one central problem. Eventually, dog-weary in mind and body, he dropped off to sleep.

He awoke, some time later, with an extraordinary sense of well-being. It was — he glanced at the stars — perhaps about half-past two. He felt cool and comfortable, and at peace with all the world; it was delightful to lie there, watching the stars, breathing in the scented air, and feeling that all was well with him, and with his work. Ah, yes: his work! Now he had got the clue to it all. Somehow, woven into the fabric of his dreams and carried out of sleep into the present waking hour, he had acquired a tremendous conviction that the whole problem had been solved.

Just as, in a fevered dream, where threads cross and recross, tie and knot themselves, move, and slip, and worry the racing brain into an agony in its efforts to trace from the beginning to the end the one thread it wants, sometimes peace suddenly comes, and one sees — with a crystal clarity of vision that admits of no doubt, and that soothes like balm on a wound — the one master thread that controls the maddening complex, so he saw, clearly, with a calm certainty that excluded all doubt, his master thread. His dacoits were but little people after all; he had never thought of that. They were merely on the fringe of a great conspiracy — necessary, essential incidents of that vast conspiracy, but microscopic, all the same, in their importance. They would come in—helplessly, unresistingly — when he pulled on the master thread; and he now held that master thread in his hand!

He sat up on the edge of the bed, clear of the punkah: the coolie had long since dropped asleep. He stroked the shiny surface of the sleeping mat; he enjoyed its hard polished coolness; and he allowed himself to revel, for a time, in the thought that he, Rendel, had been chosen to frustrate that plot of diabolical wickedness and infernal cunning. The possibility of failure did not cross his mind. The thing would work out, successful to the last detail, just as surely as the sun would rise to-morrow.

He lit the candle, and, watching the ground closely, passed on into the bungalow. Its stifling, heavy heat did not cause the usual wave of irritation and resentment; his mind was on other things. He did not wake the sleeping coolie as he passed. He slipped off his pyjamas; then slowly, methodically, with neat precision, he took from the shelf where they always stood his jack boots with the spurs already fixed, and pulled them on. He unhooked his Sam Browne belt from an adjoining peg; fitted it snugly into the small of his back with the customary automatic wriggles and pulls; slipped his sword, brown-leather-sheathed and brass-mounted, into place; and, unlocking a drawer, took out his heavy service revolver, jerked it open, and loaded it carefully with six cartridges. He placed it in the holster by his side, put on his helmet, slipped its chain over the point of his chin, and, extinguishing the candle, walked out quietly — mother-naked, except for his belt and boots — into the silent night.

No fear of snakes, with riding boots on. He made his way, confident despite the darkness, to the stables, woke his sleeping syce by prodding him gently with the toe of his boot, and ordered him to saddle Sultan at once, putting on the 'Government' saddle.

A minute or two later he swung into the saddle, picked his way deftly through the trees in the compound, and, with the syce walking behind, took the road to the station. The hoof beats were muffled by the soft dust that coated the road, inches deep. The countryside was silent — not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. Every now and then, as he passed under a mango tree, the 'mango flies' rose in an angry buzz, then spattered — exactly like the sound of rain — against the leaves.

Rendel liked drifting like that, silently, through the night; and his heart was light, for the key to the great conspiracy lay in his hand. An hour perhaps, more or less, and the thing would be done! India would be safe; his dacoits would soon be under lock and key; the district would have the peace it so sorely needed; he would take that long-deferred leave in the hills. He thought with pleasure of the tonga ride, past trees covered with moss and fern, up through the foothills to the cool heights above; thought of the delightful sound of rushing streams, of the joy of driving for hours through greenery, of the never-to-be-forgotten smell of the Himalayas, made up of damp moss and rotting fern, wood smoke, and hot sunshine on lush forest.

There was the station. He swung his right leg over his horse's head and slipped to the ground, handing the reins to his syce. The girths loosened, he told his syce to remain there, close to the entrance, and stalked into the station, through lines of sleeping forms, each with its head completely covered by a blanket or sheet. One can take no risks with the evil eye, whatever the temperature may be.

III

The long platform was lit by two guttering oil lamps only. The Indian station master is economical. Inside the long, buff-colored walls, the heat was intense; and there was the usual smell, common to all stations in India, of smouldering waste, coal smoke, and reeking humanity. Rendel paced up and down, intent on his own thoughts. The sweetmeat vendor, crouching beside his brass tray of indescribable horrors, eyed him curiously; it was not every day one saw a sahib, mother-naked, red in the face as a harvest moon, white as milk in the body, striding up and down the platform, his spurs ringing on the stone flags.

In the mysterious way that things happen in India, without a word apparently said, without a sign given, the platform began to fill with people. They looked intently at the white man pacing up and down, and were unusually silent as they squatted, immobile. The station master emerged from the dark reeking hole that was his office and made his way toward Rendel.

'Good evening, sare,' he said.

'Good evening, Babu Sahib. Is the train on time?'

'The mail is forty-two minutes late, sare. There has been detention owing buckling of rails by excessive temperature. It is very heavy mail, to-night. Government gentlemen are emigrating Calcutta, owing to anticipated breaking of rains. Many most high personages are on mail to-night.'

Rendel was glad to hear that; it fitted in with his scheme of things.

'Well, you have a lot to do, Babu Sahib. Don't let me keep you' — and he continued to pace the platform. About an hour later the train rushed into the station. All the lamps had then been lit; and Rendel could see the white and gold coaches, shuttered up against the flying dust, that told of high dignitaries on their unwilling way to Calcutta. With a roar of grinding brakes, the train drew up. Rendel walked quickly to the engine, fingering his revolver as he went. The engine driver and fireman — white men, both — were just about to descend to water the engine. That was the only reason why the Kalka-Calcutta mail stopped at that God-forgotten spot.

'I am the district superintendent of police. I arrest you both,' he said.

They gaped at him in astonishment, and then burst into helpless laughter. They were naked to the waist themselves, but this! This, with never a stitch to cover it, all tricked out in polished brass and pipe-clayed helmet; this, with jack boots and jingling spurs; this apparition that came out of the night and talked of arresting them!

Rendel was not annoyed, but his voice took an edge that there was no mistaking. Both the men were old soldiers, and they knew what that tone meant.

'Get off that footplate, and walk together, arms linked, in front of me. If you try to escape, or make a suspicious movement, I shall shoot. And I do not often miss. Get down.' They got down. 'Link arms.' They linked arms. 'Is the engine safe?' he asked. 'It's safe enough,' the driver replied. 'Then march to the entrance. No talking, to anyone.'

Rendel, his revolver drawn, followed them closely, two or three paces behind. The people on the platform divided automatically to make way for them, regarded them curiously, but did not speak. Rendel stopped his men outside the station master's office.

'Babu Sahib, get me some rope, please.'

'Sare, I do not comprehend fully. What rope does your honor want?'

'Take that rope off the punkah, please.' The tone was authoritative. It was done.

'Now tie these two men together, wrist to wrist, forearm to forearm.' It was done, wonderingly but quickly; it did not seem good to argue. Rendel saw to it that the job was done properly. 'Get another rope, and tie it to the first, by the elbow.' That too was done.

Rendel took the end of the eight-foot rope in his left hand, and, revolver in his right, marched his men out of the station to the waiting syce. He mounted, and keeping the men on his left, with the weapon still handy in his right hand, started back along the road to his bungalow.

'Listen,' he said. 'I send no white man, on a night like this, to the lock-up. If you behave decently, you will spend the night at my bungalow; if you try to escape — and you know you could not escape now, even if you were free and I were not here — I shall shoot, at once.'

'What are we arrested for, guv'nor?' asked the driver.

'Sedition, high treason, conspiracy to wage war against the King, and dacoity,' replied Rendel. There was no venom behind this surprising declaration; it was an objective statement of fact. 'God Almighty!' was the only, and sufficient, comment of the engine driver.

IV

Carstairs dealt adequately with the unusual situation when he heard of it at six o'clock that morning. Rendel eventually found himself in the hills; his wandering wits came back to him, reasonably quickly, and without undue inconvenience to himself or to anyone else. The trainload of dignitaries, apoplectic with rage and stewing slowly in the grilling heat, was, after many hours of delay, dispatched to its appointed destination.

Still, there were bound to be unpleasant repercussions; you cannot hold up many of the mightiest for hours, in a place like Puranpore, on a night like that, without something happening.

The Government of India regarded the whole thing with weary, delicate disgust. Rendel had been drinking; the man had smelt like a shebeen; he had walked about naked; his conduct had been deplorable and inexcusable. They were not interested in temperatures, or in the fact that he had been chasing dacoits night and day for a month. They were coldly objective. But they could not possibly retain Rendel in their service. Nor did they.

Rendel is now growing vegetables for the Sydney market, and is making quite a good thing of it.

THE SEVEN SEAS

I NEVER sailed the Seven Seas, but I have seen
Seas, seven and more,
Bring wonder, recurrent and new, to the English shore.

From a sea where the light spread like oil, golden and bland,
I have seen the sun rise; and three cormorants flying
Trailed their thin, wavering shadows over the dun sand
And troubled the dawn with their crying.

As mild as a bowl of milk and scarcely deeper
Was the sea at morning — but the sea that swallowed
The sun's red globe in its amethystine waters
Plunged to the roots of the mountains and hollowed
The rocky bases of earth, and her fragile columns
Trembled beneath the onslaught of the waters.

Seas under rain, pock-marked and heaving slow
Beneath the purple fringes of the sky —
Those plumy heads laid low
That tossed their creamy ribbons high
When the curled breakers made
An emerald arcade
And in the falling foam there hung the iridian bow —
Seas under rain: I have seen them, subdued and mild,
With tentative fingers groping along the beach,
As if they sought to reach
A refuge from the steely arrow, the flung lance;

And earth's old strife with sea was reconciled
Before the menace of the stealthy skies' advance.

But those sad, tractable seas have changed, have spread
To a wan horizon, infinitely far,
Impassable as space dividing star from star.
I have watched a ship, forlorn, and dim,
Sinking slowly over the world's rim,
And known the living more remote and lonelier than the dead.

Green seas and purple, white and blue,
I have seen them, all the year through,
Heard their changing symphonies, and known
The under and the over tone.
I have seen faërie seas beneath the moon,
And a silver sea on Christmas afternoon
Suddenly spread before us, as we came
Along the frost-bound road where the poplars stood
Like sentinels; a sea of silver flame
Enkindled from the heavenly mood
That filled the winter air with psaltery, and lent
The Magian star to light the firmament.

Freda C. Bond

THEY WANT THEIR MONEY BACK

BY HELEN PEFFER AND JUNA NEWTON

I

In the May *Atlantic* an exasperated shopper asks, 'Who Wants My Money?' and concludes that department stores do not, since they seem to make it difficult for her to buy the things she needs. If she found salespeople incompetent and department managers negligent, hers is a legitimate grievance and she does the inefficient stores a real service when she calls attention to it. Just the same, she has not painted the whole picture by any means. After reading her article, I feel impelled to tell another side of the story — the story of those countless customers who demand their money back on every conceivable pretext and make a racket of returning the things they buy.

The present extent of this evil is astounding. During 1930 between 16 and 17 per cent of the net sales made in department stores throughout the country were returned, and in New York City the figures were higher still. Two thirds of these returned articles came back by truck at the purchaser's request. In other words (the harried pedestrian will not be soothed by this thought the next time he has to leap for his life while crossing a street of congested traffic), hundreds of trucks are kept needlessly busy cruising about our larger cities picking up crêpe slips and service plates that customers have bought and ceased to want. The figures show that the returning racket is almost entirely a feminine sport; men almost never return anything without good and sufficient reasons.

Nowadays most department stores operate under the policy, 'The customer is always right.' No doubt the stores were well advised in adopting this policy, but as more and more of them have fallen in line and made it a general rule, it has given rise to grave abuses. Chief of these is the steadily mounting flood of returned goods, and the principal offender is the well-to-do customer. Women of limited means do less shopping just for the fun of it, — most of them are too busy, — and they are less likely to demand the last inch of 'service' from the store.

Among the items that appear most frequently as chronic returns are duplicate wedding presents, Christmas gifts which people do not like, and lamp shades that do not harmonize with rugs or drapes. Women also send back books that have been read and torn, and bags without their coin purses, as well as bags which contain small change, showing that they have been used. They purchase seven neckties and return six. They telephone or write asking that drivers call and pick up tooth paste, cigarettes, toilet paper, or two rolls of dental floss. This season there has been a vast outgo and prompt return of evening pyjamas that have been worn once and pressed.

The traffic in returned goods shows a marked seasonal trend. Galoshes and woolen stockings come back in large numbers in March, and of course Christmas gifts swamp the stores in

January and even continue to come in as late as June. The spring and fall outbursts of redecorating are accompanied by flurries of returned merchandise. Silk lamp shades come back in the spring and parchment shades in the fall. When a customer vows that these things have never been used, the policy of most stores is to take her word for it, even though the condition of the articles may show plainly that she is lying. The habitual return-for-credit customer apparently conducts her business by the calendar, for returns are always much heavier the last few days of the month just before the itemized statements are issued.

The proportion of returns on charge sales is considerably larger than that on cash sales or C. O. D.'s, which means, of course, that the store's expenses are thereby increased. The extra time spent in making out charge sales slips, the expense of recording the charges on the customer's account, the necessarily complicated routine of crediting a return — all this involves much more work for the store than a return on a straight cash sale. Each year millions of dollars' worth of goods are sent back to department stores throughout the country. The cost of handling these returns and the losses caused by damaged merchandise run into hundreds of thousands more, which in turn must be reflected in increased prices. In a typical large New York store, thirty-nine different employees (telephone operators, salespeople, bookkeepers, credit clerks, packers, and drivers) must make some move in connection with every article that is called for and returned. In direct expense the average cost of each return is about forty cents, and this is quite apart from the other losses caused by depleted stocks, lost sales, damaged goods, and markdowns.

Store managers are well aware of these conditions, but as yet they have registered no open complaint; with business in its present state they would hardly dare to do so. Still, when a customer can buy and return twenty-nine dresses in one month, as one customer recently did, the system calls for reform. Indeed, the evidence shows that the habitual returner will stop at nothing, however ridiculous. One woman recently wrote in: 'Please call for one package of needles [35 cents] which I wish to return and one rubber dog bone, for which I have a duplicate.' Obediently the store took them back; its managers might well use the dog bone as an aid to rumination.

II

If the letter just quoted seems too absurd for belief, let us give you a look into the files of the Returns Department of a large midtown store in New York City. The excuses offered are varied and often ingenious. Illness is a favorite plea for excessive delay, or the purchaser has just returned from a long trip and discovered this article and that which she had completely forgotten, or she has been cleaning out a closet and run across a package which has never been opened. There are many communicative ladies who write in and tell the stores all about it. They have plenty of time to shop and plenty more for lengthy correspondence about their returns; they go thoroughly into every detail of the business. One woman asks to have a driver sent around to pick up a package of dog food, explaining that little Fifi does n't like that particular brand. Another calls upon the store to take back purchases charged by her daughter without mother's consent. Under the prevailing system the stores are compelled to grant all these requests.

For sanitary reasons most stores make it a rule not to exchange hats, so one woman writes: 'I have not tried on this hat, of course, but it *looked* as if it would be too small, and my husband could tell at a glance that he would n't like it.' Another excuses herself in this fashion: 'I bought this hat at the end of a busy, tiresome day of shopping. I was extremely tired, and just in the mood to be susceptible to the saleswoman's talk. The minute I looked at the hat at home I realized that I had simply been a victim, and that your store was wholly at fault.' It is no longer necessary to make the best of a bad bargain; indeed, it just is n't being done. The thrifty buyer's idea of how long a garment should wear is often astonishing, to put it mildly. In a small New Jersey town there actually lives a woman who bought her husband a suit of underwear in October 1929, and asked to return it in November 1930. She said it was n't 'wearing well.'

The price war between New York department stores has produced another type of returner: the thrifty woman who buys a dollar lipstick at Black's, learns a week later that the same lipstick is selling for 63 cents at White's, and promptly sends back her purchase, usually with a broad hint that Black's has tried to swindle her. These careful shoppers make small savings in every possible way, even using for their correspondence the business reply postcards sent out by mail-order houses and charitable organizations. One enterprising woman lately asked a department store for a supply of its own envelopes; her correspondence about returns had assumed such proportions that the overhead for stationery had to be considered! The request was granted — the store was too undone to refuse it.

Only once in a great while does a customer confess that she has used poor judgment and bought foolishly. These instances are so rare that the return department complies with the customer's requests with more than usual grace. How, for example, could one remain indifferent to a letter as engaging as this? 'Thursday last I came into your store to buy a slip and saw the lovely pastel linen dresses which you are selling at $4.95. They were so reasonable and so lovely that I forgot my age and ordered four for this summer. To-day I have tried them on, and must admit that they look too much like sweet sixteen to be becoming to my years. Will you be kind enough to call for these dresses and credit them to my account? I will then come in and select something more suitable to my age and avoirdupois.'

To understand the motives behind this perpetual buying and returning, one must take into account the many varying degrees of honesty and dishonesty in the human animal. It is probably true of most returners that they buy things which they neither need nor want, simply from an inherent love of shopping. They think of shopping as a diversion rather than as a serious business — and this in spite of the fact that women do 80 per cent of all the buying for the home and for members of their families. It is too much bother to consider real needs in advance. A vast number of returns can be accounted for on this score alone; many women simply do not know their own minds. They buy in the grand manner, go into a huddle with themselves on the way home, and often send back their purchases without even opening the package. Still others shop to impress their friends. On the way to a matinée, they see something new, handsome, and expensive, and order it charged and sent solely because it seems elegant to do so. Such magnificent gestures involve no real expense — except to the store which has to maintain its machinery to effect returns.

Some women have no scruples about

buying and returning to suit their well-laid plans. Evening wraps come back regularly with theatre programmes in the pockets. Glassware and china go out week after week to be used for a special party and then returned the day after. Frequently only ten cocktail glasses are returned out of a dozen sent; a note always explains that the other two were broken when they arrived. To protect themselves from unnecessary losses, the stores now find it advantageous to send packers when china is to be returned; this adds to the overhead, but it is not so expensive as the breakage caused by careless packing.

Other buy-and-return shoppers make a genuine racket of it, reaping their reward in dollars and cents. Perfume bought abroad is sent in for credit at the much higher American selling price; the customer pockets several dollars' difference in duty and profits. Even when it is known for an absolute fact that this is the nature of the transaction, the customer will insist stoutly that she has lost the sales check and the store will feel obliged to accept her word for it. Racketeers who operate on a smaller scale will buy twelve hairnets for 79 cents and then return them one or two at a time, having them credited at 10 cents each. The total profit to the customer is 41 cents; the loss to the store in operating charges alone is $4.80.

There is, of course, a small percentage of returns which are entirely legitimate: the store has sent out imperfect articles or a duplicate order, or has filled the original order incorrectly. Another justifiable excuse for returning goods is that garments do not fit. The stores are trying to overcome this difficulty by training salespeople to insist on more careful fitting at the time the sale is made. With the increased vogue for separate blouses it has been discovered that few women know their own sizes, and it has long been an established fact that the wearer of a size-twenty dress prefers to think that an eighteen fits her to perfection. Most women do not know the correct sizes of their children's garments, and since they can't conveniently take the children on long shopping trips, the result is a continuous outgo and return of children's clothing. This is one of the reasons why several of the New York stores have lately set up branches in suburban towns.

III

Recent years have witnessed an increase in department-store expenses, together with a drop in the volume of sales and a decline in profits. It is obvious that one reason for the decline in profits is that the policy in regard to returns has been too easy. Managers are agreed that the only way out, assuming that reform is possible, lies in a revision of their policies through concerted action of all the stores. Even if that could be done, however, it is still something of an open question whether such a move would help business or hinder it. It would cut expenses, certainly, but it might also reduce the volume of business and the final total of sales that stick. With business conditions so demoralized during the last year and a half, the stores have not dared to attempt any innovations in this direction. If anything, they have become more cordial toward all kinds of buyers and have made the returning of goods even easier than before.

Department stores investigate each other and compare data on leniency of terms. Impressive charts are prepared to show the results and they indicate that all of the larger New York stores are invariably easy — they try above everything else to please the customer. The same is true in other cities. A thorough survey made by department stores in Boston revealed that more than seven and a half million dollars' worth of goods is returned annually. These operations cost more than two million dollars, which is eventually paid by the patrons of these stores in the increased prices of all merchandise.

One of the oldest stores in New York has a rule that all returns must be made within seven days. It is a good rule, but, like many another, it is not enforced. In a few cities the stores have been somewhat more strict. Those in Pittsburgh, Detroit, and, to a smaller degree, Chicago, have tried to agree on a common practice and have had some success in educating their customers to be more responsible in their buying. Not long ago the stores in Oakland, California, conducted a campaign urging that all goods be returned within four days with a satisfactory explanation to cover each instance. The number of returns has been reduced appreciably since this programme went into effect, and the time that merchandise is kept out of the store has been cut about 40 per cent.

In New York, however, there seems to be little hope for reform. Frankly, the stores are afraid to alter their present liberal policy; in general they agree to call for anything they deliver. A typical delivery chart includes 483 towns within a radius of 43 miles of New York. For the time being, then, women in Ossining and Passaic and Stamford, as well as the hordes within the city itself, will continue to descend upon the stores buying indiscriminately whatever their fancy lights upon, will go back home and look the things over, will decide that they have made bad selections, and will telephone or write to the stores with flimsy excuses and definite instructions to send for the merchandise and haul it back again. Meanwhile, a lot of skillful truck drivers will be assured of jobs.

THE DIRECT PRIMARY — A FAILURE AND A THREAT

BY OLIVER McKEE, JR.

I

To win the Republican senatorial nomination from Illinois, Ruth Hanna McCormick spent in her 1930 primary campaign over $250,000, most of it her own money. The prize was a $10,000-a-year job. In the 1926 primaries in Pennsylvania, the Vare-Beidleman ticket expended $785,000. Large as they are, such expenditures are by no means unusual; money has been poured out with a lavish hand in many another primary contest. In 1922 the Senate condemned the expenditure of $195,000 in behalf of former Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan as contrary 'to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government.'

If condemnation rests on an arithmetical yardstick, Ruth Hanna McCormick and Bill Vare were a much greater threat to our free institutions than Mr. Newberry, whose outlay brought so solemn a warning from the Senate. Yet these candidates do not belong in the class of 'malefactors of great wealth.' They were merely victims of as stupid a nominating system as has ever taken root under the camouflaged exterior of popular government. The system is so vicious, the money power has come into politics so brazenly, to so great a degree has it undermined the institutions of representative government, that the direct primary has recently come under fire from two men so fundamentally different in their political philosophy as Alfred E. Smith, product of East Side New York, and Will R. Wood, of the little town of Lafayette, Indiana, chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House. Former Governor Smith came out squarely for its abolition. And Mr. Wood said specifically, 'The evils and failure of the popular primary system . . . are the most important subject confronting the American people.'

Not only has the direct primary failed to accomplish the reforms which its backers so blithely predicted for it, but it has contributed on its own score to the debasement of American politics. The establishment of the direct primary system was in part a response to the demand of the voter for a more direct hand in public affairs, a reflection of the growing individualism of the times. In part it grew out of a widespread discontent with political conditions, notably the convention system, with its boss control, the trading of delegates, and the too frequent betrayal of public trust, if not actual corruption. It was to correct these evils, and to give the electorate a more direct voice in government, that the popular primary, endorsed in their day by Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt among others, was adopted by state after state. Through it, for twenty years, most states have made their nominations for public office.

The bill of indictment against the direct primary contains many counts. It has not given the people any greater control over their affairs. It has increased the cost of candidacy; it has tended to promote the demagogic type of office seeker, has swelled the tribe of politicians living off the public purse, has undermined party responsibility; and at a time when self-government has been compassed about as never before with difficulties, because of the increasing complexities of our economic and social structure, it has injected into the body politic a new form of mass action which has added materially to the embarrassments already existing.

The present system has greatly increased the cost of candidacy. A candidate who enters the primary in one of the larger states with his eye on a seat in the Senate must use the methods of big business. He must hire organizers to get out the vote, buy newspaper advertising liberally, publish campaign literature, and foot the postage bills to send it out to thousands of prospective voters. He must rent halls, arrange for time on the air, often one of the most expensive of the items, and must find the money, too, to pay many a pretty bill for the traveling expenses of his workers.

So practical a politician as Ruth McCormick reflected the specializing spirit of the age by setting up a foreign-language bureau, a woman's bureau, a bureau for colored voters, a labor bureau, and so on. Small wonder that it cost her more than a quarter of a million dollars to win the Republican primary nomination in Illinois, or that many another sizable fortune has gone into a single primary campaign. The financial burden does not fall upon the candidate alone. The Nye Investigating Committee went into Tennessee a few months ago. There it was told that the 1930 Tennessee primaries cost the state $115,000, wholly apart from the expenditures of the various candidates for public office. Other states would tell much the same story.

To advertise a safety razor, a new kind of soap, or a motor car costs money. It may cost as much or more to advertise a candidate. His running mates in Pennsylvania, where over $600,000 was spent last year on the Brown-Davis ticket, rather enviously commented on the fact that James J. Davis, now Senator, needed little advertising. Other aspirants may not be so fortunate. Either they must be prepared to reach far down into their own pockets, or else they must tie up with big interests willing to finance their campaigns. Ruth McCormick frankly described the two alternatives in her testimony before the Nye Committee: 'A candidate may either pay campaign expenses out of his own pocket, or he may collect money from individuals, or groups, or organizations for campaign purposes. In the latter case, he places himself under obligations which may hinder his freedom of action in the public service in the event of his election.' The man without money, or without influential backers, knocks at the door in vain. Plutocracy rules, not democracy.

II

It is an old maxim of American politics that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. The direct primary tends to bring about just the opposite result. It has planted the seeds of ambition in those who have absolutely no qualification for positions of public trust. By making the road so easy, it has encouraged the office seeker. Nebraska has recently offered a case in point, the Nye Committee bringing out the facts. Conservative Republicans of that state, who have never cherished any excess love for George W. Norris, persuaded a Broken Bow grocer of the same name to leave a $4200 position and enter the primaries against the independent Senator. Though the plot came to naught and the Broken Bow man was later forced to withdraw, the moral is none the less plain. A person with no qualifications at all can enter the field under the direct primary. A batch of signatures for nearly every document can be had for the asking, and, if fate smiles upon him, it is within the cards for the tyro to run off with the nomination.

Insincerity and political claptrap go hand in hand with the direct primary. The system favors the demagogue, the vote snatcher, and the coiner of pretty phrases. Men of the breed of J. Thomas Heflin have fattened for years off the direct primary, with their appeals to the religious, racial, and sectional prejudices of their constituents. The demagogue has always been with us, but never have conditions been so favorable to the practice of his trade as they are to-day.

No larger public interest in politics has followed in the wake of the direct primary. Here again there has been no fulfillment of earlier promises. The votes of but 3 or 4 per cent of the electorate of a district have often been enough to nominate a candidate. Where a live issue is before the people, as it was in Massachusetts last year, with prohibition the central issue between the Republican senatorial candidates, a fair-sized vote may be rolled up. Yet this is far from being the rule; quite as often the turnout at the polls is surprisingly small. Unless there is some issue to prick into action his natural inertia and indifference, the voter is often content enough to let the professional politicians settle the matter. The total vote cast in the Pennsylvania primaries in 1930, when a battle of giants was under way, was only 1,630,870. Compare this with the total vote of over 3,100,000 cast in the 1928 national election and it will be seen that about half the voters took no part in the decision at all.

Even if the voter does go to the polls in the primary, a real difficulty may face him there. Carrying as it does many names, candidates for both administrative and policy-making offices, the jungle ballot makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the voter to make an intelligent choice. On the merits of two or three of the candidates he may be able to come to some sort of judgment; about the qualifications of the others he must often be wholly in the dark. Professor Karl F. Geiser of Oberlin reminds us that in the 1922 primary the Republican voters of Cleveland were asked to choose candidates for 43 offices from a list of some 175 names. Caprice, fancy, and guesswork, under such conditions, rather than an informed knowledge, inevitably characterize the voter's judgment.

By saddling the country with a double dose of political activity, the direct primary again has made confusion worse confounded. In November, every other year, the voters must choose one third of the Senate and all the membership of the House, together with a vast army of state, city, and local officials. The primaries precede the elections from one or two to six or eight months. After he takes the oath of office, a member of the House has hardly donned his harness before he must gird himself for the next primary contest. In states like Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and often in the smaller states as well, a primary may be as bitterly contested, and involve factional warfare on as large a scale, as the election itself, even if the actual vote may be considerably less. Not only has the volume of political agitation been greatly increased, but there has been a corresponding extension in the span of its duration. Whether or not any issues exist to demand the attention of the electorate, politics can never be adjourned. The direct primary has doubled our dose of politics — yet nothing has been done to enlarge the digestive capacity of the patient.

Upon no group does the burden fall more heavily than upon members of Congress. If a Congressman is efficiently to represent his district at Washington, and if his stewardship of its interests is to be a vigilant one, his job has never been more exacting in its requirements than it is to-day. Congress handles vastly greater sums of money than ever before, and the Federal Government never touched the people at so many points. The relentless pressure of the primary nevertheless makes it difficult for a Congressman to forget the dangers of the home sector; behind every bush there may be a plot in the hatching. To concentrate for long on the business of national legislation is seldom easy, for possible primary opponents demand much of his time and thought.

A Northeastern Congressman last year decided to enter the senatorial primary from his state. He knew that he had a fight on his hands, and that to win he must put his best foot forward. Early in the year, when Congress still had four or five months of the long session to go, the legislator remarked to the writer that he was going home to organize his campaign, and that, if no important developments occurred in the Capital, he did not intend to return except for an occasional day or so. The primary contest was henceforth to absorb his efforts, not his duties as a Federal legislator.

Parallel cases would not be hard to find. Soon after the Christmas holidays every other year, in the middle of the long session, with the approach of the primary season the fever strikes Capitol Hill. Congressmen run home by the score to instruct their lieutenants and to direct personally the disposition of their troops. The absentees may be away a few days, or many weeks. Public business goes by the board, just as Wall and State streets forget about the stock market the day of the Yale-Harvard football game. Congressional leaders have more than once been hard put to it to muster a quorum for the passage of an important bill. Quorum calls weigh lightly in the scales when there are political fences to be mended at home.

III

With all its faults, and there were many, the convention system held a disciplinary whip over those whom it selected to carry the party standards on the field of battle. The conventions were made up of practical politicians, men whose business it was to win votes for the ticket and thus keep the party in power. As a vote-getting instrumentality, they set great store on the platform. Once the platform was adopted, the convention expected the candidates to stick pretty closely to the policies laid down in that document. If they rode forth on independent missions of their own, espousing strange causes, riding roughshod over the platform and its planks, the sharp rod of discipline was often invoked. To secure renomination a candidate had to go before the convention. There his record was carefully scrutinized by men to whom party responsibility was a solemn thing. If the record revealed that the candidate had wandered too far and too often from the party reservation, renomination might be refused, and the toga might go to someone else.

Under the direct primary the platform has become as often as not a meaningless set of platitudes. The candidate chooses his own issues in the primary, snapping his fingers, if he so pleases, at the pledges and commitments of the party. The bond of discipline has been broken, for the voters in their mass and collective capacity have neither the power nor the inclination to impose disciplinary measures.

Would not William E. Borah have strayed still further from the path of party regularity these past years had not Idaho in 1924 returned to the convention system in selecting its senatorial candidates? The question is a pertinent one. Borah came up for renomination in 1924; to secure this he needed the endorsement of a convention made up largely of regular Republicans. Campaigning zealously for Calvin Coolidge, even though the elder La Follette was making a third-party fight on issues that might be expected to appeal to Borah's liberalism, Borah in 1924 wore the clothes of a regular Republican. Once reëlected and back in the Senate for six years more, he quickly resumed his irregular habits, and was a pretty consistent thorn in the side of the Republican administration. In 1930, Borah was again to come up for renomination, and again he needed the endorsement of the convention of Idaho Republicans. This may explain why, in 1928, he supported the Republican nominee, Mr. Hoover, though for several years before that it was the toss of a coin whether or not Borah, on any given administration measure, would not be found in the camp of its foes. Signs of a greater regularity were noted, and the convention again renominated him as the Republican candidate for the Senate.

Idaho this year has gone back to the primary system; Borah is free from his chains, and hereafter he will not have to go before the convention as a suppliant for the nomination. Hardly had Idaho voted to return to the primary when its senior Senator appeared before the radical legislative conference in Washington as one of the headliners in its programme. Borah is so well known, his personality carries so great an appeal to the voters of his state, that no matter how many lances he hurls at the Republican President and his legislative policies, he is virtually certain to win the Republican nomination in the primaries of Idaho as long as he wants to stay in public life. There are those who believe that hereafter, now that he has been freed from convention control, he will steer a course even more sharply divergent from the policies of the party whose label he wears when he seeks public office.

What is true of Borah holds for other members of the insurgent group in House and Senate, who, though elected as Republicans, regard campaign promises and party platforms as having no greater validity than the articles of an outworn creed. Thanks to the direct primary, they are free agents. They write their own platforms, choose their own issues, pitch their tents on ground of their own selection. Knights-errant of politics, as long as they can corral the necessary votes they are rulers of a kingdom of their own.

IV

Instead of giving power back to the people, the direct primary has turned it over to special groups and cliques. Through the liberal expenditure of money, and an aptitude for political organization that would have done credit to her father, Mark Hanna, Ruth McCormick built for herself a smooth-working machine that took the measure of the rival Deneen organization. In Pennsylvania the Vare and the anti-Vare organizations contend for mastery in the primaries; in New Jersey we have the Democratic machine that acknowledges as its tsar and master Frank Hague, vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee; in California the Johnson and anti-Johnson factions have waged many a merry battle; in Wisconsin the La Follette and anti-La Follette groups struggle for control; in Chicago the Thompson and anti-Thompson machines, and so on.

Rival machines come to grips in many a primary contest; behind the shouting and the speech making lie the spoils of victory, the rackets, patronage, graft, and other prerequisites which go to the winning faction. While we have politics we shall have professional politicians, and the professional applies himself just as scientifically to win a primary victory as he does to win any other election. Election day always finds the politicians and their crews on the job, even if the intelligentsia are on the golf links. The bootlegging and other rackets of our generation offer to its Al Capones no smaller prizes than came to the professional politicians of pre-primary days as the spoils of victory. Staged as they are between those who profess allegiance to the same party, these primary contests with their factional wrangling, their personal abuse and invectives, leave behind them a heritage of bitterness that extends over into the election period, thus contributing still further to the breakdown of party spirit and loyalty, and undermining still further party responsibility. A faction with an eye upon the spoils of office and the patronage of power can easily enough find a candidate to carry its banner in the primary. If boss control of conventions was bad, the scrambling of power among half-a-dozen snarling factions certainly is no better.

Clique control does not end with the

political machine. Organized minorities share in the plunder by resorting to the methods of political coercion. These groups thrive mightily off the direct primary; lobbies have entrenched themselves under the shadow of the Capitol dome by the scores, most of them digging in since the advent of the popular system of nominations. The Anti-Saloon League has stood out among these groups. When the tumult and shouting over prohibition dies down, — and some day there may be a definitive decision, — the future historian may well find that the encouragement which the success of the Anti-Saloon League has given to other organized minorities to wield the club of political coercion over the heads of our lawmakers is the biggest item on the debit side of the ledger of the 'great and noble experiment,' national prohibition.

Ohio, cradle of the Anti-Saloon League, offers also one of the best illustrations of the methods through which it fastened its political tentacles on the American people. When the late Myron T. Herrick was governor of that state, he emasculated a local-option bill supported by the Ohio branch of the League, then directed by Wayne B. Wheeler. It was in Ohio that Wheeler built up his reputation as the smartest politician ever developed in the ranks of the Drys. By Wheeler's own estimate, there were only 400,000 Dry votes among the 1,250,000 voters of Ohio. His support was rated as being worth 20,000 votes to any candidate for office. Drawing upon this bloc of votes, he entered each district where the Wet then in office showed any signs of political weakness, knocking off the Wets one by one, until he had won a majority in the legislature — though the Drys in the state as a whole were, by his own admission, only a minority. Though Herrick had the backing of the Republican organization, Wheeler was able in the same way to retire him to private life as a punishment for refusing to do the bidding of the Anti-Saloon League. Wheeler and his machine used the same methods later in imposing their will upon the national Congress, a power resting not so much on the large number of votes controlled as on the skillful, ruthless use of an organized group in each district to defeat legislator after legislator who refused to vote for the programme of the League.

Other organized minorities have followed the example of the Anti-Saloon League. With aggressive leadership, a clearly defined programme, and a disciplined but not necessarily large body of followers, many an organization has succeeded in beating a state legislature or Congress into submission. In a close primary election, such a group often wields the balance of power, and the tide of victory will often go to that candidate who has promised to do its bidding. In the words of John R. Coen, chairman of the Republican State Committee of Colorado, in his testimony before the Nye Committee: —

> The primary is absolutely destroying our political system in this state — the cure for the evil is worse than the evil itself; we are building up a system where every candidate is subject to attack and in danger of retaliation from all sorts of groups, large and small. We now have a system where we are corrupting the entire electorate of the state.

V

As it has operated during the past two decades, the primary has tended to subvert and destroy our representative system of government. Under the theory of the founding fathers, ours was to be a representative government. We have now replaced it with the mass action of the voters, mass action that is uninformed, emotional in its motivation, often directed by caprice and prejudice. The direct primary has broken down the spirit of Congress, has undermined its independence of thought, and injected into its proceedings the paralyzing element of fear. Under the whip and spur of the organized minorities now afield, rare is the legislator who can call his soul his own. Embracing a programme that may be contrary to the interests of the people as a whole, but that represents the price which an organized minority asks for its support, many a newcomer has taken the seat of a tried and experienced legislator, riding into power through the direct primary. You will often hear a Congressman admit in private conversation that he never votes against a bill which any group among his constituents strongly support, for he knows by experience that to do so inevitably lays him open to attack by opponents who are quick to capitalize the opposition of the offended elements.

Thus fear rules Congress as never before. It was fear of the soldiers' vote that caused so many members of Congress to vote for the loan bill over the veto of the President, and over the protests of many a veteran. It was fear that drove so many members to vote for the debenture and other forms of farm relief, knowing that if they failed to follow the orders of the lobbyists of the farm organizations they would face a candidate endorsed by the farm lobby at the next primary. It was fear again that caused so many legislators to do the bidding of the Anti-Saloon League, knowing that if they did not do so the next primary would probably be their Waterloo.

Whether or not the direct primary has brought about any dilution in the calibre of our public men is one of those questions for which a scientific and exact answer can hardly be given. Much depends on the yardstick and definition used. To the Anti-Saloon League every legislator that carried out its orders was a statesman of the first order. Even a boss-ruled convention has selected many an able man as its party's candidate for the Senate, and, by the same token, 'bad' as well as 'good' candidates have fought their way to victory under the direct system of nominations. One thing, however, is plain enough. Since the direct primary there has been a weakening in the moral tone and fibre of Congress. Thanks to the political coercion of the organized minorities, there is a conspicuous lack of courage and backbone. Congress legislates far too much in the interest of special groups. Political expediency, rather than principles of broad public policy, determines far too many of its decisions, and will continue to do so as long as members must win votes in the primaries.

The blight has fallen with special severity upon the Senate. The founding fathers meant the upper chamber to be one of the pivotal elements in the admirable system of checks and balances of the Constitution. By providing that members of the House should be elected popularly every two years, they obviously intended that the lower chamber should reflect pretty closely the ebb and flow of public opinion through the country. The Senate, on the other hand, was to be a safety valve against sudden gusts of popular emotion, a check on the excesses of a democracy gone wild. This was to be brought about in two ways: first, by giving a Senator a six-year term, thus clothing him with a little greater protection against the sudden whims of the electorate; secondly, by giving the legislature of each state the duty of electing its Senators, rather than providing for direct election by the people, thus placing a further safeguard against mobocracy around the Senate. A Senator's term of office still remains six years, but the system of popular elections and the direct primary have now exposed the upper chamber just as directly to popular pressure and to dictation by organized minorities as the House.

The safeguards have vanished, and the Senate has been cut loose from its ancient moorings. The dignity and distinction of the upper chamber have departed. It has merely become a smaller House; and because a Senator is one member in a body of 96, instead of one in 435, with a vote that carries a correspondingly greater weight, the organized minorities now turn their heaviest guns against the Senate, rather than against the more 'popular' chamber.

VI

Finally, — and perhaps the most damning count in the bill of indictment, — the direct primary has broken down party responsibility. A strong two-party system is indispensable to the successful operation of a representative government, whose efficiency is ordinarily in proportion to that of the two-party system. In those states where one party has dominated politics, without the salutary check of a strong opposition, graft, corruption, and maladministration are more likely to exist. The best guarantee of efficient government yet devised is a strong, active, intelligently led minority party, ready to come into office if the ruling party fails in its stewardship. Party responsibility rests foursquare on the two-party system, which assigns to the party certain extralegal activities, such as the nomination of candidates for public office, the conduct of the campaign, the formulation of political issues, and the bringing about of harmony between the various branches of the government. By taking these important functions out of the hands of the parties and turning them over to the people, and by shifting public attention from parties to factions and individuals, the direct primary has broken down party responsibility. Candidates can now select their own issues, make their own platforms, defy their state and national conventions, and, if successful in getting the necessary votes, can come to Washington to continue their independent rôles. To men like Borah, Brookhart, Norris, La Follette, and many others, party responsibility means nothing.

If President Hoover is renominated next year, he will go before the country on a platform written by the convention which elects him as the Republican nominee. His Democratic opponent will make his campaign on the platform written by the Democratic convention. Yet neither, short of a miracle, will be able after election to translate that platform in terms of legislation, for under the direct primary a large group in Congress who theoretically belong to the party given power will feel free to vote for or against any bill formulated by the administration in fulfilling the pledges with which it came into office.

These are the conditions which imperil the two-party system; in its place we are moving toward a government by blocs and combinations, the domination of politics by special groups, the piling up of appropriations like Pelion on Ossa, and a weakening of party discipline. The failure of the direct primary to perform what had been promised for it is bad enough, but even more serious are the evils which it has brought with it, evils which threaten the institutions of government upon which the greatness of the Republic has been built.

SCIENCE GOES TO PRISON

BY RALPH P. HOLBEN

> Which of us does not admire what Lycurgus the Spartan did? A young citizen had put out his eye, and been handed over to him by the people to be punished at his own discretion. Lycurgus abstained from all vengeance; but on the contrary instructed and made a good man of him. Producing him in public in the theatre, he said to the astonished Spartans: 'I received this young man at your hands full of violence and wanton insolence; I restore him to you in his right mind and fit to serve his country.'
>
> — Epictetus

I

The frequent riots that have occurred in various American prisons within the past few years have created in the public mind a conviction that something is vitally wrong with our prison system. Criminals, after all, are human beings, and we are beginning to realize that nothing short of an unbearable affront to human nature could drive men to such desperate revolts. It may be, then, that the time is ripe to reconsider the fundamental objectives of our prison system.

The typical state prison, which most of us have seen only from the outside, is a monumental structure of steel, concrete, and granite, grim and forbidding — a fortress symbolizing to the average citizen his protection against the enemies of society. Just how great is this protection? So long as the criminals who are now in prison remain there, society is safeguarded against these particular offenders; but it is only a temporary protection. Prison doors swing both ways; sooner or later 90 or 95 per cent of these convicts will return to society. If these men go free merely to continue their former mode of life, then society has not been protected in any fundamental way and the public's faith in its prison system is sheer delusion. A prison system which isolates criminals for a few years without reforming them fails utterly to achieve true social security. In a very real sense, therefore, society has a large stake in the genuine welfare of its prisoners.

Few people realize that our present system of imprisoning wrongdoers to punish them for their crimes is an innovation of comparatively recent origin. Until the close of the eighteenth century the almost universal way of dealing with offenders was to apply some form of drastic, painful, corporal punishment. It was not until about the time of the American Revolution that Western civilization began to abandon the stocks and pillories, the floggings, mutilations, brandings, ducking stools, and other cruel and brutal punishments which had been the common lot of criminals for ages past. By the middle of the nineteenth century imprisonment had become the conventional method of dealing with criminals in Europe and America. This marked a significant advance toward a more humane solution of the criminal problem, although the advance was not as real as many people suppose. The prison system was introduced by Quaker reformers with the hope that it would put an end to the bloody and revolting forms of corporal punishment which then prevailed, but their hopes were destined to be frustrated. As the new prison system developed, it made use of almost all the old methods of torture as aids in enforcing discipline.

It is not generally known that stupid and cruel punishments are the rule rather than the exception in American prisons to-day, yet it is so. That such conditions can be tolerated in the twentieth century is not surprising when one recalls how little the public hears of what goes on behind prison walls. When frightful riots occur and the newspapers chronicle the slaughter in glaring headlines, the average citizen becomes panic-stricken. Without pausing to look beyond the surface facts, he immediately suspects that the prisoners have been given an inch and taken the proverbial ell, so he becomes the champion of still harsher measures. Thus thousands of good citizens still repeat that hoary injunction, 'Make prisons terrible.' In this the public is turning its face to the past, placing confidence in a system which has been tried and found wanting. In England, at a time when more than two hundred crimes were punishable by death, crime flourished to an exceptional degree. Again and again the impartial verdict of history has proved conclusively that unduly severe punishment is not a deterrent to crime.

The trouble, of course, lies with the unthinking public. The erroneous belief is commonly held that the criminal is a person apart, that he belongs to a distinctly separate class of humanity. By his criminal behavior he is thought to have forfeited all claim to the consideration of decent people. Once he is put safely behind the bars, the public would rather forget about him. It is not strange, therefore, that prisons have never been adapted to the reformation of men.

The ordinary prison is a place for punishment, not for reform. Actually, it turns convicts loose upon society more dangerous, more anti-social, than they were when they entered. 'I left prison,' writes a typical ex-convict in his autobiography, *In the Clutch of Circumstance*, 'with a feeling of bitterness and of hatred in my heart. . . . Almost every man with whom I came in contact while in prison expressed the same feeling. . . . He was "going to get even" and "make somebody pay" for his punishment and suffering.' By such tangible evidence our present prison system stands indicted. Each year out of those heavily barred gates come social outcasts by the thousand, some of them hardened repeaters, but by far the larger number of them young men whose prison experiences occurred at that time of their lives when impressionable characters were receiving their permanent set. These men are not reformed — quite the contrary; within the prison walls they have actually been schooled, at the state's expense, in the higher learning of crime.

II

The fact is obvious that our handling of criminals in the past has been dictated almost entirely by fear. In an age of science we continue to deal with this problem on the basis of the archaic knowledge and the outworn methods of the pre-scientific age. We are just beginning to realize that crime is essentially a socio-medical problem; modern penology is on the right track when it views the criminal much as the doctor regards his patient. Recent developments in psychology, psychiatry, and sociology have provided us with a new understanding of the criminal mind and how to deal with it. Instead of punishing the wrongdoer, the new idea is to try to cure him; instead of making the punishment fit the crime, the new procedure is to make the treatment fit the criminal. It follows that the term of a prisoner's incarceration cannot be too arbitrarily set in advance; treatment must continue until a cure has been effected. If a criminal cannot be cured of his anti-social tendencies, he will have to be regarded as irreformable and permanently isolated from society as the victim of a dangerous and incurable disease.

Radical changes in our penal institutions will have to follow upon the adoption of these modern methods. The prison buildings of the past — grim symbols of punishment — will have to be abolished. In their stead we shall have to build a new type of prison plant, adapted in design and arrangement to the variety of problems with which it must deal. It must make provision for various classes of men with their different needs. It must be so constructed that each group can be classified and treated without danger of contamination from the other groups. The Bastille, which seems to have been the model for most of our existing prisons, has become an anachronism in this age of scientific penology.

Of course, the introduction of any new idea always arouses skepticism and suspicion, and it was not surprising that the new programme should have encountered strong opposition, particularly in its first stages. This was well exemplified in Massachusetts, a state which has always followed proud traditions of leadership in social policy and education. The state prison at Charlestown has long been a public disgrace and as far back as 1874 a movement was set in motion to abolish it. In 1876 it was actually abandoned and for six years was used as a warehouse, only to be restored to service again when, after fruitless efforts, no appropriations for building a new state prison could be obtained from the legislature. Despite this setback, the agitation continued, with Bishop Lawrence crying from the pulpit, 'When will that dungeon, fit only for the Middle Ages, the State Prison, be razed?' In 1922, Mr. Lewis Parkhurst, then state senator, speaking in defense of the first of the bills he introduced into the legislature to abolish the disgraceful, antiquated structure, said: —

> I can do no more on Beacon Hill. Public sentiment must be aroused to change these unwholesome and expensive conditions. I appeal to all men and women who believe that even the most unfortunate have some rights which must be respected. I appeal to all those who believe that the supreme aim of prison discipline is the reformation of prisoners. . . . Whatever of strength or time or income I can possibly spare for public service will be devoted hereafter to this cause until this disgrace now attached to our Commonwealth is removed.

To make clear what an anomaly the old type of penitentiary is in this modern world, let me give a brief description of the appalling conditions encountered upon a recent tour of the Charlestown Prison. The building itself is an antiquated fire trap placed in a crowded urban section adjoining smoky railroad yards. The prisoners are confined — or, rather, entombed — sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and twenty hours on Sundays, in cubical cells of solid granite, arranged in tiers one above the other. Each of these tiny vaults serves as a combined bedroom, dining room, and toilet, for the building is not equipped with plumbing and it is the only prison in the country which has no mess hall. At noon one witnesses the curious spectacle of long lines of men being served their dinner through holes in the kitchen wall; then they must march with their plates of food back to their cells to eat it. It is impossible to provide proper ventilation in these stone vaults; the only air and light that the prisoners receive come through the partly grated door, and the air is always filled with smoke and coal gas from the railroad yards.

In February 1931, 962 men were crowded into this prison which has a cell capacity for only 750. To take care of the overflow, two and sometimes three men had to be confined in cells which were intended for only one. Cots lined the corridors; the schoolroom had long since been turned into a dormitory. There is only a small recreation space and the hospital facilities are quite inadequate. Within the walled enclosure there are various prison shops where industrial work is carried on, but these shops, for the most part, are badly lighted and poorly ventilated, and are so constructed that they would be quick prey to flames. The prison has a punishment block — a row of dark cells containing no beds or any other equipment. Those prisoners who are found guilty of serious violations of the prison rules are sentenced to the 'Blue Room,' which is in effect a sweat box, for the heat is turned on to steam the 'life' out of the offender. The prisoner's only resting place in this torture chamber is a small heap of sawdust in one corner, where, stripped of his outer clothing, he can only lie huddled to await his release. In all the punishment cells the food is limited to bread and water. It is only fair to add, however, that the prison authorities have a reputation for treating the inmates with justice and consideration.

Recently a case-work programme has been begun at Charlestown with the financial backing of the Rockefeller Foundation and the enthusiastic support of Warden Hogsett. Obviously, however, it is quite out of the question to institute any scientific system for the individual treatment of prisoners under conditions now prevailing. Indeed this prison, like hundreds of others, is totally unsuited for the purposes and objectives of an enlightened prison system.

At Charlestown no effort is made to train the convicts in the duties of citizenship. The intolerable conditions tend to store up in the inmates a feeling of degradation, sullenness, and hatred. No wonder that this prison has been characterized as 'a sink hole of despair.' Revolt was threatened in 1928 and 1929, and the authorities have been in fear of an outbreak even more recently. One newspaper commentator epitomized the whole matter when he said, 'No reforming influence, however humane and generous, would long survive in the atmosphere of such a place.'

The time is at hand — indeed, it is long overdue — for the public to realize that the old-line prison, established solely for the punishment of offenders, stands discredited and condemned as a costly failure. Sooner or later we shall have to come round to this view, not only for the sake of the prisoners themselves, but also for the sake of real social protection. In Massachusetts, as a result of agitation which has continued for more than half a century, it now begins to look as if Charlestown might soon be abandoned forever. A new state prison has at last been authorized, and work upon it was actually begun on June 1, 1927, at Norfolk, twenty-five miles southwest of Boston.

III

For a study in contrasts let us journey down to Norfolk, where the new penal colony is already beginning to take form. The first thing a visitor notices is that Norfolk is entirely lacking in prison atmosphere. The buildings will be scattered over forty acres out in the open country, surrounded by a thousand-acre tract of woods and farm land. The project is being constructed almost entirely by prison labor, and as the programme progresses a large farm will be developed in connection with the prison. Here at Norfolk there is growing up a community which provides the convicts with constructive work to do, affords them opportunities to discover individual interests and aptitudes, and sets before each man a definite goal to be achieved. The basic idea is not to coddle the prisoners, but to treat them like men.

To this end the institution itself — its physical plant, its equipment, its programme — is being adapted to further the individual needs of the inmates. A style of architecture has been chosen which, while adequate for security, is also admirably suited to the new educational and therapeutic purposes. As Superintendent Gill says: —

> We have developed a social, medical, psychological, and educational technique in addition to the industrial and the religious, when trying to solve adult social problems. To attempt to apply these techniques in a prison of the Pennsylvania or the Auburn type would be like asking a modern surgeon to operate on the kitchen table. It *can* be done if necessary, but the best results undoubtedly can be obtained where the facilities and the equipment match the methods employed.

Norfolk, although a walled prison, will have little in common with the penitentiaries of the past. The inmates will be divided into three groups: first, the high-grade 'trusties' who can be absolutely depended upon for coöperation as members of the prison community; second, the average 'trusties' who observe the honor system reasonably well; and third, the men who are harmless but weak. There will be eight buildings, each divided into three units adapted to the needs of the different classes of prisoners. It is even planned to divide the Disciplinary Building and the Receiving Building (the jail) into similar sections for classification. Eventually the prison will be able to take care of 1200 inmates.

The first building to be completed is now occupied by 150 Grade A men. Architecturally, it resembles a college dormitory, for the doors and windows are not barred, nor is it equipped with any other special devices for security. Each unit, of which there are three, contains twenty-five single outside rooms, three seven-bed rooms, one four-bed room, two officers' rooms with bath, a toilet and shower bath on each floor, a common room, a dining room, a barber shop, a locker room, and a basement workroom. The hospital will be modern in every respect, with separate departments, laboratories, and special equipment for psychiatric work. The school will be carefully designed for adult education. Various shops will provide many different kinds of industrial work. There will also be a building for religious, recreational, and social work. These, together with the usual administrative and service buildings, will comprise the group inside the walls. Outside the walls an athletic field and the prison farm will be a sort of honor camp for the most trusted prisoners, as well as for the sick and infirm whom it will be safe to allow outside the enclosure.

The organization of the prison provides for a sharp cleavage in function between the line officers and the staff officers. The sole duty of the line officers is to man the walls, which are guarded day and night with all the known devices for preventing escapes. Outside the walls a guardhouse is the headquarters for police reserves. These line officers do not come into any contact whatsoever with the prisoners except in emergencies. The daily work of the prison is supervised entirely by the staff officers, who specialize in a variety of functions. Small groups of not more than fifty men each are housed and fed separately under the direction of a house officer and an assistant. Each personnel officer stays on duty with his men fourteen days, engages in case work with his men for seven days, and is then off duty to live with his own family for seven days. Superintendent Gill testifies to the efficacy of this plan: 'The greater ease in understanding and handling inmates and their problems in small groups has been amply demonstrated, and the plan of having house officers live with the men has had a most desirable effect.'

According to Dr. A. Warren Stearns, Commissioner of Correction of Massachusetts, the staff of a prison should be like the staff of a hospital and should include a generous number of physicians, psychiatrists, and social workers to study and diagnose each prisoner's case individually. Dr. Stearns hopes to establish a central clearing house where the records of all felons can be studied, their case histories carefully analyzed, and each prisoner assigned to the institution that is best suited to his needs. The hardened, habitual criminals would then be regarded as 'custodial cases' and would be permanently segregated. Special institutions already exist for defective delinquents and for the treatment of other groups such as the psychopathic criminals and the alcoholic and drug addicts. The new prison at Norfolk is designed solely to concentrate upon the tractable, promising type of criminal who can eventually be restored to good citizenship by the proper therapeutic treatment.

Thus at an institution like Norfolk petty discipline gives way to careful treatment of each individual convict. The old, costly, and futile methods of dealing with all criminals in the mass are entirely abandoned. How great is the improvement of the new system over the old is made at once apparent when we read this letter written in 1919 by an inmate of the Missouri Penitentiary: 'We have dements, morons, high-grade imbeciles, sex perverts, syphilitics, consumptives and epileptics, and God knows what, but law and religion lump them all together, label them sinners and criminals, and prescribe punishment as a cure for the job lot.'

A recent gift of $55,000 from the Bureau of Social Hygiene, a Rockefeller foundation, will finance the development of a case-work programme at Norfolk over a five-year period. This will enable an expert sociologist to make a study of the individual history of each inmate and then chart a programme covering each prisoner's needs as to health, education, vocation, avocation, recreation, and future plans. These charts are then turned over to the house officers to be put into operation during the term of each man's incarceration. By the time these prisoners are released it is hoped that all of them will have received enough help and direction to restore them to useful life. 'The entire programme of the institution,' says Superintendent Gill, 'in all its activities has been given an impetus and a vitality not otherwise possible. Coöperation and constructive service instead of opposition and destructive enmity, on the part of both inmates and officers, continually break through the traditional prejudice of keeper and convict. And it is through such rifts in the old armor that one glimpses the normal, human, living body, the restoration of which is the aim of our whole endeavor.'

IV

Work is probably the principal means by which to effect a prisoner's restoration, yet, strangely enough, most prisons are bedeviled with the problem of idleness. Austin H. MacCormick, Assistant Director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, is authority for the statement that no prison in the country has a programme of vocational education worthy of the name. This condition of things, which has held true for years, is nothing short of criminal negligence on the part of the states. It is obvious that every convict ought to be taught a useful trade so that he will be able to provide for himself when he is returned to society. If adequate training were available, most prisoners would then, for the first time in their lives, be fitted to find a place for themselves in the industrial world. For this reason the passage of the Prison Industries Bill by the Seventy-first Congress marked an epoch in American prison history. This bill provided for a system of diversified industry in all Federal prisons and sanctioned the payment of wages to convicts for their work. In this the Federal Government has set an example which is bound to be imitated sooner or later in the various state prisons.

At Norfolk this important matter has already received the attention which it so urgently demands. While the new construction work is under way the men are obtaining excellent training and experience in the different building trades. Some of these men, after being released, have already been placed in well-paying jobs. To supplement the practical experience which the prisoners have thus secured, ten weeks' courses have been offered them in carpentry, masonry, plumbing and steamfitting, electrical engineering, and automobile mechanics. The convicts have also been encouraged to develop interests of their own, such as gardening and poultry raising.

Through these various means Norfolk is giving its inmates eight hours' work a day, fostering in the men habits of industry and regularity; and it is safe to say that many of these convicts have, under this system, learned for the first time what a genuine sense of satisfaction comes to a man from work well done. By such methods Norfolk Prison is transforming social liabilities into social assets, and salvaging human material which would otherwise be irretrievably lost.

V

To achieve similar results elsewhere will be equally possible, given these same new objectives, a properly trained staff, and modern prison buildings equipped to employ scientific methods. Indeed, the same general trend is already beginning to manifest itself in a few chosen areas. In New York, for instance, under the leadership of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, money is being liberally spent on new penal institutions designed to serve the purposes of segregation, classification, and individual treatment. Governor Roosevelt's programme looks toward the eventual abolishment of the old walled prisons except as places of detention for the hardened criminals who have proved themselves to be hopeless incurables. Sing Sing, Dannemora, and Auburn will remain for this purpose and will also be kept in use as temporary quarters for first offenders while they are being studied, segregated, and charted for treatment. Then these new men will be distributed about among the new prisons, each criminal being sent to the institution which is best equipped to deal with his particular case. Some of these new penal colonies will have no walls at all, but will resemble army cantonments; these will naturally be reserved for those prisoners who have demonstrated that they can be trusted to the greatest degree. Only last winter the Lewisohn Commission made a report to the New York legislature in which it put itself on record as favoring such a system of constant personal study and individual treatment of prisoners.

New Jersey is also tending in the direction of the newer methods. In this state political influence has recently been eliminated from the management of the prisons and their administration has been placed in the hands of capable experts. The state prison at Trenton has a classification board consisting of a psychiatrist, an educational director, the prison physician, and the head keeper, who discuss the case of each convict and, by pooling their observations, try to determine which industry in the prison is likely to be the best for him. It is true that these efforts are partially thwarted by a lack of variety in the industries available at the prison, but the plan is praiseworthy and marks a significant step toward scientific analysis and individual treatment.

There is nothing more certain about prisons than that the old methods, based solely upon punishment and social revenge, have proved futile. If Norfolk Prison and the ideas of Governor Roosevelt are symptomatic of the future, then offenders will hereafter be sent to prison not to be punished (except, of course, that loss of freedom is no small punishment in itself) but rather for the good of everyone concerned — that of society at large and of the delinquent himself. It is likely that all future criminals will receive genuinely indeterminate sentences. Prisoners will be discharged only when they have demonstrated their capacity to adjust themselves to society, and not before. The offender's term of imprisonment will depend upon his growth in character.

The wardenship of a great prison will, in future, cease to be the reward of a politician. This work of rebuilding men will require administrative heads whose character, training, and qualities of leadership are equal to the demands of so difficult a task. Already we can see tangible evidence of a definite trend toward this new penology. It is actually in process of evolving from our present penal system, slowly in some respects, more rapidly in others. All in all, the day seems to be at hand for a more rational approach toward the whole problem of crime and for a genuinely scientific attempt to reclaim a large part of the human wreckage which drifts each year through our courtrooms into our prisons.

SPORTSMANSHIP IN THE ROUGH

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

Let us imagine that until this moment no one has ever thought of racing one yacht against another. Struck with a sudden inspiration, I say to my friend Topsill: 'I'm fed up with work. Let's take our two boats this afternoon and race them to the lighthouse and back.'

'A bully idea!' says he. 'Why has no one ever thought of that before?'

We go down to our boats, make sail, cast off moorings, tack about a bit (I avoid the unpleasant connotations of the verb 'jockey'), and start racing. Out we go and back we come, enjoying wind, water, and the relaxation from professional cares, each of us eager to get the best out of his boat. We finish, and agree that in yacht racing we have established a sport of the first order. It is spontaneous, and we cannot conceive of its being otherwise.

Quite incidentally I ask Topsill who won the race, and he replies: 'Well, I got a lucky break just after the start and beat you to the lighthouse. But you caught that slant near Hoppers Bluff and beat me home by a few feet.'

'Good!' say I. 'A stand-off. And by the way, I'm sorry I bumped you when I was overtaking. I did n't mean it.'

'Perfectly all right,' replies my sporting friend. 'It did n't slow me down, and a brushful of varnish will repair the damage.'

Naturally we are elated with our new-found sport and tell our friends about it. Blivens joins us with his boat the next time we have an afternoon off, and reasonably observes that since there are three boats racing it will be difficult to line us all up for an impromptu start. He asks us to establish a starting line, which we do, and at a wave of the hand we make for the line. Blivens crosses on the starboard tack, and since Topsill and I happen to be on the port tack we are forced about, Blivens gaining a lead which neither of us is able to make up. He arrives home and, instead of apologizing for heading us off, expresses delight in what he calls his victory. He points out that it is a universal rule that starboard tack has right of way and suggests that to avoid argument and recrimination we adopt that rule for our new sport of yacht racing. We adopt it.

Next time Dubbins joins us. He is something less than expert in handling his yacht, and runs into Blivens, ruining the latter's chance of a second victory. Blivens protests that in the event of a repetition of such careless seamanship (he will not call it intentional) Dubbins should be disqualified from the race. We see the justice of his contention and formulate a rule governing fouling.

Little by little the new sport of yacht racing gains such popularity that not three or four, but a dozen yachts come out for an afternoon's contest. On one occasion Blivens, who seems to have a mania for winning, brings for crew a local fisherman whose knowledge of tidal eddies and air currents is phenomenal. Blivens wins again, while Dubbins, who has smarted under what he considered unjust discrimination, protests the mingling of professionals with amateurs. 'After all,' says Dubbins, asking the question that will one day become immortal, 'is this sport or is it business?'

To protect ourselves against unfair competition we organize a club and confine our racing to Corinthians — that is to say, to lovers of the sport. At this stage, protests against this and that infraction of the spirit of the sport begin to pile up, and we not only appoint a committee on protests, but formulate a complete set of ironclad rules. A cup is offered in competition, — a handsome trophy symbolizing sportsmanship, — and no one notices the sardonic jest of the goldsmith in portraying the spirit of victory clinging to and hobbling the knees of sportsmanship. The cup, solid gold with a melting value of five hundred dollars, achieves such importance that Blivens sells his old boat and builds a new one with which to win it. He succeeds, and the club has to formulate rules governing the measurements of boats which may compete for subsequent trophies. Blivens then hires a clever naval architect to design him still another boat, well within the rules, but faster than all existing craft. And so the contest rages.

II

It may now be pertinent to ask at what stage in the development of yacht racing Topsill dropped out and went back to single-handed cruising. And how did I forfeit my amateur standing by writing for pecuniary gain articles critical of the sport? And at what point did the spirit of true sport leave the corpse?

If sportsmanship — the genuine amateur spirit — is a virtue which all do not share in equal degree, it is evident that rules must be framed to bolster up the ideal and protect the sportsman from his inferiors. It is this process of standardization which smothers all spontaneity. Topsill and I are no longer privileged to accord each other the common courtesies. If he crosses my bow when I have the right of way, I must ram him. We find, too, that our harbor is preëmpted for the benefit of the majority whenever they want to race. If we barge into a scheduled event, we feel as *de trop* as a lone golfer with a foursome coming up behind him.

In a democracy we learn, of course, that the rights of the majority are paramount, but I am not convinced that democracy is compatible with sportsmanship. A given sport attracts, first, those people who are animated by the spirit of the amateur; they are the aristocracy. Next it attracts Tom, Dick, and Harry, who represent the democracy. Of these three inseparables one will surely have a genius for organization, and he and his carbon copies will constitute themselves the autocracy, the arbiters. After that the aristocrats withdraw to go fishing and the democrats become pawns in the game.

To paint the perils of organization let me cite the history of a club which was formed some years back for the promotion of a certain sport. We may as well call it horseshoe pitching, since that was not the sport in question. A few hardy souls who had pitched horseshoes in all weathers came informally together, drew up a haphazard constitution, informed a few others that they had been elected to membership, and launched the club. I was thus elected. Because I admired those I knew among the charter members, and the high principles of horseshoe pitching for which they stood, I was proud to join. The club progressed in a leisurely way, everyone who could attending periodic meetings for the conviviality to be found there and voting 'aye' in a perfunctory manner on all resolutions pertaining to horseshoe pitching and the revision of our constitution. During this middle period, perhaps, too many men were admitted to membership merely because they owned horseshoes and without adequate scrutiny of their pitching prowess. Nevertheless, the club jogged comfortably along.

Insensibly those who were attracted by organization assumed control, and the club underwent a mutation. One candidate for membership was rejected because he was interested in rolling horseshoes instead of pitching them. All applicants were required to describe carefully their past experience and list all other qualifications for eligibility. Later the word 'gentleman' slipped into the constitutional clause, so that now we may not propose a friend unless he is a gentleman as well as an amateur. However, we waited until recently for the club to attain thorough organization. Then it was that a new questionnaire was propounded in which the aspirant was obliged to name his college, his parents, his country-club affiliations, and his favorite brand of perfume. I am not quite sure of the perfume, but I am sure that the original banding together of hard-bitten horseshoe pitchers has faded from the picture and we have now become a social organization, of which there are already far too many.

This short and predominantly truthful history is typical of how organizers and standardizers defeat the original purpose of those sportsmen who are first attracted to one another by a common love of their sport. Little by little all spontaneity vanishes, and it becomes increasingly difficult to restrict the sport to the participation of sportsmen. The man who concentrates his entire effort upon winning may rank as a superb technician, but he lacks both spontaneity and the sporting spirit.

Look, for example, at golf. This royal and ancient game consists fundamentally in driving a ball over a varied terrain and walking around after it, the object being to exercise, while holing the ball a number of times in the fewest possible strokes. This is simple and direct, and, with bogey as an imaginary opponent, the game may be enjoyably played by one man. But a subdivision of the very first rule of the official regulations states: 'A single player has no standing, and shall always give way to a match of any kind.' Behind that rule we can hear such a man as my imaginary friend Blivens, the enemy of spontaneity, protesting: 'Here's somebody who plays golf just for the fun of whacking the ball, not even bothering to find an opponent. He must n't be allowed to block the course when a formal match comes along. Toss him aside.'

Rule II: 'A match begins by each side playing a ball from the first teeing ground.' Nothing could be more logical, yet note the official interpretation which accompanies it: 'In stroke competition if a competitor play his first stroke from outside the limits of the teeing ground, he shall count that stroke, tee a ball, and play his second stroke from within these limits. The penalty for a breach of this rule shall be disqualification.' I can conceive of a lazy golfer playing his first stroke from outside the limits of the teeing ground, — say, from the clubhouse verandah, — but if the game is designed for sportsmen, I can imagine no reason for threatening disqualification after the violation has been pointed out.

Rule IV, 2: 'A player is entitled at any time during the play of a hole to ascertain from his opponent the number of strokes the latter has played; if the opponent give wrong information as to the number of strokes he has played, he shall lose the hole unless he correct his mistake before the player has played another stroke.' It is charitably assumed by the lawmakers that incorrect information can only be given by mistake; but behind this euphemism we discern the intention to guard against willful misinformation which might render the player either apprehensive or overconfident. I have reason to suspect that Blivens, the opponent, has been found guilty of setting up mental hazards to better his chance of winning.

Although a majority of the rules of golf have doubtless arisen out of the effort to develop a procedure which will be equitable to all players, many besides those quoted can only have been dictated by unsportsmanlike behavior. No less than twenty-seven of the thirty-six rules carry penalties for infraction. By the enactment of these regulations and a strict enforcement of the penalties, the game is such that one may play against all comers without detriment to one's chance of success. It seems almost too much trouble.

III

When spontaneity gives way to organization, the fun of a game tends to be crowded out by the will to win. In fact, it is this will to win at any cost that gives rise to so many rules. Behind each regulation one can see the plain intent to set certain limits upon the price of victory, yet even the most rigid code seems impotent to check an unbridled urge to win. In citing the following unsavory examples, I have no intent to besmirch the reputation of yacht racing, which is as clean a sport as any. Disillusioned devotees of other sports tell me that similar instances can be found on every hand.

The Star class of small racing yachts was organized some years ago to promote an interest in racing among men and boys who could not afford a large outlay of money for the sport. As originally intended, a Star could be built, rigged, and canvased for less than five hundred dollars. To keep down the cost in a certain section of the class the price of a replacement suit of sails is fixed and must not be exceeded. What happens? Some contestants who put winning above other considerations have their sails made by an ordinary sailmaker and then taken to an expensive and superlative sailmaker to be altered. When altered, the sails are, to all intents and purposes, the product of the master sailmaker, though they still bear the stenciled name of the ordinary maker who provides the sails for the less affluent members of the class. I have heard it argued that this is not conclusive evidence that the will to win prostitutes sportsmanship; as first cut, the sails did fit like bags, and it is true that nothing in the rules limits the cost or extent of alterations. Still, what about the man who cannot afford expensive alterations — the man for whom this class of yachts was organized?

In one-design class racing there are rules governing the length of time a boat may remain out of water for any one period during the season. The object is to make certain that all will absorb moisture equally and none remain lighter than the others through protracted periods of drying out. The uninitiated may be surprised at the necessity for such a technicality, but he may be sure that there was 'dirty work at the crossroads' before the rule was formulated. There is still dirty work, despite the rule. While an honest sportsman will take his turn at a boat yard, hauling out one day, painting and polishing, and launching within twenty-four hours (if that is the time limit), the clever sport will arrange to haul out Saturday and launch Monday — thereby gaining an extra twenty-four hours for evaporation. If the yard happens to be one which remains closed on Saturday as well as Sunday, so much the cleverer — he hauls out Friday and, despite his pious wish to abide by the rules, his boat is obliged by conditions beyond his control to dry out for seventy-two hours.

There is even the classic example of an ardent racing man who provided himself with a private set of hauling ways and kept his boat out of water twenty-three hours of every day, floating her for one hour daily. The rule stipulated that his boat should not be out of water at any one time for more than twenty-four hours. He scrupulously observed the rule, kept his boat from becoming water-logged, and enjoyed an eminently successful racing record.

Although organization, with its multiplicity of rules, is a major ill of sportsmanship, it is difficult to escape it as long as the public longs for stereotyped sport. While amateur tennis was amateurish in the dictionary sense of 'feeble, crude,' the public left it alone. When the game succumbed to organization, admiring crowds flocked to the courts. In tennis, more than in any other sport, the rules emphasize the cleavage between amateur and professional. Amateurs cannot play in formal competition against such superlative professionals as Tilden and Kozeluh without jettisoning their amateur status. Tilden, before he became a professional, was permitted to write about tennis except when he was a competitor. Distinctions without differences, mountains out of molehills. When a man devotes more time to a sport than he does to his business or his education he is a professional. And that is entirely apart from the weighty point of whether his expenses are paid as he journeys from one tournament to another.

A recent report of the amateur rule committee of the Tennis Association cited the case of an unnamed 'amateur' who in nine months participated in twenty-two tournaments. He criss-crossed the country from Toronto to Nassau and from New York to the West Coast, and, to quote the report, 'In practically every tournament (except the National Singles) he received free board and lodging, and in many cases his traveling expenses were paid.' At the conclusion of this tour he embarked on a two-month round of tournaments in South America. Doubtless the new president of the Association had this in mind when he said: —

> During the past few years there has been a growing resentment against the abuse of the practice of paying players' traveling and living expenses at tournaments. The practice has had the approval of this association and hardly needs defense. But even casual observers have commented upon its abuse, and I am clearly of the opinion that we must bring this home to the clubs and players, through the media available to the national association and the sectional associations, to dissuade them from paying such expenses except in cases which are deemed truly meritorious under all the circumstances.

Would it be truly meritorious if I, as a crack horseshoe pitcher, were given traveling expenses to go to Hawaii in the tourist season to attract the turnstile-tilting public to a tournament? I should dearly love to receive the money, but I should appropriate ten cents of it to check my amateur status in the parcel room of the Grand Central Station before going west. And I'd tear up the parcel check. If the manager of the tournament slipped a bonus into my horseshoe satchel when I was n't looking, I should n't begrudge the ten cents.

IV

This question of ethics in sports is a very delicate matter. Indeed, different sports exhibit such widely varying ethics that even a philosopher would find it impossible, by examining their separate rules and practices, to set up a universal law defining the point at which fair play ceases and foul play begins. Look, for example, at this rule in golf: 'On the day of the competition, before starting, no competitor shall play on, or on to, any of the putting greens, nor shall he intentionally play at any hole of the stipulated round which is within his reach, under penalty of disqualification.' The punishment is rigorous, but everyone will agree that the intent is excellent. The rule is framed to prevent a player from gaining even an accidental prior advantage over his competitor.

There is no similar rule in tennis. Some years ago a player went carefully over an exhibition court on the eve of an important match, feeling it out with his hands for irregularities. In the match he played whenever he could to make the ball strike the soft spots and won by the narrow margin that his foreknowledge of the court had given him. The sportsman who related this incident to me confessed that at the time it occurred he considered it good generalship, although he is now inclined to deem it sharp practice. Whatever one may think of it as a sporting proposition, it was clearly within the rules; the opponent had the same opportunity to acquaint himself with the court, though it did not occur to him to do so.

In yacht racing a competitor is not only privileged to feel out the course before a match, but would be considered lacking in those very qualities of seamanship which racing fosters if he did not do so. We find, then, this strange anomaly: what is interdicted in golf and is thought questionable in tennis is encouraged in yachting. And this is not to imply that the ethics of yachting are less exacting than those of other sports.

Another comparison, not so neatly trimmed, but more dramatic, may be worth citing. In championship tennis it has become the fashion among certain 'top-liners' to 'throw' a point following one that has been wrongly decided in their favor. This practice is contrary to the rules and must jar the susceptibilities of linesmen who have mistakenly but honestly decided the disputed point, but it is considered sporting by the players and makes a great appeal to the gallery. You can hear the murmur of admiration: 'What a good sport Blank is! He knew he should n't have been given that point, so he purposely lammed the next ball into the net. Cheers!'

Without passing judgment on this practice, just try to imagine a parallel case on the gridiron. Blink, an excellent sportsman, learns that the opposing team has been penalized a certain number of yards for being offside. In consternation he recalls that he was himself offside at the opening of the play. He brings his lapse to the attention of the referee and requests that his own team be penalized a like amount. Do his team mates go into a huddle and emerge to give Blink three rousing cheers for his sportsmanship? They are more likely to order him to the infirmary to have his head examined, for he has cost the team the precious inches which may spell defeat.

This brings us to a fault that is inherent in almost every group game and indeed any other that is too highly organized — the element of divided loyalties. When a man has only himself to consider he will concede a doubtful point without hesitation, as is done a thousand times daily on tennis courts all over the world. But let a man feel that he is playing not for himself but for the honor of his club, or his Alma Mater, or his country, and the issue ceases to be clear-cut. Left to myself, let us say, and recognizing defeat as almost inevitable, I would rather play to my limit and end the contest. But if I have the unblemished record of my club to consider, shall I rush like a maddened bull on to the sword of my executioner? Is n't it my duty (and where duty lies, can I waver?) to slow up the game a little, stall between changes of court, or otherwise reënergize myself so that I may make a successful bid for victory? If I know that my opponent is adversely affected by noise, is n't it good generalship for me to play to the gallery, even giving him a debatable point in exchange for a roar of applause? In such fashion does divided loyalty support the will to win, while the essence of sportsmanship is forced into the background.

Sportsmanship also suffers — and frequently, one suspects — in group games whenever the excellence of one player makes him dangerous to the opposing team. He is singled out as the object of attack and, by fair means or foul, is eliminated from play. Again, animosity between individuals on two teams may convert a sporting contest into a pitched battle. On such occasions football simply adapts itself to the ethics of another sport — pugilism — and incandescent loyalty to each team's colors tarnishes the spirit of fair play.

A friend who entertains and observes the most exalted ideals of sportsmanship has provided me with an interesting side light into his earlier precepts. As a young man he played hockey on his varsity team, and in a certain game against their traditional rival he and his team mates found themselves rushed almost off their skates. To gain a necessary breathing spell and avoid crushing defeat a diversion was necessary. In this moment of need my friend had an inspiration. All winter he had played on a tried and trusted pair of skates. From one of them two sets of screws were missing at the toe. The skate was held inseparably by copper rivets, but the toe of the shoe could be flopped up from the skate, creating the impression that the two were about to part company. In the extremity in which the team found itself my friend showed his foot to the referee and asked time out for repairs. He told no lie, letting the loose toe of his shoe lie for itself. He was granted the postponement and went to the locker room, where he found a roll of surgeon's tape which he bound firmly around the skate and shoe. When, after several minutes' respite, he returned and exhibited the repair to the referee, he and his team mates were sufficiently rested to go on with the play. The result of the game is of no importance to the story, but my friend tells me that he cannot think of his offense against sportsmanship without blushing. At the time he was praised by his fellows and by all of his college companions who learned of his foxy strategy. He had struck a blow for his Alma Mater.

Another friend who has refereed water polo for a quarter of a century, and speaks of it affectionately as 'a good, clean game,' tells me that he lectures each team before the opening of play. He informs the mermen that the game will be played according to the rules and that there will be no dirty work above water or below. Instead of resenting his imputation of their sportsmanship, the players take his lecture with a grin. With the same grin they feel him out, and if his eyes are quick they play a clean game. Criticism of water polo, says my friend, should be directed against the referee; if he does not know his job, the game will be dirty. I gather that something else rests with the referee — namely, the sportsmanship of the players. Yet, as individuals, they are doubtless actuated by the highest sporting spirit.

Even in the game of bridge one can observe the virus of divided loyalty. The rules require that dummy shall say nothing if he observes his partner playing from the wrong hand. A sportsman, inadvertently playing from the wrong hand (and the wish is often father to the involuntary selection of a card), would want his partner to correct him and spare him the embarrassment of being reprimanded by the opposing side. But if the situation is reversed and the sportsman happens to be dummy, he will soon discover that he is required to be dumb. Supported by the etiquette of the game, he must force himself to acquiesce in what seems to him a breach of sportsmanship. I do not charge that this rule is designed to foster cheating; I refer to it merely as an instance showing how duty to a team mate may sap the sporting spirit.

V

What can we do about all this? In post-collegiate contests, which are as highly organized in their way as professional baseball, we can stop quibbling and call a spade a spade. It will improve the standards of amateurism if we regard as professional all sports and athletics which draw the public in large numbers past the box-office window. This will involve mental readjustment and a rebalancing of the implications of amateur and professional, but we have precedent to help us in establishing the new values. Does the public pay good money to watch amateur theatricals when the proficiency of the professional stage is at its disposal? Do people flock to hear amateur orchestras when professional musicians assemble before the batons of Koussevitzky or Toscanini? Do we think any the less of these professionals because they are good?

Let the amateur Thespians and musicians play for the love of their art. So let us swim or run or play tennis or football, and let us call ourselves amateurs because we love our sport and strive, sportsmanlike, to excel in it. But when our excellence puts us among the first twenty or thirty and it becomes worth the while of Organization to exploit us before the public, then let us call ourselves professionals and be proud of our new designation.

Examples have been cited to show that it is a common weakness to subordinate fair play to the pursuit of victory. Those who do so are the worst offenders against sportsmanship, even if, happily, they are not the most numerous. Their number might, perhaps, diminish if we could come to a clearer understanding of what sportsmanship is. In this the dictionary cannot help us, but everyone will probably agree that it is a rare combination of such attributes as gentleness, generosity, spontaneity, and dogged determination. These qualities, which act as a check upon a too intense partisanship, can doubtless be fostered through education — the kind of education which looks to an enhancement of the individual ideal.

As for those offenses which spring from the complicated, rule-cluttering tendency of our master organizers, there seems little prospect of improvement. We Americans are famous for our organizing genius and often we seem to indulge our natural bent for the sheer joy we get out of it. I can offer no panacea to cure us of the habit. Some men are born that way and others achieve the aptitude through the force of circumstances. I have known excellent sportsmen to develop unsuspected signs of genius in this direction when, in recognition of their sporting principles, they have been elevated to membership on some committee or elected to hold office in their club. Unless one is well aware of the dangers, an excess of zeal may be easily diverted away from the promotion of sport for its own sake to the perfection of an organization which, like a political party, exists for only one purpose — to win victories.

Turn, for example, to *American Lawn Tennis* and read the address of the new president, who was recently elected to head the Tennis Association. I am not acquainted with the gentleman and for all I know he may be one of the finest sportsmen in America, but it is amusing to notice some of the things he felt called upon to say when he was elevated to office. 'Our great task,' he proclaimed, 'is, *first*, to extend and increase the interest in the game throughout this broad land of ours, and, *second*, to improve the conditions under which it is played and the standards of play.' Is n't it significant that he ranked politics first and the inculcation of sportsmanship last in his conception of the programme confronting the new administration? Is this not what one would naturally expect from the organization which, in 1929, recalled Tilden from limbo and then bounced him out again after the national emergency had passed?

The new president went on to say: 'When we enter Davis Cup and Wightman Cup events our object should be to *win the cup*, and, *within reason*, we should do everything necessary to accomplish that result.' The italics are, of course, mine. The quotation continues: 'We cannot be the guardians of our players. We should not unduly tempt them or urge them to take part, but the decisions must be left to them and their natural guardians. Nor should the educational value of our foreign trips to our younger players be overlooked.' Thus speaks the voice of Organization.

I am not an organization man myself, but one can never tell what may happen. If I am ever elected to the presidency of my horseshoe-pitching society, I shall probably make a speech somewhat as follows: 'Gentlemen and charter members, the monumental task confronting us is to extend national interest in horseshoe pitching so widely that we shall be on the front pages of the newspapers every day. We must have stadiums for the comfortable accommodation of spectators and adequate means for collecting the admissions as they pass in. . . . When we contest for the Golden Horseshoe Cup, our sole object will be to WIN THE CUP. To this end we shall do everything in our power — and I don't mean within reason. Our players must give up their businesses to train for the tournament. They must practise night and day until they are so far superior to professional horseshoe pitchers that the term "amateur" shall cease to be a reproach. We cannot be the guardians of our players, for we are not an eleemosynary institution; it therefore devolves upon them to find angels who will pay their expenses and make it financially worth their while to compete for the cup. The educational value of our foreign trips will probably be overlooked in the scramble for fame and riches. . . . Finally, we must not let sportsmanship within our society die a natural death. We must resolutely extirpate it. Gentlemen, I thank you. Charter members, your resignations will be accepted.'

THE LIGHT IS SWEET

BY OGDEN W. HEATH

I

SHE sat very close to me on the edge of the little white bed, her face toward the open window.

'I must go soon or I'll be missing my train,' she murmured. But I knew from the way she said it that she had no intention of going.

The late afternoon sun streamed in across my useless legs. It was reflected dazzlingly from the white counterpane, making me narrow my eyes, long unaccustomed to the brighter glare of outdoors, as I studied her expression for some clue to her thoughts. Afraid of disturbing her mood, I lay perfectly still. It is not hard to lie perfectly still when you can't do anything else. The only sound was the buzzing of the locusts or the occasional whir of some passing automobile.

Presently my eye was caught by the pale gleam of a small yellow butterfly which came fluttering down toward the bed of pink petunias just outside my window. Suddenly another butterfly, just like the first, came sliding down toward the other. They circled round each other several times, then were borne swiftly aloft together on a rising current of air. The breeze was singing wistfully of half-remembered tales from the Vienna woods, while the trees danced, transparently gay in their silver spangles. The swaying of the branches tempted me with fascinating glimpses of lovely, ever-changing vistas and hinted of strange, delightful mysteries hidden far back among the dark green shadows which live near the heart of a tree. But I could not keep my eyes from her face.

In breathless awe I gazed at her. Her face was all aglow with a warm, clear radiance as if lighted from within by blazing torches. I had always thought of her hair as being quite black, but now I saw that it was really a rich reddish-brown. It looked actually alive. All at once the years fell away and I recognized that same youthfully naïve, eager expression she had worn that first day at the seashore. Suddenly I found myself laughing aloud.

'Why are you laughing?' she said, staring at me with the solemn, mildly puzzled look of a cat disturbed in its dozing.

'Because you look so nice and shiny.' And I laughed all the louder.

Then she smiled too, and stared into my eyes a long time before turning back to the window. I was not much surprised when in a little while she said, 'I wish we were on the beach together right now. Don't you love it this time of day after everyone else has gone home? Do you remember how we used to lie in our bathing suits on the hot sand staring out at the water with our chins on our hands?'

'Yes. We never talked much, — just a lazy word or a grunt now and then, — but all the time the sun was beating down on us and somehow I used to feel that we were very close to each other.'

She gave me an odd look then which I did not understand. 'We were,' she said simply, and, after a moment, 'We had such a little time before you —' She stopped abruptly and we both stared out of the window. I knew she too was thinking of what might have been. A bee was hovering over the petunias now. As I watched it dart in lightly with glittering wings to each flower in turn, I thought of the tiny seeds waiting so patiently down inside for the pollen that would give them life.

'That was longer ago than I care to think about,' I said absently, my mind still full of the dream.

Then I looked at her and saw that her eyes were misty. Instantly my dream slipped away and I went all tight inside. I laid my fingers on her arm. 'You must not feel sorry for me,' I said.

She shook her head vigorously. 'I'm *not* sorry for you.' But her eyes still glistened and her upper lip was trembling. I began to talk very fast.

'I mean it.' I laughed, arrogantly. 'In lots of ways I get more fun out of life now than I did in the old days when I was able to go places and do things. Have n't I got you here now? And are n't we closer to-day than we ever were then? And I have those other memories of you besides. I'm really better off now than I was then. Do you remember how some days you did n't come to the beach? Well, I used to wait around for you till I saw you were n't coming, and then, for want of something better to do, I used to take a long run up the beach as far as that lonely shack where the fishermen kept their nets. As I jogged along close to the water's edge, at times splashing through a wave that came up a little farther than the rest, my thoughts were all of you. In fact, I scarcely noticed where I was. Yet I must have absorbed a good deal of my surroundings just the same, because now I can see every detail of that scene as vividly as if I were actually there.

'On one side the bare yellow dunes, with here and there a clump of long grass; on the other the broad blue ocean, throbbing and sparkling in the sun. I can see the blue waves rolling in, with their curling white tops and rainbows flashing in the spray above them, and trailing their wide white ribbons of foam behind, with a fish hawk or perhaps several gulls soaring and swooping up above. I can hear the soft rustle of the water sliding over the sand and pebbles. I can feel the hard wet cold sand on the soles of my feet and feel the cool water splashing round my ankles. I can see the forlorn fringes of stranded driftwood, dried seaweed, and broken bits of shells and pebbles that marked high tide. I can see the brown nets spread out to dry on the dunes and can even smell that pungent smell of salt and tar and fish which always clings to that part of the beach. But you know how desolate it is along there. At the time I felt bored and — I can still feel it now just as I did then — faintly unhappy. Thoroughly commonplace emotions in thoroughly commonplace surroundings. Yet somehow memory transforms that moment and gives it an entirely new meaning. Now, whenever I recall that moment, it brings me a strange feeling of peace. It makes me very happy. So,' and again I laughed in my exultation, 'you must not feel sorry for me, because, don't you see, I'm not at all sorry for myself.'

II

The sun cut its way swiftly through a sea of drifting ice to drown itself at last in a low-lying gray cloud bank. When it burst free of the clouds a few minutes later it seemed to drop toward the horizon at an even dizzier pace than before.

'Don't let me miss this next train,' she said. 'I told them not to expect me for dinner, but I must be home early. I have n't even begun to pack yet. . . . When the sun sets I'll have to go.'

But I did n't believe her. I could n't believe the moment of parting had come so soon. I refused even to think of the possibility of her going. She was very close to me — that was all that mattered. I watched her in a lazy glow of almost miraculous well-being and contentment, fascinated by the iridescent flashes from the diamond on her finger while she concentrated on the endless figure eight which she was tracing on the counterpane. I said to myself, 'This is a rare moment. I must try to remember her as she is now, with the sun on her face and hair and dancing in her eyes, so that in the long and lonely days to come I may have the memory of this moment to comfort me.'

I lay very still, but every nerve was tingling in a singing ecstasy of wonder. And I strained all my senses, which were somehow marvelously alert, in an effort to absorb into my being, to fix indelibly in my mind, every detail of her appearance: the color of her hair, so rich and living, and her cheeks glowing like torches in the sun. But the only effect of the intense concentration was to make my sight grow blurred.

Over her shoulder then I became aware of a shadow on the opposite wall. I watched it grow slowly taller, stretching up and up grotesquely toward the ceiling. But before it could reach the ceiling it had faded away, almost imperceptibly. Still she made no move to go. Neither of us spoke. We had long ago said all there was to say. The lower edge of the cloud bank was now a mass of flickering flames. As the flames soared higher and higher, I fancied I could hear the Magic Fire Music a long way off roaring upward with them. At that moment two birds, flying low and close together, passed unscathed through the wall of fire and sped unswervingly across my tiny patch of sky. Then almost before I realized it the flames had burnt themselves out. Now the shadows began to creep down boldly out of the corners of the room.

Presently she sighed and turned to me. 'By this time to-morrow,' she said, 'I'll be many miles from here. . . . I wish you were going too.'

Suddenly, for one fleeting instant, a door flew open and I caught a glimpse of the vast black emptiness of her absence. I shuddered inwardly and stared straight ahead at nothing.

'I wish I could,' I murmured slowly.

Quickly she placed her hand on mine. 'Oh, I'm sorry. I did n't mean to say that . . . '

'But why not?' I laughed, proudly. 'Because, after all, I *will* be going with you — in my mind. Do you know, I think in many ways I get more fun out of life than you people who take your ability to go places and do things so much for granted. Really, you must not feel sorry for me.'

A bright golden glow still lingered close to the horizon. Above, a mass of dark clouds obscured all the sky. The breeze had dropped, so all the trees stood still in a hush of expectancy, the only movement a slow, almost imperceptible rise and fall of the boughs. I thought of Brünnehilde asleep on her mountain top, waiting, waiting. . . .

'Look over there,' I said. 'Do you see that roof and chimney just showing above that group of trees? See how clearly they stand out against the sky. See that tall pine in front and that other large tree off a little to one side, like black lace on cloth of gold. And over there a little farther, do you see that row of poplars? Now imagine you are on some ranch in Wyoming or at a camp in Maine or at your favorite resort in Normandy or Brittany. Is there anything in what you can see —

or, in fact, so far as any of your senses can tell — to show that you're *not* there? But, you say, in my mind I know I'm not in any of those places. That's just the point. How do you know? How can you prove it? It's all in your mind. Life is just a series of mental pictures painted by the five senses. We see only what we are capable of seeing. When I look at that house and those trees silhouetted against the sky like that, I can imagine myself wherever I want to be, and immediately I *am* there. And, what's more, probably having a better time than I should if I were actually there in the flesh. I have all the enjoyment of traveling with none of the discomfort. And every night, if I like, I can go to a different place. Every five minutes, I should say.

'Last night, for instance, the clouds were just right. You know how sometimes they look like a distant mountain range with the snow-capped peaks touched by the setting sun? I don't expect you will believe me, but it took a real mental effort to make myself feel I was not in Darjeeling, or in the Vale of Chamonix, or on the shores of Lake Titicaca. But in a little while the sun was gone from the peaks. Then they were changed before my eyes into a painting by Rockwell Kent of some bleak coast in Alaska or Tierra del Fuego. Later still I was transported to some fantastic landscape which existed nowhere but in my imagination, unless perhaps on some other planet — a landscape of distant black peaks, of gray ghostly valleys and vast plains over which weird red lights flickered ominously.

'What more could I want? Within the frame of my window I can see more great pictures in a few minutes than you could see at any art gallery in several hours, and without budging an inch. But think of all the people you know who are scattered all over the world on their vacations. What are they doing at this very minute? Probably rushing frantically somewhere or other in search of pleasures which somehow give no pleasure when they find them. No, I don't envy them. So,' and again I laughed, feeling very well pleased with myself, 'you must not feel sorry for me, because, don't you see, I'm not at all sorry for myself.'

III

She stood up suddenly. The clouds had melted away as if by magic, leaving the sky that deep blue which, if you are lucky, you may see on certain clear evenings just before the final shutting down of night.

'I've missed two trains, but I really can't be missing this next one,' she said. 'I'll have to go right away.' But she stood still, staring across me toward the window. I could only look at her.

'There's the evening star,' she said at last.

'It seems brighter than usual tonight,' I said, unable to take my eyes from her face.

Presently she turned to me and, with a little impulsive movement, reached down and took my hand. Her eyes were smiling wistfully, but she did not speak. I stared back at her and suddenly my mind was full of many things I wanted to tell her. I tightened my grip on her hand, for it seemed to me that my entire future happiness depended on my prolonging that moment, on my holding her there beside me until I could find the words to say what was in my mind. And I was certain I could read in her eyes signs of a similar struggle. I longed for some magic word which would break the spell that was on our tongues and roll away the barrier that was between us. But even as the thought came to me I remembered that it is the fate of all of us here on earth to walk alone, and I knew that we were as close at that moment as it was possible for us ever to get in this world.

She turned at length without a word and went slowly to the bureau, in front of which she began adjusting her hat — the little blue hat I liked so much. Our eyes met again in the mirror. 'Hello,' said her lips, though I could hear no sound. But all at once, where her face had been, I saw a fleshless, grinning skull. I was glad when she came and stood close to me again, even though I could not make her eyes meet mine.

'It will be a long time — ' she began, and stopped. Then, 'I *hate* to go,' she pouted, and gave my arm a little push with her fingers.

I took hold of those fingers. 'I wish you did n't have to.' The words sounded terribly inadequate. 'But, after all, it won't be forever, will it?' I felt a kind of shiver run through her then which made me go all empty inside. 'Please! Don't!' I begged. 'Be a good girl. Remember,' and I laughed exultantly, suddenly feeling very secure in her nearness, 'you must not feel sorry for me.'

She shook her head once, slowly, but made no answer. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a swift glimmer of light. Was it a falling star or just a firefly flitting among the shrubs in the yard? She continued to stare across me at the window with an indecisive air as if debating something in her mind. Oh, I thought, if I only could, even though for just one second, see what was going on inside her head! But when she looked at me at last I saw that her eyes were glistening. I heard her draw a quick little breath. Then, with a startlingly abrupt movement, she bent toward me. I felt her cool fingers touch my cheek ever so lightly. Her lips melted into mine and I breathed deeply the fragrance of her hair. Then all at once she was halfway to the door.

'Good-bye,' I called, but my voice sounded very strange. She did not look back, but at the door she paused a moment and half turned to me. She lifted her free hand swiftly and made a little gesture in my direction with her fingers. Then she was gone.

As I stared at the empty door frame, hoping against hope that some miracle would bring her back, I strained for one mad instant against the dead weight of my legs. Then reason returned, and I lay back gasping on my pillow. Presently I began to follow her in my mind as I had promised to do.

It's just a short walk to the station. She must be almost there by now. There's the whistle of the train. Will she get there in time? I half hoped she would miss it, until I realized that that would not bring her back to me. I listened while the train drew to a stop and after a minute moved on again, gaining speed rapidly. I strained to hold its sound in my ears as long as I could, feeling that somehow she was not entirely lost to me so long as I could hear it, but soon it faded away into the distance.

Now she is sitting at the window staring at her reflection, but seeing nothing. The corners of her mouth curl upward now and then in that special little way which, from the first day I saw her, has always been one of my secret delights. I hugged the memory close, smiling inwardly. Perhaps, too, she dabs at her eyes occasionally with her handkerchief.

Forgetful of the speeding minutes, I let myself drift unresistingly on the current of my thoughts until suddenly I was jerked back to earth by the shrill laughter of a girl in a car which went whizzing by my window. I looked at my watch.

Now she has reached the city and is

mingling with the hurrying crowds in the station. Unconsciously she begins to appraise the hats and dresses of the other women as she moves through the throng. Now she is in her taxi. She is caught up and engulfed in the surging waves of traffic. Her pulse quickens as she begins to look about her at the blinking, multicolored lights, at the hurrying, jostling crowds, at the brilliant shop windows. She feels the mysterious, irresistible pull of the city with its eternal movement, glitter, and noise, its towering, twinkling beauty, and its sprawling vastness. New thoughts creep in to take my place in her mind — thoughts of her little girl, of her husband, of her journey on the morrow. Now she has passed over completely into that other world which she loves and which loves her, that world into which I cannot ever hope to follow her.

I looked for the star, our star. But it was no longer visible. 'I am less to her now than the stranger who is steering her homeward.' I flung the words into the darkness. There was an intolerable ache in my throat. I clenched my fists and laughed, but silently, as I thought of the brave, proud words I had spoken such a short time before: 'You must not feel sorry for me, because, don't you see, I'm not at all sorry for myself.'

LAW AND SELF-CONTROL

BY FRANCIS G. PEABODY

I

The inconclusive and interminable debate between Wets and Drys reached a fitting summary in the equally inconclusive, and almost equally interminable, Report of the Wickersham Commission. Eleven very competent investigators made eleven different statements, and only one presented anything that can be called a new plan of procedure. That is about where any other eleven persons, however uninstructed they might be, would be likely to arrive at the end of a discussion. The situation has, in fact, become a deadlock. The prohibitory programme has been found disappointing in its effects, but no practicable substitute has been generally approved. The result is a condition of helplessness and hesitancy. Great numbers of people are reluctant to abandon the high hopes with which the prohibitory plan was undertaken, but are disheartened by the obstructions and evasions which have thwarted its success. The confession which forces itself upon many serious-minded citizens, even if it be not openly expressed, is that something else must be done; but what the next step should be is as yet undetermined.

If this is a fair statement of a prevailing state of mind, it may be timely to consider whether the whole subject should not be approached from a different point of view, and a fresh start made along a more hopeful course of procedure. As one examines the prohibitory programme its aim is seen to be strictly limited. It deals with nothing further than the manufacture and distribution of alcoholic drink. The Eighteenth Amendment prohibits transportation and sale; the Volstead Act reënforces this intention by an attempted definition of intoxicating drink. The enemy of society against which both are directed is the drink traffic, which had become strongly entrenched as a huge wholesale business and was operating through a vast number of saloons.

One of the most influential advocates of prohibition has lately acknowledged with candor this limitation. 'Prohibition,' the *Christian Century* of Chicago has announced in an editorial (January 14, 1931), 'has nothing to do with the personal liberty to drink or not to drink. . . . Being a Dry has to do not with drinking but with the traffic in drink. It is the selling of liquor which the Eighteenth Amendment forbids; not the drinking of it. . . . There is not a word in the entire body of anti-liquor legislation that forbids drinking. The drinker does not violate the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Law. Modern American liquor legislation has always dealt with liquor as a business, not with liquor as a habit. It has not challenged the right to drink; it has challenged the right to sell. . . . Its attack has not been directed at the thirst motive of the drinker, but at the profit motive of the seller. . . . A Dry is not a moralist; he is an economist.'

This authoritative statement of the Dry position indicates precisely the inadequacy of its programme and the chief reason for its disappointing results. A campaign against the liquor traffic has much to justify it. The saloon has become generally recognized as an unmixed evil; everybody is glad to have it disappear. Nor is there anything fundamentally discreditable in a prohibitory law. Many protests are heard about its invasion of rights and its unjustified restraint of personal liberty, as though prohibition of the liquor traffic had introduced a new principle of social control. The fact is, however, that civilized society is beset by all manner of prohibitions which invade without hesitation the liberty of the individual. Not to speak of unquestioned social dangers, like narcotics, poisons, and inflammables, against which human life must be guarded, the prohibitory principle is applied and accepted in the most incidental and familiar experiences of modern life. The traffic officer at the street corner holds up his hand and prohibits with his gesture the passing of my car. The customs official ransacks the baggage of a returning tourist and prohibits an uncensored landing. The policeman rings my doorbell and prohibits the blocking of my sidewalk by merchandise or snow. We live under a system of prohibitions; and if it be legally determined that the same principle should be applied to alcoholic drink nothing unprecedented is proposed.

The position of those who defy a prohibitory law as an invasion of their freedom is not unlike the defiance of the customs laws because they restrict freedom of importation. 'Why should I,' a traveler asks, 'conform to what seems to me unjustifiable scrutiny? Is not smuggling in reality a defense of my own rights? Am I not justified in evading a bad law?' Traffic with bootleggers defends itself by the same argument; it is in effect a reversion to anarchy. The only escape from the acceptance of prohibition as a general principle is to abandon civilized society and to seek what a famous philosopher called the desolate freedom of the wild ass.

Why is it, then, that the prohibition of liquor traffic in the United States has met with such serious and increasing opposition? It is, of course, in large part because so many people care more for their rights than for the conditions which govern civilized society, and defy or evade any law which restricts their own desires. 'No one,' they say, 'shall tell us what we may eat or drink. Our commerce with bootleggers is a gesture of liberty. Alcoholic drink in reasonable quantity is a pleasurable resource of recreation, and should no more be denied to self-respecting citizens than indulgence in coffee or candy or tobacco.' To this determined and defiant state of mind any suggestion of reënforcing restriction can have no weight. The only end of the controversy must be the abolition of all restriction. The next step in such legislation should be a step backward. The issue between law-keepers and law-breakers becomes undisguised and irreconcilable, and need not be further considered here.

On the other hand, there is much room for further reflection by those who earnestly desire — as I do — that the policy of restriction may be maintained, but recognize that it is obstructed by dissent and threatened with failure. What is the fundamental defect in a scheme which was undertaken with such high intention? The obvious answer to this question is reached when one considers the end which such legislation has in view. The Dry campaign is wholly justified in attacking the traffic; but why does the traffic exist and flourish? It is because so many people want to drink, and their desire is so imperative that no legal restriction, however drastic, can successfully prohibit it. Behind the drink traffic lies the drink habit; and the weakness in the prohibitory scheme is in anticipating that the repression of a traffic will accomplish the suppression of a thirst. It mistakes the means for the end, prohibition for temperance, and a problem of morals for a problem of law. Thus it not only sets the cart before the horse, but expects the cart to be the agent of propulsion.

This exaggerated anticipation was stimulated by the special circumstances which promoted prohibition. In the critical years of the World War no means seemed too drastic to protect the soldiers from temptation, and the country accepted prohibition among other forms of self-restraint. The belief was, however, sedulously fostered that the country had found at last a complete solution of a world-old problem, and that a nation of more than a hundred million people would soon become, as a valiant advocate expressed it, as dry as the Great Sahara. As a consequence of this complete dependence on the redemptive effect of law, a form of regulation which might be logically defended as a contributory or palliative measure was pushed to conclusions which many well-wishers for prohibition find it difficult to accept. The habits of a vast population of the most diverse types and traditions were subjected to one sweeping regulation, which took no account of diversity in character or conviction; an Amendment was procured which was wholly foreign to the purpose of the Constitution, and an enforcing Act added which was manifestly fictitious in its definition of intoxicating drink. Legality supplanted morality, and restriction of a traffic undertook the conversion of a habit. The curious result has ensued that a nation-wide campaign for a great moral reform has omitted the consideration of the real source of evil. It has anticipated that if the supply was checked the demand would disappear, while in fact it is the demand which creates the supply; and responsibility for evasion of the law thus rests, not solely on the bootlegger who supplies the demand, but no less on the patrons who demand the supply.

II

It is most chastening, therefore, to observe that the movement for personal abstinence, which had attained during the last thirty years such headway, has almost disappeared from public notice. What has become of the total abstinence societies and the temperance associations of both Catholics and Protestants, and the pledges which have rescued millions from the drink habit? What is heard to-day of the great discovery made by economists and employing corporations that modern industry must be fortified by temperance among the workers, which has led employers in hundreds of occupations to demand abstinence as a condition of employment? The increasing complexity of industrial machinery had called for a new alertness and self-control in the workers which were simply inconsistent with even the moderate use of intoxicating drink. All these movements toward sobriety have become little more than memories through the complete dependence on law as the sufficient instrument of redemption. Restriction has supplanted education, and the zeal for prohibition has silenced the teaching of temperance, until the very language of self-control has become practically extinct amid the clamorous debates of Wets and Drys.

Several members of the Wickersham Commission have observed this extraordinary transition. 'The traffic,' says Judge Kenyon, 'never can be entirely eliminated, so long as the appetite for drink remains.' 'Americans,' writes Dean Pound, 'have had a perennial faith in political mechanisms . . . but there is no reason to suppose that machinery and organization and equipment will change public opinion among the classes of the country where public opinion has proved an obstacle, nor that they will succeed in the teeth of public opinion any more than they have in the past.' That sagacious and witty jurist Mr. Justice Deasy, of the Supreme Court of Maine, once illustrated the function of prohibitory law, as of all legislation, by comparing it with a maritime practice which was familiar to his seacoast neighbors. 'When a schooner is beating up the coast,' he said, 'and meets an opposing slant of wind, the captain summons his crew aft to trim the mainsheet. All hands, with one exception, tail on the rope and pull; but one man is set, not to pull, but to make fast the slack of the sheet as it is hauled in, or, as sailors say, "to hold the turn."' That, Judge Deasy said, is the place of law in modern society. It does not supplant popular sentiment, or trim the sails of social progress. It confirms that which public opinion sanctions. It makes fast the pull. It holds the turn. 'A law,' Mr. Brand Whitlock remarked in the August 1930 issue of the *Atlantic*, 'must derive its force and sanction from the public conscience. That is what a law is in a democracy — a statute that the people will back up. When statutes run counter to custom, they are impotent. The trouble with the reformers is that they are always getting the cart before the horse. They imagine that they can change the custom by changing the statute, but they can't. They must change the custom first.'

When the Apostle was enumerating the virtues of the Christian character he counseled his friends to add to their knowledge temperance, or, as the phrase is more correctly translated, 'to furnish intelligence with self-control.' What evidence is there to-day that increase in intelligent self-control has been attained in the matter of the drink habit? On the contrary, one sees among intelligent and privileged people, both old and young, a conspicuous disregard of intelligent thought concerning alcoholic drink, and a widespread abandonment of self-control. The revolt against legal restriction has brought with it an alarming loss of self-restraint and an unblushing laxity of conduct. Exclusive concern for abolition of the traffic may thus defeat its own intention, and the drink habit be stimulated by resistance to the law.

Prohibition, in other words, is, as President Hoover has justly said, a noble experiment; or, as Mr. Justice Holmes has said of the Constitution itself, 'It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment.' An experiment, however, by its very nature invites revision and readjustment as circumstances dictate. Local concurrence becomes a prerequisite of legal efficiency. A prevailing public sentiment can secure the successful administration of a drastic law, but it cannot be successfully forced upon an unconsenting community by pressure from without or from above.

These reflections, therefore, do not seem to encourage the movement to repeal the existing law; for this retreat would not only be a surrender of much that has been gained, but would be politically impracticable. On the other hand, it would seem to be not impracticable to procure such amplification of the Amendment as would make it more applicable and flexible. If effective law must be derived from the consent of the governed, then it must take account of varied traditions and habits, and meet communities where they are, not where others want them to be. What might appear reasonable in one region might seem elsewhere a mere flourish or threat, inviting evasion or contempt. The area of successful administration might be reconsidered, the terms of the existing amendment made applicable to the varied conditions and different communities, and the Volstead Act brought into some contact with reality. The Dry position would be greatly fortified if it could be thus made less intemperate and more impregnable.

III

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to urge modifications of law, but, on the contrary, to turn from this thorny subject to a less obstructed, though less traveled, path. The heated controversy concerning legislation should not disguise from those who wish to stabilize prohibition the antecedent condition of their success. Beneath and behind the agitation for suppression of the drink traffic lies the more fundamental need of education concerning the drink habit. The consent of the governed must become an intelligent and instructed consent. The maintenance of drastic restriction will depend, not on political pressure, but on an awakened and chastened social conscience. The first question which a conscientious citizen should ask himself is not: 'Shall the law concerning the drink traffic be enforced or repealed?' but: 'How shall I conduct myself, in the presence of a grave social peril, so as to contribute most to the public good?' To define a Dry as an economist is to ignore the antecedent fact that he is primarily called to self-discipline. Thus considered, he is a Dry because he abstains from the use of alcohol as a beverage. His first concern is with the breaking of a habit, not with the breaking of a law.

In short, those who hope, as I do, that a restrictive law can be rescued from its present perils are now called to apply themselves to a new movement for moral education and personal sobriety. What can be expected in a situation where great numbers of people satisfy their consciences by voting Dry and drinking Wet, or decline to make any personal sacrifice for the public good? How can a law be expected to administer itself, or be accepted as desirable for wage earners or Negroes but inappropriate for prosperous homes, or college boys, or the festivities of the privileged? The future of the prohibitory programme in the United States depends, not on multiplying restrictions, or on punishing offenders, but on educating the social conscience. So long as people are determined to live for themselves alone, no law, however drastic, can be successful in its operation.

Mrs. Browning, in commenting on the Utopian programmes of her time, wrote in convincing verse, —

> Ah, your Fouriers failed
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within.

That is the truth which the Drys now need to hear. They are tempted to anticipate that a moral reform may be accomplished by a legislative regulation, forgetting that human character develops from within. Legislation may go far to reënforce character, or may by ill-considered schemes go equally far to undermine character; but legislation cannot create character. A golden age, Herbert Spencer said, cannot be made by leaden people. The best that the law can do to reënforce a moral reform is to 'hold the turn.'

We are brought, then, to the rather surprising conclusion that the controversy between Wets and Drys, passionate and prolonged as it has been, is in fact concerned with a secondary aspect of the drink problem. It may appear old-fashioned and uninviting at this time to propose a revival of the moral appeal; it may seem much easier to sweep away an ancient abuse by one magnificent gesture of universal prohibition; but the fact is that moral transformation is not to be precipitated on an unconsenting world, and that the slow process of education must endorse forms of law. The zeal of the prohibitionist is like the passionate desire of Theodore Parker for the immediate abolition of slavery, of which he was obliged to say, 'The trouble seems to be that God is not in a hurry, and I am.' In other words, the next step for those who hope, as I do, that restriction of the traffic may succeed is to renew the neglected teaching of self-restraint.

What a simple proposition is thus presented to the controversialists of to-day! It does not deny or depreciate the part of restrictive legislation in checking excess; nor does it encourage a political party to force its views on an unconsenting community, and thereby promote reaction or revolt. It summons conscientious citizens, as their immediate task, to the education of the public conscience in self-discipline and self-control. It counsels them to pause in the heated advocacy of unwelcome law, and to promote a new campaign of temperance. The next step in the repression of the drink traffic is the promotion of intelligent self-control in the drink habit. Suppose that a few thousand self-indulgent people in a community should pledge themselves to abstinence, suppose that the hip flask should become a discredited adjunct of sociability, and the stimulation by cocktails should cease to be regarded as essential to agreeable companionship, what would become of the bootleggers' trade and the open war between coast guards and rum-runners? The supply would simply sink into insignificance for lack of demand, and the social conscience would accomplish what the law cannot hope to achieve.

IV

What considerations might lead to such a moral revival? In some instances it would be the consequence of personal apprehension, lest one should become a victim of the drink habit. One may pledge himself to abstinence as his refuge from ruin. But in most instances this moral determination would proceed from a higher motive, and would represent the willingness to sacrifice something of self-indulgence for the sake of the common good. It would mean that such persons had abandoned the law of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and had committed themselves to that maxim which is perhaps the highest utterance ever made by human lips, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself.'

In a word, the enforcement of prohibition, and indeed the future of modern society, can be secured by nothing less than a revival of the motives which pledge the untempted to restrain themselves for the sake of the tempted, and to repeat in the face of a modern problem the ancient resolution of the Apostle, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.'

Is so Utopian a programme quite beyond realization? It may seem to be for the moment too much to expect. The violence of protest against restriction may seem difficult to convert into any nobler motive. Controversy about legality has for the time supplanted consecration to morality. Many people who claim the blessings of Christian loyalty, and desire the benediction of their Master on their daily lives, have been led to forget or ignore the habit of personal sacrifice which the Christian religion dictates. They are ready to debate with warmth what kind of wine was blessed by Jesus at Cana of Galilee; but they have abandoned his teaching of self-restraint for others' sakes. Yet it remains true that a country must be saved from degeneration, not by schemes, but by saviors, and that the call of the present time is to the conscience of the nation rather than to the controversies of the legalists. Nothing less than this is likely to redeem a nation from its contentions and rebellions. We are, in fact, facing the question whether this can be made a Christian republic.

In the days when the resumption of specie payment was debated it was affirmed, in commonplace but convincing language, that the only way to resume was to resume. To the same effect it may now be affirmed that the only way to stop the drink traffic is to stop drinking. Legal prohibition will always remain imperfectly effective unless reënforced by personal abstinence. Education is the essential prerequisite of legislation. If a new generation — yes, and their parents — could be taught to recognize the excellence of self-restraint, and could turn from self-indulgence for their own sakes to sanctifying themselves for others' sakes, the controversy concerning law would take its legitimate place as concerned with a contributory and secondary aspect of the drink problem, and legal restriction would be welcomed and enforced as the legitimate corollary of intelligent self-control.

OUR MEDIÆVAL MINDS

BY THOMAS T. READ

I

CRITICISM of society in its present-day manifestations is the leading topic of conversation and literature, since within the term 'literature' I mean to include newspapers as well as all other printed media for the exchange of ideas, while lectures before women's clubs and other organizations may be classed as conversation. Prohibition and the social adventure in Russia ostensibly outrank this topic in current discussion, but those two social experiments are attempts to advance criticism of society beyond the stage of mere talk, and therefore logically fall into place as subtopics of the general theme. The generalization therefore seems as nearly justified as any generalization ever is. It is not my purpose to say anything about either prohibition or Soviet Russia, but to consider the broader topic of the relation of the persistence of the mediæval mind to modern criticism of society.

Most criticism of society has an odor of antiquity, perhaps even of sanctity, about it. For thousands of years people have been intellectually disturbed, and therefore felt warranted in disturbing their fellow men, over the way women dress and comport themselves, how young people fail to comport themselves, how married couples behave, how gangsters and racketeers misbehave (for, though those two nouns are new, the misbehavior is old), and by various other social phenomena. It is not too much to say that a mental wailing wall stretches back through the centuries as far as we have any record of what people thought of the results of their attempts to live together in groups. Nearly three thousand years ago Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, considered the general state of affairs and concluded that things had been steadily getting worse since his imagined golden age.

It is clearly evident that social criticism has at least one modern phase; indeed, it must inevitably have a modern phase, since no one could criticize a new thing before it had come into existence. Human experience also indicates that when anything new comes into existence abundant criticism of it will immediately be forthcoming. Thomas Jefferson denounced the enervating and demoralizing practice of riding in carriages instead of on horseback, sermons were preached against bathtubs, and in general all changes in our way of living have come about under the influence of a sort of drumfire of vigorous, usually mistaken, opposition.

The outstanding new factor in modern life is the amazing substitution of mechanical energy for human effort in the performance of necessary work. Half the work performed in the entire world is done in the United States, and over 90 per cent of our work is done for us by mechanical means. Without getting into an argument as to whether heat may be considered as truly equivalent to work by anyone except a physicist, most people can agree that about two thirds of our mechanical work is done by coal and one third by petroleum and natural gas, the word 'about' serving to preserve space to squeeze in the one-twentieth part that is done by water power. The mediæval mind regarded work as a curse, therefore any means of escaping it should logically be a boon. But to do work in a mechanical way involves the use of machines, and the word 'machine' is enough to make many critics see red, especially if the persisting streak of mediævalism in their minds is well developed.

Readers of modern literature of social criticism might infer from it that the verb 'to criticize' means to misrepresent and vilify. Actually it originally meant to judge; and to be a good critic it was necessary to be capable of forming a sound judgment. Any sound judgment must arise from the intelligent consideration of good evidence. Someone, undoubtedly a Chicagoan, has said that New York has the best judges money can buy, and modern criticism seems not to be free from the sordid type of practitioner. Human nature being what it is, as exemplified by the million-dollar 'gates' at prize fights (which there is every reason to believe are often merely barefaced fakes), obviously the easiest way to reap a rich harvest from literary output is to 'hippodrome' it — put on a good pummeling of someone or something, whether it be the character of George Washington or the sincere if somewhat ingenuous activities of Rotary clubs. If one starts with a natural liking and aptitude for belligerent literary assault, a pleasurable activity becomes a profitable one, and if the critic can put on a sufficiently good show in walloping small-town society, business men, doctors, and clergymen, he may even get prizes as well as the commercial returns he ostensibly scorns.

It is not the crude love for a fight but a more subtle characteristic that seems to evidence the mediæval mind, if this should be dignified as mind at all. Much later in time came the puzzled mind of the mystic, who, seeing in the world about him many things he could not understand, proceeded to invent explanations for them. Ernest Dimnet says the mediæval mind was free of 'phantasms,' but he uses that word in a special sense, and even after accepting his definition of it I can scarcely accept his conclusion. H. O. Taylor's more than a thousand pages on the mediæval mind characterize it as chiefly concerned with metaphysical construction and spiritual passion, but quite clearly he is interested in the exceptional rather than the average mind of the time.

Max Radin in his brilliant Weinstock Foundation lectures on 'The Lawful Pursuit of Gain' says that 'in Mediæval Europe . . . the position of the Church in the matter [merchandising] was an amalgam of a philosophical contempt for wealth and Christian repugnance to the vanities of a transitory existence.' Throughout his discourse he indicates the view that the mediæval mind fell into much confusion in wrestling with problems of morality and economics. The most marked characteristic of the mediæval mind, to my way of thinking, was that although it had come to know a good deal about the nature of the physical world, it still believed in magic and therefore attributed to physical things qualities and powers we now know they cannot possibly possess. Some of the clearest modern instances of the mediæval way of thinking appear in the flood of current comment on the general topic of the 'brutalizing effect of machines on men.'

Believing that by grasping a magic sword one could be turned into an invincible warrior was a pleasing and harmless bit of self-deception, because no one ever saw or touched the sword, but believing that machines can turn men into brutes is quite another matter, for we see and touch them daily. To a modern mind the fact that machines, by themselves, can do nothing to men is self-evident. The only effect of the machine is that it enables men to do things to themselves. The distinction is all-important, because if there is valid objection to the results of the man-plus-machine combination one should direct attention to the man, not the machine. To do otherwise is to act as irrationally as a dog who bites a stone thrown at it instead of the person who threw it.

A domestic example of this very common current confusion of thought has occurred as I write. My older son delivered a diatribe against the radio, to which I replied that it could not possibly annoy him, since it is so easily turned off. His rejoinder was that his younger brother insists on turning it on to listen to things which the older brother does not want to hear. The existence of the mechanism enabled the younger to create a situation unsatisfactory to the older son (though highly satisfactory to himself), but the mechanism itself is, by its nature, entirely inoffensive, and this is true of all machines. To attack the machine rather than the person necessarily involved is to use the approach of the mediæval mind.

Since no rational person would seriously propose to do away with all machines, to prevent the possibility of people ever doing objectionable things with them, — to do away with knives because little boys sometimes carve the furniture with them, abolish railroads because their whistles and clamor annoy, and scrap all automobiles because they sometimes kill people, — the discussion narrows down to whether some machines sometimes, in the control of some people, are not productive of more that is objectionable than is of benefit. This can only be decided by arguing a specific case, and, like Burke in his defense of the colonies, I am not arguing specific cases, but only pointing out the impossibility of bringing a blanket indictment. Even in the specific case, if proved, the objection is not to the machine, but to the use which is made of it. The practical results of our current attempt to abolish beverage alcohol as a method of preventing the misuse of it have served to convince many of the futility of that way of solving a social problem.

Another manifestation of the workings of the mediæval mind is in attributing to things or processes the quality of the purpose for which they are used. A curious example appears in Dimnet's *Art of Thinking*, where that otherwise modern writer indicates clearly that he regards the thinking which leads to a decision as to whether to buy one painting or another for the living room as lofty and admirable, while that leading one to decide whether to buy lamb or beef for dinner is mean and ignoble. The quality of the process is independent of the quality of the purpose. An airplane identical with the one used by Lindbergh in his historic flight might be used by a racketeer to make his get-away, and neither mechanism would be in the least affected by, or responsible for, its use. The mechanic who tuned up Lindbergh's plane would undoubtedly feel proud of himself, while the one who performed exactly the same operation for the racketeer's plane would perhaps feel rather debased. Their acts were identical, and only through a feeling of participation in the use made of the object on which the acts were performed could any distinction be made;

to borrow the terminology of mathematics, the distinction is an imaginary quantity.

An interesting example of the persistence of mediæval thinking in the consideration of modern problems can be found in Dr. Abraham Flexner's provocative book discussing universities. First defining a university as a place where knowledge and ideas are conserved and developed and young people are trained to carry on in the same way, Dr. Flexner proceeds to consider the activities of various universities, American, British, and German, from that point of view. It seems to me characteristically mediæval to set up such a definition without admitting any possibility that it may be in error.

What is supposed to bridge the gap between a university so conceived and life as it is actually lived, or how knowledge and ideas are to be transmitted into effective action,[1] need not, however, concern us here, for the mediæval approach to the problem is even more evident in the author's discussion of curricular activities.

Dr. Flexner seems quite certain that knowledge and ideas can be divided into classes that are as sharply distinctive as the social distinctions between the workers and the upper classes in Germany, and that universities should only concern themselves with the upper (as he sees them) classes of knowledge and ideas. A three-year study of the sanitary facilities of an ancient Greek house, as revealed by excavations at Herculaneum, would appear to him as a piece of sound scholarship; an equally meticulous study of the sanitary facilities of modern high schools he dismisses as 'nonsense.' This ascribing of qualities to knowledge and ideas is not the less mediæval because it is still widely practised by many who might reasonably be expected to exhibit a higher level of intelligence.

II

A striking quality of the mediæval mind was that when it had come to believe in anything it neither looked for nor was much affected by the visible or ascertainable facts. The schoolmen who watched Galileo drop the weights from the top of the Tower of Pisa, so often described of late that they have become almost familiar figures, exactly illustrate my point, since, although they saw the weights fall at the same rate, they still believed Aristotle was right when he said they would fall at different rates. A present-day instance of this attitude of mind is the constant reiteration of the statement that modern production methods, involving the repetition of operations that can be performed without much attention to them, dull the mind and degrade man. Every biologist knows, on the contrary, that it is through developing such repetitive activities that sentient beings have advanced to where they have developed minds and the ability to use them for something beyond the mere maintaining of an animal existence.

Rhythmic and ceaselessly lashing cilia sweep food into the digestive system of a rotifer; the rhythmic and ceaseless throbbing of our hearts keeps us alive. The basal complex of all human lives is a somewhat monotonous routine — sleep at night, get up in the morning, wash, dress, eat, and so on till at night we sleep again. People of limited intellectual resources often find deciding what clothes to wear or what food to eat a somewhat trying intellectual task and they shrink from attempting anything more important. The usual way of treating a neurasthenic patient is to schedule his activities so that he never has to decide what to do. Anyone who has had charge of a working force knows what a relief it is to the average worker not to have to expend his often slender store of mental energy in coping with situations that can be acceptably met in a standard way. It is not uncommon for a workman, promoted to be foreman, to decide that he would rather have less pay with less responsibility than to essay the larger task.

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[1] What happens when the gap is not bridged is indicated by Garet Garrett's recent summary of what university education has done to the Filipino. 'Instead of taking it to be the means whereby one may rise in the world, he takes a degree to mean that he is already risen. Education becomes an end in itself, a patent of caste; of what he shall do with it afterward he takes almost no thought beforehand. For their own economic conquest of the Philippines the Filipinos needed merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, managers, foremen, elementary technicians, and skilled mechanics; and for all these, to begin with, a sound grammar-school education would serve. But what the Filipino wanted was academic education, with decorative degrees and certificates of professorship at the end of it.' — AUTHOR

A reviewer of the recently published second volume of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* quotes (apparently with approval) the article 'Art' as saying that, with the introduction of the machine, 'craftsmen had to turn from creative work to tending the machine which performed their labor. This divorced the crafts from the fine arts and debased first the skill of the craftsmen and still further public taste.' As with Galileo and the weights, it is easy to ascertain from observation that such a belief has no basis of fact to support it. Craftsmen capable of creative work are not now reduced to tending machines; modern industry eagerly seeks for craftsmanship and rewards it highly when found. The general experience of those in responsible charge of industry is that the people they have to employ to tend machines possess too little rather than too much craftsmanship for their most efficient use, while machines open new fields for craftsmanship of a high order. Not only is there no valid evidence that the machine in industry has 'debased public taste,' but it is doubtful whether those who make the statement have any clear idea of what they mean.

There is also no good evidence that repetitive work injures any man. To be sure, it sometimes permits him to make himself unhappy, because when he does not need to fix his attention on his work his mind sometimes slips into pessimistic reveries; but no one can control the man's mind except himself — least of all the machine. I have often wondered why the Chamber of Commerce of some manufacturing town does not offer a prize of, say, $100,000 for the production of an authentic specimen of a workman who has been degraded and brutalized by the performance of repetitive work. There would be no danger that the prize would ever have to be awarded, and it would be a very effective publicity stunt.

The mediæval mind, when it observed results, was frequently undiscriminating in its attribution of sources. There are still people who believe that thunder sours milk because in periods of frequent thunderstorms the milk is sometimes found to have turned sour. The rather general belief that the increasing complexity of modern life, with its necessary corollary of a considerable degree of order and regularity if chaos is to be avoided, hampers the exercise of creative originality reveals a similar quality of mind.

To prove mathematically how many more combinations can be made with ten things than with five is an easy matter, hence it cannot be the multiplication of diverse things that is objected to, and one finds difficulty in ascertaining what, if any, meaning lies embedded in such a belief. Certainly it cannot be lack of public approval or of financial reward that hampers creative originality, for never before in history have rewards been so munificent, or have facilities existed for such instant and widespread recognition of achievement. Where artists once had to seek a patron, there now exist hundreds of overlords of the drama, literature, and of every other field in which excellence can be exhibited, seeking eagerly for unusual talent that may be exploited.

One clue to what may be meant appears in the word 'regimented,' which, sometimes applied to modern society, carries the implication that just as the soldier must march and not dance, so in modern life we must follow a set pace. So far as this is true, it is no modern condition, but one that has always characterized communal living; less friction now develops within a group than in earlier ages, other things being equal. The pace of the camel caravans of five thousand years ago was even more regimented than the Sunday traffic on the Boston Post Road. To be sure, there were no 'traffic cops' on the desert, but that was because there was no necessity for them; if any need had existed they would have been there, and the penalties for disregard of their authority would have been more severe than they are now. Living among many people rather than among a few introduces difficult problems, but there are still immense areas of the earth's surface where one can live miles from the nearest neighbor, and it is much easier to get to these places now than it used to be. If there is anything except personal unwillingness which restrains from living the simple life those who really prefer that sort of life, where is it to be found?

The real clue seems to be that a rich and complex existence too severely taxes creative individuality. A child with a few simple toys plays happily with them, though another surrounded by a myriad mechanical contrivances soon complains of nothing to do. The reason, of course, is that with a few simple things it is easy to think of pleasing combinations, but to be confronted with many complex things that are better than one can make for one's self is discouraging rather than stimulating. It seems fair to suggest that the real modern problem is not lack of opportunity for creative originality but the difficulty of rising to the level of the demand upon that quality. Certainly this is true of manual skill. There is a general impression that a modern manufacturing plant offers little opportunity for the exercise of manual skill, but every executive knows that, on the contrary, it is difficult to secure a sufficient supply of skilled workers equal to the tasks of modern pattern, jig, and die making. Modern society, instead of being characterized by mediocrity, is a pattern into which mediocrity finds it increasingly difficult to fit.

III

So far we have been concerned with the impact of modern life upon the mediæval mind, but that, after all, is of but little social importance. What is of more vital significance is the effect of the persistence of the mediæval mind upon modern progress. Criticism of modern society may, somewhat tritely, be called the back-seat driving of progressing civilization. Sound criticism is helpful; that which is merely captious faultfinding is annoying, but not otherwise harmful; but that which is unsound is positively detrimental, for if it is heeded it leads to following a wrong course, and to rebut it is a needless drain on mental energy that is fully taxed by the task in hand. Criticism that finds its origin in the mediæval mind must inevitably fall into this last class. Those who find such criticism most trying are the scientists and applied scientists who devote their energies to increasing our knowledge of and control over the physical world. Their objective is first to find the facts and then to face them squarely, while the mediæval mind ignores or evades the facts, especially if they seem to involve relinquishing anything already accepted.

Thus the mediæval mind is still, as it was in the Middle Ages, an obstructing force to rational inquiry, and is therefore to be deplored.

Criticism that confuses mechanisms with the uses made of them retards progress in another way, because it is an unwarranted derogation of those workers who have made noteworthy progress in what they were called upon to do. People have desired quicker and more comfortable transportation, and the engineers have provided smooth concrete roads and swift-moving automobiles at a reasonable cost. People have desired more and cheaper light; the engineer has provided tungsten, copper, and other metals and combined them into an efficient, cheap, and reliable means to that end. People have desired quicker transmission of messages, and the scientists and engineers have provided the telegraph, telephone, and radio.

Now the use to which people put these devices is no concern of the scientist and engineer. They have made it possible for all the people in a circle of fifty miles radius to assemble at one point, if they so desire, but what the people do after they get there is no concern of those who made it possible. The night can be rendered as bright as day, but whether the end served is a helpful one is not the engineer's problem or responsibility. A youth in Portland, Maine, can converse with a maiden in Portland, Oregon, but whether or not what he says to her is worthy of the dignity of the physical achievement cannot logically be imputed to the group of workers who made it possible. Scientists and engineers naturally resent, as irrational and unintelligent, the implication in much current criticism of society that the use of improved facilities for ends that are unworthy or perhaps even harmful is in some vague way their fault. This inference is detrimental in that it annoys workers who have been doing their task well, but it is chiefly harmful in that it deflects attention from the real deficiency, that those who should be finding worthier things for human beings to do have not been equal to their responsibility.

It seems self-evident that an address which can be heard by millions of people over the radio ought to be more worth listening to than one which can be heard by only a few. One does not need to asperse the high quality of many radio addresses to prove that the quality has not been improved in anything like the degree the audibility has increased. Photography and modern reproductive processes make it possible for millions to see a painting with all the artistic values of the original preserved, but are modern paintings any more worth looking at than those painted centuries ago and visible to only a few at a time? The question answers itself, and the assertion may safely be made that the quality of the things done has not improved in proportion to the improvement in the facilities for doing them. The world to-day seems in somewhat the situation of a household in which there is a superb grand piano but hardly anyone capable of utilizing it to evoke anything better than 'blues' and jazz.

Since rhetoric was one of the principal subjects in the mediæval curriculum, it is not surprising to find that the mediæval mind in its modern manifestations is commonly associated with rhetorical facility. Rhetoric has always been more effective than logic in awakening the emotions and directing the activities of human beings, especially the younger generation. There is so much for youth to learn that it is a great pity to have to unlearn anything; moreover, nothing is ever quite unlearned, any more than a rumpled sheet of paper can be made perfectly smooth again. Very few people can completely forget the statement that a black cat crossing your path will bring you bad luck, or can completely disbelieve that there is any element of truth in it. If this is true of a statement so obviously based on a belief in magic, it is not surprising that scores of apparently intelligent people change their names to bring them into harmony with their personality. Thousands of other people believe they can judge a person's character by his appearance or handwriting, and millions listen nightly to astrologers (hired for the purpose by otherwise reputable manufacturers) forecasting the future from the stars. There can be no need to argue that the mediæval mind is still with us, for these grosser evidences of it are plainly visible.[2] The subtler aspects of it that I have discussed should be recognized as well. The statements that machines degrade men and that their use has debased public taste in art should be put in the same category with that regarding the black cat and bad luck.

IV

Having concluded that the persistence of mediæval thinking in a modern world is detrimental to sound progress, we naturally ask what, if anything, should be done about it? This involves, first, raising the question whether anything effective can be done about it, and, if so, what would be the best course to follow. To cover the field with meticulous thoroughness would require too much space, but some suggestive paths of inquiry may be indicated. Of the 120,000,000 people who inhabit the country, half have an intelligence quotient that ranges between zero (an idiot) and 100 as the upper limit of the group. The other half all have an intelligence quotient above 100, but half of them are between 100 and 110, while only one half of one per cent of them exceed 140. So far as we know, nothing can be done to increase an individual's I. Q., as it is so generally called. Since the I. Q. is the best index available of ability to do sound creative thinking, we may as well accept the fact that there will always be a good deal of thinking of mediæval quality to be reckoned with. It is possible to help people, through education, to make a more effective use of as much intelligence as they have, but no way is yet known of endowing them with a larger quotient.

Learning to make the most effective use of intelligence is like any other process of learning — you observe those who can do better than yourself and endeavor to equal or even excel them. Acquiring the ability to act with high intelligence is not an easy matter, because it involves judgments as to the display of intelligence in action that are not easily made. I can readily tell who plays golf better than I, because there are definite and accepted criteria of judgment, but it is quite difficult to decide whether a person is more or less intelligent than I am in his reaction to other situations. Some quotient measurers might claim this to be easy: measure the I. Q. of both of us, and if the other man has a higher I. Q. he would usually act more intelligently than I. Permission to doubt the validity of such a statement must be asked. Human experience and observation seem to indicate that people may be quite intelligent in some fields of activity and markedly deficient in others; even in the same field they seem to exhibit more intelligence at one time than another. Comparative tests are yet impossible in large areas of human life. Who can say how much intelligence John exhibits in his relations with his wife and children? Would James do better under the same circumstances? No one can surely say.

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[2] An editorial in the *New York Herald-Tribune* of February 9 says: 'There are loose in Germany at present, it is reported, more quacks, fortune tellers, astrologers, and other mystery mongers than ever before in human history; doubtless an inevitable result of economic depression and prevalent hopelessness.' — AUTHOR

Lacking positive criteria on which to base judgments, people grasp at whatever offers. Of recent years the ability to write and speak forcefully and entertainingly in a critical way on a subject has been accepted by many as an indication of high intelligence concerning it. Actually this often has what the statisticians call a negative correlation, for it is frequently much easier to be forceful and entertaining when discussing a subject unintelligently than intelligently.

Recognition of criteria by which to measure the exhibition of high intelligence thus appears as one of the fields of human activity in which we have made too little progress. When people forcefully urge, for example, that the State should own and operate power plants, it is hard to be sure whether they are wise counselors whose plans should be adopted or misguided theorists who would create a worse situation that could only be remedied with much difficulty. Is it too much to hope that we can learn to distinguish better between the inept presentation of good evidence and the skillful presentation of unsound and misleading evidence? Unless we can, we may as well be reconciled to the persistence of mediæval thinking.

On this basis all that needs to be done about the persistence of mediæval thinking in a modern world is to recognize it for what it is; above all, to strip away the rhetorical garb in which it so often appears. It would be foolish to expect that a state of perfection in this endeavor can soon be reached; it would be equally foolish to be greatly disturbed because we have not made more progress toward its attainment.

CONSCRIPTED CHILDREN

BY MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH

I

In this age of the child we are justly proud of our ever-increasing laws prohibiting child labor among the poor. One wonders sometimes if, before this era closes, we shall not have to pass similar laws to protect the children of the well-to-do. Affluent parents, naturally enough, are eager to give their sons and daughters all the best opportunities that money can buy, and the excess of their zeal often creates new difficulties. There seems to be some danger that the present system of long hours and accumulated years required in formal schooling may thwart the real mental and spiritual growth of these privileged children just as surely as long days in mines, factories, and sweatshops once thwarted the physical growth of the children of the poor.

As a nation we have become not only education-conscious but education-mad. Consider the disconsolate father who, as he sits before the fire with catalogues of thirty boys' schools piled high before him, regrets that his only son can take advantage of but one of these de luxe opportunities which are offered him. That is the case more or less with all of us anxious parents. And to be sure that no child of ours shall miss any of his chances, we have joined eagerly with educators, psychologists, and other parents to organize and develop a standardized programme of living from which, almost from birth to adulthood, our children have no escape.

And what is this programme that has been so carefully devised by specialists? At fifteen months of age, about the time the average child walks alone, we find this small individual entering school life. Brought at nine or ten in the morning to a pre-school, he is carefully examined for colds and charted for future study. Then, together with a group of children of his own age, he is put out to play with toys which psychological tests have shown to be of the proper size, weight, and interest for his tender muscles and awakening mind. Later he is fed a properly balanced meal, prescribed by an expert dietitian, and then put to bed for a definite period of rest and sleep. At a duly appointed hour he is returned to his waiting nurse or mother to be taken home. As he grows older his toys change to suit his years, his meals become more varied, and his day at the pre-school lengthens. This, in essence, is his life for nine, ten, or possibly twelve months of the year until at last he reaches regulation school age.

When he is six years old he enters the first grade, which is usually a half-day session. The afternoons he spends in the park, under the watchful supervision of a nurse, where limitations of space and lack of suitable materials make normal play practically impossible. By the time he has reached the fourth or fifth grade his school day has been extended into the afternoons, and this is followed by an hour or two of organized play. Saturday — or what is left of it after the barber, the dentist, and the orthopædic surgeon have deducted their dues — is usually unscheduled up to this age, but from then on it falls more and more into the hands of boys' and girls' clubs, Scout organizations, music teachers, and dancing masters. In short, by the time the child has reached his teens he is likely to be carrying an eight- or nine-hour job practically six days a week.

At this point comes the boarding school for nine months of the year, with almost every hour of the week closely scheduled — Sundays as well as Saturdays. Or those who are not sent away to private schools have their lives almost as carefully regimented by the day schools, which have now become all-day institutions with home work prescribed to fill the evenings. The three months of vacation are, for many children, given over to summer camps. After this, college — and one need not set up any classifications here, for it is now a commonplace of American life that every boy and girl whose parents can afford it *must* have a college education. This, in brief, is the system which has been laid out for us by child experts and educators generally, and the well-to-do parents of America have accepted it without question as the normal and natural procedure in the upbringing of their children. Thus, in an era of peace, we are conscripting our children for education just as deliberately as, in time of war, the government conscripted our sons for the army.

II

At this point I can hear the voices of earnest parents raised in a chorus of protest. 'Oh,' they say, 'if we *are* conscripting our children for education, we are doing it for their own good.' Well, perhaps so; but I wonder.

Is it the infant who benefits most from the pre-school, or is it the mother who can use this free time to relax at bridge or a luncheon, to increase the family income by a half-time job, or to prevent herself from growing rusty by following a course at the university? Is the boarding school or the lengthened school day better for the child, or is it better for the parents who, because of it, can live in a city apartment instead of a suburban house and be at hand for the theatres, lectures, concerts, and other social events of the winter season? Is the boy (or girl) sent to camp summer after summer for his own advantage, or is he sent because it is the easiest way for parents to escape having to adjust their vacation to suit his needs? Are our young men and women being herded within the gates of the colleges because they have an insatiable thirst for knowledge, or are they sent because it is a sop to parental pride to be able to say, 'My son? Oh, he's in Yale.'

Behind the mass movement which has brought about this almost Prussian regimentation of our children there are many parents who have been moved solely by a genuine desire to provide the younger generation with every conceivable advantage in their preparation for life. While granting this, however, one must also admit that the movement could hardly have become so universal if thousands of parents had not been all too willing to shed the responsibilities of parenthood.

Whatever the motive or the justification, it would not be amiss if parents would scrutinize more closely this modern programme of education. It might be well to ask ourselves, for example, just what we are doing to our babies when we put them in a nursery school. Let us remember that the first nine months of every human life are spent in complete isolation;

perhaps this is nature's reminder that the young of the species need a long, slow, individual preparation for independent life. If this is so, it becomes very pertinent to ask whether any child under five should be subjected to group living, even though the group *is* being supervised by experts. Naturally, he may learn to eat spinach more easily when he sees other children enduring the same affliction, but, even though all the dietitians may rise up to confound me, I suspect that there are more important things for a two- or three-year-old than learning to eat spinach.

To subject a child of that age to an experiment in group living is to demand of him one of the major adjustments in life — and this at a time when he has hardly outgrown playing with his own toes. It may be many years before we can know what this new environment has done to his nervous system, but of this much we can be sure in advance: it will mean an earlier maturing of the child and a corresponding shortening of babyhood. It may also be that by demanding conformity to a group at such a tender age we shall establish in his mind the patterns of mob thinking, making it forever impossible for him to become a self-reliant, individual appraiser of life. The pre-school is new, and its vogue tremendous. It may, for all I know, have something of definite value to offer us, but of this we cannot be sure until it has stood the acid test of experience. Nevertheless, in characteristic American fashion, we have acclaimed it enthusiastically simply because it is new, or we have complacently accepted it because it has offered the easiest way out of our difficulties.

The other morning I wandered into a pre-school and stood watching a group of city four-year-olds romping, twisting, climbing over and under the bare, straight bars of a jungle gym. 'Are n't they having a happy time?' the teacher smiled at me. 'It's so good for their arms and legs.' I nodded, but my heart smote me. What a substitute for an apple tree in spring, with the hazard of its curved and bending branches, its swaying, its fragrance, its shaded hiding places, its secret robin's nest! Yes, the jungle gym is good for arms and legs, but it stops right there.

I went out thinking of what I heard a well-known college dean say recently when he spoke before an assemblage of so-called progressive parents. He had been reading Professor Thorndike's latest book, in which that veteran thinker says that there are many things being taught in high schools to-day which could be learned much better and more quickly at the age of twenty-five. The dean had also just come from a sociological conference where experts in economics had shown that the working hours and the working days of the average man are being shortened, and his working years as well; in the not far distant future they saw the prospect of vastly more leisure for all classes of society than has ever before been known in the history of mankind. 'Would it not, then, be better,' queried the dean, 'to bestow some of this coming leisure upon the child during his childhood years, and put off to a later date the mastering of those subjects which can be learned then more quickly and easily?' He went on only half seriously: 'Are we not, perhaps, making a mistake to send our children to school at all? Instead of school buildings, should we not provide huge parks, woods, and playgrounds where they could just grow and play and vegetate; and then send them to school when they grow up?'

Although the dean was speaking half

N. C. Students Hear Ex-Bilbo Press Agent

By A. M. RIVERA Jr.

DURHAM, N. C. — "Bilbo is a moral Louse," James Street, former press agent for Bilbo and author of many "best sellers" told the students of North Carolina College, last week.

BILBO EDUCATED

Describing Bilbo as a man who does not believe in the things he says, Mr. Street said, "Bilbo is an educated man. He attended Peabody, Vanderbilt University, and the University of Copenhagen, and knows better. At one time in his career he was 'the champion of the people type," but somewhere down the line found that he could make more dough doing what he is doing now."

The speaker told the students that in order to understand Bilbo you must understand Mississippi. The Negro is of no political consequence there and the biggest political force is made up of "poor white trash." They elect Bilbo because it gives them a chance to "spit at respectability." That's why Bilbo will vote against the FEPC until he is dead."

STREET 142 YEARS OLD

Mr. Street said, "I am really 142 years old because I am 42 years of age and I come from Mississippi, which is 100 years behind." He admitted that he had no message to bring and claimed no virtues as a crusader, but would like to discuss with the students the problems of the white man and the Negro. "We are trying to justify our conduct with our conscience.

The Negro is not the white man's burden, he is the white man's conscience and segregation is a red flag waving in the face of every right thinking man."

DURATION OF JIM CROW

In most of the south the jim crow laws will not be eliminated by laws, but like prohibition, by nullification, it is his belief, Colonel James Crow will live longer in New York than Jim Crow will in the South.

As a solution for the problem, Street offered two avenues of escape, the Christian Church and labor unions. "You can't jim crow God, and you can't jim crow the dollar. Do not be afraid to use the church to help humanity, that is what it is for," the author advised.

"The cash register is our coat of arms, let's make it a good coat of arms. When the unions prove to industry that it will cost just as much to hire a Negro as a white man, industry will cease playing the Negro against the poor white."

Mr .Street is the author of "Tap Roots." In My Father's House and more recently the best selling novel, "The Gauntlet" which is to be filmed. Prior to writing he was city editor of the New York World-Telegram.

ce Meets Action

ntry economically, now has representatives in the House and Sen- chosen by a small minority of people of voting age. The ators and representatives have the fight to reduce taxes on porations and to enable corations to flaunt all efforts of President to bring about peace- reconversion of American intry."

lark Foreman of Atlanta, was ected president of the South- Conference, and Dr. Frank ter Graham, president of the versity of North Carolina, pel Hill, was named honorary sident. Tarleton Collier, associe editor of the Louisville rier Journal, was elected secre-y; Dr. Alva Taylor, Nashville, n., editor of Mountain Life, asurer; and Dr. James A. Domwski, Nashville, administrator.

ice presidents are Paul R. istopher, regional director, CIO, nessee; Roscoe Dungee, editor, Black Dispatch, Oklahoma y, Okla.; Mrs. Clifford Durr, xandria, Va., National Committo Abolish the Poll Tax; Bish- Paul B. Kern, the Methodist rch, Tennessee; William Mitch, ited Mine Workers, Alabama; llis V. Reid, Brotherhood of

Young Executives M

Mrs. Susie T. Foshee

Leonidas

There are many bright, up-and-coming young people on the headquarters staff of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Washington. They find UNRRA's strongest attraction to the agency's humanitarian aim of assisting the people—regardless of race, creed or color—in countries invaded and laid waste by the Axis. UNRRA workers shown in the picture are:

MRS. SUSIE T. FOSHEE, supply assistant in UNRRA's food division. Her job is to receive requests for food, analyze them, pass the information along to the proper commodity divisions for action. Mrs. Foshee's work is con-

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in jest, nevertheless he was toying with an important idea. To a child, time is a golden asset. Each morning a child's natural response to life should be that of Browning's Pippa flinging open her window on her one brief yearly holiday: —

> Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
> A mite of my twelve hours' treasure . . .

It is hard to imagine any child springing with sandaled feet to meet the heavily regimented hours which we adults of to-day have so laboriously worked out for our own children.

In the elementary school which my children attended it was decided a few years ago to set aside a double period one afternoon a week when the school would literally be thrown open to the children. During this period there was the shop with all its fascinating tools and clean white lumber, the studio with fresh-mixed paints and great, inviting sheets of paper stretched on easels; there was clay, moist, waiting; there was the stage, the quiet room where one could write, the kitchen where one could really cook. All these doors stood open and each child could choose which he would enter. Many exciting things have happened to my children in this school, but nothing — not even the visit of Admiral Byrd — brought such a thrill as the granting of this free period for creative work. I was prepared to understand when, a little later, the children came to me and begged, 'Please don't send us to camp this summer. We want some free time.'

III

What do children want to do with free time? In spite of psychologists and gifted teachers, we do not know, but we do know that they want in a thousand ways to try out life. When we first moved from the country to the suburbs in order to put our children in a city school my fourteen-year-old son came home late for dinner every night for a week. When he was questioned about it he was evasive, until at last he confessed, 'I know now where all the subways go. I've tried every last one of them!' This may not have been the healthiest way to study geography, but it was certainly an effective one. This boy was simply doing what every normal boy wants to do — go exploring. A generation ago his father followed up a trout stream to its source; he followed up a subway.

In Harris Hawthorne Wilder's recent biography, *The Early Years of a Biologist,* we can read the prayer of a six-year-old boy as it has been recorded by his mother: 'Our dear Heavenly Father, I want a human skeleton very much.' This was the prayer of a boy who grew up to be one of the greatest teachers of biology in America.

I mention these two illustrations not only to show how little we know, in spite of our experts, about the real wants and needs of children, but also to show how often the child, given the chance, does know — immediately and accurately. And in many instances what he wants to do is just what he ought to do at that particular moment. But he must have time — free time, limitless time, unhurried time for his exploring. Many years ago my father told me about his boyhood on a New England farm and I can remember the tone of deep gratitude with which he said, 'My father was too poor to give me anything toward a college education, and too ignorant of its worth to give me even sympathy; but he was just enough to give me my own time, although he needed it desperately on the farm.' We give our children money, we try to give them sympathy, we give them liberally of education;

but we are not just enough to give them their time.

Those of us who believe that modern parents are commandeering too large a portion of their children's time are particularly worried over the usurpation of the precious years between thirteen and eighteen, for this is the period which, for many boys and girls, is turned into a stultifying lock step of dull routine by the universal acceptance of the slogan, 'College for all.' At this hypersensitive period of their lives when physical growth races ahead and adolescent changes are quickening all their emotions, when, more than at any other time, they need to relax from strenuous living and have leisure to find their balance as individuals, then it is that modern education puts them through the grilling pace of preparation for the college board examinations. Without pausing to ask whether these boys and girls have the intellectual interests that fit them for college, without considering whether their future lives will be made richer by four more years of academic training, the gods of the educational machine grind steadily on. If parents have the money, — or even part of the money, and the boy or girl can earn the rest, — these children must first prepare for college, and then go there.

IV

Fortunately, some of those who bear the burdens of youth upon their hearts are beginning to come to the rescue of these older conscripted children. 'There is something wrong with our preparatory schools,' a headmaster wrote to me lately. 'When three boys run away, as they did from here this fall, we educators have something to look into.' Dr. Drury, dean of headmasters, writes in his annual report of St. Paul's School: —

> Too large a proportion of boarding-school boys go to college. Not over 75 per cent of each graduating class here, for example, can show either the intellectual fibre or the vocational urge to justify higher education. Onward they go, but not upward, often merely to satisfy that parental pride which in turn is engendered by fear of relatives and neighbors. They spend hundreds of days, and thousands of dollars, these bewildered boys, stumbling along what ought to be a widening path of usefulness, but what often proves a morass of disappointments and dissipation.
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> Who is to blame for this social blunder, this economic loss, this educational maladjustment? Are schools to blame for recommending, or colleges to blame for accepting? Both. But the deeper fault lies in the atmospheric expectation that a boy whose father can afford it should go to college, regardless of profiting thereby. Colleges are full, not because youth loves learning, but because society loves college, and has for the years between 18 and 22 little else to offer.

Has society anything else to offer? In a recent article in the *Atlantic*, Mr. Frederick Winsor, also a veteran headmaster, thinks that there is an alternative to college and he sets forth a constructive programme for what he terms 'the unintellectual boy.' But the problem is not confined to the unintellectual child. What about the boy or girl, unusually gifted along some particular line, who cannot adjust himself or herself to the strict pattern of college work? The parents of such a child, because of his unusual ability, will often make all the greater effort to push him through the college gates. I have before me as I write two newspaper clippings which during the past year caught my eye as signs of healthy rebellion against this standardization of education. The first concerns a Boston youth, son of a distinguished literary family.

> He was attending the Morristown School at Morristown, New Jersey, preparing for

college, when he decided that he was n't going to attend school any longer. Knowing that his family would frown on his intentions, he left without notifying them. He got himself a job as office boy at the Standard Oil offices and quit a year later to go to the Texas oil fields to see where oil came from. He worked as a laborer there until he tired of it. Then he quit and made a living for himself by singing in Texas cabarets. Convinced that the boy really had a leaning toward the stage, his family told him to come back home and they would pay his tuition in a dramatic school. They entered him at the Sargent School and there he was perfectly content, remaining the necessary two years to graduate.

The second clipping is about a boy who was blessed in having parents too poor to send him to college. For seven years he had been studying a cage of rattlesnakes, spending hours each day observing their every movement and taking copious notes.

Sitting in his laboratory, a small room allotted to him in the family's four-room apartment on First Avenue above a small restaurant owned by the father, the young scientist spoke modestly of himself. 'Go to college?' he repeated. 'No, I don't think so. I realize that a degree would be valuable, but as I am situated, it would take me six or seven years to get it at night schools. Anyway, I would rather choose my own course of study. Since leaving high school I have taken a course in anthropology at Columbia, heard many lectures, and read many books. Since I have been interested in bugs and reptiles I have filled about 1500 cigar boxes with mounted specimens and caught and classified thousands of others. That is my way of study.'

Such boys as these have shot up the danger signals warning us that all is not well with our compact scheme of standardized schooling.

Again, if we look at those who, obedient to our wishes, have conformed to this scheme and are now going forth into the world, we can see other signs of warning. We complain that the younger generation is restless, desiring to be continually on the go, not content with a theatre party unless it ends with a night club, not satisfied with a dinner event unless it closes with a joy ride. May not all this be a hang-over from the heavily programmed day we have set up for the young as a criterion of correct living? We complain that youth drinks, smokes, speeds, and pets. Should we not rather ask ourselves where our young people learned to depend entirely on artificial stimulation? Possibly such bad habits as they have are intimately connected with the fact that, from earliest childhood, their recreation has always been prescribed for them, has been something brought in to them from the outside, has never been a genuine cultivation of their own natural interests. For we have never helped them develop their own resources, never left them undisturbed long enough for their inner urges to break through the armor of purely external discipline in which we have encased them. We complain that our boys and girls are too sophisticated, forgetting that it was we — their parents — who pushed them prematurely out of babyhood into childhood, out of childhood into youth, out of youth into adulthood.

Someone — I think it was Amy Lowell — has said that no one would ever be a poet who was n't born one, for it is too hard work. It may be that parents are poets of a sort, and that being a parent is too difficult a job for those who are not born to it. So, after all, we need not be too astonished to discover that thousands of fathers and mothers are complacently abdicating their responsibilities and allowing their children to be conscripted into the ranks of standardized schooling which we so ignorantly call education.

BUSINESS LOOKS AT UNEMPLOYMENT

BY JULIUS H. BARNES

I

To find work for the worker has become a universal task. As an international problem it has been taken up by the Economic Committee of the League of Nations. President Hoover's Conference on Unemployment and a special committee of the United States Senate are approaching it as a national problem. Legislative commissions are attacking it as a state problem. Numerous trade organizations are weighing it as the most formidable of the difficulties barring the way to industrial advancement, and as many more civic organizations are considering it as the most portentous of social questions.

At the turn of the year there were approximately 14,000,000 workers in the United States and Europe for whom no work had been found, and efforts to check the rising tide of suffering and distress were world-wide. Great Britain, in 1911, had set the example by establishing its state system of unemployment insurance, which has since become the 'dole,' and the movement spread to Austria, Australia, Bulgaria, Germany, the Irish Free State, Italy, and Poland. Voluntary systems are in force in eight other countries. It has been estimated that 37,500,000 workers, not including Russia's sweating millions, now have thrown about them a protective mantle of one sort or another to shield them against the hardships of economic storm and stress. As this is written, twenty-four bills, all looking to the same end, are pending before sixteen state legislatures in this country.

Of all the palliatives and remedies proposed or applied, it cannot be said that any holds promise of curing the disease. Government has found no way out of the economic dilemma which faces these efforts to allay the fear of unemployment. If the worker is to be sheltered against the privation and distress that follow in the wake of involuntary idleness, productive enterprise must eventually bear the cost at the risk of intensifying the ailment. Paul cannot be paid without the danger of pauperizing Peter. The National Confederation of Employers' Organizations of Great Britain points to the heavy public expenditure for social services — $1,946,600,000 in 1929 — as one of the serious obstacles to national economic recovery. Even Russia, with all its scorn of bourgeois practices and philosophy, has been unable to suspend this inexorable rule. It has injected capitalistic lifeblood into the veins of production by transfusing it from the veins of consumption, paying for the power plants and factories of the Five-Year Plan with enforced labor and meagre rations. Many of the social nostrums proposed for the cure of unemployment would reverse this process by paying for relief with industrial plants.

Unfortunately, ill-assorted and antagonistic as they are, unemployment and business cannot be forcibly divorced. They are at opposite ends of the economic seesaw. When business goes up, unemployment declines, and when unemployment rises, consumption languishes and business sinks to lower levels.

This inescapable relationship was obvious enough when bread-and-butter getting was largely a matter of shepherding flocks and tilling the soil and industry kept close to the domestic hearth. The choice between working and having and not working and doing without was a mere matter of volition. No one cherished the delusion, now not uncommon, that a way could be found by which one could stand idle in the market place and at the same time receive the penny that was the hire of the worker in the vineyard.

So interpreted, the parable still holds good. Getting a job is not so simple a matter as applying to the lord of the vineyard or turning one's hand to one of the many tasks that crowded the days of our fathers before the coming of the machine. Nevertheless business — busy-ness — and unemployment, or idleness, remain antithetical. They cannot be reconciled by a wave of the legislative wand or the invocation of social justice. Sympathy for those who suffer, however keen it may be, cannot be minted into coin to pay for their relief. Neither can a paternalistic state provide them with necessities merely by enacting a law.

Obviously the only cure for unemployment is employment, as the only effective remedy for idleness is work. But this affords small consolation to the worker who makes his futile rounds looking for something to do. Between him and his job modern industrial civilization has interposed a system of producing, financing, storing, transporting, advertising, and distributing so vast that the plight of the man who can find no task to which he may put his hand and the plight of business, which should provide the task, are frequently not associated at all.

Baffled and bewildered, the worker justly demands opportunity to earn a livelihood, and the industrial order which denies him this opportunity cannot escape indictment on the plea that the giving of it does not lie within its control. To him the machine which robs him of his toil is a relentless monster. He cannot understand why the overthrow of a government five thousand miles away, a discovery by a scientist of whom he has never heard, an invention that has revolutionized the making of glass bottles or the shaping of steel, the collapse of an unwise economic policy that has swamped world markets with a deluge of commodities, should deprive him of a chance to work.

Neither can it be gainsaid that business, long after the machine had begun to change the whole aspect of industry, looked upon unemployment as a social misfortune or an act of Providence, the distressing effects of which were to be alleviated by poor laws and almshouses, and not as an economic ailment which would inevitably sap its own strength. It was slow to recognize the consumer in the worker. Many of the early directors of industry were disposed to look upon themselves as beneficent dispensers of employment who stood between the poor and the threat of destitution rather than seekers of the largess that is conferred by the lengthy pay roll. The wage earner was obscured in the lengthening vista of demand.

II

The widening of the breach between the worker and his job is the price paid for productive efficiency. When industry forsook the serenity and security of the domestic fireside and sought out markets in the far corners of the world, it exposed itself to the winds and storms that blow up and down the Seven Seas. It laid itself open to the vicissitudes of political agitation and turmoil. By massing its resources in huge plants and regimenting labor in highly trained armies, it increased its output enormously, but at the same time it sacrificed the flexibility and mobility it possessed when every man was his own master. By enlisting science and invention, it opened the door to the feverish forging of new economic weapons that are constantly widening and altering the character of the conflict in which it is engaged.

Change takes its toll of industry in unemployment and obsolescence. When manufacturing was a household craft, the worker encountered no difficulty in turning from one task to another. If there was no wood to be hewn, there was water to be drawn, wool to be carded and spun, candles to be dipped. No elaborate readjustment of machinery, no shifting and training of labor, no planning of advertising and sales campaigns, were necessary. To adapt modern industry to the changing requirements of consumer demand is quite another thing. When public taste turned from narrow to wide carpets, new looms had to be installed, factories had to be rearranged, and labor had to be trained to the new task. When Henry Ford decided to manufacture a new model of his automobile, an army of workers was affected and millions were spent in designing and installing new equipment. It would be fatuous to attempt to escape these disadvantages, as some suggest, by returning to the older and simpler order of existence. Our fathers avoided them, but they went without broad-loom carpets and automobiles.

For the havoc wrought upon industry and its workers by economic changes and dislocations, the machine bears the heaviest burden of blame. It is the most spectacular of the devices originated to relieve labor of muscular toil — but it is not the only one. Industrial engineering and business management are constantly shortening the steps of production and reducing the waste of time and effort. But the machine is luridly portrayed in its social effects as an economic Juggernaut.

From the first its advance was resisted. Appeals were made to government to stay its march centuries ago when use was first made of the power of flowing water. Labor took more direct measures by resorting to sabotage, smashing the looms which marked the beginning of the end of household industries. At the present time critics are pointing to 'technological unemployment' as the most disconcerting of the evils which follow in its train, another name for the age-old grievance.

More often than not, this is taken to mean that the machine is constantly encroaching upon the right to labor and that the opportunity to earn a livelihood is constantly shrinking. In the narrow perspective of single industries this is true. The continuous mill in steel enables four men, operating gigantic machines housed in a building two and a half blocks long, to do the work formerly done by from thirty to fifty men. The continuous furnace and automatic machine in glass have almost entirely eliminated human labor, and machines of incredible deftness make and box matches and other articles without the touch of a finger. But these changes are probably no greater, relatively, than those ushered in by Stephenson's locomotive, which sounded the knell of the stagecoach and all that went with it, the passing of which is now one of the forgotten episodes of economic history.

The general level of employment is

rising, not falling. Since the beginning of the century the number of workers has increased 20 per cent more rapidly than the total population, and this in a period when the machine was advancing most rapidly. From 1900 to 1930, the population growth was 61.5 per cent. From 1899 to 1929, industrial employment increased by 85.5 per cent.

New industries have more than filled the gaps as the old have fallen from the ranks. Thirty million people, it is estimated, are dependent for their living upon five industries which had not been born or were in their infancy at the dawn of the century which has not yet run a third of its course. Bigger locomotives and better road beds have made it possible for crews to haul longer and heavier trains, and the railroads have been steadily increasing their traffic while reducing their pay rolls — a continuation of the economic change which began when the locomotive supplanted the stagecoach. But new industrial armies have been recruited to build highways, operate motor trucks and buses and airplanes, and man the shops and garages to keep them in repair.

Technological unemployment is an ailment resulting not from the diminution of employment but from the immobility of employment, or its equivalent, industry. It arises not because there is less work to be done but because the worker is not in the right place and the equipment is not at hand to do it. Boiler makers cannot be converted into automobile makers or textile weavers overnight. Mechanics cannot be shifted from a declining to a growing industry by a factory order. Glass blowers cannot turn readily to another pursuit. Manufacture cannot be diverted from the making of commodities of which there is a surplus to the making of commodities of which there is a dearth, or of entirely new commodities which must be fitted into the pattern of existence or adjusted to the fluctuations in demand due to a dozen causes, without a long period of preparation and adjustment.

Left to itself, business sooner or later adapts itself to the conditions which impede its advance. Industry gathers its forces for new effort and masters the difficulties which brought it to a momentary halt. Gradually the maladjustment is righted, new tasks are set, unemployment declines, and the economic balance — the ideal of perfection at which modern economists aim — is restored.

But this is accomplished by the operation of the law of the jungle — the survival of the fittest. Payment is exacted in appalling distress and untold waste, and the grim threat of such a disaster raises it to the stature of a calamity by halting expenditure, stimulating the undue husbanding of resources to meet the anticipated shock, and checking consumption. The lethargic fear spreads to production, the pace of industry begins to lag, and the dreaded downward sweep of the business cycle is on.

The industrial structure cannot be buttressed against the tremors of industrial adjustment and change by the awakening of a sense of social justice or the intervention of a benevolent government. Too often efforts to alleviate the hardships of unemployment have the effect of prolonging it, as Great Britain's experience with the dole has revealed. Government attempts to counteract the oscillations frequently magnify the evil at which they are aimed. Glutted wheat, rubber, sugar, coffee, and other commodity markets bear witness to the futility of political manœuvres to steer industry clear of economic reefs and shoal waters.

The ailment is a business ailment, and the remedy, if one is to be found, must be a business remedy.

III

Business stability is still a nebulous phrase. It cannot without undue stretching be made to fit the American ideal, which is based on growth, development, progress — all of them other names for change. Even in its more restricted sense, the constant balance of production and consumption, it might not be altogether desirable. Only by the arbitrary regulation and control of one or the other would it be practicable — at a cost which the public would probably be reluctant to pay.

The drive of individual enterprise which explores new paths, awakens new desires, and creates new products does not go hand in hand with arbitrary regulation and control. The one, actuated by the spirit of adventure, looks constantly to new horizons and envisions new conquests. The other holds to well-trodden ways. The public must choose between them. It cannot have both.

Production and employment could be kept at a constant level if the balancing were done on the side of consumption, and the public, instead of buying what it wanted, were compelled to take what was given it. Russia is conducting such an experiment on a colossal scale and it is the one country over which the shadow of unemployment has not fallen. Production has been stabilized, but by saying what food the people shall eat, what clothes they shall wear, and drawing the pattern of existence to which their lives shall conform. It is inevitable that any prescribed level of living shall be a lower level than that which would be attained by the exhilarating stimulus of individual striving.

In an industrial democracy, like the United States, production is the servant, not the master, and industrial change may be regarded as a virtue, not a vice. The rôle of business is to meet new wants, to discover new and better ways of satisfying the old, to adapt itself to the vagaries of popular desire. There is no fixed and standardized order of living to which it may adjust itself. There is no definitely prescribed task for it to do. The census reports that there are 202,000 persons employed in the shoe industry. By working 300 days in the year 81,811 workers could produce all of the shoes now made by the 202,000. But to do this it would be necessary to know a year in advance what kinds of shoes the public would demand, what styles would strike its fancy. All of the shoes needed could probably be produced by a smaller number of workers if the public were compelled to take the kind of shoes the manufacturers might choose to make. But shoes have long since ceased to be regarded merely as a protective covering for the feet.

Business might have assumed a greater degree of stability and, by the same token, a greater security of employment, if the public had been bound to continue to use brooms and farm wagons and ride in Concord coaches on the highways. But instead it gave the public carpet sweepers and automobiles and railroads, and thousands of workers were temporarily thrown out of employment and dismantled factories stood as a dismal reminder of the price of economic freedom. Undoubtedly all of the evils of the present industrial system are not to be ascribed to a laudable effort on the part of business to give the public what it wants. Unrestrained production has led to a surplus both of plants and of output in many industries. To devise a system of reasonable direction and control is one of the immediate tasks it faces. But the essence of that direction and control must be voluntary coöperation, based on exact and comprehensive exchange of knowledge and experience between the units of industry.

It is inconceivable that business, by any possible measure of coöperation, can develop the prescience which will enable it to anticipate and prepare for the multitude of changes which are arising daily to impede its progress. Neither will government be any more successful in charting in advance for industry a course that will lie wholly in placid waters. Government is much less sensitive to the signs of approaching economic storm than business itself. Finally, it is to be doubted whether the public will forgo its freedom to purchase the things it wants in order that production may be safeguarded against the fluctuations and whims of consumer demand. Whatever its faults, the economic régime under which it has lived is one under which the United States has grown great. This country is the one important industrial power that has set up no artificial barriers against the evils of unemployment, but, up to the present time, it has been less in need of them than those countries where industry has fallen under the shadow of government.

IV

Because the ultimate goal of perfect flexibility, by which business can immediately adapt itself to changing conditions, is not in sight, it does not follow that the approach to it is hopelessly blocked. Nor is the failure to attain it adequate reason for scrapping the present industrial system and setting up one that might, in practice, prove to be much worse. In prospect there are formidable difficulties — less dangerous because they cannot be immediately overcome than because they might be ignored. In retrospect there is a record of achievement, especially during the past quarter century, which marks a significant advance in the self-regulation and self-control of industry and justifies the hope that eventually a way will be found to reduce substantially the dips and rises marking the oscillations from which most economic evils flow, and to assure a sufficient measure of permanency to provide a basis for insuring employment against the disturbing effects of changes which cannot be fathomed in advance.

Not the least significant aspect of the present depression is the recognition by business management that unemployment is not alone a social problem giving rise to deplorable human distress, but a source of prodigious economic waste. The Committee on Stabilization of Industry for the Prevention of Unemployment of the State of New York said in the opening paragraph of its report: —

> From the viewpoint of business and the community, quite apart from the human suffering involved, unemployment represents waste and a bar to progress. Industrial and business leaders and government officials in this country are recognizing this fact, even as they rally their forces to meet the present need of relief.

Long before the signs of the present depression began to appear in the halting trade and industries of European countries, — preceding by a considerable period the collapse of the bull market in the United States, — business was applying itself to the task of reducing the waste that unemployment entails.

Normal fluctuation in employment, labor turnover, is equivalent to the labor of 1,500,000 to 1,750,000 workers in the manufacturing industries. The

Commissioner of Labor Statistics estimates that 2,700,000 persons, out of a total of 9,000,000 industrial workers, change their jobs during a single year. For this, business pays a direct charge in the cost of replacement and an indirect charge in the reduction of consuming capacity. Management, directing its attention to industrial relations, is constantly trying to reduce this ebb and flow by improving conditions under which employees work and live, by inducing them to identify their interest more closely with the interests of the industry in which they are employed through stock ownership and increasing participation in the direction of its activities. The human has become quite as important as the mechanical side of industry, but one lacks the spectacular and the dramatic elements of the other and is frequently overlooked.

From 375,000 to 400,000 workers are affected by seasonal fluctuations. Substantial progress in overcoming these irregularities has already been made. Every one of the sixteen industrial groups into which industry is divided in the manufacturing census is represented by one or another of more than two hundred individual plants or corporations which have undertaken stabilizing operations. Some keep the stream of production at even flow by adjusting it to the year-to-year rather than the season-to-season demand, making the necessary adjustment in accumulated stocks instead of in the rate of manufacture. Others accomplish the same purpose by the balancing of diversified production, counteracting the seasonal dip in demand for one commodity by the seasonal rise in the demand for another. Still others, such as the fruit packers, attain the necessary flexibility of production by cold storing of primary materials which can be drawn upon as needed. Others, such as dairies, reverse the process by storing butter. Builders have extended seasonal operations by planning work under shelter during the inclement months.

These efforts to counteract the effects of industrial change are confined to the relatively narrow limits of single industries, but signs of a wider measure of coöperation to the same end are appearing on the business horizon. Trade associations are turning their attention to marketing with the general aim of adjusting production more accurately to consumption and avoiding the dislocations which result from excessive production.

Efforts are being made to place reasonable limitations upon the number of sizes and varieties of manufactured commodities and to check the multiplication of styles, the most intangible and elusive of the factors that make for industrial uncertainty, springing in many cases from an overzealousness on the side of production to meet the whims and idiosyncrasies of the few rather than the demands of the many. The shoe industry — including leather manufacturers, shoe manufacturers and distributors — is making such an attempt to keep style changes within reasonable bounds.

Cities, through their chambers and associations of commerce, are abandoning old 'booster' methods of expanding their industries by the indiscriminate acquisition of plants, and are seeking only those which tend to counteract, rather than add to, the seasonal swing of unemployment. The principal industries of Rochester, New York, have evolved a plan of assuring to their workers a minimum period of employment through the year. Philadelphia, Fond du Lac, and other cities are working to similar ends.

These efforts constitute a beginning and are already fruitful of results, but their scope is limited. Many of the broader fluctuations and changes in industry lie beyond the control of individual management except in the case of the larger unit corporations, — such as telephone and telegraph, railroad, steel, public utilities, — in which widespread operations are directed by centralized administrative authority. The same end can be achieved by closer coöperation, by the development of efficient trade associations. To look to the future, it is a fair conclusion that the necessary administrative direction will be established in one way or another — by the establishment of gigantic industrial units each master of its own field, by the voluntary coöperation of smaller units, or, ultimately, by the injurious substitution for private management of rigid government control.

The *laissez faire* policy leads to the first. With every economic storm, smaller and weaker units are swept to destruction, clearing the way for merger and consolidation. The strong and the fit survive and extend their dominion; the weak pay the cost. Congress attempted to stem this tide of change by erecting a barrier of anti-trust laws, but it is a serious question whether, in attempting to regulate the effects, it did not prevent the regulation of the cause; whether, in halting the stride of individual corporations toward industrial domination, it did not impede the advance of smaller corporations toward collective management of larger industrial affairs for the conduct of which the public is now demanding that they be held responsible.

If the middle course is to be followed and industry, through voluntary coöperation, is to shoulder the burden of maintaining the uncertain economic balance and keep employment and productive enterprise more nearly on an even keel, the next practical step will be to enable industries to broaden the sphere of collective management in order to counteract the disturbing effects of economic change. Planning by individual industrial establishments to anticipate and prepare for seasonal changes, fluctuations in consumer demand, and technological development, might be broadened to planning by whole industries. Nor is there any economic reason why the process should stop there. As the individual manufacturer achieves stability of operation by making complementary commodities, the seasonal fluctuations of which counterbalance one another, complementary industries might mutually strengthen and support one another. Moves in this direction have already been made. More than sixty industries dealing with one or another phase of construction are attempting to meet on common ground to promote the stability of their operations.

V

At most it is not to be expected, nor is it to be desired, that business shall so manage its affairs that it will reach a state of perfect quiescence and serenity unruffled by change. Many of the disturbing influences lie beyond its control. Political upheavals which upset world markets, tariffs which impede the normal flow of trade currents, shifts in consumption due to changing custom, cannot be anticipated. The shadow of uncertainty cannot be altogether dispelled.

But, although the level of the industrial stream rises and falls, from year to year its flow continues. Business at the present time rides in triumph when it is at flood and stagnates when its currents grow sluggish. But the mean flow determines the rate of progress, and to this mean flow it is beginning to adjust itself. Business has gone further in this direction in the past quarter century than in all the years since the Industrial Revolution swelled the trickling rivulets of commodity production to turgid torrents. It is beginning to limit its operations not by its capacity to make but by its capacity to sell, and the alternate dips and crests due to production outrunning consumption are slowly being smoothed out.

Business management, in the case of individual establishments, has been able to gauge and adjust itself to the mean level of consumer demand and reduce the margin of variation to such an extent that it is assured of a reasonable measure of continuity of operation, and can, by the same token, assure a reasonable measure of continuity of employment throughout the year. The necessary balance, to compensate for unforeseen changes, is attained by the device of insurance. By putting by a reserve from earnings when the tide is at its crest, to be drawn upon when the flow subsides, the necessary adjustments to compensate for changes which cannot be calculated in advance may be made.

Certain of the industries which meet needs that are continuous throughout the year and are not, for that reason, as subject as others to the fluctuations of a volatile or transitory demand, — such as the trades affected by style changes, — might, and probably will, follow the example of individual concerns. Whatever the rapids and narrows and the broad reaches where its currents lag, the stream of production flows on until it eventually meets the sea of consumption. In good times or bad, whether demand soars on the wings of speculative elation or plods slowly under the burden of fear, certain basic wants must be met. Nor are these the elemental wants which might have been recognized as essential a century or less ago. In the United States, at least, there is a level below which the standard of living will not be brought by anything short of a cataclysm. The identification of these wants and the means to supply them, a better knowledge of the permanent as distinguished from the transitory elements of our economic life, of the continuous rather than the impulsive changes, will provide a sufficient measure of certainty to enable business to go forward confidently and to adjust the employment necessary to the performance of this task in such a way that the worker will have the assurance of a stable income.

Whatever the causes, the effects of cyclical unemployment are obvious. It might begin in the collapse of fictitious values created by an outburst of speculation, in the accumulation of undigested surpluses of commodities, in the scarcity of working capital or the freezing of credit — in the piling up of obstacles which block the path of business. But it ends in fear and the loss of economic morale. Capital becomes apprehensive and investment lags. The worker begins to hoard his resources against the approaching rainy day. The buyer begins to curtail his purchases. Consumption hesitates, demand begins to shrink, production declines, and the shadow of unemployment deepens. Frantic attempts to prepare for the disaster often hasten its coming and prolong its stay.

If the fear of the evils that arise in the wake of depression of this magnitude can be allayed, many of them will probably not appear at all. If the worker were assured of a reasonable measure of employment, he would not husband his resources to meet the distress of unemployment, consumption would remain at a more nearly normal level, production would not halt.

The blighting effects of cyclical depression are not due solely to the inability of the unemployed to spend, but also to the disinclination of the employed to buy. In the United States at the beginning of this year there were, according to the Department of Commerce, 6,000,000 unemployed, but the employed numbered probably 39,000,000 or 40,000,000. The saving of the many, rather than the deprivation of the few, had most to do with the hesitancy that was felt throughout the business structure. If the employed or a substantial number of the employed were assured that their work would continue, much of the apprehension would disappear, the business pace would quicken, and the margin of unemployment would probably be substantially reduced.

The social approach to the problem presented by the cyclical depression is to alleviate the distress of the unemployed, an obligation that must be recognized if society is to endure. The business approach is to safeguard the security of the employed as well as to provide work for those who are idle through no fault of their own; to control, as far as may be consistent with the traditional ideal of unregulated consumption, the dislocations and changes which retard the orderly advance of industry, and to develop its flexibility and resiliency so that it may adapt itself to new conditions which are the inevitable accompaniment of growth.

Difficult as the attainment of this ideal may be, it is not altogether visionary. Business has already laid a practical basis for further attempts along this line. If the methods already pursued by individual concerns can be followed by industries and groups of industries, many of the hazards of employment will be avoided and industry will march with surer pace.

For nearly two centuries industry has been building the gigantic productive machine which has lifted from millions of human beings the threat of starvation and want and has set new limits of sustenance for the increasing populations of the world. Beginning by harnessing water, it brought steam under control and is now developing electricity and releasing the forces locked in the chemical balance of the constituents of matter. It has applied this power literally to the moving of mountains as well as to the stitching of gloves and the wrapping of a stick of chewing gum.

It is conceivable that this resourcefulness has developed so rapidly that it has not been applied skillfully to the uses to which it may be put. It is inconceivable that it shall be arbitrarily halted because the most has not been made of it. Already business is occupied with the task of bringing this power under better direction and control. Having built the machine, industry is devising ways of using it to greater advantage. It is turning its attention from the development of production to development of distribution, to making the machine subservient, not hostile, to human needs. Perhaps industry is entering upon its second phase of revolutionary development, which is the logical sequence of the first industrial revolution which marked the rise of the present economic system.

Of necessity this second phase must, for a time, be a record of experiment and trial. The habits and customs which characterize the world of business cannot be brought into conformity with a social ideal overnight. But neither can they be recast in a new mould by arbitrary decree. It does not lie with government any more than with any of its citizens to flout economic law, and only injury and misdirection and delay would result from political interference with the working out of these natural forces.

PHARAOH DREAMS AGAIN

BY SUMNER H. SLICHTER

> And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well favored kine and fatfleshed [Coolidge prosperity]. . . . And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill favored and leanfleshed [Hoover adversity]. . . . And the ill favored and leanfleshed kine did eat up the seven well favored and fat kine.

I

The depression of 1930 has been described by Sir Charles Addis, Vice Governor of the Bank for International Settlements, as the worst in one hundred years. Perhaps this is an exaggeration as far as the United States is concerned, but the depression will at least go down as among the most severe in our history. Nevertheless, the dividend disbursements of American corporations during 1930 set a new high record. According to the *Monthly Survey of Business*, they were $355,000,000 above 1929, which in turn was $1,150,000,000 above 1928. This represents an increase of 65 per cent in two years. How did the wage earners fare? The wage payments of manufacturing corporations in 1930, according to the estimates of the Federal Reserve Board, were $2,146,000,000 below 1929 — a drop of about 19 per cent. This brought them below any year since 1922, although the dividend payments of the manufacturing companies in 1930 were more than *double* those of 1923. The wage bill of the railroads in 1930 was 17 per cent below 1929, and in the building trades the drop was even greater. Only in the public-utility industry did wage payments hold about even with 1929. Is it anything short of a national scandal for business enterprises, in a year when they throw several millions of men on the streets and reduce pay rolls by several billions, to advance dividend disbursements to a record-breaking high?

The story of previous depressions is essentially the same. In the severe depression of 1921, for example, dividend payments, according to the estimates of the National Bureau of Economic Research, were only 5 per cent below the boom year of 1920, but wage disbursements were more than 20 per cent below. The dividend payments of American industry have shown almost unbroken growth; wage payments have fluctuated violently. Inevitably the question arises: 'Is it not possible to give the wage-disbursement curve the same stability that is now possessed by the dividend-disbursement curve? Cannot the deep troughs in the wage curve be eliminated just as they have been largely eliminated from the dividend curve?'

II

Why were business enterprises able to pay record-breaking dividends in a year of pronounced depression? Profits in 1930 were approximately 40 per cent below 1929, and yet dividend disbursements increased. In 1921, the total profits of business corporations, according to the estimates of the National Bureau of Economic Research, were about $458,000,000, but dividend disbursements were $2,958,000,000 — nearly seven times profits. In the case of corporations engaged in manufacturing, there was a net loss in 1921 of about $101,000,000, and yet dividends of $1,549,000,000 were disbursed — only 8 per cent below the boom year of 1920. Obviously business enterprises are able to maintain dividends during periods of depression only because they build up reserves for the purpose during periods of prosperity. This is now accepted as merely conservative business practice. The best estimates indicate that, during the period 1909 to 1926, corporations in the United States saved, on the average, 40 per cent of their profits.

If industry can stabilize the dividend curve by building up reserves, why can it not stabilize the wage-disbursement curve by the same method? Cannot the principle of building up reserves in prosperity to maintain incomes during depression be applied to labor as well as to capital?

It must be confessed that it is more difficult to reduce the fluctuations in wage disbursements than to reduce the fluctuations in dividend disbursements, for the simple reason that the wage bill of industry is several times as large as dividend payments. In manufacturing, for example, the wage bill is about five times dividend disbursements. Nevertheless a beginning in applying the reserve principle to the stabilization of labor incomes has already been made by about two dozen concerns, among them the Dennison Manufacturing Company, the Leeds and Northrup Company, the General Electric Company, and, most recently, fourteen firms in Rochester, headed by the Eastman Kodak Company. The General Electric plan, for example, applies only to employees who have been in continuous service for one year or more. The reserves are created by payments equal to 2 per cent of the employee's weekly or monthly earnings. Half of the payment is contributed by the company and half by the employee. In addition, the plan provides for a doubling of the contributions whenever the disbursements from the reserves exceed the contributions. Employees who are temporarily unemployed receive, after a waiting period of two weeks, a benefit of 50 per cent of their full-time earnings, except that the benefit shall not exceed twenty dollars a week. The benefits are limited to ten weeks within a twelve-month period. Provision is also made for the payment of benefits to workers who, because of part-time work, are receiving less than half of their regular earnings.

III

If business enterprises were jointly controlled by wage earners and stockholders and if managers were directly responsible to both, the creation of reserves could be left to the discretion of each individual concern. Under the existing organization of industry, however, the managements, being selected solely by the stockholders and being responsible solely to them, do not have the interest in stabilizing the incomes of wage earners that they have in stabilizing dividends. Consequently the establishment of unemployment reserves is not likely to go beyond a few hundred of the more progressive and more prosperous enterprises unless it is made compulsory by law. The hope of stabilizing labor income by the creation of reserves seems to depend, therefore, upon making the establishment of such reserves a legal obligation.

But the unemployed want work, not relief. Instead of giving them an unemployment wage, why not give them jobs? No doubt this is desirable as far as it can be done. But how far can it be done? It would be folly for most business enterprises, in the face of a weak market, to provide more work by building up large inventories of unsold goods. That would unsettle prices and make the depression go from bad to worse. The counties, cities, states, and Federal Government can give some employment by properly timing their public works. But it is impossible for the government on short notice to start construction projects that would absorb three million, four million, or five million men. Even the indirect repercussions of government projects would not absorb such large numbers. Furthermore, the proposal to provide for displaced wage earners solely by government work ignores the nature of our industrial system. Our unparalleled productivity is based upon minute specialization and subdivision of labor. It is not feasible suddenly to convert unemployed musicians, boot and shoe workers, photo-engravers, printers, garment workers, clerks, stenographers, and a vast variety of factory workers (many of them women) into construction workers. Employment on public works is excellent so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

But why impose upon employers the obligation of stabilizing labor incomes? Why should not each workman provide for himself by saving? The answer is that the loss caused by unemployment falls so heavily upon those who are dismissed that savings are not an adequate protection. It is just as foolish to rely upon savings to protect against unemployment as it would be to rely upon savings, instead of fire insurance, to meet the losses caused by fire. But if unemployment is the kind of risk that should be met by insurance, why should not individual workmen buy their own unemployment insurance, just as they now buy their own fire insurance? For the simple reason that a workman could not purchase unemployment insurance if he tried. It is not on sale. Indeed, it is difficult to see how unemployment insurance could be sold except on a group basis, because otherwise the insurance companies would, in the main, obtain the poor risks, and the cost of the policies would be prohibitive.

If enterprises were obliged to pay an unemployment wage when they laid off men, would they not refuse to hire temporary workers and would this not handicap some men in obtaining employment? The answer depends largely upon how long a man must work for an enterprise in order to qualify for an unemployment wage. If the period were six months or a year, the hiring of temporary workers would be little affected. Nevertheless (as will be explained presently) the establishment of an unemployment wage would give business managers an incentive to flatten the waves in the employment curve. To this extent a few men in the twilight zone between employable and unemployable, who are now able to obtain work only during peak periods, would have difficulty in finding even intermittent employment. In other words, the arrangement would sharpen the distinction between the 'employables' and the 'unemployables' which is now blurred by the very violence of the fluctuations in the demand for labor. *The same result would follow, be it noted, from all progress in controlling the business cycle.* On the other hand, flattening the employment curve would protect many men, particularly older men, who are now thrown into the streets when employment shrinks and who, for various reasons, have great trouble in again obtaining steady work.

But would it not demoralize the unemployed to pay them an unemployment wage, would it not undermine their self-respect and self-reliance and make them prefer idleness to work? This objection is so frequently made that it should be examined with care. Let us admit without delay that a certain amount of demoralization must inevitably go with unemployment. There is no use in blinking that fact. Everyone who has the slightest appreciation of what unemployed men must undergo knows that in a high proportion of cases unemployment produces demoralization in the extreme. But the unemployed must be supported. The problem is, how can this be done with the least demoralization? When the several alternatives are examined, the conclusion becomes plain, I believe, that an unemployment wage would decrease rather than increase the demoralization inevitable with unemployment.

How are the unemployed supported now? First, they exhaust their savings. This in itself is demoralizing. For what better way is there to destroy the will to save than to compel men to use up in the space of a few months the money they have been putting away over a period of years for the purchase of a house, for provision against old age, or for the education of their children? And why should a man be compelled to sacrifice the hope of owning a home or of educating his children because of the accident that *he*, rather than some other member of the force, was selected for dismissal? An unemployment wage would reduce demoralization because it would protect savings and would prevent unemployment from shattering cherished hopes and ambitions that depend upon savings.

After his savings are gone, the unemployed man may borrow on his insurance, if he has any. This does not help for long. Next he may pawn a few valuables. But eventually, if he fails to find work, he must resort to begging in various forms — he entreats his relatives for a loan, he pleads with the grocer for more credit, he implores the landlord to wait a little longer for the rent. As a last step, when the children are crying for food, when the gas and electricity are about to be cut off, when the landlord is threatening eviction, the idle man nerves himself to apply for public or private relief. Again we are confronted with the question of alternatives. Which is more demoralizing, to compel the unemployed to engage in these various forms of begging or to give them, as a matter of right and without their asking, an unemployment wage sufficient to cover bare necessities?

One reason why unemployment weakens morale is because the idle man feels that he is an industrial outcast. He feels that he is no longer a part of industry, that industry does not need him and has no place for him. An unemployment wage would help preserve his morale because it would help him to feel that he still is connected with industry and has a claim upon it which industry itself recognizes. Nor would the effect of an unemployment wage be confined to the unemployed. On the contrary, the wage would reduce demoralization *throughout the community*. No one will deny that during the last year America has been a fear-ridden community. The employed have not dared spend what they have lest they be walking the streets next month. Business men have not dared make commitments for fear the market would not be there. The basis for this paralyzing fear has been the insecurity which characterizes the incomes of the great masses of the population. In the degree that we introduce security into those incomes, we raise the morale of the entire community and dissipate the fear which is itself a potent cause of unemployment.

IV

But the principal reason for insisting that industry establish unemployment reserves and pay an unemployment wage is not that such a wage would be less demoralizing than the present methods of relief or that it would avoid the cruel delay and the unfair penalization of thrift which are inherent in these methods. The principal reason for insisting that industry establish unemployment reserves is that the expense of maintaining idle laborers is one of the costs of production — just as is the cost of maintaining idle machines. Industry requires a reserve of labor because it needs more men at some times than at others. If any agency, public or private, undertakes to bear the cost of maintaining this labor reserve for industry, it invites industry to pursue policies which produce unemployment. *It is in effect subsidizing the creation of unemployment.* This is precisely what we are doing. We say to industry, 'Here is a cost that we will pay for you. Don't worry how much it is. Lay off men whenever you desire. The cost of maintaining them will not fall upon you. We will assume it for you.'

Is this not inordinate folly? When we thus invite and encourage industry to lay off men, is it surprising that we have an unemployment problem? Suppose that the community were to offer to bear some other cost for industry — the cost of fuel, for example. Suppose we said to business men, 'Don't worry about your fuel bill. It will not fall upon you. The community, through public and private charitable agencies, will pay for your coal.' If the proposal were put into effect, would not the fuel bill of industry soar? Surely no sensible man would suggest that the community assume the cost of industry's fuel bill. And yet we do relieve industry of the cost of maintaining its labor reserve. Naturally we shall continue to have an unemployment problem as long as we subsidize unemployment. Under present circumstances, why should any manager concern himself, in substantial degree, with how much unemployment his policies produce? The costs are not assessed against his enterprise. How can he justify to his board of directors the inclusion in his budget of a substantial expenditure for stabilizing work, as long as the community bears the cost of instability?

The first and most important step in solving the problem of unemployment is to withdraw our subsidy and say to industry, 'Pursue any policies that you see fit to follow; produce as much unemployment as you desire. But henceforth the community will not relieve you of the cost of maintaining your labor reserve. From now on, a legal obligation to pay an unemployment wage will fall upon you.' Only then will the best minds of industry apply themselves to the problems of stabilizing employment with the same intensity and insistence that they now display in striving to produce more automobiles and more yards of cloth. Modern business is marvelously efficient in supplying us with every good which can be sold for a profit. It is far less efficient in supplying us with certain other goods, such as security of employment, because there has been little profit in providing them. When we require industry to bear the costs of insecurity instead of letting them fall upon the unemployed themselves, upon their relatives, and upon innumerable grocers, butchers, landlords, and public and private charitable agencies, then industry will become as efficient in finding how to keep men at work as it now is in discovering how to displace them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

A FORMATION of fighting planes, all of the same type and model, cannot be counted on to manœuvre together at the rated speed and ceiling of one alone. Motors and pilots, machinery and mind — both have their daily indispositions and elations. The collective best is never as good as the individual best. But the collective best can be tested, averaged, and gauged almost as definitely as the powers of a single plane; and it was for such a test that our flight of three two-seaters taxied out on the field to find the greatest height at which all were still handy and supple to the controls.

We do not want to fly this February afternoon in this weather, but time is short and each day must show its data sheet. The cold rain of the morning that soaked down the snow banks on each side of the hangar doors has drawn itself up and congealed to a granite-gray cloud ceiling at three thousand feet. As we take off and the land falls away, wet streets of the town below and gray reaches of river throw up weak gleams of light, and across the bay the wharves, buildings, and shipping of the farther shore loom sootily out of the murk. Westward, inland toward the hills, snow clouds are banking up, lead-blue. We climb noisily, aimlessly, in wide circles, looking for a hole in the hard gray sky.

Now, on the edge of the ominous western bank, about halfway up the horizon, the sky is pulled apart. A wisp of color shows — apple-green, tinged with gold. And as we race for it, full throttle, another curtain lifts and the opening turns to blue, like bright sea showing in the far mouth of a cave. The gray cloud roof, steepening its curve down to the horizon, has become also a wall, and as we close with it we sense thickness, and our rift becomes a tunnel to the blue. But the tunnel we enter has no palpable sides; only echelons of weaving, foggy curtains, one behind the other like side drops on a stage, each opening, as we pass, a flanking, indefinite vista of blank fog.

Suddenly one of these swaying curtains drifts in front of our plane, veiling our leader from us. At the same moment Number 3 on our left is lost and the cold stream of cloud breath flows over our faces. The duplicate stick in front of me jerks back toward the padded mass that represents my right knee. We climb and bank steeply outward. No thought of keeping formation now; the whole idea is to get as far as possible from the others in our blindness, for one barely perceptible scrape of wings at flying speed will send two planes fluttering and dropping dead, to the bottom of the air. Once we have forsaken the ground it is hard to realize that we normally inhabit Davy Jones's new locker.

The compass still spins, the altimeter is rising, my shoulders press hard against their wooden rest, and the roar of the propeller continues. I have no other means of knowing what we do or that we move at all. Always the wet, cold hands of the blind fog pass over my face. Of course the pilot has his turn-and-bank indicator. But this parting from all criterions is also to die a little. . . .

As when a diver rises toward the surface of the sea the water turns translucent, so now the gray fog turns white with opalescent warmths of light until, with a new, shrill cry in the motor, shredding the last wisps of cloud, our plane leaps up into the sun.

No earthly sun is so golden, so dazzling, as this brightness which at first confuses one sense with another; for even when we cover our eyes, long swords of light vibrate and ring across the sky. The fog, the damp, all that has affinity to water evaporates in the thin, cold drafts of the high air. Arid, clear-thinking, and elated, we gradually unshade our eyes and look down for our companion planes.

We have broken through the crust of a hollow planet. Though our altimeter reads eleven thousand, we are still flying but three thousand above an arctic world without a sea; an infinite, snowy plain, broken by mountains and rimmed by mountains. And yet, unlike our own world, it does not contract as we rise higher, and its horizon remains in place although the gold of its sun and the blue of its sky are paling to silver.

Except for one aspect only, this new land would be like an earthly Antarctica; pure, cloudless sky and shining, markless snow, rising and falling from plain to mountain and down to plain again. But it is that one difference which divides the known from the fabulous. The slopes we know rise from the land concavely, like tents, but these cloud hills, convex and rounded like swelling sails, convey bleak thoughts of mountains on the moon. . . .

My pilot turns and points. On the far fields of snow two black dots are slowly moving. I almost look for their trail in the drifts. They turn, grow, and take color, rising fast with a forty-mile wind on their tail. We fly toward them, laboring into the teeth of it.

They scud by above us, soundless in the roar of our own motor, as birds drive by, half turned on the wind. The horizon drops with a rush, the snow comes up; then snow and sky and horizon spin, slow down, steady — and we are flying in our place again as the right rear point of the V formation. For, as the other two passed, my pilot nosed up and over on our back, reversing our course to theirs, and then rolled over into normal flight.

The altimeter reads fifteen thousand; the controls are slow. Our leader motions us into closer formation, and we circle about, ready to go down, searching for some bottomless abyss in those hollow mountains of the sky. Suddenly a dark rift appears, small as a window and almost below. Our tails kick up and all three planes drop hawklike in a dive. No time to lose. And I strain back, pushing against the forward edge of my cockpit, trusting our window will not close this time: three ships in close formation, blind in a power dive.

But the dark gap widens, and through it, against a coarse mat of slanting rain, as in a cheap newsprint half-tone, I see a grimy vignette of sooty water, ships at a wharf, and gray concrete buildings. The whole drab, familiar scene widens like a movie 'fade-out' reversed. We are through. Our nose comes up. My weight is in the seat again. The slip stream tears at us no longer. And above, the gray stone has rolled back over the blue gate under the mountain.

We lumber along toward the airdrome. You know, when diving into the sea out of the blue and gold sunshine and pausing to stand on the sea bottom, how green and gloomy the light becomes? This murky light is like that, except that it is gray. And the infinite detail of land and water and ships and roads and houses is complicated, needless, tiring — and so dingy.

I think we understand Heaven to be above the sky, because, up there, all things are simple and clear.

COATS OF ARMS AND THAT SORT OF THING

I DO not object to letter crests. Now that we are beginning to 'step out' socially, perhaps we should have one. Nor do I object seriously to employing for this purpose an ancient coat of arms, my wife's suggestion. The main difficulty, in our case, lies in selecting the right one.

Let me give Elizabeth's choice first. (Elizabeth is our eldest. It is she who does most of the stepping.) 'Armor argent, on a cross azure five fleurs-de-lis, gold, in the dexter quarter a Lion rampant, red. Crest, a castle, red, on the tower a Lion's head erased, in the mouth a round buckle, its Mottoe, *Esse Quod Opto.*'

I would not seem critical, yet this coat of arms strikes me as being perhaps unhappy in its abundance. The fleur-de-lis is unobjectionable, though I prefer the rose. But why five, suggesting that one of our ancestors may have been a florist who urged the world to say it with flowers? Lilies and lions alliterate neatly, but do they not make what Burke calls an incongruous mixture? And why two lions? Evidently the designer at the last moment realized that he had overdone the lion business; otherwise why did he erase one? What does an erased lion look like, anyway? Or perhaps it occurred to the designer that so many performing beasts might suggest, to those who, like me, do not readily interpret heraldic insignia, that some remote grandmother in her younger days was of sawdust connection — a lion tamer, for instance, or she may have thrilled multitudes by swinging, head down, from a trapeze far up in billowy, acetylene-lighted canvas heavens. As to the 'Mottoe,' one may applaud its spirit yet be unable to escape the feeling that to employ Latin is a bit 'high hat.' Some younger son may have succeeded in passing the mediæval equivalent of College Board examinations and acquired command of freshman-year Latin before being plucked, but why flaunt the achievement? I pass over the 'armor' without comment; a certain amount of hardware was, presumably, customary in heraldic device. Nor have I aught to say about the color scheme. I have never happened to see a red lion, but such there may be.

My main objection to this coat of arms, however, is that it may not belong to our branch. It is authentic, properly recorded and all that; yet I have a suspicion that it belongs rather to some distantly related cousin who migrated not to New England but to aristocratic Virginia. Our Matthias was a humbler sort of adventurer, of the modest 'origin obscure' type. He left England quietly, — not in the *Mayflower*, but in a boat which probably could outsail her, — and settled unostentatiously in Connecticut. He it was who, with four others, purchased five hundred acres in South End Neck (later known as East Haven) at a penny an acre. The price was a little steep, but Matthias was not one to haggle. My acquaintance with his posterity leads me to think that he did not pay cash down; probably he gave a long-term note.

If through Matthias we are entitled to any coat of arms, it is this one, which is also properly recorded: 'Armor gules, a chevron silver, between three Alligators. Crest an Alligator.' This is the choice of the younger members of the family, especially Alice, who is studying general science with fervor.

She is specializing at present in mud turtles. I too prefer it. How modestly simple: a mere spray of alligators — nothing but, or little but. The hardware feature was probably unavoidable, and the chevron a concession to the prevailing mode. John calls attention to 'gules.' 'What are they, Pop?' he asks. I appease his curiosity with a brief philological dissertation in my best manner, with a playful reference to 'gullet.'

Yes, indeed, how simple! And, let me add, how aristocratic! No lions clawing the air in silly rage. Really, in all the heraldic menagerie no beast is quite so common, and therefore commonplace, as the lion. Alligators are rare, and of greater antiquity, their family line antedating the Pliocene Age. A wonderful creature, too, is the alligator, possessing above all other animals the secret of waterproofing. An alligator has never been known to spring a leak. Much more might I add in praise of the alligator, but doubtless all is familiar to those even slightly acquainted with the Who's Who of animal aristocracy. I can but summarize by saying that the *A. mississippiensis* and its cousins are noble lizards.

Elizabeth, however, will not listen to any alligator proposition, and my wife Janet protests that she abhors all creeping things. Creeping things! It is against alligator nature to ramp, — let that be conceded, — but the alligator walks, and as for swimming, it could easily overtake an Olympic. I see plainly, nevertheless, that this coat of arms is out of the running.

Personally, I should prefer not to employ either of these coats of arms. Our English ancestors did well for their day and stage of development, but give me something more modern. Give me something conceived in the New World. If borrow we must, let it be from New England ancestors — from Nehemiah, son of Matthias the second, son of Matthias the first, for example, in whom one detects a softening of the sterner traits of the family, a certain rudimentary refinement groping toward artistic expression. Of course I have in mind Nehemiah's duly recorded 'earmark.' This I would take, unglorified by gules and what not, and make of it a family seal or crest.

Study it for a moment and note its merits: 'A swallow fork on ye near ear and a slit on ye end of ye off ear and a halfpenny ye foreside of ye same ear.' Happy blend of poetry (swallow fork), suggestion of seemly thrift that is not grasping (halfpenny), and simplicity itself (slit). How satisfying, too, is the unmistakability of this bovine coat of arms! It did not take long to pick out Nehemiah's heifers from the herd pastured on the commons. But the swallow fork appeals to me above all else, as something poetic, something — a mere dash, not too much — to make of the commonplace a thing of beauty.

I am sure any moderately skilled artist could take this ancient earmark and fashion from it a crest unique and lovely, though he should be cautioned to make the ears, both 'oft' and 'near,' unmistakably bovine. But not even Alice, who is fond of cows, will listen to this proposal. So there we are, and there we are likely to be, using plain note paper without a crest, merely because we cannot come to an agreement. I pass the earmark suggestion along to others, however, for I think it a good one. Of course if the rage for fostering individuality continues much longer, the only letter crest anyone will use will be a rogues' gallery finger print.

FINCH'S FORTUNE[1]

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XX

ALAYNE watched Renny go and then sat down on a chair by the window, feeling suddenly weak. Her own voice echoed in her mind, repeating, 'You talk like a fool!' She had actually said those words to Renny. . . . And what was it he had said? That, too, was echoed in her mind. . . . She was not filled with remorse for her words or cut to the heart by his. She just sat motionless, stunned by the sudden rift between them. It was as though a crack in the earth had suddenly separated them. . . . Could that be bridged? Could she leap back, across the chasm of her words, and stand once more close beside him? 'The worst-tempered woman he had ever known.' And he had seen his grandmother in her passions! Had seen her draw blood from the boys with her stick! He had felt the sting of her tongue himself. Ah, but she was his grandmother! To be his wife was different. His wife must be meek. Well, if not meek, she must still not raise her hand against his dog.

Renny slammed the side door behind him, Ben still at his heels. He was glad to get out of the house, but no more glad than he had been a score of times after a family row, when perhaps old Adeline had followed him to the very door, raining recriminations on him. Certainly this tantrum of Alayne's had been rather a shock. He had thought she had one of the sweetest dispositions possible. And to have beat up old Benny like this, and then to have called *him* a fool! He gave a kind of hysterical grin as he thought of it. Whatever had got into the girl? Perhaps it was a child? Women got into strange states at those times, he knew. Had tantrums or wanted to eat raw carrots or common starch — anything to be unnatural. Well, he hoped to the Lord it was a child. Meggie and Pheasant had both had them in the year, and now he'd been married a year and never a whisper of one. He'd like a boy resembling himself, except for the red hair. He could do very well without that. If it were a girl he should like it to look like Alayne — only, on the whole, it would be better if it inherited Meggie's disposition.

He was only a few strides from the door when he was intercepted by Rags. In the bright sunlight the little cockney's coat looked very rusty and his scalp showed through his graying hair. He looked up at Renny with a mournful expression, twitching his nose and upper lip before he spoke as was his way when his feelings were hurt.

'Well, what is it?' Renny demanded impatiently.

'I've come to give notice, sir. I think that me and me missus had oughter go since we're not giving satisfaction to Mrs. W'iteoak, sir.'

Renny stared at him, thunderstruck. 'Mrs. Whiteoak has n't said anything to me about your not giving satisfaction. What is the trouble?'

'Well, sir, you saw 'ow it was about the marmalade at breakfast. I was that unnerved that I nearly jumped out o' me shoes when the bell rang, and I let drop the jar and smashed it. Not but w'at it was cracked already and our second-best one. Then, after breakfast, she came to the kitchen and poured out the vitals of her wrath on Mrs. Wragge. There was n't a pot nor a crock nor a drawer she did n't look into, and nothink was right. She even examined of the oven cloths and said they was tea cloths and had no business there. She was after Bessie for the way she plucked the fowls. Bessie's young and she can tike criticism calm, but Mrs. Wragge ain't herself this morning along o' her innards. She 'ad a fry o' some pork leavin's last night before she went to bed and at three this morning we both thought 'er hour 'ad come. So she don't feel able to swallow Mrs. W'iteoak's unreasonableness, sir, and my nerves won't stand it neither, so I think we'd better be goin'.'

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[1] A brief synopsis of the preceding chapters of the novel will be found in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

'The hell you will!' said Renny. 'Get along back to your work. I never heard of such nonsense. You have a very good place here, and if your wife can't stand a little scolding she ought to be ashamed of herself. Give her a dose of salts and don't encourage her in her tempers.' He strode on, but Rags followed. 'We appreciate the plice we 'ave 'ere. I 'ave it in me to be an old family retainer, but w'at's the use if we can never do nothink to please the mistress?'

Renny stopped. 'Rags,' he said, giving him a look of almost tender familiarity, 'you and I were through a good deal together. I don't want to part with you and I don't believe you want to leave me. You know quite well how to pacify your wife. Probably what happened this morning may never happen again. I've overlooked things in you and you must show your good sense by putting up with a little criticism. Remind your wife of the dozens of times I've praised her sauces and her tarts.'

Rags's gray little face was quite broken up by emotion. 'Do you mind the time, sir, when we'd moved up in front of Wipers and we arrived in a God-forsaken plice just at dark, and inside of a hour I'd cooked you up a four-course dinner out o' some bits o' things I'd brung along in tins?'

'Do I! I'll never forget that dinner!'

They stood together talking of old times. Rags returned to the kitchen and told his wife that the master was all on their side and advised them not to 'take the missus too serious.'

'I could have borne with 'er faultfinding,' declared Mrs. Wragge, 'if she 'ad n't started in about the glazing on the platters. W'y, that was all cracked afore she ever set 'er foot inside this 'ouse.'

'My! she has a funny way of talking,' observed Bessie. 'When she began about the fowl's *plumage* I nearly burst out laughing.'

'Silly!' said Mrs. Wragge. 'That's the American for *fevvers*.'

Renny and the sheep dog went on toward the stable, but now he was genuinely angry at Alayne. It was all very well to be disagreeable to him — good God, she had told him that he talked like a fool. She had beaten poor old Ben for almost nothing, and now he found that she had all but lost him the Wragges. He remembered how she had drawn away from him when he had wanted to kiss her after breakfast. He sighed in puzzlement.

Usually he visited each of his horses in turn on his arrival at the stables in the morning, but this morning he felt out of sorts. He went straight to his little office and sat down before his yellow oak desk. Things were not going well with him this year. He had lost money at the races. A horse he had backed rather heavily, feeling certain of its quality, for it had been bred in his own stables and later sold to a friend, had fallen, thrown the jockey, and galloped riderless to the finish. A horse of his own, trained by himself as a steeplechaser, ridden by one of his own men, had given a far from brilliant performance. He had hoped to sell it for a large sum. That hope was gone, unless the horse retrieved its reputation in another race. He had sold two of his best horses to a prosperous broker, but for some reason the payment for them was not forthcoming. Renny did not want to sue for the money, but he needed it badly. Added to these misfortunes, a gale in the autumn before had taken the roof from one of the stables and blown down a portion of the wall. Luckily the horses had not been injured, but the carpenter and the mason were becoming anxious for their money. They must be paid somehow.

In the early spring he had had a letter from Eden asking for a loan. Eden was in France, where he had been working all winter, and he wanted to go to England. His health was none too good. He badly needed a change — they had had a dreadful winter of cold and rain on the Riviera. Minny was with him, of course. He could n't imagine what he should have done without her. Might he have a thousand dollars? And Minny had joined him in sending love.

When Renny had come to that part of the letter he had cocked an eyebrow. There was something about the whole tone of the letter that he had not quite liked. It was an almost impudent tone, as though Eden had said, 'Well, I cleared out with Minny and made things easy for you and Alayne. A thousand dollars is n't much to ask!' Eden had called it a loan, but Renny knew that he would never pay it back, and Eden knew that he knew. The money had been sent. One could scarcely refuse it to a brother who had almost died of lung trouble. Renny had never mentioned the affair to the family.

He picked up a paper that lay on his desk. It was an account from Piers of the hay, straw, oats, and chop with which he had supplied Renny during the winter. Renny had been expecting this account for some time and he had known that Piers put off the rendering of it because of the shortage of money.

The farm lands of Jalna were rented to Piers at a moderate rental. Renny bought from him the supplies he needed for the stables at the regular market price. Piers also supplied the house with fruit and vegetables at a low price, as they did not need to be packed or shipped. This arrangement had worked out excellently, each brother giving the other a little time when necessary. Their love of Jalna, their love of horses, and their pride in their family were a strong bond between them. In the last two years Piers had been ready with his rent each quarter, on the day of its falling due. Renny, on the contrary, had been obliged to ask Piers for more time on several occasions. He felt chagrin at this. He wondered if he might put off the mason, the carpenter, or some other creditor, and pay Piers at once. He ran his eye over the items of the account. Certainly the nags had got away with a lot of feed. But they were worth it!

He opened a drawer and took out the accounts that had come in at the beginning of the month. He had not paid the vet anything since the New Year. The vet's bill was mounting to a large figure, and he must be paid something. Urgent notes were attached to the accounts of the mason and the carpenter begging for an immediate settlement. Then there was the notice from the bank telling of a note that had fallen due. Renny had not been able to resist that lovely mare in Montreal, though he really had not needed her. . . . He lighted a cigarette and stared rather blankly at the papers on the desk. A jubilant neigh came from the stallion's loose box.

He looked out of the window as a car drew up outside and saw Piers alight from it. Since he had got the new car Piers seemed always to have some business that took him on the road. Renny went out and joined him.

'I'm sorry,' he said, rather stiffly, 'but you'll have to wait a bit for the money for that fodder account. Money is awfully tight with me just now, and the mason and carpenter are pressing. Other things, too.'

Piers's face fell. He had done the decent thing, he thought, in delaying the rendering of his account. 'Could you pay me half?' he asked. 'I need the money.'

'No,' returned Renny irritably, 'you'll have to wait till next month.'

They had walked past the barn to the new piggery for which Finch was paying. The work was proceeding well. It was an up-to-date, solid-looking building. Piers had it in his mind to breed pigs on a large scale.

'That thing is going to cost a lot of money,' observed Renny, eyeing it disapprovingly.

'More than young Finch expected, I'm afraid,' answered Piers, grinning.

'He shingled the barn for you, too, did n't he?'

'Yes. It needed it badly.'

'It appears to me that if you go on as you are doing you'll get more out of Gran's money than anyone else.'

Piers's lips hardened. If his elder was going to throw Finch's present to him in his face, he could be disagreeable, too. He said: —

'When all is said and done, Finch is

really doing it for you. The land is yours. The buildings are yours. I only have the use of them. You don't care what condition the farm buildings are in so long as the stables are kept up. These improvements Finch has made are for Jalna — not for me.'

'I would never have asked for them.'

'Of course not. As I said before, you don't care a damn about the farm buildings.'

'Well, you'll have the use of them all your life. You'll likely outlive me. They don't mean anything to me.'

'They mean that you get your rent the day it is due.'

'I suppose that's a shot for me because I have to put you off.' Renny's red face became redder.

Piers's eyes were prominent, as they always were when his temper rose. But he spoke quietly. 'No — but I don't like your tone about these buildings. You have known what was being done from the first and you've never said a word against the improvements until now.'

'It was none of my business. I don't care what Finch does with his money.'

Piers answered hotly, 'But you resent his helping me!'

'No, I don't. But I don't like your saying that he is n't doing it for you, but for me.'

'I did n't say that! I said he was doing it for Jalna.'

'I'll look after Jalna—without anyone's help.'

'Good Lord! Then you would sooner he had squandered his money? He was bound to do that if he were let alone.'

'I don't want any of it spent on me, that's all. You will be saying next that he bought the car for me.'

'Well, I acknowledge that was a present to me.'

'It would have been better,' said Renny, 'if he had helped Eden a bit. He's not strong. I had to send him a thousand dollars in March.' He had not intended to tell of the loan, least of all to Piers, but he felt himself forced to tell by what he considered Piers's surly attitude toward his delay in the payment of the account.

Piers returned, 'Well, all I can say is that you were a fool to do it.'

It was the second time within an hour that Renny had been called a fool, but he felt more hurt than angered.

'What would you expect me to do?' he asked. 'Let him starve?'

'That's what he deserves.' Piers turned away, as though he could not trust himself to speak on the subject of Eden.

XXI

Renny drew in the restive young horse he had been exercising and looked over the white gate into the fox farm. He was undecided whether or no he should go in. Before the death of Antoine Lebraux he had been in the house every day. The sick man had become more and more dependent on him. When Lebraux's periods of drinking had rendered him violent it was to Renny that his wife had come for assistance. After his death Renny had gone to the house constantly, trying to create order out of the disorder of affairs they discovered.

He had helped Mrs. Lebraux through the cubbing season. He had got Piers to buy some pure-bred Leghorns for her with which to stock the poultry house. He had sent old Noah Binns to dig the garden for her. He himself had gone about the house putting the rollers of window shades in order, tacking up sagging wallpaper, tinkering at the kitchen tap that dripped. He had interviewed the retired farmer who held a mortgage on the property and persuaded him to give her more time.

In return for these kindnesses Clara Lebraux had insisted that Renny use her stable, for his stables were overcrowded. It was all she could do. The horses were company, she said; she gave them their evening meal and bedded them down herself. Between the master of Jalna and Mrs. Lebraux had arisen the peculiar intimacy that is created between a man and a woman when he has seen her through distressing times, seen her looking her worst, red-eyed and unattractive or engaged in rough work, has done things about the house for her that a husband or a male relative ordinarily would do. They were as natural in the company of each other as two of the laborers on Piers's farm.

Things were going a little better with her now. She did not need his help so often, and a casual word from Piers had made Renny feel that there was some gossip in the neighborhood about his frequent visits there. It was characteristic of him that he should dislike being gossiped about. He was overbearing; he could taciturnly ignore criticism; but he did not like to think that the Miss Laceys, Miss Pink, and Mrs. Fennel were giving sly hints over their teacups. He did not like to think that the grooms and stablemen nudged each other when he turned his horse in the direction of the fox farm. It was not fair to Mrs. Lebraux that he and she should create even harmless gossip. Before his marriage he had conducted his casual affairs of the heart with capable secrecy. Since his marriage he had given no thought to any woman save Alayne. His former amorous proclivities had been consumed in the generous fire of his love for her.

But in Clara Lebraux he had found what he had never known before — friendship with a woman. He could spend hours in her company without remembering her sex except as an intangible something that enriched their intimacy. He never forgot Alayne's sex. It hung about her as a cloak, clouding his vision of her. It lay about her feet as a magic circle beyond which he had neither the power nor the will to press. His nature was intermittently sensual. At times when Alayne was talking, giving her opinion on some matter with the somewhat elaborate detail natural to her, he would watch her with a look that was both admiring and baffled and that had in it, as well, something hostile. He was aware that his impregnable masculinity was often irritating to her.

As he hesitated before the gate the front door of the house opened and Pauline Lebraux appeared. She ran toward him between the dingy white stones on either side of the path, her legs in their black stockings looking excessively long and agile. She threw back her head as she reached the gate to free her face from the uncared-for dark hair that hung like a mane about it.

'Are n't you coming in? Oh, please do!' she entreated, gaspingly, as though in excitement.

He noticed her low white forehead with its penciled brows, the foreign-looking eyes, the wide, rather thin-lipped mouth with an upward curve at the corners.

'No. I don't think I shall go in. Just tell me how you are getting along.'

'The very same. There's nothing new. But you have n't come for three whole days! We're so lonely. We think you are annoyed with us.'

'Open the gate, then.'

She threw it open with a grand gesture.

Mrs. Lebraux appeared at the side door of the house. She did not speak, but stood there waiting. Renny at once went over to her and they entered the house. They went into the sitting room that had become so familiar to him. He was used to high ceilings at Jalna. Here he always felt inclined to stoop for fear he would strike his head in the doorways.

He looked about the room, which had changed somewhat since he was last there, and said, 'It looks nice here. What have you been doing?'

She gave a shrug. 'Cleaning house. Making things look different so it will be less depressing.'

'Did you have a woman in to clean for you?' he asked.

'I did it myself. Skinned all my knuckles.'

He frowned. 'It does n't cost much to get a woman for a few days.'

'It costs enough to buy us new shoes, and we both need them.'

He looked at her shoes, then noticed the hand she extended as she knocked the ash from her cigarette. She had not spoken with exaggeration either of shoes or of knuckles. She was made of good stuff, he thought.

'I'll tell Binns to clean out the poultry house for you.'

'I cleaned it out myself before breakfast.'

'Hmph! How's the poultry doing?'

'Awfully well, but of course the price of eggs is low now. We eat them twice a day. I give the child a raw one in a glass of milk, she's growing so fast.'

'It's too bad the incubator went wrong that first time. I think it's rather a pity you set it up again. From what I hear, these late chickens are n't up to much.'

'I used Plymouth Rock eggs this time. They'll develop quickly into broilers. The lamp acted rather funny last night. I thought the first experience was going to be repeated, so I stopped up half the night with it.'

'Look here,' he exclaimed, 'you're going to overdo it, you know.'

'Oh, no, I'm not! I'm feeling a thousand times better than I did in the winter. I'm worried about the child, though.'

He looked at her inquiringly.

'Her education. She simply is n't getting any. Her father used to teach her, but I can't. In the first place, it is n't in me to teach. In the second, my own education was sketchy. Pauline knows more about literature and more Latin than I do. And, naturally, French.'

'You never learned to speak French from Lebraux?'

'No. What was the use? He could speak English. He used to laugh when I'd try my schoolgirl French on him. But he always spoke French to Pauline. Now she'll be forgetting it, I'm afraid.'

An idea came to Renny. 'Why, see here, my wife reads French very nicely! She and Pauline could read some French books together and it would do them both good. Alayne has really no way of passing the time. I'll ask her.'

Mrs. Lebraux's eyes looked blank, but she said, 'Thanks very much. I'm afraid it would be too much trouble for her.'

'Not at all. She likes children. She has always been very keen about my young Wake.'

'Well, I should be very grateful. Pauline wanted to go to Mr. Fennel with your small brother, but she's a Catholic, you know, and I'm sure Tony would have objected. What do you think? Do you think it is fair to her to hinder her education because of a prejudice?'

'I think her father's wishes should be respected. But among us we'll give her a start. Then, when things are a bit better with you, you can send her to a convent.'

'She's going on for sixteen.'

Renny knit his brows. 'Uncle Ernest will be glad to help. I'm sure of that. He's an Oxford man. Then, my wife for the French — and poetry. She knows all about modern poetry — if you want Pauline to study that. I think myself she'd be better without it. I'm afraid I can't do much myself. It's amazing how I've forgotten everything I learned at Varsity. Just in one ear and out the other. Money wasted. It was all athletics with me.

'An amusing thing about my education is this — the little I learned from the governess who taught my sister and me when we were kids is all that sticks with me. I know the dates of all the English kings and of the principal battles. You simply could n't catch me up on them. I might teach them to Pauline. It would be something to go on. Not one of my young brothers has hung on to them as I have. I've asked them suddenly — perhaps in the middle of their pudding — what are the names and dates of the battles in the Wars of the Roses? Do you think they could get them right? No. Or, perhaps, what were the dates of King Stephen? They were sure to be wrong. I could n't possibly forget — 1135 to 1154. Wakefield is pretty good at the kings. I've said them to him to send him to sleep when his nerves were rocky. It's the only use my education has ever been to me.'

Clara Lebraux listened to all this with serious interest. She puffed at her cigarette, scowling intently at him through the smoke. Alayne had heard him say the same words, with detached amusement, wondering at his ingenuousness.

'The governess was afterwards your stepmother, was n't she?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Were you fond of her?'

'Not particularly. I did n't think much about her. She was often ill, I remember. She'd large blue eyes that she kept half shut, and yellow hair. Eden's rather like her. She taught me poetry, too. Can you believe that? Tennyson. And I have forgotten every line of it. If Eden had inherited a love of dates from her instead of poetry, it would have been better.'

'I suppose. I can't read poetry at all. It bores me.'

They smoked in silence, he gazing thoughtfully at her brogues, thinking how worn they looked; she at his boots, admiring the soft glow attained by the leather after many polishings.

Pauline came in, her small face flushed

pink by the sun, her black frock worn at the elbows and too short for her.

Renny said, 'Now let's see what you know about history! What are the dates of Henry the Seventh?'

She stood before him startled, then shook her head. 'I don't know.'

He grinned triumphantly at her mother. 'I told you! She does n't know.' He drew Pauline to his side on the sofa. 'Never mind! I'll teach you them. We're going to educate you among us. How will you like that?'

Pauline thought he was magnificent. She laid her head confidingly against his shoulder. 'I shall like to have *you* teach me. Will you come here to do it, or must I go to Jalna?'

'I think I'll come here. But my wife will read French with you at Jalna.' By this time he felt sure that Alayne would acquiesce in the arrangement. How could she refuse?

'I know French already,' said Pauline rather haughtily.

'Don't be ungracious,' said her mother. 'It will be quite a different thing to read French literature.'

'Papa read French books to me.' Somehow she did not think she would like to read French with Mrs. Whiteoak. There had been something in Alayne's cool gaze when they had met that had given the child a sense of being repulsed. However, she had been taught to be polite, so she added, 'But I suppose these would be grown-up books. Quite different. Thank you, Renny.'

Both mother and daughter called him Renny, as Tony Lebraux had done, but he had pronounced it René.

When Renny looked at his watch, Pauline exclaimed, 'Oh, do stay for lunch! He must, must n't he, Mummy?'

'Yes, do stay! You have n't had a meal with us since January. But I'm afraid there is n't much to tempt you.'

'I'll make an omelet! I can make a splendid one. And there's ham!' Pauline was willing, eager to use their supplies for the day to spread a feast for him.

She tied a white and blue checked apron under her chin and turned back the cuffs of her black frock. Renny stood beside the stove watching her as she frowned anxiously at the mixture in the frying pan. What if the omelet would not rise? What if it rose and fell again?

No need to worry. It rose in a yellow foam; at its height it attained just enough firmness to support it; it turned a golden brown. She laid it on the heated platter and Renny went to the garden to get parsley; he brought enough to garnish a roast young pig, but Pauline would use it all. So the omelet came to the table resting on a bank of green, resembling a verdant mountain capped with the gold of sunset.

Pauline felt a quivering sense of pride in her achievement, elation at the presence of a guest — and that guest Renny. She smiled, lifting her lip and showing her small white teeth. They talked of foxes, and Pauline told of the habits, the knowing tricks, of each. The man who worked for them had made her a seat in one of the shady trees about which the enclosures were built, and there she sat by the hour watching the foxes. They had become so used to her that even the shyest no longer scurried into his den when she climbed the steps to her seat. The boldest knew her. They knew, she said, the names she had given them. The cubs loved her. They were wonderful foxes, no two of a like disposition.

'She knows more about them now than I do,' said Clara Lebraux.

'Experience shows,' Renny said, 'that the more foxes are handled as tame animals the better they thrive. Better cubs. Better fur.'

'If only,' cried Pauline, 'I might keep them all! But I have my pets and they must always be kept for breeding.'

'You must not be sentimental,' he said. 'I would sell any horse I own.'

'But not to be *skinned!*'

'Well, perhaps not. I agree that that's hard.'

While Mrs. Lebraux cleared away the luncheon things Pauline led Renny upstairs to the vacant room next her mother's where the incubator was kept.

'What do you think I do?' she exclaimed, squeezing his arm when she had him alone. 'I steal eggs from the poultry house and feed them to my baby foxes!'

'But that is wrong,' he said, looking

down at her as severely as he could. 'Those eggs are worth something.'

'Bah, a few eggs!' she cried, with the exact expression of her father.

'But look at these! See what they are doing!' He pointed through the narrow glass door of the incubator.

An egg next the glass was rocking like a little boat on the sea. Another showed a dark triangular chip. Through a third was thrust a gaping yellow beak. Far in the twilight at the back staggered a pitiable object, wet, goggle-eyed, half-fainting, hemmed in by the rows of uncompanionable spheres in which slept, cheeped, chipped, or lay dying his contemporaries. His woebegone expression showed his consciousness of being hatched too soon.

Renny struck a match and held it near the glass. They peered in, rough black head and red head touching.

'Is n't he a sight?' breathed Pauline in ecstasy.

'Poor devil,' said Renny. 'That's what it is to be born the eldest of a family.'

XXII

Since the departure of Nicholas and Ernest, Rags had been laying tea in the dining room instead of carrying it to the drawing-room as was the custom in old Adeline's day. Her sons would have resented the change, but the younger members of the family enjoyed having their bread and butter, cakes and jam, spread out before them and sitting around the table to eat.

Renny had not returned until teatime. He entered the house in rather a propitiatory mood toward Alayne. In spite of her hard words to him, he felt that, as a sensitive and fastidious woman, she had probably had a good deal to annoy her that morning. He knew that the servants were not what they should be, but he felt quite sure that nothing she could do would change them. He knew that he and old Benny the sheep dog were not all they should be, from her point of view, but he hoped that in time she would become accustomed to them and their ways.

He rather admired the spirit she had shown that morning. He had never seen her in a temper before. To think that she would hit the old dog with her slipper! And tell her husband that he talked like a fool! He grinned when he thought of it. He was elated by the idea of getting Alayne to read French with little Pauline. He felt that, if she would agree, it would be the means of drawing her and Clara Lebraux together. It would be good for each of them to find a friend in the other. It would be especially good for Alayne to have an interest outside Jalna, for he realized that often time hung heavy on her hands.

He went up to his room and changed into another suit, after having scrubbed his face and hands till they were red, and flattened his hair with a damp brush. This was done in order that she should to-day have no complaint that he brought the smell of stable with him.

She was pouring tea when he went into the dining room, sitting at her end of the table with a book she had been reading open beside her. Piers and Pheasant were talking with rather ostentatious good spirits to each other. Mooey had been brought to the table and was perched on the large volume of *British Poets.* As he ate his bread and butter his eyes were fixed on Alayne with a wondering look, as though he expected her at any moment to attack him. Since his parents were present to protect him, he would not have been altogether sorry to see her make some such demonstration. He smiled up at Wakefield, who sat beside him, and whispered, 'I'm not f'ightened of Auntie Alayne.'

'Of course you're not,' said Wakefield, patting his head. 'So long as you do just what Uncle Wakefield tells you, nothing can harm you.'

Renny grinned at the children, then went and sat near Alayne. She had given Rags a few roses for the table, which he, in a conciliatory mood, had placed in a vase beside her plate. As he entered the room with a fresh pot of tea for Renny he cast his eyes on the roses and then on Alayne, emphasizing the fact that they were his gift to her.

She looked up from her book and smiled at Renny, — a somewhat forced smile, — then lowered her eyes again, abstractedly eating a small iced cake while she read.

With her book, her roses, and her cake, she was separated from the other members of the family in a kind of frosty seclusion.

At tea Renny liked a pot to himself, which Rags always ostentatiously placed beside him. He was very hungry after the lunch at the fox farm, accustomed as he was to a solid one-o'clock dinner. He ate in silence for a time, feeling himself in rather an uncomfortable position midway between the opposing factions at the table. Vaguely he wondered what he could do to please Alayne, to show her that the words she had cast at him that morning had not rankled. He discovered the roses and drew the vase across the table to him. Glancing at Alayne from under his thick lashes to make sure that she was observing him, he sniffed each rose in turn, thrusting his handsome bony nose into the heart of each like some enormous predatory bee.

'These smell awfully nice,' he said. 'Out of our own garden?'

'Yes,' she returned, closing her book on her finger. 'You had better put them in the centre of the table. I don't know why Rags should have set them by my place.'

Piers and Pheasant had ceased their animated talk long enough to listen to this exchange of words. Now they began to talk again, their eyes dancing. They paid no attention to their child, who sat gazing in astonishment at the large piece of cake Wakefield had put on his plate while he still held another piece in his hand.

Alayne returned to her book and Renny set the vase of roses carefully in the middle of the table. His first effort had failed. Rags had come into the room and was gazing at him with an adoring expression. He came and bent over him, whispering, 'Is your tea all right, sir?'

'Oh, yes, it's quite all right.' He looked up into Rags's pale eyes as though for inspiration.

It might be well, he thought, to show Alayne that he was definitely on her side regarding Mooey's misbehavior of the morning. He fixed his nephew with his gaze and said: —

'What's this I hear about you? Going into Auntie Alayne's room and flinging her powder about! Let me catch you in there again and I'll warm you so that you'll not want to sit down for a week.'

Mooey's eyes overflowed with tears. He laid down the cake he had been eating beside the piece he had not yet begun, and clutched his head in both his sticky hands. He made his mouth square and emitted a wail. Piers shook his finger at him.

'None of that!' he said. 'Sit up and take your medicine. Take that cake off his plate, Wake.'

Mooey gulped back his woe and wiped his eyes on a corner of his bib.

'It's pretty hard,' exclaimed Pheasant, 'always to restrain a small child so that he'll never get into the least little bit of mischief!'

'You must manage it somehow,' said Renny.

'If only Alayne would keep her door shut! Mooey can't manage door knobs yet.'

'Alayne can't keep her door shut. She does n't want it shut. She likes the air to stir through it.'

'But she's always complaining of drafts!'

'A draft in the sitting room and a draft in her bedroom are two very different things.'

Alayne sat listening with the feelings of one engaged in a lawsuit who sits silent, made to writhe alternately by the attorneys for and against. She had come to tea scarcely knowing how to face Renny. She had brought her book to the table as a protection. Now Renny's attitude of aggressiveness on her behalf gave her an agreeable sense of power. For the first time she felt the possibility of influence over him. If only she had him to herself! But how little likelihood there was of that, since even now he was fretting at the smallness of the family! While he was in his present mood it might be timely to introduce the subject of a nurse for Mooey.

She said, looking down the table at Pheasant and speaking gently, 'I know it is quite impossible to keep babies out of mischief. Don't you think it would be better if you had a nurse for Mooey? It would give you so much more freedom. Mrs. Patch has a young niece who might easily be got to come by the day.'

'I can't afford a nurse for him. Pheasant has nothing else to do and Bessie takes him off her hands sometimes,' said Piers.

'One could see this morning,' returned Alayne, still looking at Pheasant, 'how well Bessie looks after him. He might easily have got into danger.'

'I quite agree,' said Renny. 'We'll engage the Patch girl, and I'll pay her wages.'

This was not at all what Alayne had intended. It was not fair. Already he was doing far more than was necessary for Pheasant and Piers. Alayne sometimes wondered if they or he realized what the cost of keeping three people amounted to in a year. In spite of her effort to control it, her face fell, the corners of her mouth went down.

Piers's eyes were on her. He smiled triumphantly as though at a victory beyond mere matter of money, and said, 'Thanks awfully, old man! There's no doubt that it will be a relief for Pheasant and we shall all feel reasonably sure that the kid won't be upsetting Alayne. For my part I think it would be much better if he did n't come to the table.'

'He shall come to breakfast and tea, but not to dinner or supper,' said Renny dictatorially.

Mooey did not like this discussion about his meals. He laid his forehead against the edge of the table and wept. Piers got up, threw him across his shoulder as though he were a parcel, and carried him out.

Before she followed him Pheasant said, 'Thank you very much, Renny. It will be nice having a nurse. I'm not going to be excessively grateful, though, because I think you are doing it much more for Alayne than for me.'

They were alone, except for Wakefield. How often it seemed to Alayne that they were alone except for him! He had grown quieter of late. He was growing taller, too, and he often had a brooding, half-sulky air. Then again he would be his mischievous precocious self.

Renny turned sideways in his chair and crossed his legs, regarding her with a pleased air. 'I've got something nice for you to do,' he said. Wakefield also turned sideways in his chair, crossed his legs, and folded his arms. Alayne drew the vase of roses from the centre of the table toward herself, withdrawing her hand just at the spot where the roses and their foliage would intervene between her face and Wake's. This was an unpremeditated gesture. It was simply that she must do something, though it were merely symbolic, to shut him off from herself and Renny.

'What is it?' she asked, trying to look pleasantly eager.

'I've arranged for you to read French with the little Lebraux girl. You see, she has no one to speak it with now.'

'But why should I? I suppose she reads French better than I do already. And I speak it very little.'

'Then it will be a help to you as well.'

'But I don't want to do it!' The thought of reading or speaking French to a child whose native tongue it was bored and intimidated her. She would not have minded teaching a child ignorant of the language, but that the child should know it better than she, would perhaps go home to criticize her accent to her mother, was not to be endured.

'Don't be silly! I've promised for you.'

'It is impossible.'

In exasperation he poured down a cup of scalding tea. 'That's because you dislike Clara Lebraux.'

'So her name is Clara!'

'Why not?' He had nothing to conceal, but the color of his face deepened at the implication of intimacy in her tone.

'No reason at all. It is a name I've never cared for. And I do not feel attracted to Mrs. Lebraux. But that has nothing to do with my refusal to read French with her child.' Her voice wavered. She picked up a morsel of bread and began to pulverize it between her finger and thumb. 'Renny, can't you understand? It would be embarrassing for me to attempt to teach that girl!'

'Not to *teach!* To *read* with. There's a vast difference.'

'I am sorry, but I can't make the effort.'

'Not to please me?'

'To please you!' she repeated, raising two blazing eyes to his face. 'Why should it be so necessary to your pleasure?'

'It's not. But I hope I have some compassion in me. Give me one sensible reason why you won't do this and I'll try to understand.'

'I have explained.'

'If anyone else offered such an excuse, I can imagine what you'd say!'

'Can you?' She turned her head aside indifferently.

'Yes. You'd say they were being self-conscious and self-centred.'

She directed a hurt and angry look at Wakefield, then rose from the table. 'Not before an outsider, please,' she muttered, and left the room.

Renny took out his cigarette case, extracted a cigarette, and lighted it. He smoked in silence, his face twisted into a peculiar grimace which, if it had been observed by one of his kin, would have been translated as expressing a mood of defiance and chagrin. No one saw it. Wakefield was sitting with his elbow on the table, his head resting on his hand. The last of three sighs, drawn from the depths of his being, disturbed Renny's reflections. He shot an inquiring glance at the boy, noticed the despondent droop of the smooth dark head and the thinness of the childish wrist.

'What's the matter, kid?' he asked gently.

'Nothing.'

'Are n't you feeling well? Are you tired?' A tone of anxiety at once came into the elder's voice. Behind the sheltering hand he saw the boy's mouth trembling.

'Come here,' he said, and pushed his chair back from the table. Wakefield came round to him with averted face. Renny pulled him to his knee. 'Tell me,' he repeated, 'are n't you well? Is it your heart?' He put his arm about Wake and pressed his thin muscular hand above the weak organ as though he would impart some of his vitality to it.

Wakefield shook his head. Then he said, twisting a button on Renny's coat, 'It's Alayne. She does n't like me any more. Just before she went she called me an outsider. Did you hear her?'

Renny gave an embarrassed laugh. 'That meant nothing! Married people call others outsiders sometimes — I can't just explain why.'

'Well — if you can't explain — it's just as though you call me an outsider, too.'

Renny answered, impatiently, 'When married people make love or quarrel they generally like to be unobserved.'

'You did n't mind my being here. And it was n't only what she said — it was what she did. She pulled the bouquet so that it shut me out. She did n't think I noticed, but I did. She'd like to shut me out altogether and there's no use in your saying she would n't, Renny.' He began to cry softly, producing a ball of a handkerchief and rubbing his eyes with it.

Renny burst into noisy laughter. 'Why, you little idiot, you know very well that a dozen wives could n't come between you and me!' He hugged Wake to him and kissed him repeatedly. Wakefield's crying rose to almost hysterical sobs.

Alayne had left her book in the room and, thinking that by now Renny would have gone, she was returning for it. However, when she reached the door and saw the brothers, she quickly passed on toward the drawing-room.

'Alayne!' Renny called. 'Come here!'

She returned to the doorway and looked in at them, with a self-controlled expression on her pale face.

'You have hurt Wake's feelings by calling him an outsider. I explained that to him. Now he says that you moved the flowers so that they would shut him off from us!' He gave her an entreating look as though to say, 'I can't have him worried! You must bear with his whims and with my love for him.'

She saw the look and read in it only a repetition of his willingness to impose a disagreeable obligation on her that he might gratify someone who roused the protective instinct in him. The sight of Wakefield clinging about his neck, Wakefield's shuddering sobs, Renny's look of entreaty, filled her with cold anger. What Renny wanted her to do, she felt, was to come in and pet and reassure the boy. She could not do that; something reticent in her forbade the demonstration. She felt that even to deny that she had moved the flowers for a purpose was a debasement of her dignity.

After an inward struggle she said, 'I had no idea that I should hurt Wakefield's feelings. I'm sorry, if I did. But I can't help thinking it is a pity he hears so much of the grown-up talk. He's too introspective. He's becoming neurotic, I'm afraid. And is n't a boy of his age too big to be kissed?' She spoke in jerky, uneven sentences.

Renny said, 'His father was dead before he was born. His mother died when he was born. He's always been — well — I've often wondered if I should rear him. You can't wonder — '

She interrupted, 'But anyone who knows anything of child psychology knows that to talk that way before him is the worst thing possible for him. It puts into his mind the thought of forlornness, dependence, weakness. Can't you see?'

'No, I can't,' he answered hotly. He glared at her with the look of old Adeline. 'If your father had been a horse dealer, instead of a New England professor, we might understand each other better.'

'Renny,' she cried, 'how can you?' And she flew upstairs to her room.

Her room was to be her refuge more and more often in the following weeks. Her feeling of estrangement from the family increased rather than decreased. For Renny, to the springs of whose life she had joined her own in faith and in passion, she experienced a strange numbing of the emotions. She waited till this darkness should pass like a trailing cloud, and the light of their love burst forth again. She withdrew herself spiritually as well as physically. On his part, he treated her with more than usual politeness before the others and avoided her in secret. Piers and Pheasant believed that harmony had been restored between Renny and her, but believed also that a delicate balance was being maintained in their relations which might easily be upset.

Wakefield brooded on the scene in the dining room, but repeated nothing of it to the other members of the family. At this time he acquired the curious habit of going to the room he occupied with Renny when Alayne retreated to hers. When she closed her door, she often heard the closing of that door, as though in mockery. Sometimes, as she sat writing, she heard the door open, then, after a space, close again, as though he had stood in the doorway listening. What did the boy do in there? She was convinced that he did nothing but brood or dream, that he went for no purpose but to vex her.

The weather was hot, and her room, shaded by a giant fir tree, was always cool and pleasant. Mr. Cory, of the New York firm of publishers for whom she had been a reader, sent her several advance copies of new books from his autumn list, asking for her opinion of them. He flattered her by telling her that he had found no one adequate to take her place, on whose judgment he could so rely. The books he sent, the subjects of which were history, biography, and travel, interested her intensely. She wrote him long letters about them. So she created, for the time, an independent world of her own within the walls of Jalna, in which she recaptured some of the spirit of tranquillity and contemplation of her old life.

It was a false tranquillity, a contemplation born of her passion to conceal her real state from herself. A word, a glance, would have been enough to shatter her self-control. But each day, as the heat increased, her face became more of a cool mask. She became even more fastidious in her dress. Renny, as though fastidiousness were a weapon which he could use as well as she, became more and more careful of his dress, too. Pheasant and Piers, in emulation, made themselves as spruce as possible. Even Wakefield wore his best clothes every day, and Mooey screamed for a silver napkin ring for his bib. Piers had forbidden Pheasant to bring him to the table and Renny had not again expressed a desire to have him there. A depressing quiet hung over their meals, often broken only by Rags's whispered conversations with Renny.

In late July, Alayne had a letter from her aunts on the Hudson expressing their intention of visiting her. The thought of a visit from them was both delightful and worrying. They had never been to Jalna and she longed to show them the old house and the rambling estate. Yet would she be able to conceal from their shrewd and loving eyes the present volcanic barrenness of her life? Might not an eruption be possible during their visit?

She was all the more apprehensive because her aunts had never met Renny.

They had given their hearts to Eden at first sight. The divorce and her remarriage to Eden's brother had been a shock to them. It was only now that they could make up their minds to visit her. She wished that the elder Whiteoaks were at home. The presence of Augusta, Nicholas, and Ernest appeared to her now as a protecting wall behind which she might conceal her own heartache. She had always thought how interested she would be if she could see her aunts, so refined, so whimsically proper, so gingerly perched above all ugliness in life, in the same house with the three elderly Whiteoaks, across whom lay the lusty shadow of old Adeline.

How she had welcomed the departure of Ernest and Nicholas for England! She had looked forward to a summer of greater freedom in her life with Renny, a summer of fulfillment, of spiritual development of their love. And it had come to this! If the uncles had not gone away, things might not have come to this pass. Even that thought came to her. Over and over again she lived through their misunderstandings and tried to see what she might have done to prevent them. She could not discover anything in her most self-accusing mood that would have prevented them except the humbling of her spirit to his and the absolute conforming to the life of the house. She believed that if she had it all to live over again she would do just that — humble her spirit and conform absolutely.

Perhaps, if only she had agreed to read French with that unattractive Lebraux child, all might have been well. But the thought of the child brought the thought of the mother, and the thought of the mother brought a rush of anger and jealousy that drove all else from her mind. She discovered that she was bitterly jealous of Mrs. Lebraux, that she was even jealous of little Pauline. When Piers made a remark to Renny in reference to the fox farm, and Renny answered in obvious familiarity with its affairs, she dared not look at them lest they should read the anger in her eyes.

Looking back over her acquaintance with Renny, she recognized that he had always irritated her, excited some latent antagonism in her, sometimes as though deliberately, more often by simply being himself. She and Eden had never quarreled. From the first her love for him had in it a maternal quality. There was nothing maternal in her love for Renny. It was instinctive, violent, and without rest. And though there was no rest in it, no peace in it, neither was there growth. It was like the sea, eternally beating against its shores, yet eternally bound by them.

What had they been quarreling about? Old Benny — the sheep dog. Mooey — the baby. Pauline and Wakefield — children. Was their life together to be ruined by quarrels over dogs and children? If only she had a child of her own, things might be different. But Renny had never expressed a desire for a child of his own. . . .

XXIII

Alma Patch was the girl who came as nursemaid to young Maurice. She was the niece of the village nurse, and her aunt was well pleased to be the means of installing her at Jalna. The village nurse was also the village gossip, and, as the Whiteoaks were the mainstay of rumor and of tattle, Alma would be a conduit through which a continuous supply would flow.

She was a strong girl with sandy hair and a freckled face, and she never raised her voice above a whisper except when she sang or laughed, which she did in a piercingly high soprano. She was as lazy as possible and very fond of children. To sit on the grass minding Mooey, while he trotted about her in his play, sometimes stopping to throw grass on her or hug her or even kick her, was Alma's idea of bliss. Then to fill her stomach with good food, and her mind with rich gossip, and return home at dusk an object of rare importance to her friends, constituted a life of such perfection as it is given to few to enjoy.

About the time of Alma's appearance at Jalna, Pauline Lebraux gave Renny a nine-months-old Irish terrier named Barney, which had been sent to her for her birthday by a friend of her father's in Quebec. It had been impossible for her to keep the dog because he spent all his time in barking at the foxes, exciting them to frenzy. So, though she loved him, and because she loved him, Pauline presented him in turn to Renny on his birthday. As though he needed another dog!

But Renny seemed to have unlimited room in his affections for dogs and children. He looked on Barney as the one dog to fill a long-felt want. But the terrier was the wildest, most untamable creature that had ever been on the place. Piers thought he was excessively inbred. Renny, who was an advocate of inbreeding, insisted that Barney was the victim of a system of raising dogs like wild animals. He guessed that he had been brought up in an enclosure without a word of kindness. To make friends with him, to teach him what companionship of man and dog might be, this was a task after Renny's heart. And Barney, who was beautifully set up, had, beneath the untamed look in his eyes, a look of desperate need.

But he would not allow himself to be touched. He scarcely knew his name. He carried his meals into a corner, growling like a wild animal while he devoured them. He slept in Wright's room over the garage, but he did not make friends with Wright. From the moment he was released in the morning he ran hither and thither as though half demented by the multitude of strange sights about him and the vast open spaces where he might run at will. The fields of grain were tall and a deep golden color. Barney spent most of his days in them as in a jungle. Deep in a field a movement might be seen stirring the ears of wheat or barley, and then stillness again, for it was sultry weather and no breeze touched the grain. Sometimes when Renny walked past the fields, followed by his two clumber spaniels, Barney's face would appear, watching them cautiously from the shelter of the grain. He would let them get a little way ahead, then, in his concealment, he would bound after them till he was again abreast and again he would peer out with that same desperate look in his eyes.

The spaniels appeared to understand all about him. In his own way Renny had explained the situation to them. They would give a friendly look in his direction but no more, walking with dignity at their master's heels.

At last a day came when he emerged from the shelter of the grain and ran in the open for a little way near Renny and the spaniels.

'Just watch,' Renny advised Piers, who had been inclined to jeer, 'and you will see a splendid dog in him yet. He's never had a chance till now and he's responding to it every day.'

'He's getting to look a little beauty, no doubt about that,' acceded Piers. 'He's grown a lot since he came. But I'm willing to bet that it will be cold weather before he comes of his own accord to you and lets you pet him.'

'What will you bet?'

'A fiver.'

'Done.'

Renny won the bet by a wide margin. He was riding his favorite roan one morning at a canter along the path through the woods when suddenly he came upon Barney, his head in a burrow. When the dog withdrew his head he seemed too astonished for movement. He stood sniffing the roan's legs, then raised himself to sniff Renny's boots. When horse and rider moved on he trotted close behind. From that time he followed the roan whenever and wherever he could. Inside of a month he had come to Renny of his own accord and laid his head on his knee.

Renny's pleasure in this achievement was so great that he boasted of it even to Alayne, who cared little for dogs, and for this dog less than others, since it had come from the fox farm. But she tried to soften her face, which felt rigid, into a sympathetic smile.

One day in late August, when a thunderstorm was pending, Renny and Piers, accompanied by Wright, went in the car to a sale twenty miles away. Pheasant was in bed that day, feeling ill. She had told Alayne that morning that she believed she was going to have a child.

Alayne wandered about downstairs trying to settle herself at something; but the air was full of electricity, there was a sulphurous light in the sky, which seemed uncomfortably near the treetops, and she felt disturbed, even shaken, by Pheasant's news.

A second child for her and Piers! Perhaps another son! And there were no signs that she herself might become a mother. She had not yet been married a year and a half, but she had a morbid premonition that she was to be childless — that she was to see Meggie and Pheasant rejoicing in their motherhood, see Renny carrying their children in his arms, and feel herself married without the fulfillment of marriage. She leaned against the window of the sitting room looking out on the side lawn, where, in the sultry shade, Mooey lay stretched flat on his back idly lifting first one leg and then the other. Alma sat beside him, her face a blank from contentment and heat. Alayne wondered what went on in that head under the sandy hair. She watched the girl's large pink hands pluck blades of grass and tickle her own lips with them.

As she was wondering thus, Alma's eyes became round and prominent with terror. She opened her mouth wide and gave a piercing scream. The shock to Alayne was all the greater for never having heard the girl utter a sound above a whisper up to this moment. Mooey sat up and looked at Alma.

'Do it again!' he said.

As though at his bidding Alma repeated her scream, and now Alayne saw what she was screaming about. Barney was flying round and round the lawn in a kind of aimless fury, his jaws snapping rhythmically and foam whitening his lips. He passed beneath her window then and she saw his eyes fixed in a hallucinated glare. From a window above came Pheasant's shrieks, then her agonized call to Alma to run with Mooey to the house.

'This way!' cried Alayne. 'This way! Bring him to me!'

Alma snatched up the child and passed him through the window to Alayne just as the dog again flitted by like a creature from a nightmare. Somehow Alayne managed to drag the girl in also.

She ran to the hall and met Rags there. His pale face had become ashen.

'Did you know that that dog of Mr. W'iteoak's 'as gone mad, ma'am? Is n't it terrible?' He ran to the front door, shut and locked it.

Alayne could hear a commotion of voices in the basement. She could hear Pheasant frantically questioning child and nurse upstairs. One of the farm laborers, named Quinn, appeared at the back of the hall.

'Don't you think we'd better shoot the dog, ma'am? He's gone clean mad!'

'Yes, yes — we *must* have him destroyed! It's too terrible. Oh, I wish Mr. Whiteoak were here!'

'The cook said that if you would let me have Mr. Whiteoak's gun — I could use that.'

'His gun . . .' She looked at him blankly.

'The cook says it's in his room.'

'I'll fetch it, ma'am,' put in Rags.

'No, Wragge. I will get it.'

She ran up the stairs, feeling electrified to strength and competence. Pheasant followed her to the door of Renny's room. 'It's in a leather case,' she said, 'in the cupboard.'

Alayne found the case, rapidly unbuckled the straps, and took out the polished gun. Her hands were steady as she carried it down to Quinn and put it in his hands. She suddenly remembered Wakefield and asked where he was.

'Oh, ma'am!' cried Rags. ''E's over there with 'is pony, and the dog has run to the stables!'

Quinn hurried off with the gun.

Pheasant called from upstairs, 'Alayne! Come — quick! You can see him from my bedroom window!'

Alayne flew up to her, but when she reached the window, though the stables were visible, nothing living was to be seen but Quinn running toward them with the gun in his hands.

'Had you seen the dog to-day before this happened?' she asked.

Pheasant pressed her fingers to her temples. 'Yes. I saw him following Quinn. Quinn was taking the roan and one of the farm horses to be shod. Barney was following the roan. I thought it was funny, because I'd never seen him go out on the road before. . . . There! Quinn has gone into the stable! Oh, is n't it horrible? Shall I close the window so we shan't hear the gun go off?'

Mooey shouted, 'I want to hear the gun go off! Bang! Bang! I'm not f'ightened!'

'I don't think you had better shut it. It is stifling — the hottest day I have seen this summer.'

They stood staring in the direction of the stables, — of which only a part could be seen through a break in the row of firs that had been planted with the object of hiding them, — as though they expected to see something frightful enacted there. Presently they heard shouts, and their fascinated eyes saw figures running past the open space. Then, between the firs, the terrier appeared, and ran on to the lawn in a strange, lolloping gait, evidently at the point of dropping. There was a tear on his haunch from which the blood dripped to the grass. He raised his head and looked up at the windows where they stood.

Quinn and two other men ran into view carrying hayforks. One of them, a youth from a Glasgow factory, kept well behind the other two, his round face stupid with fear. Pheasant and Alayne did not realize what the men were going to do until they ran up to Barney and began to jab their forks into him. He fell, bleeding in a dozen places.

Then the Glasgow youth pressed forward and thrust his fork so deep into the body that he had to put his foot on it in order to pull out the prongs.

Alayne had Pheasant, fainting, on her hands.

Young Maurice asked, ‘Why did they do that? But Barney was naughty, was n’t he? Why does Mummy want to sleep?’

By the time Alayne had got Pheasant back to her bed and had restored the child to his nurse, Wakefield had rushed into the room. His eyes were glittering with excitement.

‘Did you see?’ he cried. ‘Was n’t it terrible? I was standing quite close, behind the bushes. I saw everything, you know. Quinn did n’t understand Renny’s gun. He could n’t make it go off. They chased Barney round and round the stable and Quinn managed to wound him, but he got away and ran toward the house. I believe he thought he’d find Renny here. Won’t Renny be surprised when he comes home? I hope I can be the one to tell him!’

The car, in which rode Renny, Piers, and Wright, did not turn into the drive until late afternoon. It went straight to the stables, and there were half a dozen men about eager to tell the news.

‘You fools!’ exclaimed Piers. ‘The dog no more had rabies than you have! He was hysterical. Nothing more.’

Wright said, ‘If I had been here, he’d never have been killed. We’ve had them like that before this and they got over it, did n’t they, sir?’ He turned to Renny.

Renny was staring at Quinn, who had told excitedly of his prowess, but who was now looking slightly abashed. The Glasgow youth stood close by, eager for praise, if there was any, but disclaiming all responsibility in the act.

‘Do you mean to tell me,’ said Renny, ‘that four of you chased that puppy through the stables with pitchforks, then rounded him up on the lawn and butchered him?’

‘The gun would n’t go off,’ muttered Quinn.

‘What gun was it?’

‘Yours, sir. Mrs. Whiteoak went and got it for me.’

‘Why did n’t you shut him in the loose box?’

‘Gosh, I would n’t have touched him on a bet, sir. He looked something fierce.’

‘Where is he?’

They had buried him.

‘Dig him up! I want to see him.’

They led the way to the spot, and the Glasgow youth, eager to put himself right, snatched up a spade and thrust it violently into the ground.

Renny took it from him. ‘Here!’ he said. ‘Do you want to crack his skull? I’d sooner see yours cracked.’

He began cautiously to uncover the body. When it lay exposed, he bent over it. He turned it on its other side, frowning at the wounds. He ran his hand along the spine in a quick caress, then straightened himself.

‘You made a pretty mess of the job,’ he said. He added, to Wright, ‘Have the head taken off, Wright. I shall send it to be examined. He should never have been taken on the road in a heat like this.’

He returned to the house. In the hall he met Alayne.

‘Well,’ he said with a grin, ‘so you managed to murder my dog among you, while I was away!’

(*To be continued*)

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ADVICE TO A FRENCHMAN GOING TO AMERICA

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

To prepare for this trip, you have read a hundred books about America: forget them. When a traveler describes a foreign country, he is tempted to exaggerate its strangeness. But I, whose business it is not to please you but to instruct you, shall tell you that the beings with human faces whom, after your six days on the ocean, you will encounter on the other side are not as different from your friends in Europe, or from yourself, as you imagine. They are men who, like us, work, suffer, eat, drink, and make love; read the poets; build temples and destroy them; are born and die. When you have noticed that some of them, like yourself, are fond of Proust and Valéry, when you have seen in their houses pictures by Degas and Renoir, and heard in their concerts Debussy, Dukas, and Ravel, I am sure that you will abandon, shamefaced, the extravagant panoply of the spiritual explorer, in which I now behold you. You are going to America, not to the moon. Be natural.

Don't flatter yourself that you know American because you speak English. You would be deceived. You will understand New York women and Harvard professors. But when you encounter groups less impregnated with European culture, you will discover a new language. The presence in America of ethnic groups so important that they have preserved an independent racial existence has enriched this language with Italian, German, and Jewish words, which have mingled with the English, as Arabic with Spanish or French at the time of the Moorish invasions. When *Babbitt* was published for the first time in England, it called for a dictionary.

American is a much younger language than English. Its words still spring from images, as in primitive languages. Many of them are short-lived. In 1927, when I was in America for the first time, everything that charmed was 'cute.' In 1931, the word had become ridiculous, almost prohibited. You will tell me that 'awful' in England, *formidable* in France, have known a like vogue and decadence. But in the United States the cycle is briefer, and the vocabulary of each instant is more ephemeral.

You will be astonished to find, over there, the 'yes' of the English often replaced by a double grunt which is produced, without opening the mouth, by first expelling a delicate current of air through the nose, then by inhaling gently. One hears, thus, two very distinct notes, the second the higher, which, united, express a sort of approbation at once languid, passive, and

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kindly. Women, oftener than men, use these musical and barbarous sounds. I have long sought their origin. It is to be found, I believe, in the extreme nervous fatigue of human beings after an American metropolitan day. The double grunt has the advantage over an articulated sound in that it expresses polite indifference with physical effort reduced to the minimum.

It is a commonplace that there is no conversation in America. Like all commonplaces, this one may lack niceties of shading. An after-dinner conversation between professors from Princeton, Yale, or Cornell is very like a conversation among professors in France or England. In New York I attended a dinner of what is called the Round Table, where the political conversation was worthy of Léon Bérard or Briand. A tête-à-tête with an intelligent American woman is one of the greatest pleasures one can have in America. But such happy moments are rare. And why?

Americans do not give cooking 'considered as one of the fine arts' an important place in life. Lunch is for them a kind of gratuity paid to the body. They hurriedly toss it a fruit, a fish, and go back to work. Certain writers, in rebellion, have founded the club 'Three Hours for Lunch,' but they are an agreeable exception. Even at dinner, general conversation is rare. Everyone talks to his neighbor. After dinner the men linger at table, a custom inherited from England. In New York your host will often propose taking you to the theatre, or else he will provide a pianist, a singer, a lecturer. The idea of leaving his guests to themselves, and expecting them to get pleasure out of meeting one another, astonishes and even appalls him. His excessive modesty does not permit his imagining that his friends can be happy merely in being in his house, with him and one another. He treats them like children. On Christmas Eve you will see, in some of the pleasantest homes in New York, Christmas trees for grown people. In other places, after a dinner at which you have met remarkable men with whom you would like to exchange ideas, there will be a prestidigitator who will do his best to amuse the oldsters. Thus, you must realize that the absence of conversation in America comes, not from absence of ideas or lack of intelligence or understanding, but from an unconquerable shyness and a prodigious self-distrust. In no other country will you find such impotence in self-expression. It is your business to beat down these barriers and to give the great 'repressed' a chance for rest and confidence.

Alcohol will help you. I know that in France you drink little. In America you will find it hard to keep sober. Almost everywhere you will be offered something to drink; it will be difficult for you to refuse. In American eyes, prohibition has given to the offer of a drink an importance which never used to exist. The man who fills your glass sacrifices for you a portion of a reserve, of a limited stock. He will be hurt if you appear to take his sacrifice too lightly. You will have heard much of dangerous drinks, of poisoned wine; if you abstain, you will give the impression that you lack confidence or courage. Console yourself with the thought that in the houses of the Drys the cocktail is replaced by a glass of tomato sauce.

But you must understand that there is in this struggle over alcohol something profounder and more noble. It is an overture to liberty and the first revolt of the American against the tyranny of custom. The American has greater need of alcohol than the Frenchman or the Italian. First puritanism, then bourgeois respectability, have made of him a being who dares not surrender himself to his natural instincts. Drink sets him free from age-long repressions. 'It is only when I have had something to drink,' said one of them to me, 'that I can at last be myself.' The 'speak-easy' is the only place in New York where men and women come together for the mere pleasure of companionship, without the need of a show, and without counting the minutes. Conversation is better there than in the drawing-rooms, and the food is better than in the homes of the rich. There the father gets to know his son and daughter. There family life is revived. Don't miss it, and if you fear the confusion of mind that the cocktail begets in a Frenchman, do as I did: take a swallow, then forget your full glass on the table.

Of all the false ideas that you can bring with you, the most senseless is the legend of an American indifferent to the things of the mind. You will find in this country a literature and an architecture. A school of painting? I'm not so sure. What I have seen has seemed to me too much influenced by European modernism to be original. But America's books are among the best of our time. What ought you to read? Among novelists: Ernest Hemingway, — he has the style of a tube of nickeled steel, — John Dos Passos, Thomas Wolfe, Glenway Wescott, Michael Gold; or, if you prefer a more classic strain, Willa Cather, Thornton Wilder, Louis Bromfield, Christopher Morley. I don't need to mention the most famous: Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, whom you already know. Among poets: T. S. Eliot, Stephen Benét. Among essayists: Walter Lippmann, Thomas Beer. Among philosophers: Santayana, John Dewey. Among critics: Edmund Wilson, J. W. Krutch. Among dramatists: Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice. I mention them haphazard from memory and perhaps forget the best, but the length of this sketchy list may give you some idea of the riches that await you.

I am not acquainted with the intellectual life of Pittsburgh or Detroit, but I believe that you will find New York one of the cities most exciting to the mind that there are in the world. New York is the 'clearing house' for the ideas of the universe. All the important books of every country are translated there. One finds there a public for Virginia Woolf, for André Gide, for Thomas Mann. The book most read in America to-day may be by a Swede; to-morrow it will be by a Frenchman, a Russian.

This universal curiosity is, naturally, not without its dangers. The life of the mind suffers, in the United States, from ills which are those of our epoch; but over there they have taken on a virulent form. The gravest is a swift exhaustion of ideas. It has been said that the American people, as a whole, adopt a scientific idea as they adopt a fashion in footgear. To a certain extent this is true. Freudism, Behaviorism, the humanism of Irving Babbitt, the relativity of Einstein, have successively, and in an elementary form, penetrated the middle classes much more deeply than in Europe. But the American wearies of systems as quickly as he gobbles them up. With him, intellectual fashions are transitory. Because the most brilliant minds of Europe come here to parade their paradoxes, the American brain, blasé, demands that its spiritual viands be highly spiced. The critical mind is lacking, not among the best, but among the masses. You will retort that the masses in Europe are sufficiently destitute of it. That may be, but in France they have common sense not free from impatience, a traditional distrust; in England, a splendid indifference and a profound contempt for ideas, which go flying through the brain and keep the motors of the mind from stalling. In the United States there is a greater freshness of spirit — a more naïve curiosity. All that is congenial, but carries the danger of formidable mistakes.

So, if you wish to make a swift impression upon the crowd in this country, you can do it. Be brilliant, be cynical. Burn what others have worshiped and worship what others have burned. Criticize America savagely. There will be violent reactions; these will enhance your ephemeral glory. The newspapers will quote your words. You will be a celebrity, and, in three months, forgotten. But if you desire, as I hope you do, to bring to these strangers the best that is in you, behave in quite the opposite fashion. Be natural, don't press your ideas upon them, strive after precise and delicate shades of meaning, as you would if you were addressing the most cultivated and fastidious Frenchman. You will not make a great stir. The reporters, disappointed, not finding in your conversation the material for headlines, will write you up in three lines or not at all. But slowly shy, modest, impartial minds will find you out. There are many such in the United States. They will make you one of themselves. Though you may not be a man of genius, still you can give them what they lack, and what you owe to France: the taste for order in ideas, constructive skill, a long and skillful tradition in sentimental analysis. They will bring to you freshness of mind and a directness of approach to moral and metaphysical questions, as if these questions were quite new. You will show them what it means to be mature. To you they will reveal youth.

You have been told that the American does n't know how to eat. But all generalizations are untrue. The American cuisine is monotonous (you will eat chicken every evening and ice cream twice a day), but this cuisine is excellent when it is simple. Why complain, in a country where fruit is abundant and fresh, where the morning grapefruit is followed by the midday persimmon; where the botanists, by intricate graftings, have produced a super-vegetable, a melon which they have named 'honeydew'? In New England, ask for sea food. Boston has her fish, as Marseilles has hers. The clams of New York are tender, and melt in the mouth. In the roadhouses, ask for half a roast chicken and lima beans. Beware of salads. American salads are culinary heresies. In them you will find slices of fresh fruit criminally soaked in oil, cheese and cabbage gone astray, hearts of lettuce so tough that your knife makes no impression on them. The bread, almost always homemade, varies in form and flavor. You will miss the round French loaf, mildly salty, but you will like the rolls peppered with hard and fragrant caraway seeds. To conclude, do not be surprised to find many dishes decorated with strange and irrelevant trimmings. This young people has a taste for ornament keener than its appreciation of the pleasures of the palate.

Dress as you would in Paris. Suits sober and dark in New York and the large cities; tweeds, plus-fours, and golf stockings in the country. At the theatre, in the evening, a dinner coat is less necessary than in London. The roundabout does not offend, nor the light-colored overcoat. In the daytime, all the men assume that air of prosperous mechanics that permits the millionaires their soft collars. The American proletarian wears a soft hat, often a cap. At work he keeps it on his head and slips overalls over his suit. That gives him, in our European eyes, the appearance of an amateur who might by chance have been caught tinkering under his car.

But, you ask me, do not all Americans wear the same costume and the same hat at the same moment? So I have read. It may have been true once. It has not been my experience. I have seen caps, I have seen soft hats, and I have seen young people without hats. At Princeton, they told me of a time when to wear an open shirt collar, after the manner of Shelley or Byron, was a sign of revolt, punished by social ostracism. But these things happened three or four years ago — that is to say, in the far past. In 1930, a student was free to wear what he pleased. There were fashions, — a certain overcoat of beige cashmere, trousers of gray flannel, — but these were not more *de rigueur* than those of Cambridge or Oxford. Only, the freshman must observe a proper modesty; a dark cap was prescribed for him.

Because the United States is a democratic country, you imagine a life without restraint. This is because you have never studied the manners of primitive peoples. The younger a human group, the more rigid its formalism, because only by severe rules can men be tamed and made to conform to social life. It is in the most ancient aristocracies that we find the freest manners and the most gracious flexibility. In solitude, the pioneer becomes brutal. When he begins to live in society with his fellows, it is necessary to impose upon him a code of manners. The etiquette of Louis XIV was devised for the rude nobility of the Fronde. The formality of pioneers is astonishing.

If you should happen to live, as I have lived, in an American university town, the day after your arrival you will find at your door two hundred cards. The entire faculty calls upon you. Even those who find you at home put down a card on leaving; and you, in your turn, if you have the strength for it, must return those two hundred calls. An invitation by telephone is rare, and is considered contrary to good usage. If circumstances have made it necessary, it is followed by a letter of excuse. The smallest happenings are pretexts for letters of sympathy or congratulation. An American friend writes to tell you that the dinner, last evening, was pleasant, and that he will cherish a special memory of it. On every occasion people exchange gifts, small, without money value, but which foster friendly feelings. When you are tired and driven, you will find these attentions superfluous. On second thought, you will see how, in this young society, they help to sustain life.

Beware of thinking that, because it is a country without an hereditary nobility, America is without a hierarchy. I know few countries where the etiquette of contempt is so varied. The Anglo-Saxons despise the other races, and these despise one another. The Southerners scorn the Northerners; the Easterners, those of the Middle West. Those who have been in America three hundred years look down on the two-hundred-year-olds, and these again upon the Americans of a century, who in their turn refuse to recognize the new arrivals. In the old families, where the eldest son bears the Christian name of his father (there is always a Cornelius Vanderbilt, a Percy Pyne, as there is always a Corisande among the Gramonts and a François among the La Rochefoucaulds), a numeral follows the name. One day we shall be saying John Jacob Astor XVII, as we say Prince Henry XXII of Reuss. At Hollywood the old families are those of the silent films: Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford. They have English butlers, lace tablecloths, a chef in the kitchen, old wines. Charlie Chaplin is the Swann of this obsolescent world, where they speak in whispers, with regret, of the good old times when the screen was dumb.

American snobbery clings to very strange symbols of nobility which would have delighted Marcel Proust. To have a telephone number as low as possible is a social advantage. A new multimillionaire will be ready to pay the employee who distributes the license numbers of automobiles a fancy price to obtain some number in the first hundred, which has been set free by the extinction of a great name. A box at the Metropolitan Opera House has its history, like a seat in the French Academy. The names of the successive incumbents are printed on each programme. At performances given for charity, when all the boxes are for sale, some *nouveau riche* will think it glorious and flattering to occupy the Astor box, or the box of the Cuttings.

If you want to be happy, refuse yourself to society hostesses, who will devour your time and strength. Choose a few friends. There are, in New York, some delightful and simple homes; flee the others. If, for particular ends, you must storm the town, that is different. Be more snobbish than the snobs. Your hauteur will astonish them; your silence will disquiet them; your caprices will enchant them. These people suffer from too narrow an existence; break the bounds.

You arrive convinced by the tales of your fellow travelers that there is great latitude in morals in America. Be prudent. This is the country in which woman is most rigorously protected. Adultery is rare. Its place is filled by multiple divorce. Young girls, beautiful, often intelligent, have made up their minds to marry. What they call their 'technique' is an art of love very different from that of Ovid. It is true that you, as a stranger, will be granted some immunity. The European is desirable as a lover or a friend, not as a husband. He would not be, like the American, at once generous and without jealousy. The marriage of a Frenchman and an American girl is a marriage of two spoiled children — an unstable compound. People here are more simple than with us. Passion does not play so great a rôle. You will be surprised to see how some young man, arriving on the scene with a young girl who, in your eyes, is *his*, will quietly stand aside and watch while she gives her attention to another. They do not cling, as we do, to those who flee them. It is better to renounce than to suffer.

'How,' they said to me, 'can you picture in your novels men so occupied with women? Is it because your heroes have nothing to do?'

Theirs is a frank naïveté. But if you succeed in rousing one of these glorious creatures, the more unaccustomed she is to that uneasy love of Europe, the deeper her attachment to you will be. The American woman finds slaves; she seeks a master. If you are free, play the part. The stake is worth it.

I should like to speak to you further, of young men and sport, of colleges for young women which are paradise, and of party politics which are hell. But you are off; I can add but a word. You go to the land of timidity; forget not your sympathy. You go to the land of good will; never forget that you have a warm heart. You go to the land of youth; do not stifle your enthusiasm. A people is a mirror in which each traveler contemplates his own image. In America as elsewhere, remember, one finds what one brings. Create for yourself an America of which you may be worthy. That is the only one you will discover.

THE LAWLESS ARM OF THE LAW

BY ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

I

It was Commissioner Austin J. Roche of the Buffalo Police Department who phrased for me the contemporary doctrine of unlawful law enforcement in its most appealing form.

'My oath of office, as a chief of police,' said he, 'requires me to protect this community against crime. If I have to violate my oath of office or violate the Constitution, I'll violate the Constitution. Nobody thinks of hedging firemen about with a lot of restrictive laws that favor the fire. Crime is fully as dangerous to the public as fire, and the policeman and fireman ought to be equally free. If, in the process of enforcing the laws, I or my men infringe anyone's Constitutional rights, the law provides a remedy — let him sue.'

The sincerity of these utterances was as obvious to me as the Commissioner's gift of epigram. The attitude toward the basic law of the land so pithily conveyed may seem slightly surprising in a professional field agent of law and government; and the fallacy of comparing fire, which is chemical, with crime, which is human, may strike you at first glance as too clear to be taken seriously. But Commissioner Roche was speaking for a school of thought that is widely prevalent (though not quite universal) in American police circles to-day. Our devoted law enforcers in most municipalities are in a curiously open state of rebellion against those portions of the Constitution which outline the methods and set forth the principles of the American plan of criminal justice. Opinions of this same general tenor followed me across the country and back again last autumn and winter, when I was investigating unlawful law-enforcement practices for a division of the Wickersham Commission; and the opinions were so similarly phrased that a Hamilton Fish might easily have suspected the working of a malignant and secret propaganda — perhaps the Third Internationale itself — among our constables. Daily acts of lawbreaking, in the course of law-enforcement work, in virtually every city visited were giving this doctrine life. The 'arm of the law' is offending against a part — and that the better part — of the body of law it is assumed to protect.

Not mere technicalities, but the large essentials that are social no less than legal, are the favored objects of police violation. The Fourth Amendment of the Constitution, safeguarding us from unreasonable seizure of the person, is being violated by innumerable false arrests. The Fifth Amendment, protecting all persons against loss of liberty without due process of law, is commonly invaded by the holding of arrested persons varying lengths of time in police jails before even charging them with crime. Through continual clubbings and beatings of arrested persons, and clubbings and beatings having no connection with arrest, police are violating 'domestic tranquillity' and invading the first purpose of all government — the personal safety of individuals.

Kidnapping, and assault and battery, are forbidden to the police by statute, no less than to the ordinary citizen. But just as policemen may speak with impunity against the Constitution, so they may safely violate the statute law. False arrests, and illegally long imprisonments after arrest, are, however, only preliminary steps in the main unlawful process — the 'sweating' of suspects to secure confessions.

II

In every city our police hold what can only be called outlaw tribunals, — informal and secret inquisitions of arrested persons, — which are, terminology aside, actual and very vigorous trials for crime. The origin of the idea that it is a police function to try cases I do not know; but literally everywhere to-day these inquisitorial courts of pre-trial are in full operation behind locked doors in police stations and police headquarters. Devoid of form and rules, these outlaw sessions are alike as to the invariable main purpose of the police, detectives, or officials who hold them; and that one purpose is to make the arrested person *confess to guilt of crime.* Says the Fifth Amendment: 'Nor shall any person . . . be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself.' The legal courts, of course, obey this mandate. As a nation we are getting around it, for in practice the Constitutional guarantee is thoroughly dead — through this self-arrogated police privilege of star-chamber grilling, beginning usually with the formula: 'All right — we know you're guilty; come through and it'll be easier for you.'

It is normal, of course, that detectives should ask suspected persons about their whereabouts, activities, acquaintances, and the like, though even then the Constitutional right of silence cannot be denied. Historically, the pressure to obtain confessions has been such an abomination that the framers of the Constitution, and the English common law long before their time, expressly outlawed it. The British police are forbidden to ask the direct question: 'Are you guilty?' As a result, they have devised legitimate detective methods. But our whole American police profession has plunged, with extraordinary enthusiasm of late, into this business of compelling confessions. The lion's share of detective brains has gone into this task, to the neglect and detriment of legal investigative work. So we have many star confession getters, few star detectives. Our courts are deluged with confessions; in general, about three fourths of all felony cases that come into court have confessions submitted as evidence, or result in pleas of guilty based upon confessions. No one has the least doubt that 99 per cent of these confessions are 'compelled.' The secret grilling process itself reeks of compulsion, even though violence be avoided. (It is not always avoided; the third degree exists.) Centring all upon the confession, proud of it, staking everything upon it, the major canon of American police work is based upon the nullification of the most truly libertarian clause of the Fifth Amendment.

I dwell upon this because the outlaw pre-trial inquisition by police is by all odds our predominating trial court in point of fact. The police 'try' about five cases, and dispose of them through liberation (acquittal) or by getting confessions (conviction), to every one that is tried legally in an authorized court. This is the statistical indication for New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati — a fair cross section. And the police obtain confessions in about five cases to every one that is convicted in a court of law. The legal courts come into operation only after the police are through; they are reduced to the position of merely ratifying the plea of guilt which the police have obtained, or else holding trials over the minor percentage of arrested persons about whom the police could reach no conclusion. Let us not be deceived by appearances: the testing of guilt or innocence is being conducted in this country to-day outside the field of law and by police methods which are contrary to law. The inquisition held by the police before trial is the outstanding feature of American criminal justice, though no statute recognizes its existence.

III

Now the reason why the Constitution, and the common law before it, forbade secret trials was that history plainly showed the tendency of star-chamber sessions to engender the trial by ordeal. Our detectives and police officials not only have revived the ancient trial by ordeal, but have added torture to it. One hundred and three instances of torture, ranging from fatigue and hunger to blows, beatings, and abnormal acts of sadism, may be found in the records of State Supreme Courts and the United States Supreme Court since 1920. The Wickersham Commission gathered many more that had not reached the highest courts.

Of the fifteen cities studied by the Commission, only Boston (by long tradition), Philadelphia (since 1928), and Cincinnati (of late) showed a total absence of brutal violence from these pre-trial sessions. Violence was habitual in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; fairly frequent or occasional, though under control, in Cleveland, Detroit, Newark, Buffalo, Los Angeles; perhaps infrequent, though extreme when it did occur, in such smaller cities as Albany, Denver, and the like. Seattle's pre-trials were unique: they were held, not by detectives, but by the 'harness bulls' at the moment of arrest, confessions being sought and often obtained before the suspects even reached the station house. In San Francisco, and elsewhere, the street beating had the character of being a prefatorial warning of what would come if a confession was withheld. Conditions, as far as the use or the forms of violence are concerned, may vary in any given city at any moment, — there have been apparent variations, due to administrative changes, in both Detroit and Chicago since the investigation, — but the thing that shows no signs of changing is the secret grilling, the inquisition by police; and its star-chamber and extralegal character breeds violence and abuse at the whim of those who are the inquisitors. Having no legal status, having grown up *because* of the convenient absence of legal rules and guarantees, how can its results be otherwise?

One result may be briefly noted. The confessions obtained by the police, through threats, violence, long imprisonment, fatigue, fear, hunger, or merely by creating a menacing situation from which the suspect urgently desires to escape, would not be worth the paper they are written on, as evidence, if all were known to the court of law. 'A confession is voluntary in law if, and only if, it was in fact voluntarily made,' said the United States Supreme Court in the Wan case. Hence the final link in the chain of lawlessness is perjury; it is indulged in by the police as a routine matter, to get confession evidence accepted. Lawlessness must be covered up by lawlessness. This whole extralegal procedure violates, then, all the rules made to safeguard the integrity of evidence, all the Constitutional guarantees of fair trial, and the spirit of the Eighth Amendment forbidding cruel and unusual punishments.

IV

It is possible to describe the technique of American police in fairly harmless terms — as resting upon prompt arrest, the development of evidence after arrest rather than before, with the suspected person held in custody meanwhile, and the principal search for evidence centring upon the suspect's head. It is only by placing this system side by side with the law of the land that one can appreciate how genuinely usurpative and subversive it is. The Constitution forbids certain practices; they are brought back, under cover, by the police. That is what it amounts to, though the founders of this nation would have put it more strongly; they would have said: 'These outlawed practices are what we have defined as tyranny.'

One more root of police lawlessness, besides the usurped trial function, is the usurped punishment function. No law gives to constables any general disciplinary powers or any right of corporal punishment. 'What do they give us these night sticks for if they don't want us to use them?' queried a New York policeman in conversation with a worker for the Wickersham Commission. The same suggestion reposes in the service revolver. So we have continual assault and battery, mayhem, and even homicide committed by policemen on our streets; and that strange immunity from penalty, the curious feeling that somehow the policeman is not a citizen but is 'the law,' preserves the lawbreaking enforcement officer from punishment for his crimes.

The police have their arguments in justification. I have indicated the major point of the doctrine so epigrammatically put by Commissioner Roche. Behind it are a mass of tradition, a habit as to method that has become a sort of common law of police work, a resentment against shyster lawyers and hence against the law, a certain laziness, an ingrained notion that constabulary work is mainly fighting, excitement over an emergency of crime, a sad failure by lower-court judges and prosecuting attorneys to hold policemen within the law, a general lack of real police training, a fairly recent and greatly increasing withholding of public support from the police, a fundamental and quite genuine conviction — bred by daily contact with the outcast classes — that the 'criminal' is not really human and not to be included with general humanity in the sheltering guarantees of the Constitution.

And so we have a kind of law enforcement that is more akin to the vigilance committee than to the intention of American government. A highly important function becomes a struggle between two forces, both outside the law. The police could win that struggle — though they show few signs of doing it — without violating our legal system at all. The average citizen has the right to inquire: 'When is the establishment of *law* to begin?'

V

The extent of false arrests can be briefly indicated by an interesting set of statistics, compiled from a score of surveys of major cities and submitted to the Wickersham Commission by Mr. Alfred Bettman of Cincinnati. The tables, in general, showed the phenomenon of 'case mortality' — the tremendous discrepancy between the number of arrests made and the number of arrested persons finally convicted.

Mr. Bettman commented: 'A large percentage without conviction is as compatible with the conclusion that an excessive number of innocent persons were arrested as with the conclusion that an excessive number of guilty persons escaped punishment.' Or, I would add, if not 'innocent' persons, at least persons against whom the police, at the moment of arrest, had no sufficient evidence on which to base a reasonable suspicion of guilt.

Not to burden this column with figures, I shall merely state that in the cities of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, and the four largest Pennsylvania cities, the police made, in one specimen year, 84,866 arrests on felony charges. And the police, or the first magistrate who had the chance, — that is, the arraigning judge, — let 39,861 of them go.

These figures indicate a possible factor of police error, in the arresting process, of 46 cases in each 100. True, such error might be genuine — as when a shot is heard upstairs, a man comes running downstairs, is arrested, but proves to be a frightened tenant. Or some cases might have been 'squared' — but not many, in this tabulation, for the usual way of squaring a felony charge is to reduce it to a misdemeanor, and these were outright releases. Again, there might have been evidence enough to legalize the arrest, but not enough to warrant holding for trial. In practice, however, arraigning magistrates will ordinarily pass cases on to the grand jury or trial court if there is any real indication of guilt at all. Deduct some from the 46 per cent, but not too much, for these considerations; what remains represents false arrests.

But false arrests undoubtedly occurred in many of the cases that were not discharged on arraignment — that were passed on higher up, and even convicted. In an unknowable number of the cases in the 54 per cent, the arrest was made on guesswork, but was 'made legal' — by investigation or by grilling the suspect — in the unlawful detention period before the formal charging. This being a matter of common observation, I have no hesitation in saying that the figures indicate false arrests in half, or more than half, of the total of felony charges.

This seemed so extraordinary a deduction that I followed it further. Taking annual police-department reports for 1929 from New York, Detroit, Washington, Baltimore, Los Angeles, St. Louis, and Denver, I eliminated traffic citations and the like and found a total of 689,962 arrests for every class of crime, misdemeanor, and felony together. And the reports again showed that 338,702 of these persons were released by the police themselves, or by the first magistrate who had the chance. Since these are but a few cities, and since false arrests that were afterward 'made good' are not included, may it not be that the total of false arrests in this country runs in excess of a million a year?

A New York business man who owns an office building in Dallas, Texas, went thither in 1930 and, having a phone call to make, went into three telephone booths in succession. He was arrested by a patrolman on the charge of stealing nickels from pay telephones. They locked him up for forty-eight hours, and on his release he told his story to a local editor. Investigating, the editor found that in the first three months of 1930 there had been 1823 persons arrested and booked 'on suspicion' in Dallas; they had 'served' 41,000 hours in jail before being released.

Such kidnapping goes on recklessly. Patrolmen and detectives are not always to blame; usually they are ordered to keep up a certain 'record of arrests,' whether there be crimes or no. In Wichita, for a year past, there has been a 'drive' against 'floaters.' Scores of men whose clothes were n't fashionable have been thrown into jail for no legal offense whatever, merely to make them leave Wichita. Picture the usual concomitants of false arrest — the bullying, the verminous and crowded cells, the acquisition of the suspect's cash by a shyster lawyer, the grilling by detectives on a fishing expedition for evidence, often the attaching of a 'police record' to an innocent man's name — and it seems obvious that the system breeds anarchy, cynicism, hatred of the law, crime.

VI

Time to investigate — after the arrest, since not before — is essential to this hindside-before plan of police work. That arrested persons shall be taken before magistrates and formally charged, at the earliest available moment after arrest, is the mandate of the law. This being inconvenient, the police quite commonly delay the formality of producing their victims in court.

This practice is entering into the new common law. In many cities one extra day's delay is now considered legal; in others, two extra days arouse no comment. In New York, where night courts exist to speed the process, police at times do not 'arrest' the suspect, but merely force him to stay around for questioning. In Chicago, Leo V. Brothers was captured for the Lingle murder on December 21, 1930; but he was not 'arrested' until January 12, twenty-one days later. Meanwhile he was held captive at hotels.

In Philadelphia they call it 'putting a man in cold storage,' and cases of which I have a record show 'cold-storage' periods of four, six, nine, and sixteen days — the place of confinement being police headquarters. Detroit uses the term 'sending a man around the Loop,' which means shifting him from one to another outlying station house. The complete Loop journey takes a month, but it may be shortened by a man's confession, or his agreement to leave Detroit. Of late this practice seems declining in Detroit. Significantly enough, it bred a crop of shyster lawyers called 'writ attorneys,' who made their living by getting Loop prisoners free on writs of habeas corpus; and this, in turn, irritated Detroit's judges into uniformly delaying the operation of the writ of habeas corpus for twenty-four hours after its time of granting. Thus does police pressure bend the law.

In Buffalo, a girl witness was held thirty-six days in a gang case, then released without being used to testify. Four to six days' detention is not uncommon. So it is in most cities; San Francisco and Boston were the only cities, among those I visited for the Wickersham Commission, where the law requiring prompt production was strictly observed.

Illegal detention furnishes the time and place factors for the police inquisition. It is within the control of the local judges. Those who tolerate it are tolerating the third degree.

VII

If the term 'third degree' be applied only to cruel and abnormal forms and grades of torture, plenty of cases can be cited, but still they are exceptional. If it be taken to include any use of physical violence to make a man confess, — slaps, shoves, blows, kicks, beatings with soft weapons or with hard, — it is absent from a few cities, occasional in many, and current custom in the two largest. If it be taken also to cover threats, lies, display of weapons, exhausting grilling, and the like, it is the exceptional American city where it does not exist. If it be interpreted to refer — as I think it should — to the secret police inquisition of whatever type where the demand is made that the arrested person incriminate himself, and the Fifth Amendment is thereby breached, then the third degree is all but universal.

Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia have the non-violent type of inquisition. Boston's police, moreover, seldom delay the production of an arrested person in court, and lose the custody of him the moment that is done. Street beating, too, is at a minimum. Here is probably the most nearly law-abiding department in the country, and it shows what can be done virtually within the law. When police officials say that they cannot obtain confessions without either violence or extended custody, one may cite Boston, which obtains plenty of confessions without either abuse. The key to Boston's method is extreme promptitude. The moment an arrest on a serious charge is reported from a station house, detective officers of a certain skill in questioning go thither by automobile, and the questioning begins before the arrested man has time to think. Simultaneously there is outside work by detectives; if contradictions develop between the arrested man's statements and their findings, the trick is done. This plan has been in force for years, and it works so fairly that I wonder why other departments have not imitated it. However, the essential breach — the direct demand for the confession — remains.

Cincinnati and Philadelphia employ merciful and skillful methods of questioning; but this usually takes several days. Merely the elimination of violence is so unusual a gain, however, that one pays real tribute to the men — Inspector Kirgan in Cincinnati, and Inspector Connelly in Philadelphia — who have brought it about. The more one studies the American police picture, the more does one grow thankful for the mere replacement of brute violence by humanity and brains.

There are quite a large number of cities in which violence is applied only to the harder cases, and some assurance is felt that a man is guilty before he is roughly handled. These include Newark, Buffalo, Cleveland, apparently Detroit (though my information does not cover the recent change in administration), and probably Los Angeles, where violence has diminished of late under pressure by the Bar Association. This 'controlled third degree' is typical of the better-disciplined departments; the inquisitorial process is administered by officers rather than by ordinary detectives. Always, however, it has a strong color of threat. In Newark, a table may be piled with lengths of rubber hose or other weapons, put there for effect; frequently the method of working on a man's emotions to break him down is highly melodramatic.

So, in Buffalo, in the Bennett case, a private detective who had posed as this arson suspect's friend entered the cell, flung himself on his knees, and implored Bennett to confess so that he himself might go free. Buffalo's usual system is that of continued confinement in crowded cells where sleep is out of the question, coupled with harassment day and night by headquarters men who continually suggest to the suspect that he ought to confess. But in all these cities there have been instances of violence whenever resistance to confession was obstinate. And in the Colletti case, in Cleveland, the marks of a severe beating over the hips and kidneys were seen by five outside witnesses, who credited the lad's statement that he had been pounded into confession by the application of a soft weapon, presumably a rubber hose. In eighteen months' time the Los Angeles Bar Association committee investigated two hundred complaints of alleged violence, and considered that about fifty of them were well-grounded.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Seattle have, finally, the decentralized third degree, in which the inquisitorial beating is administered by detectives of minor rank on the various squads, or (in Seattle) by the uniformed police. And here is where the worst abuses enter. In New York, where station houses are used in preference to headquarters, a veteran reporter, Emanuel H. Lavine, and other investigators as well, tell of constant beatings, with weapons ranging from the rubber hose to the night stick and blackjack; the rhythmic kicking of shins or tapping of heads with clubs; the lifting of women by the hair. In Chicago, just prior to the recent change in régime, tear gas was used, and there were cases in which men were suspended upside down by steel shackles that cut their ankles. A favored Chicago device is that of knocking men reeling by blows of a telephone book upon the ear. It leaves no marks — which seems to be the major limitation in the decentralized third degree, as is illustrated by the San Francisco technique of striking the suspect with the fist in the pit of the stomach.

But I need not dwell upon horrors. The list of 103 appellate cases, in the law books, tells of arrested men flogged with whips, having their arms twisted, being made to hold the hands of murdered corpses in morgues. Such things occur, and have occurred all through history, whenever star-chamber inquisitions are held over defenseless persons by brutal men. They are, of course, exceptional. But the exceptions betray the potentialities of the essential malpractice, which is the secret pre-trial court of inquisition itself. It has no sanction in law.

Every confession that goes before a court of law begins with the formula: 'This statement is freely and voluntarily made, and is not made as the result of either threat, violence, or inducement.' That is nearly enough on the matter of police perjury; for the police usually write the confessions.

Where challenge occurs, perjury rises to the occasion. The suspect is declared, by files of detectives and officers who take the stand, to have 'fallen downstairs'; to have 'become quarrelsome in his cell and been beaten up by cell mates'; to have 'fallen off a bench and bumped his head.' A man in Detroit died, last November, from such a 'fall.'

There is routine perjury, too. In all drunken-driver cases in a certain city, it was noted that invariably 'the defendant's eyes were glassy, his speech was thick, he staggered as he dismounted from the car.' The court required such evidence to convict. Accordingly the evidence was forthcoming.

VIII

The police declare that we are at war with crime; that the makers of the Constitution could not have foreseen immigration, could not have foreseen unemployment, slums, prohibition, drug addiction, the automobile, the gangster, or any of the many factors that have created modern crime and made its detection difficult. The law, they argue, favors the criminal at every turn. Only by cutting through the law and using methods of direct action can they get results.

It is beyond question that our police — in certain cities, at any rate — are trying to cope with unspeakable conditions. Some criminals nowadays have an animal-like ferocity which puts the policeman's life perpetually in danger. Policemen are being killed at a rate without precedent. The public, itself afraid to become involved in gang vengeance, turns the other way and does not assist the police. Merely to wear the uniform nowadays requires heroism, and for individual bravery I think there is no group of men more notable than the American police.

As fighters, they are excellent; and it is as fighters that they speak in demanding war powers, vigilante freedom of action, the privilege of violating every tradition of civilized restraint or libertarian tenet, in the cause, as they express it, of 'putting down crime.' It is as fighters that they have helped themselves generously to usurped powers.

It is always hard to convince men on the firing line that they are but adjuncts, perhaps minor adjuncts, to the main army. Our police, of course, are venturing into dreamland when they conceive of police work as having at all the power to 'put down crime.' We have met before this simple belief in the virtues of force, among those gifted with force. And the same naïve faith that tries to club Communism out of Communists' heads tries, likewise, to induce the various American crime factories to shut down by bullying, jailing, and torturing their products.

Even the statistics of rising crime during the years of such activity (for the forms of police lawlessness here described are nothing new — only the public awareness of them is new) have failed so far to shake that faith. Police still believe, in spite of their lack of results, that if they can make enough arrests, compel enough confessions, lacerate enough scalps, and send enough men to prison, they will 'put down crime.' In this belief they ask us to suspend or countenance the already-effected suspension of highly important Constitutional guarantees. They press for leave to vindicate government by methods which are, in the language of a recent American Bar Association report, 'essentially anarchic.' They try to establish the reign of law by creating a governmental object lesson of its wholesale breach.

Yet in every city where there has been a renewal, even partial, of constitutionality in police work, there has been a corresponding renewal in public support and helpfulness to the police, and an increased efficiency in detective work and in coping with crime. The facts certainly seem to indicate that the Constitution is still quite capable of working, if given the chance, far better than the unconstitutional methods which the police have adopted. Normality, decency, and official integrity may command respect among delinquent classes, where brutality but drives it away. It is not safe for government to be at its ugliest in dealing with the half-assimilated, half-rebellious people whose loyalty it urgently needs to win.

'Make a friend of every business man and a bitter enemy of every crook,' advised an old-time police instructor to his class of new recruits. So public enemies are manufactured. We need faith in Constitutional justice ourselves, to counteract the faith of officialdom in lawless force. Organizations and individuals who are trying to bring police departments back into line with legal constabulary work, and end the excesses which are making the police our rulers rather than our fellow citizens and agents, find sanction for their concern in the words of Attorney-General William D. Mitchell: 'Nothing has a greater tendency to beget lawlessness than lawless methods of law enforcement.'

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

BY RODERICK MacEACHEN

I

Pope Pius XI, in his recent encyclical on labor, stresses particularly the importance of justice in social and industrial relations. This is not, indeed, a new note in such papal documents. Nor does it mean that charity and the other virtues are in any sense minimized. The venerable Pontiff professes merely to elaborate the social philosophy of his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII, whom he quotes freely throughout the document.

Leo had defined the 'just wage' in the light of Christian teaching. The worker is entitled to a fair return for his labor. It should be sufficient to support him and his family in decency. Employers are urged to consider the human dignity of the workers when determining the wage they are to pay.

Pius XI develops the theme. Young children and ailing women should not be forced to do public work. Mothers should not be taken from the home circle to help earn a livelihood. 'Every effort, therefore, must be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs.' Is this but a reiteration of the exhortation that has become proverbial in every pulpit and trite in every volume on Christian sociology? From time immemorial employers have been exhorted, in the name of Christ, to pay a just wage, a living wage. It is their Christian duty. It is the law of the Gospel. It is humane.

But what has the modern mill owner, or manufacturer, or mine operator to do with the 'domestic needs' of his employees? Neither he nor his executives know, save by chance, which workmen have families and which are single. On the other hand, should he learn that some of his employees are not earning enough to support their families, what can he do about it? He must meet competition in his business. He must produce his commodities so as to be able to sell at a profit. This profit is necessary to pay dividends on the capital invested in his enterprise. This is a condition generally conceded.

Ask the modern business man to regulate his wage scale on the basis of Christian ideals and he will probably tell you that he is not running a charitable institution. For the most part he does not allow his religion to interfere with his business. He may be the most religious, the most charitable, the most philanthropic of men; yet, if his business is to succeed, he must meet competition. He must consider carefully the labor cost of his product if he is to survive among his competitors and show a profit on his operations.

To all this Pope Pius replies, 'If in the present state of society this [a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs] is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be immediately introduced which will guarantee every adult workman just such a wage.' This is a new approach to the wage problem. By one noble gesture the Pontiff transfers it from the economic to the social sphere. The question of wages is, indeed, a social problem.

II

It has been taken for granted in modern industrial countries that society rests upon an economic basis; the economic status of a nation largely reflects its social condition. We calculate backward. Markets and market values reflect wages and profits. When business prospers, the worker has more work and perhaps better wages; his social condition rises to higher standards. In the lean years of depression, the worker's social condition sinks with the decline of business.

Take a specific example. In a certain coal field, five or six years ago, coal was selling for approximately $2.50 a ton. The labor cost was then about $1.25 a ton. Since then the selling price of coal has gradually declined until it is as low as seventy-five or eighty cents a ton. With the fall of market prices, wages have been reduced apace. Then, to aggravate conditions further, the men have work but two or three days a week. The result is that many American workmen (employed, be it understood), with all the toil and drudgery of their lives, are unable to provide the bare necessities of life for their wives and children.

Nor are the operators, therefore, to be considered unjust or unfair. They too are victims of the economic law under which they serve. The law that brings hunger and destitution to their workers often brings bankruptcy to them. Business is poor, wages are low, work is scarce, many families are destitute, dividends are not declared. Such is the fate of a society that rests upon a purely economic basis.

But perhaps social justice demands a reversal of the equation. Man is more important than business, at least theoretically. Human values are above market values. In all reason, then, we should begin our calculations with human values, thence pass to market values. In short, our economic system should be governed by the rule of social justice.

Under this system the market value of coal, for instance, would be subservient to the human value of the miner. We might begin our calculation in this wise: Any miner, in these times, requires at least fifteen dollars a week to provide for the daily needs of his family. We will suppose that this represents about seventy-five cents labor cost per ton of coal produced. Naturally the operator can no longer sell his coal at the present low figure. When he counts his total production cost he may say to the buyer, 'I must have at least $1.50 a ton. You see, Mr. Purchasing Agent, we are now bound by the law of social justice. Formerly we reduced wages when it was necessary to meet a low market price. Now the market price must conform to a decent wage for our workmen.'

No doubt there are hard-headed business men who will consider this theory of social justice an economic heresy. Nevertheless, social justice is the only basis upon which civilization can survive, upon which the human race can develop and work out its destiny. The struggle for social justice is as old as history. It has resulted in the overthrow of tyranny in many lands; it has wiped the shameful blot of slavery from the Christian nations; it first transformed the workman from chattel-slave to serf, then from serf to citizen. Now workingmen are granted equality of political rights with others in most of our modern democracies. Our American Constitution is idealistic in proclaiming the equality and freedom of all our citizens; it professes to offer equal opportunity to all for the pursuit of happiness and well-being. We are proud of our Constitution and the idealism with which it estimates human worth.

We are also proud of our preëminence in the sphere of economics. It is our boast that we are the richest nation on the face of the earth to-day. Our financial and industrial achievements beggar the best that has been done in all other countries; our granaries are bursting with an excess of foodstuffs; our warehouses are packed to overflowing with unconsumed goods; our banks are glutted, as never before, with money, water-logged with an overabundance of non-circulating currency.

Withal, millions of hungry men are footsore, vainly and hopelessly and despairingly seeking bread for hungry wives and babes. Yet it is impossible to place the blame for their plight. Their only solace is to participate in some pale-faced form of relief. They may enter a bread line; they may be doled out a ladle of thin soup; they may receive a basket from a religious organization. And for these pitiful crumbs they must pay the price of self-respect. Those who have toiled to overfill the world with food and clothing and all the commodities which bring comfort and luxury are now objects of charity. The ox that treads the corn is muzzled.

What price liberty! Slaves, in other days, did the drudgery performed by our workingmen to-day, but they did not have to face the dread of recurrent destitution. They were fed by their masters — fed like the ox and the ass, indeed, to make strength for work. But to-day the unemployed workman is in a more pitiable plight. He must struggle on, haunted by the shadow of pauperism. In these times of economic depression strength, character, industriousness, are of no avail, if overproduction has made his services unnecessary. Ask such men what they think of social justice.

It is a pity that the Holy Father could not have walked through any of a thousand mining camps during the last winter. Would to God that by some supernatural vision he had been able to gaze into thousands of miners' hovels and see everywhere pale, weak mothers with undernourished babes struggling at unsatisfying breasts. Here he would have found evidence in bold relief of that sin which cries out to Heaven for vengeance. It is the scandal of the ages.

III

There is no sentimentalism in these facts; it is grim tragedy. This inhumanity is permitted to exist among us because its realism is unbelievable. Even those who live just across the hill among the conveniences of the city have no adequate comprehension of the situation. Our hearts are encrusted with our national vanity. We cannot admit that there are abject poverty and shameful destitution among those who are performing the drudgery that makes the rest of us comfortable. For generations we have been guided by a sort of economic justice.

We assume that all their ills are healed when they have a job. If they have a job and are in need, they must have wasted their money, presumably on illicit liquor. If they are too old or infirm, let them go to the poorhouse. Let their children go to the orphan asylum.

Most men are inclined to believe only what is agreeable; hence there are no beggars, there is no destitution in this glorious land of liberty and plenty. But, alas, too little distinction is made, in this economic paradise, between men and machines. Men are worn out more ruthlessly than the machine beside which they toil. If they labor not, neither shall they eat. They must be producers; production is the watchword of American greatness. Life is an industrial treadmill. The laborer is but a tool in the hands of his economic operators.

His worth is estimated by the standard of his economic productivity; his human dignity counts for little. There are upwards of forty million workers in America, who toil eight or ten hours a day. In this present depression it is said that there are as many as five or six millions of unemployed. Business is poor, and there are no markets for our products. Quite naturally the employers drop these millions from their pay roll. It is economic justice; it is good business. But it is not social justice; it is an inhuman system.

It is incredible that in a modern democracy there exists no official responsibility for forty million workmen as a class; their lot is left to the fortuitous need or whim of the individual employer. Neither the government nor the individual employer has any responsibility to provide work for all. If there is work for but thirty millions, the remaining ten millions are left without the vaunted opportunity to pursue happiness, without even the opportunity to make a living. Of course you cannot ask employers to hire men for whom they have no work. Such practice would wreck our industries. Nor can you expect the government to pay unemployment doles. That would degrade our men and make taxes unbearable.

How, then, apply social justice in this instance? Undoubtedly it demands that we recognize the worker's *right to work*. This follows because his right to live depends upon his right to work. Furthermore, all workers have the right to work at all times, since all have the right to live at all times. This is the application of social justice.

IV

From this point of view the workers of the country, be they forty millions or a hundred millions, have the right to the work of the country. The work which they as a class perform produces the means of livelihood for themselves and for the whole people, and every workman has a right to a just share in these products, provided he performs a due portion of the work. This might mean eight hours a day; it might mean four, or five, or six hours a day when the work has been distributed among all the workers. In every case each worker's share should afford a decent living for himself and his family. In modern industrial countries the products are always ample; we usually suffer from overproduction. No one need be reduced to beggary or destitution.

Under our present system the manufacturer pays the same amount of taxes on his property and continues to pay interest on his borrowed capital whether business is good or dull; it is only human values that are reduced or wiped out in times of depression. Captains of industry do not have such responsibility for the livelihood of their employees as they have for the payment of taxes and interest. If they fail in these payments, they are subject to legal prosecution. If the workers and their families are destitute, there are no laws to safeguard their right to live — to live in the decency of human beings.

Under our present system the custom is to work eight or ten hours a day. But why do some work eight or ten hours while other workers are idle? If 10 per cent are idle, reduce the working time 10 per cent and lo, all are employed. If 25 per cent are idle, reduce the working time to suit the case. But what of the wages? Are workers to receive the same wage for five or six hours as for eight or ten hours? By the economic rule, no; under no consideration. By the rule of social justice, they must receive under all conditions sufficient to live decently. Does not the farmer feed his idle horses? Can a modern democracy be less humane to its free-born citizens?

Of course this theorizing is stark madness when viewed from the purely economic point of view. It is false reasoning, indeed, unless we rate humanity higher than dollars. It is piffle and prattle if our present social system is sound. But it is not offered as a solution; it is merely put forward to illustrate an attitude of mind.

The encyclical which suggests these musings stresses the danger of too much concentrated wealth. The suggested flexible working day might indeed change some figures in the last three or four columns of some billionaires — this in their annual income. Yet some such measures might help to restore self-respect to our beloved country. Any serious movement of the kind might help save the world for democracy as against much-dreaded communism. Any honest attempt to establish our government on the basis of social justice would certainly make our people feel that modern civilization is at heart humane.

If social justice were introduced into our national life, if it were to supplant our economic standards, there would surely be less crime, better morality, and more religion among us. After all, crime, rampant as it is, is almost a necessary consequence of our commercialism. Religion thrives ill in a nation that does not respect human life. 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar,' says Saint John. Had even the vestige of social justice prevailed through the thousand years of tsarism, the Russians would not now be tearing down the temples of religion and driving its priests across the borders.

But the crimes of all the tsars of all the Russias are scarcely more heinous than the crime of social injustice that is being committed against American workmen to-day. It is a crime similar to those so often reported from coroners' inquests: 'Committed by the hands of persons unknown.'

THE CART

BY JAMES STANLEY HART

I

‘’Ere we go raound the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
’Ere we go raound the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty mornin’.’

The little, living circle — eight boys and girls with joined hands — moved slowly around on the cobbles of Number 2 Court, off Duke Street. But Nell Boyd was out of it. Everyone knew she had gone, but no one said anything. Only Sally Duckworth glanced over her shoulder a minute or two later, and saw Nell looking through the kitchen window from between the curtains.

When Nell was very small, the other girls used to tell her that one day the fingers would appear on her left hand. As it was, the hand ended in a rounded stump, with five little holes, as though the fingers had forgotten to come out.

It was all right when they played rallyo in Number 2 Court, or skipped rope. Nell could play jacks, too, with her good right hand, the stump hidden beneath her little pinafore. But when it came to games with hand-holding, she dropped out. The girls did not mind. They were not so sensitive. But the boys would not touch that stump. And rather than sacrifice the boys, the girls sacrificed Nell.

Nell understood. She quietly withdrew when they started to play mulberry bush or London Bridge. She went in her house, and always peered out through the kitchen window to watch.

Ann Boyd, Nell’s mother, saw it every time it happened. But she never knew what Nell thought as the girl stared out at the others playing in the long English twilight. Nell had sad gray eyes that only added to her blonde beauty. She was a keen, quick-witted child, and very early she learned the reason for her mother’s sorrowful face.

II

Nell Boyd, daughter of a West Lancashire miner, was just one more slap of the fates at Ann Boyd!

Twelve years ago, Duke Street had heard the cart coming from the mine. It rumbled over the cobbles, a springless wagon, and every jolt of its heavy body found answer in the thud of the hearts of women.

When they heard it, they rushed to their front windows and drew the shades. Then they waited, hands at their throats, trembling, dry-mouthed, but ready.

Where would it stop with its dreadful load?

‘It’s Ann Boyd’s.’

‘God ’elp ’er!’

Then the doors flew open and the women rushed out. Two of them clattered on their clogs down the entry to Number 2 Court. They would hold Ann Boyd in the back kitchen. Almost before the cart stopped at the front door on Duke Street, another woman had a big pot of water on the fire. Everyone moved as though part of a well-trained platoon.

‘Is ’e bad, mester?’

Jody Duckworth, coatless, but with sweat streaking his coal-blackened face, climbed out of the wagon.

‘Aye, missis, pretty bad. It’s ’is show’der. ’E’s ’ad ’is teeth clinched i’ my coat sleeve all t’ way up. Them bloody wagons is enow to kill a mon when t’ pit doesna do it. Easy, naow, easy does it! ’Es tha geet a good grip, missis? A’ reight, naow, easy does it!’

Boyd was back in the mine in a month, and within the year it happened again. This time he was taken to the Cottage Hospital, where the bones of his foot were sorted out. For years the Lancashire mines had been taking their toll, but even Boyd’s mates at Deep Pit thought it was a bit thick on Jem. ‘Two nasty uns reight close together,’ Jody Duckworth said. ‘’E’d better watch hissel’ in t’ future. Third time pays for all, tha knows.’

Then Nell was born. Even as a little child, she was a clear-eyed, beautiful girl. There was not a child in the court with more flushed cheek or brighter glance at play, but the others, with the unthinking cruelty of children, named her ‘Stump.’

Jem Boyd earned good pay in Deep Pit. Many times there was as much as sixteen pounds or more to share out among seven mates working in the one stall. But the taproom of the Britannia Vaults got its share of Jem’s money. ‘A mon corn’t peil away daown theer a’ day ’baout wettin’ ’is w’istle w’en ’e comes up,’ Jem used to say. ‘It’s on’y them as niver’s bin daown an’ gettin’ their throats clogged up like a sink pipe full o’ grease as talks abaout stoppin’ a workin’man’s bit o’ beer.’

Not that Jem drank his pay. Far from it. Religiously he put Ann’s housekeeping money on the kitchen table after the mates had shared up — twenty-five shillings before Nell came, and thirty shillings after, except when it was a bad week with plenty of stoppages and hard digging. ‘But tha corn’t get blood fra’ a stone,’ said Jem, at such times, ‘an’ a mon must ha’e ’is bit o’ spend.’

Nell was growing up fast when Jem took his last ride in the cart. They brought him home for dead, but he was n’t. A half ton of slag had caught him just inside the stall. They heard him groan, grabbed their lamps, and ran. Frantically they tore at the loose rock that held him down by the hips.

Jem gasped and rolled his eyes.

‘W’ere’s Jody?’

‘Ah’m reight ’ere, Jem. W’at is it?’

Jem breathed heavily.

‘Tha ’d better get a move on thee and be tellin’ ’er, Jody. Ah’m finished this time. Easy does it, Jody. Don’t scare t’ bloody wits aout on ’er.’

And so Jem came home on the layer of straw, two coats doubled under his head for a pillow. Jody Duckworth was nearly out of his mind.

‘W’at ’ave Ah done to desarve a’ this?’ he asked, over a pint at the Britannia Vaults. ‘Twice Ah fetched ’im whoam i’ that bloody cart, a-joltin’ araound, an’ me ’eart playin’ like joy bells o’ Scotland inside o’ me. An’ then Ah ’ave t’ job o’ tellin’ ’is missis when ’e’s crocked up for good.’

Jem could not die. His barrel chest and stout heart kept him alive, but his loins were almost useless. With the help of two sticks, he dragged around the house like a dog with a broken spine. He brooded upon his fate. Deprived of his work, shut off from the life of his butties, he grew heavy in mind and body. His eyes were perpetually clouded and his brow was corrugated in an eternal frown.

Ann got a job. The union helped, appealing to the old parish church to take her on as cleaner.

Ann had to go and see the vestrymen, and they talked about her to the union official as though she were not there.

'Is it a deserving case?' they asked. 'Is the woman honest?'

'Nay, mon,' said the union man when he reported to the miners, 'tha'd a thowt Ah wuz axin' 'um to gi'e t' woman job o' passin' money plate o' a Sunday mornin'. Is she honest! W'at bloody chance 'as she to be owt else, sweepin' an' dustin' theer?'

III

Jem Boyd rarely stirred from his doorstep in good weather. He sat like some immobile Gibraltar, stony, gaunt, brooding. His eyes were always half closed, as though he saw too much daylight now. Through most of the year miners went down to their work before dawn and came up after dark. They lived through a night longer than the winter night of the Arctic.

He had been robbed, this man with the strong body and willing hands; robbed of his right to take his place among his kind of men; robbed of the right to work in the deep, dark recesses of a coal mine, grubbing with a pick and spade for a living. It was the only thing he had asked of life. When he had it, he was happy.

Nell would sit with him when her work in the house was done. She tried to teach him to read and write, but he could see no use for such things. Vainly she tried to tell him in her almost inarticulate way that reading would lighten his days, would take him away from Number 2 Court. He did not understand. He wanted to work, and his helpless loins would not let him. As for writing, it was easier to make a cross than to write 'James Boyd.'

'Aay, Fayther,' said Nell, 'tha art 'opeless. Si' thee, naow, it's as easy as pie.'

She steadied the slate with her stump, and then carefully designed the simple words of the first standard in a large, round hand.

But Jem was n't looking at the slate. His eyes were fixed on the deformed hand. She saw that, too, and bent lower.

'Lass,' he said, 'tha's geet a thankless task o' thy 'ands. Tha's better gi'e it up.'

Then he covered her fingerless hand with his thick, splayed fingers.

'Haow did it come abaout, Fayther,' she asked, 'that Ah was born wi' a 'and 'baout fingers?'

Jem's grip closed, as though he held a pick handle. Nell winced, but did not move.

'Wench,' he said, 'it's one o' them things as corn't be explained. Thy mother is made reight enow, an' there's none so much wrong wi' me. Before tha was born, Ah mean. There's enow wrong wi' me naow.'

Nell smiled up at him.

'Naow, Fayther,' she said, 'niver mind talkin' abaout it, or thysel' either. Tha art a' reight. Are ye not 'appy, bein' able to sit 'ere? We're fixed reight, wi' t' job as Mother's geet.'

'Ay,' said Jem, bitterly, 'an' Ah've geet to sit 'ere an' let a woman work for me.'

When Ann came, dusty and tired, to stand before them in the doorway, he resented it because she came home as the wage earner. His resentment was a form of shame, and it made him irritable and cross with the woman who toiled.

'Tha art late, eh!' he said, looking at her hands.

The expression in her eyes did not change.

'Ay,' she said, 'a weet wick makes a lot o' work, tha knows. A' them people i' t' church of a Sunday wi' damp clo'es. What con tha expect? Let me in w'ile Ah get thee summat to eat.'

He followed her in. He would never stay out when she came home.

'Th' 'taters are peeled, Mother,' said Nell, following behind the slow-moving figure of her father.

'A' reight, lass.'

Jem knew what he owed her. He sat in the kitchen and watched her swift efficiency. It was the same each night when he sat down to eat. He looked at the pair of them, and thought that he was responsible. Ann must toil as a church cleaner, and the little un must go through life with one hand. It would never have been so but for him. One he had married and brought to this. The other he had fathered.

IV

As Nell grew older, she watched the pairing off of the girls and boys of the Duke Street neighborhood. From her front doorstep, she saw them start off for long walks around Sandy Lane and Moss Bank, and in the years that followed it seemed to her as though those walks were symbolical of the unions that developed. People started out and walked together, just walking and talking — and not much talking, at that, because Lancashire folk of the Duke Street type were almost inarticulate. But the walks in the long twilight bred something that brought these people together, and they just walked off and kept going, most of them never separating until they reached the grave.

It was not long before Nell began walking, too. At first it seemed to her, as she sat with her father on the doorstep, that the unfinished left hand must ever be a bar to that sort of thing. Sally Duckworth told her that the first time ever she and John Willie Pease went around Sandy Lane, he held her hand before they got to the swing gate at the foot of Hard Lane that led past the cemetery. Something like that always made Nell slide her left hand beneath her apron.

Be that as it may, the older girls soon were whispering that a strange, dark man was walking Nell Boyd out, and they told their mothers about it.

'Aay, lass, tha doesna say! W'at does 'e look lahke?'

'Well, 'e works in t' pit, a' reight, but 'e doesna live araound 'ere.'

And then the women talked in the court.

'Tha can say w'at tha's a mind, but it ent fair to that young feller. Ah'll bet 'e doesna know abaout 'er 'and, an' it's a shame to let 'im come araound 'ere withaout tellin' 'im.'

'Aay, missis, wharrat talkin' abaout? All t' taown knows abaout Stump.'

And Jack Saunders knew, too. He knew before he came to Boyd's house, sent there by the miners' union to call on the helpless Jem. Young Jack worked in Deep Pit, and he came to tell Jem how things went there, because Jem still felt he was part of that black gang.

Once Jack caught a glimpse of the wide-eyed, fair Nell, he came back often. He knew about Stump, but he never expected to see anything like this. He spent evenings with Jem, hoping all the time that Nell would be called in to get things for the man who could move but very slowly.

One night Jack found her on the doorstep when he called. It was past eight o'clock. She sat staring down toward the corner.

'There's a bit o' damp i' th' air,' he said, as he came up and hesitated. 'Tha'd do weel to go insahde — Nell.'

He was glad it was almost dark.

But it was not too dark to see the wide gray eyes she turned up to him.

'Ah'm waitin' for my mother,' she said. ''Oo's late to-neet.'

Cautiously he sat down at her side.

'Ay,' he said, 'it's none such a job for a woman as keeps 'er aout as late as this of a neet.'

Nell sighed.

'It's a' we can do,' she said. 'Ah'd do t' job mysel', but she wouldna 'ear of it. She sez Ah mun stay 'ere and keep 'aouse an' look after Fayther.'

'An' reight enow, too,' said young Jack quickly. 'Ah wouldna want to think o' thee daown there i' yon church. . . .' And then he stopped in embarrassment.

Nell looked at him, then turned away. Her heart beat fast. There had been something in his tone.

Two nights later they went walking after her mother came home. And a week after that, just as they were passing the railroad crossing at Moss Bank, and the lights of City Gardens were a glow on the road before them, he took her hand — her left hand. They were walking close together when the uneven sandy ridges of the road threw him closer. Their swinging hands touched, and his caught hers.

She would have sworn afterward that for several steps her heart stopped beating, and that there was a great void in her breast. She saw herself again dropping out of mulberry bush in the court, hiding herself behind the curtains of the kitchen window.

But there was no need of that now. Young Jack's hand, worn to the haft of a pick, gripped the stump and held fast.

Five months later the court talked about Stump and Young Jack who were going to be married.

'An' it's th' 'and w'eer t' weddin' ring should be,' one woman said. 'Th' parson'll get a shock w'en 'e sees that.'

That stump of a hand was all they could see of Nell. It meant all of her to them. They could not see what Jack saw, nor what she saw, either.

On the doorstep, he took that hand when he asked her to marry him. There were children playing in the court behind, and the trams rattled on North Road a few blocks away. But they had eyes and ears only for each other.

'Say ay, Nell,' he pleaded, 'an' Ah'll 'ave summat to work for!'

'A' reight,' she said, after a pause, 'but Ah 'ope, Jack, tha'll ne'er be sorry. Accordin' to some folk araound 'ere, tha will.'

He gripped her hand hard.

'Nay,' he said, passionately, 'Ah niver shall. Tha's somethin' Ah've bin lookin' for to make lahfe wo'th livin'.'

They were married one cold Saturday morning. It was spring, but not springtime. The wind blew flurries of snow down Nell's neck. But it did not matter. She was radiant.

Nell said they would walk to church, although Jack wanted to spend ''aif a craown' for a hansom cab.

'Nay, Jackie boy,' she said. 'It's nowt but a 'op, skip, an' a jump.'

There were just Nell's cousin, who was coming to keep house for the Boyds when she left, and two of Jack's sisters, and the man one of them was going to marry. Nell wore a pale green dress, and she looked like a cornflower with her blonde head and her stem-like body. 'Nowt but a bit o' froth, t' lass is n't,' the court said that day.

Jack's sister and her intended stood for them, and if the parson got a shock it was only a mild one when Nell offered her right hand to Jack for the ring. Nell peeped out from under her Easter-looking bonnet when the man in black solemnly intoned: 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Jack was staring straight ahead, stiff in his best Sunday clothes, picturing to himself the boxes he would fill in the mine so that this fragile girl standing near him would never want.

'They say it's unlucky to wed i' green,' Nell said to him as they went out, but he whispered to her something that made her laugh and forget.

All the way back to the court, the gray streets rang with her laughter. They were breathless when they arrived, and he swore she would run him off his feet before they were married six months.

Nell left his side at the door to rush madly to her mother. Jack saw the two heads close together, one that had been fair and now was gray, and the other as fresh as an unplucked flower. Over his wife's shoulder, tired gray eyes looked at him, and he made them an unspoken promise.

They all sat down to the wedding breakfast — bacon and eggs. 'Let's ha'e summat solid, missis,' Jack had said. 'Ah'll need it, tha knows, w'en Ah geet back.' The fire in the small kitchen was banked high. Helpless Jem looked at the girl who had grown up to leave him. Jack fed his eyes on his fair bride.

That night, Jack and Nell went to the theatre, and later to the house they had taken a little way from Number 2 Court.

V

Before the first year was ended, Ann Boyd's hurrying clogs clattering over the cobbles of the court brought out the heads of neighbors from back doors and kitchen windows.

'Naow, w'at's up, missis?'

'Aay, it's aour Nell. She's in t' straw.'

'Dost need any 'elp?'

'Weel, tha might coom o'er in abaout 'aif an hour. Ah s'll lahkely need a 'and then.'

'A' reight. We'll say abaout 'leven o'clock.'

'Ay, if tha doesna mahnd.'

Nell, 'in t' straw,' looked as though a puff of wind would blow her away. Women shook their heads and were glad it was n't their daughter. There was nothing to the lass.

To Jack, she was his handful of sweetness and devotion. Never had he dreamed that a man could have such love lavished on him as he had known in that year. He was fearful now — fearful that she would be taken away. He refused to go to the mine that day. He was unlike most of his fellows, who were awkward, almost ashamed, at such times, and generally awaited the event in the bar parlor of the Black Horse.

When the baby was born and they let him come in, he had eyes only for her. It stabbed him to see her drawn, pale face, and he dropped to his knees at the bedside.

'Naow, lass,' he said, in agony, 'tell me tha art a' reight!'

She ran her hand through his thick, strong hair, the fingers of her right hand. He was clutching the left.

'Why, Jackie boy, of course Ah'm a' reight. Doesna want to see t' little un?'

He looked at the red-faced bundle under her arm.

'W'ich is it,' he asked, 'lad or wench?'

'W'ich does tha want?' she teased.

'Nowt but thee,' he said.

And she laughed and was happy.

All that day and for several days he lolled at the foot of her bed while the neighbors came in to see the child and the little mother. And in the days that followed he could scarcely tear himself away to go down the mine. When the shift was over and he came up each day, he rushed straight to the little house. The bar parlor never had held any attractions for Jack. Nell, his home, the kitchen fire, and now the baby she gave him to hold while she washed the dishes, they were his all. He was like a pilgrim each night going his way to his shrine, there to sink down in contentment and eternal adoration of his little goddess from Number 2 Court.

On money that might have been spent over the bar at the Black Horse, had Jack followed the way of his mates, he and Nell managed a week-end at Southport or New Brighton once a year. But it was not until nearly two years after the third baby was born that they went to Blackpool for five days. The rush and scurry of it delighted Nell; getting them ready — little Jack who was nearly five, and Ann who was going on three, and baby James.

'Naow, my little beauty,' said Jack, tying the baby's bonnet strings, 'we s'll be off in a minute. Art tha done i' theer, Nell, owd girl?'

''Owd thy 'urry, Jackie boy,' she said. 'Tha's done nowt a' mornin' but run araound lahke a 'en on 'ot bricks, axin me if Ah'm ready yet. We've geet an hour to train tahme.'

They got off at last, with a carriage all to themselves, for it was not yet the height of the holidaying season. Young Jack and Ann pressed their noses to the windowpanes and watched the flying telegraph poles and the signboards that flashed past, turning away from the miracle before them only to reach into the hamper basket for lemon cheese tarts.

Jack had written ahead for rooms. No one going to Blackpool — at least, no one who went from Duke Street and the courts — ever stayed at a hotel. There were scores of boarding houses where the meals were like those served at home, and there was a landlady with her inevitable daughters who looked after the children at night if the grown-ups went to dance in the pavilion on the pier.

No matter where in the years that lay ahead young Jack and Ann were to go, whether to the resorts of France, which was unlikely to the point of impossibility, or to the far-off shores of alluring America, which was more likely, they would never forget Blackpool — playground of the workers of Lancashire, who saved shilling by shilling for the fund that would take them to that magic spot on the shore of the Irish Sea. The sands of Blackpool! There was joy in the very phrase. The pier! The great tower, with its circus and its disappearing floor that let in tons of water for the polo match! The racing donkeys that fled across the ridges of the beach to spill screaming girls into the arms of their sweethearts! In the years to come, Jack and Ann would sigh for the lost glory of that first visit, and if they ever became wise they would know qualms of soft regret because they had had to exchange the inexpressible wonder of childhood for the doubtful advantages of adult years.

On that holiday, Jack courted his wife over again. With the children abed and under the care of the common mother of the boarding house, he took her to see the Pierrots far up on the North Shore. They walked back slowly together along the Promenade, with its rows of lamps that seemed to be there just to light the path for them.

Nell felt that never a woman in all the world had been as happy as she, with a man who loved her, who wanted nothing more than to be at her side, always with the glance of his eyes to tell her she was his life.

VI

It was a big stone and it gave no warning. It fell from the roof of a high stall, and Jack was underneath. The man who reached him first and threw the light of his Davy lamp upon the prostrate figure told Ann Boyd days later that he heard Jack say in a hissing whisper, ‘Aay, Nell, darlin’ wench, w’at ’ave Ah done to thee naow?’

‘Con tha imagine that?’ asked the miner of Ann, with wonder in his eyes. ‘An’ ’im wi’ that great mess o’ stone lyin’ across t’ small o’ ’is back!’

Jody Duckworth was sent on ahead again.

‘But, mon,’ he protested to the checkweighman when he reached the top of the pit shaft, ‘Ah done this bloody job years agone w’en ’er fayther geet ’urt!’

‘All t’ more reason w’y tha should do it this tahme. Get a move on thee, or else t’ cart’ll be theer as soon as thee!’

Jody got a move on, with his black face streaked with sweat and his bow legs sending his clogs rattling over the flags down Duke Street.

They heard him coming at Number 2 Court, heard him rush past the alley-like entrance. Jem Boyd dragged himself on his sticks toward the front door, trying to count Jody’s steps down the street.

‘Not to aour Nell’s, surely to God!’ he said aloud, and the veins on his strong neck seemed ready to burst.

Nell was standing just behind her front door, pale, trembling, her heart filling her throat. Jody lifted the knocker. The door swung open.

‘Missis,’ began Jody, gasping. He was not as young as when he had done that job before.

‘Is it my Jack?’

He nodded.

Her good hand gripped the door knob hard. He saw the fingerless stump go to her throat.

‘Very bad, Mister Duckworth?’ Jody was an old man to her; a contemporary of her father’s.

‘Naow, lass,’ Jody said, ‘tha munna tek it so ’ard. ’E’s not dead. They’re bringin’ ’im whoam in t’ cart.’ He stopped. ‘Ah ’ear it naow. Ah’ll gi’e thee a ’and to get th’ bed ready.’

She rushed about for sheets and blankets to put on the sofa.

‘In t’ cart,’ she moaned. ‘In t’ cart.’

They brought Jack home with his crushed spine and his splendid vitality. Like Jem Boyd, he could not die then, but he never would walk again, not even on sticks. The doctor told Nell he might live a year with care.

When she went back to him that day, he lay and looked at her with tragic eyes.

‘Ah’ve let thee in for somethin’, Nell,’ he said, and she stopped his mouth with her hand.

‘Tha’s looked after me these years we’ve bin wed,’ she said. ‘Naow it’s my turn.’

She dropped down beside the bed and wound her arms about his neck.

‘Jackie boy,’ she moaned, her lips on his hair.

Jack clenched his hands in folds of the blanket, and wept at his own helplessness.

The miners’ union gave them a wheel chair, and only rain kept them indoors. In sunshine and under gray skies, she wheeled him out, sometimes as far as the foot of Hard Lane.

‘It’s better for both o’ us,’ she said. ‘We mun get aout together. Jackie’s a big lad, naow. ’E con watch th’ ’aouse.’

No hands but hers touched him. Many offered, but she would not allow it. He was hers and he would be to the end.

There was a fourth baby, now, and sometimes he would ask her to put the little one at his feet when they went out, forgetful of the added weight for Nell. And then he would say as they trundled slowly down Duke Street: —

‘Tha knows, Nell, th’ only thing Ah don’t lahke abaout this carriage, Ah corn’t see thy face. Tha art be’ind me all t’ tahme.’

She was glad he could not see her face. People looked at her in pity.

She did not want him to see how she resented that. She wanted none of their pity. He was her man, crippled while he worked for her. Now, she was standing by him. He was hers, whether he walked or not, and she would not have exchanged him for the soundest man alive.

Winter came around and drove them indoors, and spring was on its way when Jack showed signs of weakening.

They both knew, but they would not speak of it. Fiercely she fought back the tears, the sob in her voice, and she talked to him of the summer days that were coming. One Sunday morning when the sun shone she took him to the end of the street, and they watched the fine folk go by on the way to church.

He left her on a blustering April day when the wind whistled down the street and rain slatted against the windowpanes. She watched him go, heard him whisper her name, and saw him sink away into the slough of death.

Her mother came with two neighbors who would wash and lay him out.

'Mother,' she moaned, 'Ah corn't live 'baout 'im.'

'But tha will, lass.'

'Ah corn't, Mother. Th' childer'll niver take 'is place.'

'Ay they will, wench, an' tha'll be glad tha 'as 'um.'

'Oh, Mother, w'y was Ah iver born?'

'An' w'y was Ah, for that matter, lass?'

Gray head and blonde close together, while the neighbors worked in the next room.

'We mun mak' a good job o' it, Sal. Tha knows 'e was all t' world to 'er.'

VII

Ann Boyd died. She had worked on through the long years until Jem, finding he had no more use for them, dropped his sticks and closed his brooding eyes forever. Ann gave up then. Her work was done. She had been born for a purpose: to love and care for a man after the mine had crushed him.

Compensation from the owners for Nell had stopped when Jack died. There was only a little coming in from the union, so she was bequeathed the job at the old parish church.

And there she found Jack.

One day on the middle aisle — she always saved that for the last and started from the front on scrubbing days — she worked back from the minister's pulpit, dragging her bit of sacking that eased her knees and pushing the bucket behind her as she scrubbed off each square. Nell always did two pew-widths at a time.

It was late afternoon. There had been no one at the church all day. It was dim and silent. The gray light of the dying day feebly spilled through the stained-glass windows.

Suddenly the organ began to play. Nell started, and straightened her aching back. She had not seen the organist come in by the side door and quietly ascend to the loft for his practice. He was concealed now, high up above the pulpit.

Nell's gray eyes were wide. She settled back on her heels, and with the back of her unfinished hand she brushed from her face a wisp of gray hair that once had been yellow as a cornflower.

Away up, she saw him, just as clearly as when he used to come in at the door and stand a moment on the threshold.

She did not cry out. She only looked. He was looking down at her, and he was as straight and strong as he was before the stone crushed him.

Forever after, until her children grew up and she died, she would not have given up that job at the old parish church to become first lady in waiting to the Queen.

ACTOR AND AUDIENCE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

We know what an audience sees when the curtain rises, and it looks upon the lighted stage; but what do the actors see in their mind's eye when they look upon the darkened house? We know what the audience hears when it listens to the spoken lines; but what do the actors hear in the heavy silence, the restless movements, the misplaced laughter of the crowd? We know what the audience feels when the drama is unfolded, and scene after scene carries us to the appointed climax; but what do the actors feel when the long dim rows of men and women follow, or fail to follow, the movement of the play?

A vast literature has been written about the stage from the point of view of the critic who speaks for the audience; but very little has been written about the audience from the point of view of the actor who speaks for himself, and that little is seldom of an enlightening character. Yet the audience is the controlling factor in the actor's life. It is practically infallible, since there is no appeal from its verdict. It is a little like a supreme court composed of irresponsible minors.

No people in the world have been more indefatigable than players in writing their reminiscences. They have filled fat volumes with anecdotes and adventures which make good reading, but which fail to clarify the subtle relations between themselves and the public. We listen to what they have had to say from the days of Colley Cibber to the days of George Cohan, and we are vastly entertained; but save for a few words here and there — noticeably from Mr. Arliss — we learn little of what we want to know. The comments of the discontented have naturally a keener edge than have the comments of the complacent, who appear to be immune from misgivings, and who are certainly immune from the subtle vice of self-depreciation. To Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for example, an audience is but another name for an 'ovation.' Her volume is one long record of 'tremendous applause' and 'tumultuous enthusiasm.' Whenever I had the pleasure of seeing this handsome and, on the whole, satisfactory actress, the house was like most American houses, good-natured and uncritical; but there were apparently other nights in other towns when it 'sat breathless,' or burst into 'roars of delight,' and when she herself was 'stupefied' by the fervor of its responsiveness. Compared to such triumphs the successes of her contemporaries are tame and insipid. It is not from Mrs. Patrick Campbell that we shall learn anything of value about that most uncertain of entities, an audience.

Aristotle complained that the Greeks wanted happy endings to their plays. So do Americans. The Greeks seldom got what they desired, being recreated for the most part by dramas which were eminently calculated to lessen the innocent gayety of life. Americans refuse to grant more than a *succès* *d'estime* to any play which is logically and inexorably sad. In this connection it is interesting to note Ellen Terry's assertion that she played Ophelia (a part for which she was ill-fitted) better in Chicago than in any other American city, because the Chicagoans evinced a downright pity — which she sensed — for the unhappy heroine's plight. Also that John Barrymore found the West to be more in sympathy with Galsworthy's merciless drama, *Justice*, than was the Atlantic Coast; and that the sombre beauty of *Peter Ibbetson* made a stronger appeal in Canada than anywhere in the United States. Mr. Barrymore believed that this was because so many young Canadians had perished in the war.

Comments so well considered carry us as far as we are likely to get into the no man's land which lies between the actor and the audience. They are at any rate more helpful than records of ovations and mishaps. Mr. Arliss, a very keen observer, confesses that he found himself confronted by enigmas which he solved with difficulty. He reached the conclusion that the coldness with which *Disraeli* was first received in the States was due to the haziness of historical association in the mind of the average American. Unless he were a Jew he knew uncommonly little about the subject matter of the play; and it was some time before he felt himself sufficiently at home and at ease to enjoy a flawless piece of character acting. In London the trouble lay the other way around. Englishmen remembered too much of their own recent history to relish the liberties taken by the dramatist. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that if the Bank of England had had such a faltering fool for a president, Britain never could or would have controlled the Suez Canal.

Mr. Arliss has real views concerning audiences. He insists that sometimes — though rarely — they have a magnetic quality which stimulates and inspires the actor; and that this quality is most manifest in their silence, 'vibrating as it does with sympathetic interest and understanding.' He goes so far as to admit that an actor becomes occasionally interested in his audience, feels a friendly relationship, and thanks Heaven it has imagination enough to supplement his inadequacies, to help him 'out of many a tight place.' At the same time there is a certain sense of hostility, or at least of battle, in his casual comparison of the average audience to an unfriendly animal: 'Let it see you are afraid of it, and it will snap at you; face it boldly, and it will eat out of your hand.'

This sentiment is probably a survival from the days so robustly described by Mr. Arliss, when, as a young actor, he braved the gallery gods of a cheap theatre on the Surrey side of the Thames; gods who devoured sausages and chipped potatoes and fried fish, the while they expressed their approval, or disapproval, of the entertainment. The popping of corks, as beer and ginger ale flowed down thirsty throats, was so continuous that it failed to disturb either the house or the stage. A hardy race of players those were, in whose vocabulary the word 'temperament' had no place. 'Acting is a bag of tricks,' writes Mr. Arliss with engaging candor; and he learned early in life to put these tricks over. His admission recalls the inspired words of George Cohan when rehearsing a doubtful farce: 'Faster! Faster! Don't give 'em [the audience] a chance to think, or they'll get on to us.'

Ellen Terry, who wrote almost as well as she played, has told us one interesting thing about audiences — that the presence of an actor in the house, an experienced man or woman who applauds with understanding, will not only quicken the intelligence of the denser crowd, but will give confidence to the players on the stage. She had herself felt this subtle influence at work, and she had heard Eleanora Duse say how sweetly and powerfully it had on one occasion affected her.

The frankness of Ellen Terry's narrative, the unhesitating fashion in which she has recorded her failures, which were few, as well as her successes, which were many, is on a par with her generous and discriminating estimate of others. She knew that Booth made a masterly Iago, but that neither he nor Irving could play Othello. She considered that Irving's presentation of *Twelfth Night*, that triumph of artistic staging, was on the whole a bad production, 'dull, heavy and lumpy.' She said of her first American audiences, not that they liked the performance, but that they wanted to like it — a subtle and penetrating distinction.

II

The reaction of an ordinary audience reveals as a rule only the simplest emotions. It is calculated to suggest a houseful of morons easily moved to tears or laughter, hysterical when it is not apathetic, absurd when it is not indifferent. So it was, I fancy, in Shakespeare's day (there is more than one indication of how he felt about it), and so it has been ever since. Madame d'Arblay records her annoyance at the behavior of two young ladies who sat near her during a performance of Home's *Douglas*, and who were so much affected by the hero's tragic death that they 'burst into a loud fit of roaring like little children, and sobbed on afterwards through half the farce.' One of Madame d'Arblay's companions, Miss Weston, complained that they disturbed her more composed distress; but Captain Bouchier was highly amused. 'He went to give them comfort, as if they had been babies, telling them it was all over, and that they need not cry any more.'

Just as uncontrollable as these innocent young things' tears were the terrified shrieks of mature women who sat in the darkness while that 'bag of tricks,' *Dracula*, was being shaken out, — bats instead of rabbits, — straight from the conjurer's hat. They had come prepared to react, and they reacted. Every absurdity of that wantonly absurd play was greeted with gasps and shudders and hysterical laughter, as artificial as was Dracula's mask. This sort of excitability is conspicuous in any audience which anticipates excitement. People who have been promised that they will sup on horrors at the Grand Guignol sit tense with apprehension, responding to every ingenious device, and trying hard to get their money's worth of panic.

A lively writer in the *American Mercury* complained a few years ago that life had gone out of the audience, which used to be part of the show, but which had been reduced to a state of dumb passivity. It was to remedy this inertia that Mr. Christopher Morley opened his theatre in Hoboken, and invited all who came to it to take part in the fun. His experiment was eminently successful. In five months one hundred and fifty thousand people packed themselves into the old Rialto, to see a revival of *After Dark*. They took such an active part in the fun that Mr. Morley was a little more than satisfied. 'There was real creative unity between the actors and the house,' he said. 'It was as though the footlights had vanished.'

This was exhilarating; but with the vanishing footlights there departed also that soothing silence which enabled the less strenuous portion of the audience to hear what was being said upon the stage. Mr. William Faversham was of the opinion that not since Elizabethan times had any houses exhibited such participative instincts; but he did not say that he personally coveted so lively a coöperation. Mr. St. John Ervine confessed himself delighted with the Hoboken experiment, but doubted if it would suit his cynical and melancholy plays. Mr. Morley himself admitted that the spirit of participation was apt to get beyond control. He pleaded humorously with his houses for decency of behavior, asked that no missiles should be thrown, and protested his reluctance to call in the quieting police. Finally, Miss Jane Cowl, an outspoken actress, said plainly and distinctly that the Rialto audiences were an ill-mannered lot, that their 'fun' spelt annoyance to their neighbors and embarrassment to the players, and that the example which they set had a bad effect upon New York theatres. It was her opinion that a 'silently receptive' house was the only one which made good acting possible.

If we turn back a page or two in the history of the American stage, we shall see no great cause to regret the polite apathy of the modern audience. It may not be 'silently receptive,' but it is — except under certain circumstances — silent. The *Mirror of Taste and Dramatic Censor*, a severe and short-lived Philadelphia monthly which was published a hundred and twenty years ago, gives us to understand that the theatregoers of that day were for the most part a race of ruffians. Men brawled and rioted if they were drunk, and threw apple cores and nutshells at their neighbors. Women of loose character talked loudly and lewdly to their escorts. Wise men who loved the drama well enough to seek it under these discouraging circumstances left their virtuous wives at home, and wore their hats throughout the performance to save their heads from the rubbish which was lightly flung about the house. There was plenty of fun to be had for the taking; but it was at the expense of the players and of the play. Not until the advent of Edwin Forrest and Junius Brutus Booth — robust men both of them, who tolerated no disturbance — were order and quiet permanently restored.

Perhaps England was not far behind the United States in permitting, and even encouraging, the audience to be 'part of the show.' Scott, writing in 1826, says that he went while in London to 'honest Dan Terry's theatre,' the Adelphi. 'There I saw a play called *The Pilot*, taken from an American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, assigned by the original author to the British, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this that is of a rare and peculiar character. The Americans were so much displeased that they attempted a row, which rendered the piece doubly attractive to the seamen of Wapping, who came up and crowded the house night after night, to support the honor of the British flag.'

Noisy enough these seamen must have been. But they did not racket for the sake of racketing. Some nebulous sentiment of patriotism sustained both ranks of combatants, some dim notion that they were 'carrying on' for their country's honor and their own.

It will be observed that while players do occasionally comment upon the emotions they awaken, the friendly or unfriendly atmosphere they create, they seldom or never allude to any critical estimate formed by their audiences, or expressed by those journalists who are austerely christened dramatic critics. A veteran actor has asked, rather superciliously, if anyone has ever heard an intelligent comment upon a play made by a member of the departing audience. Intelligence is a large order; but if we are content to be amused at such moments, we may have our fill of entertainment. When the curtain fell upon John Barrymore's *Hamlet,* and I was making my way out of the theatre, wondering what principle had dictated the ruthless and arbitrary cutting of the text, a lady in front of me said to her companion: 'What I liked best was that we had the play just as Shakespeare wrote it. There was n't a line left out.' 'Oh, but there was,' said the second lady. 'I waited all evening to hear the queen say, "Out, damned spot!" and she never said it.'

Music-hall specialists, song-and-dance men, popular 'entertainers' in *revues*, establish more intimate relations with their houses than do the players of legitimate drama, who are presumably absorbed in the characters they represent. Now and then the legitimates step out of their parts, to the confusion and dismay of the cast. Forrest once dropped his rôle to tell an indifferent audience that if it did not applaud he could not act. Irving, enraged at the reception of *Twelfth Night* in London, made an unsolicited speech in which he favored his hearers with his candid opinion of their understanding.

On such occasions actor and audience meet on a healthy and human footing; but the atmosphere of the play is irretrievably lost. How could Forrest have returned to the noble sententiousness of *Metamora* after a display of personal vanity? How could Irving have sunk his ill-humor in the fantastic foolishness of Malvolio?

III

It is probable that no man living knows more about audiences than does George Cohan, and no man living has told us less. He has been on familiar terms with them since infancy. He has approached them as actor, manager, song writer, and dramatist. He has fooled them to the top of their bent. He has won them to his mood, whatever that mood might be. He has written plays as quickly as any other man could read them. He has run five companies at once with the same facile unconcern. Talented in many directions, his supreme genius lies in giving a thing a name which carries it straight through. When he called his first song, 'Why Did Nellie Leave Her Home?' Fortune, sniggering, took him by the hand, and has never let go. He picked up a play by Arthur Goodrich entitled *How Very American,* Cohanized it into *So This Is London,* and ran it for forty weeks at the Prince of Wales Theatre. There is not a trick in the bag that he cannot handle at sight.

It was to be expected that Mr. Cohan's reminiscences should deal frankly with facts. They are, indeed, as candid as the air. The adventurous thing called life is described with humor and relish. A strong flavor of domesticity pervades the volume, father, mother, sister, and brother appearing and reappearing throughout the narrative. Friends and neighbors and theatrical agents play their parts. The audience only is eliminated. It was evidently something which bought tickets, and which had to be cozened into the belief that it had got its money's worth, and that was all. As for every audience having a character of its own, hateful or lovable as the case may be; as for the 'distinct but invisible chuckle' which heartened Mr. Arliss, the careless cough which depressed him, the *élan*, vital and swift, which flowed like an electric current from the house to make his heart beat faster — such subtleties have no place in Mr. Cohan's amusing and amused regard.

Neither have they in Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's (let us give him his full designation), for that distinguished actor, who has written an autobiography as dignified as Mr. Cohan's is graceless, never mentions his audiences save when something unseemly has occurred, or when the house is graced by royalty. He tells a great many stories, but they are about people in high life (we keep genteel society in this volume); and on the last page he makes the astonishing admission that he was never meant for an actor, and never liked to act. He went through his part every night, longing for the curtain's final descent. No wonder his house — save as a paying proposition — failed to interest him. Yet this was the man who played *Hamlet* with such profound intelligence, and whose Cæsar in Shaw's masterpiece was a thing to be remembered for a lifetime. And this was the man to whom was vouchsafed the most amusing experience which theatrical gossip has to tell. It was at a London performance of *The Profligate*, and the first act was well under way, when from the stalls a voice plaintive and inebriated cried out in uttermost despair: 'My God, I've seen this play before!'

Mr. Roland Young, a very charming actor, took sufficient cognizance of his audiences to accuse them of every conceivable misdeed. They came late, they missed the best jokes, they invariably laughed at the wrong time. A New Year's Eve audience was his particular detestation; and it is interesting to note that on this point most players have agreed with him. Perhaps theatregoers are prone to eat and drink too much on this merry night, and so unfit themselves for intelligent listening; perhaps they are demoralized by the absurd and unauthorized price they have to pay for their tickets; perhaps men and women who pay this price because it *is* New Year's Eve are necessarily lacking in mentality; for one or for all of these reasons the holiday which enriches the managers yields little satisfaction to the stage.

The worst, or at least the most distressing, misconduct on the part of an average audience is untimely laughter. Henry James maintained that only English-speaking people were capable of this *bêtise*. The French were too intelligent to blunder grossly, the Italians too sympathetic, the Germans too well informed. He confessed that he never took a foreigner to a serious play in London without a feeling of shame at the tittering he heard on every side. He instanced that grim drama, *Rutherford and Son*, as a case in point. A portion of the house seemed to find it funny, and laughed throughout with cheerful misconception. On the other hand, be it remembered that a London audience, harassed beyond endurance by the persistent giggling of two women during a performance of *Hedda Gabler*, hissed the offenders so furiously that they fled frightened from the theatre.

When St. John Ervine's play, *John Ferguson*, was given in Philadelphia, it was received with laughter. Now I am aware that a very able writer has denied in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* the existence of modern tragedy. Nevertheless *John Ferguson* is an unrelenting study of all that life holds of tragic. Not for a moment is there a ray of hope or a release from pain. It was said that women laughed from sheer nervous tension, and this was in a measure true. But they laughed principally because one of the characters was an idiot, and they considered that all remarks made by an idiot are necessarily laughable. That his uncanny prescience deepened the horror of the situation was not apparent to their minds. Miss Helen Freeman, who took the part of Hannah Ferguson, was asked how she and the rest of the cast bore this incredible lack of understanding. She said that at first they felt they could not go on with their parts; but that they had steeled themselves to concentrate their minds upon the stage, and to forget the people in front of them. In other words, the audience which stood responsible for the success of the play, and which should have been vividly present as an incentive to the players, had become a bugbear to be ignored, and, so far as it was possible, forgotten.

IV

If this can be the case when actors and audience speak the same tongue, and there is no material barrier between them, it must be a strange and discouraging experience for a foreigner to confront a houseful of people to whose mentality he has no clue, and of whose comprehension he has no assurance. We still hear the echo of Rachel's bewilderment when she played in New York in 1855, that being the first time that the French language had been heard on an American stage. The drama was Corneille's *Horace*, and a translation had been printed in a thin pamphlet for the use of theatre-goers, who did not then sit in profound darkness. The rustling of paper as hundreds of women turned their pages at the same moment (such men as were awake being content to understand nothing) made a sound which the veteran actor, Léon Beauvallet, compared to the sudden beating of rain against a window. Rachel, at all times nervous and irritable, was driven frantic by this monotonous and recurrent sound, and even Beauvallet confessed that he preferred the somnolent silence of the male. In fact, he had for it the Frenchman's true understanding and sympathy. In his memoirs we find the first authentic notice of that great American institution, the tired business man. 'Men who have worked hard all day,' he observed, 'do not seem entertained by French Alexandrines. If they shut themselves up in a theatre, they want gay, light plays which divert them, and distract their minds. I am far from reproaching them for their choice.'

If the foreign actor has a difficult part to sustain, the American who goes to hear a French or Italian play has troubles of his own. His one chance of enjoyment is to sit in the centre of a large and empty box, far from the madding crowd of women who are freely translating to one another in the stalls. Invariably the cultivated person who understands, or who thinks she understands, French is accompanied by one who knows she does n't; and the whispered explanations make a sibilant undertone more disturbing, if such a thing were possible, than the rustle of paper. This appears to have been a pleasant old custom, for Mr. Pepys tells us that he went to see a tragedy called *The Cardinal*, and, with his customary adroitness, managed to slip into a private box next to the king's. It was already occupied by several French gentlemen who did not understand what was being spoken on the stage; so, at their earnest entreaty, a lady undertook to tell them what the play was about. They were lively, she was solicitous, and the translating made 'good sport' — at least for the box. How the rest of the house felt about it was a matter of indifference to Mr. Pepys. He admits that he could hear little that the players said; but as the piece was 'no great thing,' he did not mind losing it. The lady and the French gentlemen were, on the whole, more entertaining.

The theatregoers of our day would rather hear an inferior play than hear their neighbors' conversation. On this point they and the actors are in accord, though neither can compel a civilized silence in the house. Even musicians are only partially successful, with the exception of Dr. Leopold Stokowski, who has his Philadelphia audiences under such good control that they hardly dare to breathe. They sit motionless as cataleptics, would strangle rather than cough, and regard a sneeze as impious sacrilege. When a symphony is concluded they have permission, grudgingly given, to applaud. Stokowski does not hold with this boisterous clapping of hands, nor does he consider it a fitting recognition of music; but he has conceded the point out of generous sympathy with his orchestra, which likes a tribute to its worth.

The 'full and understanding auditory,' which has been the desire of the actor's heart from Shakespeare's time to our own, is a boon seldom vouchsafed. The house is often full and sometimes understanding, but only on rare and happy nights is it both. Weird enthusiasms incite the drama-loving world, and dull incomprehension misleads it. Neither of these eventualities can be foreseen. The producer who keeps his finger on the public pulse is aware that his diagnosis is fallible. He stands ready to administer a merry or a dismal, a bawdy or a 'sweet pure little' play, and he does not know which will avail. The dramatist is inured to surprises. The actor plays his part in doubt and bewilderment. On the one hand, we hear Ellen Terry wondering why it was that British matrons of high estate — among them Princess Mary of Teck — would take their daughters to hear Gounod's *Faust*, but would not take them to see Goethe's *Faust*. On the other hand, we hear John Barrymore voicing a mild amazement that Americans, who had spells of virtuous recoil, 'did not seem to mind' the obvious fact that *The Jest*, which ran so successfully, 'was like a bullfight in a brothel.'

To such enigmas the long rows of men and women sitting on uncomfortable seats in the darkness can offer no solution.

THE FATHER OF EARTH

If once a wandering star
Dwelt, as our seers teach,
Trillions of miles afar
And moved within our reach,

If as it neared it drew
Planets from out the sun
By that force Newton knew,
Worlds of which we are one,

And went alone away;
Then should we not search Space,
Ardent as those that pray,
For any fading trace

Of that great traveler
But for whose journeying
There'd be no buds to stir
Through any soil in Spring,

No birds to sing and mate,
No leaves to welcome light,
No one to question Fate
Mute in the deeps of Night.

THE WIDER LANDS

There's a mist far away in an arc,
But the dimness draws nearer;
Already far fields are gone dark
And all vistas are drearer.

Closer in, closer in draw the fields
That our sight can discover;
Now the last of the evening yields
And to darkness goes over;

And the things that the mind understands,
And whose secrets we plunder,
Are gone, and unlimited lands
Lie wide for our wonder.

Lord Dunsany

JONES, HIS MACHINES

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

'AND what,' says Mrs. Smith, turning to her dinner guest on the right, 'would you say, Mr. Jones, is the outlook for Love in the Machine Age?'

Poor Mr. Jones, thus abruptly summoned from the lady on his other side and the subject of Havana in February, does what nearly all of us do in similar crises. Hard-beset folk whom you suddenly invite to express an opinion on the place of bacon and eggs in a well-balanced diet are apt to say, 'Well, er, just what do you mean by bacon and eggs, Mrs. Smith?' Or, invited without due warning to state whether they prefer the early hours of morning in the country to the peace that comes with the sunset, they may say, 'But just what do you mean by a sunset?'

So in the present case Jones, thinking fast, says, 'It depends on just what you mean by the Machine Age, Mrs. Smith.'

'Why,' says his hostess, and pauses just a moment to gather her ideas. She is a woman of intelligence, of wide reading and retentive memory, and given to thinking on what she has read and heard.

'The Machine Age?' she says. 'Can we get away from it anywhere, Mr. Jones? In the adjacent room is the radio to which you listened only a little while ago, and you made a point of comparing the reception with the tone of our old mechanical piano for which we still have a liking, and the graphophone. In the kitchen, if you will take my word for it, we have our electro-pneumatic refrigerator, and the electric stove, and a variety of electric coffee-pots, stewpans, chafing dishes, and toasters. Not far away is the vacuum cleaner which will pick up the bread crumbs that you are now dropping on the carpet, and near by is the laundry machine which will take care of the tablecloth on which you have let fall just a trace of the cranberry sauce; and the electric pressing irons. And of course you must not let me forget the dishwashing machine. Scattered through other rooms of our simple apartment, Mr. Jones, there must be an odd dozen of miscellaneous machines: electric curling irons, and a couple of electric pads which in certain contingencies are preferable to the old hot-water bottle, two lamps for baking my rheumatism, a clock that runs by electricity — My dear Mr. Jones, what do I mean by the Machine Age!'

Being under no compulsion, like Jones, to give attention to a hostess and simultaneously to improvise an opinion and an attitude on Love in the Machine Age, let us snatch just half a minute to frame for ourselves a brief definition of the essential terms in the problem which Mrs. Smith has raised. It is really only one term, since a definition of Love is either unnecessary or else beyond us in the very brief time at our disposal. But what is a machine? Well, shall we say that a machine is an inanimate tool? It is a something built out of any kind of raw material other than living protoplasm, and composed of levers, wheels, pulleys, poles, aerials, wires, magnetos, fields of force, and so on. A machine has two essential traits. It is lifeless, — as when a man says indignantly, 'Do you think I am a man or a machine?' — and it is a tool. A machine may have any kind of spark except the vital spark, and it must perform a useful function. As to a Machine Age, it is presumably an age which is rich in machines, or rejoices in machines, or is dominated by machines, or all three together.

Now when Mrs. Smith speaks of Love in the Machine Age, or for that matter of almost anything else in the Machine Age, the chances are that she is thinking of the lifelessness, of the non-humanity of the machine, rather than of its instrumentalism. Her main interest is in a something that operates without consciousness, rather than in the specific nature of the operation or of the product. And what Mrs. Smith means by machines and Machine Ages, most of the books that she has read on the subject mean; and what she has overlooked or failed sufficiently to analyze, a good many books on the subject have overlooked or failed to take into account.

Thus, perhaps four fifths of Mrs. Smith's machines, reckoned by money investment and the rôle which they play in her life, are not machines at all. They are mechanical contrivances, but they are not tools. She does not use them to produce things, but only satisfactions. They are not a means to an end, but an end in themselves. They are not producers' goods, as the economists call tools and raw materials; they are consumers' goods, as the economists call things ready to be enjoyed.

Let us take another look around Mrs. Smith's apartment, and count the real machines and the things that only look like machines. You will find that the lady is not living in a Machine Age to anything like the extent she believes. The vacuum cleaner is a machine, because it is a tool for cleaning carpets; but the radio is not a machine, because it is not a tool — it is only a satisfaction, like a violin. The washing machine is a machine, because it is a tool; but the pianola is not a machine, because it is not a tool any more than a tenor voice is a tool. The electric iron, toaster, coffeepot, and rheumatism pad are machines, because they are tools. But the graphophone is not a machine, for all its humming and buzzing and whirring; it is no more a tool than Rosa Ponselle is a tool. The electric light, summary and symbol of the Machine Age, is perhaps 10 per cent tool; the rest is joy and amusement. Yes, this electric light, shield and blazon of a mechanical civilization which pushes buttons and throws switches, is, in our homes, not a machine; it is a commodity. The telephone — what shall we say of the telephone? It is a machine for Mrs. Smith's husband down town, where he employs it as a tool in his business, as a substitute for secretaries' fingers and messengers' legs. The telephone is a machine — that is to say, a tool — in Mrs. Smith's apartment when she employs it to call up the grocer and the butcher and the doctor. But it is not a machine during half of Mrs. Smith's day, in her prolonged talks with her friends. The telephone then performs nothing useful. It is a recreation, a plaything.

After dinner Mrs. Smith is taking Mr. Jones and the others to that new Russian film in which the bourgeoisie turns out to be even worse than Mr. Stalin ever suspected. The trip is made in the two-thousand-dollar family car driven by Mr. Smith, and it lasts just long enough to permit the following observations.

When people speak of the Machine Age we may take it for granted that nine times out of ten they are thinking of the automobile and the moving pictures. How can it be otherwise? The turbines which grind out kilowatts for light, heat, and power are tucked away somewhere on the edge of the city where perhaps one consumer in ten thousand sees them. The machines which make steel girders for skyscrapers are off somewhere in Pittsburgh and Birmingham, where possibly one in every ten thousand American rent payers ever sees them. The machines that make shirtings and coatings and carpetings; the machines that make breakfast food and cook meats and vegetables, and seal them into cans; the machines that weld bathtubs and paint linoleum — these machines the average man seldom sees. The famous machine known as the Railroad the average man does see and hear, even though long acquaintance has dulled him to its presence. And in the city he knows the machines of Rapid Transit which snatch him up and carry him away in a storm of speed and glare and noise and heat and utter helplessness. But even the railroad, even the subway, hold a poor second place among the furnishings of the Machine Age. The thing that makes and marks the Machine Age is *the* Machine — the Car, the Automobile.

For three quarters of a century we had the railroad, for a century and a half the steam engine, and people were greatly concerned over the effects of machines and the future of machines. But only with the automobile did the Machine Age arrive for us, simply because it surrounded us with Machines. The automobile is in every rod of street and highway, moving, parking, congesting, flaring, back-firing, green-lighting, red-lighting, right-turning, left-turning, no-turning on red light, slaying forty thousand people a year, elbowing its way into the family budget ahead of food and drink, elbowing its way to the forefront of the conscious thought of the nation, recasting the morals of the nation, redistributing its population, reshaping its industrial structure, giving its name to an epoch, — the Age of the Automobile, — becoming for the outside world the very symbol of America: this machine called the Automobile, together with that other machine called the Movie.

Only — the automobile and the moving pictures are not machines. They are mechanical, but they are not tools. The moving picture is never a tool. The automobile is a tool when it becomes a taxi or a truck. But for the great majority of the people, and in the mass effect, it is not the taxi and the truck that count; it is the pleasure car. The automobile that dominates a nation's thoughts is not a tool, but an end in itself. It is a toy. It is the hugest, costliest, most absorbing plaything that a nation ever treated itself to. It comes in useful, of course, but it is not bought for utility. It is bought for that rare enjoyment which in history has been reserved for the privileged few — the command of speed and space. It is bought for the purpose of enabling millions of Americans to burn up expensive concrete roads with high-taxed gasoline. The American automobile is a luxury. In the sense of being a tool, a device for producing or doing something useful, the average American's automobile is no more a tool than the rich American's polo pony is a tool.

This insistence on the distinction between machines that are tools and machines that are not tools will not, I trust, impress the reader as super-refined dialectic or pedantry. To stress the fact that the automobile is most often not a tool but a plaything is not logic-chopping, since the distinction leads to a profound difference in our view of the American people to-day. It obviously is of vital importance for our picture of American civilization whether 25,000,000 automobiles mean production or consumption, mean toil or recreation, enslavement or leisure, shoulders bent under the yoke or shoulders bent over a reluctant spark plug. It is a point which we shall be compelled to take up again after a brief return to Mrs. Smith, whom we shall not even bother to remind, lest we become tedious, that the 'machines' by which she finds herself surrounded in apartment and garage represent an investment of perhaps six hundred dollars in real machines and four thousand dollars in machines that are playthings, — radio, mechanical piano, graphophone, automobile, — that is to say, not machines.

II

When Mrs. Smith addresses herself to Mr. Jones for a statement on Love in the Machine Age she is likely to transgress against exact thinking in more ways than one. We have seen that a machine is an inanimate tool. And we have seen that people very frequently apply the term 'machine' to things that are not tools. But of greater ultimate significance is the habit of applying the term 'machine' to human beings.

In speaking of Love in the Machine Age, or Parenthood or Art or Literature or Marriage in the Machine Age, Mrs. Smith, together with most of the authors she has read on the Machine Age, is apt to slide into one of those easy and frequently unperceived transitions which so utterly transform the meaning of words and of things. Mrs. Smith, quite unconscious of how it happened, finds herself no longer thinking of the Machine Age as an era in which men use a great many machines. She is thinking of it as an age in which men have themselves become machines.

When Mrs. Smith wonders if romantic love is possible in a Machine Age, she is almost asking Mr. Jones what he thinks are the chances of romantic love ever inflaming the heart of a steam shovel or a thermostat. When she speaks of marriage in the Machine Age, she is almost thinking of the institution of wedlock as it flourishes among electric refrigerators. When she raises the question of the family in the Machine Age, almost she is asking what form the family will assume when compressed-air hammers mate with internal-combustion engines and produce offspring in the form of, let us say, sturdy oxyacetylene torches and beautiful streamline electric bread toasters. When Mrs. Smith and her authors and most of us say Machine Age, we are most often thinking of an age out of which sentient human existence has vanished, leaving only push buttons and wheels.

This is the celebrated idea of the Robot contributed by the Bohemian dramatist Čapek to the cause of loose thinking in the world. The author of *R.U.R.* did not himself think loosely. He set out to write an anti-capitalist satire. When he pictured Science inventing the all-metal Robot as an incomparably more efficient substitute for the human worker, Čapek was assailing an economic system in which the individual worker, as he saw the matter, was only a tool in the hands of the employers and rulers of society. He assailed a social scheme in which individual man served his purpose best when he was completely dehumanized by being reduced to a single mechanical function. The Czech playwright indicted a particular form of economic organization which robbed the ordinary man of his human initiative, his freedom, his human worth and dignity. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he indicted, not an economic system, but a political system. He assailed the idea of the omnipotent State which, as we see now under Communism even more than under Capitalism, dehumanizes its citizens in the interest of a final purpose, which essentially makes man into a tool for the creation of a particular product.

That cry of indignation in the Robot play was directed against the tyranny of men over men and not the tyranny of technology over men. But what most of us have done is to accept the Robot in the latter sense. We have come to feel that because of the multiplication of machines to-day men are actually turning into machines. In a Machine Age the iron is supposed to be actually entering into men's souls, turning human beings first, presumably, into semi-ferrous products, and ultimately, I suppose, into something completely metallic. Forgetting the climax of the Čapek fable, which is not of men becoming iron Robots, but of the iron Robots becoming men, we find ourselves haunted by the dread of men turning into things of steel and chromium and manganese, their hearts into leather bellows, their thoughts into radio waves.

Obviously there is a very real problem in this question of Love in the Machine Age, and I am not denying that there are times when hostesses at dinner and authors at their desks grapple with that real problem. Love, Marriage, and the Family are bound to evolve with the evolution of machines. Love is apt to differ, though not in essentials, when the scene is a mediæval Balkan village and when it is 1931 New York. Marriage obviously is not quite the same institution when the husband drives the plough and the wife spins the flax as when the husband takes a flying machine to San Francisco on business and the wife takes the subway to her own arts and crafts studio-salesrooms near the Grand Central Terminal. The Family has obviously felt the impact of the machines which bake the bread somewhere twenty-five miles away and wash the linen perhaps a hundred and fifty miles away, and so provide the wife and mother with the leisure either for studying law or for bridge.

But these changes, more or less profound, wrought by the machines in the structure of society are not the things that people have in mind when they contemplate the horrors of life in a completely mechanized America. Foreigners and native sons alike speak of that American future as of a frozen existence. The landscape of American life is a lunar one. Human machines move about the scene, but without the capacity for love or laughter, and without freedom. They are men and women in whom organs and dimensions have attained or are approaching the inorganic condition of wheels, levers, pulleys, dynamos, currents, resistances. Is a machine capable of loving? Is a machine free to love? A machine may be more powerful than an army with banners, but it is never free. A thousand horsepower is under the compulsion to punch 14,567 round holes of 2.3 millimetres in diameter through 43 inches of steel in 51 seconds. Never is it within the power of that thousand horsepower to add just one hole so as to make the number 14,568, or to make the diameter 2.3015 millimetres or the time 51½ seconds.

This is what troubles Mrs. Smith's soul when she thinks of Love in a Machine Age, and what has troubled the souls of many good men when they think of America in the Machine Age. They are all under the terror of the Robot. They see machines doing something much more than making themselves the masters of men, as indeed they sometimes become. They see machines transforming mankind into machines after their own image — which the machine never does. Because the business of wheat growing is becoming mechanized we assume that the grower and the eater of the wheat are being transformed into machines; but this is not so. Because clothes are washed by machines in the laundry we assume that the girls who manipulate them are in danger of becoming mechanized: yes, this young laundry worker on an eight-hour schedule is a Robot when compared with the pre-industrial laundress who was also the pre-industrial cook, baker, seamstress, wife, and mother, operating on a sixteen-hour schedule.

Because, in short, America is so preeminently of the Machine Age, with ever so many more machines per capita than the rest of the world, it follows that American life has already gone far toward becoming, and in time must completely become, one vast mechanical action. Life in America will become inanimate, automatic, and, what is the same as automatic, unfree. Life in America will be one vast complex of machinery punching 14,567 holes of 2.3 millimetres in diameter through 43 inches of steel in 51 seconds — never more, never less, never thinking, never feeling, never purposing, never seeking, never wearying, never experimenting, but only and eternally moving up and down, up and down; up, down; up, down; up . . .

III

This is what is feared for America in the Machine Age; and this future is foreseen for a people that above all others denies, in its temper and its behavior, the essential definitions of the mechanical. We invoke a future of Robotism for a people essentially febrile, emotional, restless, impatient, foot-loose, free. We are speaking of a people that has been in motion for three hundred years and is still in motion. It is a pioneer people that continues to discover new frontiers when it has conquered the old ones. When the Pacific Ocean is reached and the free land is gone, it refuses to abide by the textbooks; it finds a new frontier in the oil of Kansas-Oklahoma-Texas, and another frontier in the sunshine and movies of Hollywood, and another in the automobiles of Detroit. We are predicting mechanization and fossilization for a people that tears down its skyscrapers every fifteen years and rebuilds its towns every twenty-five years. We are speaking of a people that has developed, beyond any other, a genius for discovering and surmounting new social frontiers; so that after the conquest of the Mississippi Valley, and the Far West, and the Coast, and the Northwest, and Florida-California, and Oklahoma-Detroit, the march goes on vertically — by the millions to the high-school frontier; by the hundreds of thousands to the college frontier; to the symphony-orchestra frontier, the Tourist Third Cabin frontier. . . .

The vital point about the American and his machines escapes us. It is this: in the very intensity with which he invents machines the American asserts his unmechanical, febrile, restless, searching nature. He is always inventing in order to do things differently. Of course he wants to do things more quickly, more cheaply, more quietly, more smoothly, more elegantly, but the compelling motive is to do things differently. He is always trying to increase the 14,567 holes and the 2.3 millimetres and the 43 inches of thickness, and reduce the 51 seconds. Far from being the slave of a machine rhythm, — of the unchanging up, down; up, down; up, down, — he refuses to accept the routine oscillation; he accelerates it, he alters it, he shock-absorbs it, he gives it a six-coat finish.

He is the eternal tinkerer, the engineer, the machinist, but not the machine. He is the man above all others who refuses to build his machines or his houses or his business offices for eternity, as the foolish English manufacturers do, or the Italian peasants. He builds deliberately with the design that it shall all be changed in another five, ten, twenty years.

Americans who dread the effects of the Machine Age, and Europeans who shudder over the 'Americanization of Europe,' are the terrorized victims of a theory. When they see on this continent the reduction of the free, spontaneous life to the clamp and vise and gear of the machine, they see things *a priori*. They see life in America becoming what the machine ought to make it. They do not stop to inquire what American life in this Machine Age has actually become. They do not ask whether America's Machine Age may not really be more spontaneous, more unpredictable, more innovating, more experimental than life in the most machineless corner of the Balkans, or south of the Yangtze River.

The Yangtze River! Let us turn to Mrs. Smith — by a miracle of time-space Relativity she is now back in her place at the head of her dinner table — and ask whether she would mind subjecting her guests to a simple little experiment. Would Mrs. Smith mind asking her guests each to try to think of a machine at work, — up, down; up, down; up, down, — and then state what specific picture is evoked in his or her mind? Mrs. Smith would be only too delighted to put the question, and she is sure the others would love to do their part. Thank you very much, Mrs. Smith; you are so kind.

The question is put and the answers flash up rapidly around the table. Jones says he is thinking of the Ford conveyor belt where men spend the working day and their working life giving a half-twist to bolt number 345. The lady on Jones's right says she can't help thinking of Gastonia, where young girls spend ten hours a day feeding the spindles in a daze that is surely automatic. One gentleman says he may be old-fashioned, but he still thinks of Mrs. Browning's 'Do ye hear the children weeping?' His daughter, who has been on a world tour, thinks of the little girls she saw — a rather serious-minded tourist she must have been — in the cotton mills of Osaka and Shanghai and Bombay. Obviously there can be no quarreling with these answers.

But there is one guest present,— well, what is the use of beating about the bush?— the writer of these lines, as he tries to summon to his mind the perfect symbol for what is fixed, monotonous, unfree, mechanical, finds himself thinking, not of machines in factories, but of human beings in rice fields. This eternal up, down; up, down; up, down; never changing, never swerving, first this thing, then that thing, then this thing, then that thing, from day to day and year to year — what is this but the eternal peasant motion of history?

To the young girls in the Gastonia mills the factory life is, in the great majority of cases, an escape from monotony to excitement, from domestic confinement into the free life. The girl operatives in Shanghai are part of the new hope in China, and the girl mill hands of Bombay are part of the force behind Gandhi. They connote life and growth. But the bent back and bowed shoulders and slow arm swing of ten thousand years of European peasantry, the squat and crouch of twenty thousand years of Asiatic tillage — there you have the closest approach to the thing that good Mrs. Smith fears when she sees men turning into machines. Steam and electricity will never turn men into machines to the degree that 200,000,000 Chinese coolies are machines from before sunrise to long after sunset. The perfect type of the 'mechanical' motion, the lifeless motion, is in the ploughman; it is he who homeward plods his weary way. From the beginning of history the lively, foot-loose, free people have been in the cities; the city mob gets its name from its mobility. The countryside produces its clodhopper. Let us not be too greatly afraid, therefore, of our machines dehumanizing mankind into their own shape. Laboring mankind is really nearest to a machine in the peasant routine, when furrow comes after furrow, and sheaf after sheaf, and chore after chore, and one day after another, and the years, and the centuries, without change and without movement — as among the people of the Yangtze and the Ganges, whom the Machine Age has not touched.

IV

Compare with the fixity of the world's non-machined peasant masses the obvious facts of the American tempo. Febrile, impulsive, experimental, crusading, censoring, prohibiting, nullifying, bootlegging, riding the surf of fortune with a fierce zest in its crests and troughs, amending, concurring, repealing, reducing four-year terms to two-year terms, expanding two-year terms to four-year terms, electing, appointing, recalling, scaling heaven by so many ladders, by anti-trust laws, by pro-trust laws, by mayors, by city managers, by city commissions, by municipal ownership, by municipal operation, by regulation, by farm boards, by tariffs, by tariff commissions, by Greenbackism in 1874, by Bryanism in 1896, by Brookhartism in 1930 — if this is what the Machine Age has done to mechanize the American people, why is Mrs. Smith so badly worried? She thinks of the machine which punches 14,567 holes of 2.3 millimetres diameter in 51 seconds, on and on into eternity, or as long as steel and lubricant will endure, and she fears that fate for the American who never does the same thing for any length of time, whose very nature it is always to live in feast or in famine, always to do things with all his might, to hit the line hard, to do things up brown — and you never quite know where you have him. He is Puck, but Mrs. Smith and her favorite authors in sociology have got into the habit of regarding him as a Robot.

Forty years ago a non-native author saw the American in a quite different light, saw him as one who 'turns a keen untroubled face home, to the instant need of things.' To this foreign observer the American, far from being a machine, was a man perpetually on the alert. He is that still. He is not only essentially unmechanical in his restlessness and his foot-looseness, he is not even to be thought of as a man who is primarily absorbed by the business of the machine. Primarily his machines are playthings. This is literally true, as I hope I have shown, of so many of his machines which are designedly toys — his automobiles, radios, films, graphophones, airplanes, and soon television, no doubt. But it is true even of the American's approach to the machines that are unmistakably tools — his power hammers and cranes and conveyors and giant shears and drills. Their primary appeal to him is not as tools but as novelties, as ends in themselves. They are esteemed greatly for the greater quantities of goods they can produce and the greater sums of money they can make, but more they are esteemed because they are a newer, cleverer way of doing things. They are different.

The next time you see a male American in the barber's chair, having the back of his neck clipped by electric scissors, the scanty fuzz on the top of his head massaged by an electric vibrator, the stray hairs on his white sheet of penance sucked up by a miniature vacuum machine, the hot towel for his face cooking in a bright nickel electric oven, the skin on his face bathed by a violet-ray machine, the polish on his shoes dried by an electric drier — when you see all these things don't feel too unhappy and say, 'Here is a man fast on the way toward being himself transformed into a machine.' He is not. He is not even a man primarily concerned with a better way of having his hair trimmed, his towel boiled, his shoes dried, his trousers brushed. Essentially he is a child taking delight in the hum and buzz and glint and click of a lot of electric toys. He adores playing with them, and to save his self-respect and ward off comment he finds some use for them and calls them machines. But what he loves is not the use, but the buzz.

(*In October, 'Jones, His Opinions and His Politics'*)

HIS OWN MEDICINE

BY JAMES E. BAUM

I

Mohammed Zain, his dark Arab eyes rolling in their sockets, rushed breathlessly to my chair. He was all in a flutter. '*Gramus! Gramus, effendi!*' (Buffalo! Buffalo, sir!)

From his excitement I supposed that a buffalo had chased him into camp. Sudan buffaloes are not above such pranks. A young bull had sent Abdullahi scurrying for home a week before, and Abdullahi had won the race only by a few inches of flapping loin cloth that trailed behind in the breeze like a desperate flag of truce. So I seized the big gun and followed Mohammed through the brush.

Everyone in camp trailed behind to see the fun — Mohammed Ali, Abdullahi, Osman, Haroun, and even dignified old Arabi.

We arrived at the river bank, and Mohammed Zain pointed across the narrow Rahad. A buffalo bull stood on the opposite bank, fifty yards away, with his feet in the water, and glared at us. The curve of his heavy horns reflected the bright sunlight in flashing bands. He was 'on the fight.' Flies and ticks bothered him and he would have liked nothing better than a chance to take it out on human flesh and bone.

I made no move to shoot and Mohammed Zain urged eagerly, '*Banduk, effendi!*' (The gun, sir!) But I held the gun down and said, '*Mushouse.*' (I do not want him.)

The buffalo continued to glare. He stamped a front foot and water splashed over his shoulders. He shook his head threateningly and a deep rumble came from his chest. He was in no mood to have his daily drink interrupted by a pack of half-naked Arabs and a white man in a battered sun helmet — a white man who looked like a tramp in 'shorts' torn by thorns and raveled with age, and a tattered upper garment that had once been a shirt. Lions were the only living things he respected; but the water flowed between us, and he was uncertain of its depth.

I sat down in the shade of a bush to watch him more comfortably in that intense heat while the men, eager for blood as always, chattered in Arabic among themselves. I caught a few phrases: 'What seems to be wrong with the Effendi? Here is a perfectly good buffalo with the safety of a river between us. This is a rare and unusual set-up with no chance for a charge. Why does the Effendi refuse to shoot?'

Natives are not sportsmen, and to give a dangerous animal a chance is beyond their comprehension. They peered at me curiously in side glances and old Arabi came forward on hands and knees and patted the gunstock lovingly. 'It is a good gun, is it not? It will kill the buffalo oh so dead, will it not?' The remark was most insinuating and suggestive.

It was n't meat they wanted. The carcass of a freshly killed reedbuck hung in camp with mosquito net around it to keep off the flies — better meat by far than that of a tough buffalo. But they were afraid of buffalo and would have watched with savage delight that tick-infested bulk crash to earth. However, I had not traveled many weary weeks by camel south from Khartoum to kill buffalo or to please Arabs, and I had no intention of supporting a host of hyenas and vultures in idleness and luxury.

Abdullahi's imagination began to work. He pleaded, 'Effendi! This is the very buffalo that chased me into camp that other day. I know him. He is a bad one.' That was a brilliant touch for a native, one of Abdullahi's few inspired utterances. But it did no good. The chances were a hundred to one that this was not his enemy of last week, and what if it were? I was not out for buffalo and I repeated, 'No. I do not want him.'

The buffalo soon decided that it was poor headwork to trifle with his luck too far. He wheeled and trotted across the strip of sand to the dense brush and stopped for a last look — that final glance of curiosity that so often proves fatal for game animals. But I did not shoot, and he plunged from sight in the bush.

II

A few days later, when the meat of the reedbuck had gone to line dusky ribs, Osman, the cook, came to me while the men were packing the camels. He told a long story, talking all around the point in the usual native way. I listened patiently. He had carefully thought out what he intended to say, and if I should interrupt he would merely start over at the beginning. It was a long and flowery speech; after salaams and well-wishes for my health in this world and the next had been eliminated, after childish allusions to my cunning and wisdom 'which none would dare to dispute' had been disregarded, his tale boiled down to the simple fact that we were out of meat. Byron's short couplet would have told the story as well: —

> Man is a carnivorous production
> And cannot live, as woodcocks do, on suction.

Osman finished with a flourish: 'Will the Effendi, the favored of Allah, kindly condescend to direct the death-dealing rifle, the heavy gun that makes even the lion shiver in his tracks, against the tender ribs of some meat-animal during the day's march, that we may eat and grow strong?'

'*Aywah*' (All right), I said, and mounted the bull riding camel, for the caravan was packed and ready to move.

A swaying camel saddle is an excellent lookout station. The beast moves deliberately and you pay little attention to guiding him. He follows the animal or man ahead steadily on the march, and he is afraid of nothing. The trail may be no more than a series of great round holes beneath trampled grass — the footprints of elephants made in the rainy season, a yard across and two or three feet deep. But your camel will never fall and you can watch the surrounding country without interruption.

Just before noon I saw, from my swaying station aloft, three water bucks in the open timber some four hundred yards ahead. Two were bulls and the third a doe. Down went the camel to his knees at a sharp crack of the stick upon his front legs. When I arrived on foot within two hundred yards of the water bucks, by keeping trees and brush in line, the bulls were fighting furiously — rapping horns, backing and charging, thrusting and recovering like the skilled fencers they are.

It was the usual fight for the female, and she, blasé lady, appeared to be without the slightest interest in the outcome. She nibbled a sprig from a bush, glanced behind, walked a few steps, cocked an eye at the branches of a thorn tree above, and brushed a fly from her pretty flank with a graceful motion of the head. She did everything but show interest in the wilderness knights so gallantly shivering lances in her behalf.

In one of her preoccupied, dreamy glances, however, she saw the camels of the caravan standing in the distance. Instantly she was all eyes and ears. Trotting forward with head held high and dainty, mincing steps, she came within fifty yards of the thorn tree that hid my body. There she stopped, craning her neck and doing her best to figure out what those gray beasts were. While she stood there nervous and uncertain, the gladiator swains still rapped horns and pushed and shoved each other, apparently enjoying the battle too much to notice that she had moved off.

The doe made up her mind that no good could be expected from such ungainly beasts as a string of pack camels, and she gave a series of short, stiff-legged jumps. This was a signal of alarm, for the bloodthirsty duelists dropped their quarrel instantly and ran in opposite directions. They had been watching her more closely than I imagined.

I tried a long shot at one and it went down in a heap, rolling over and over from the speed of its flight. Arabi rushed forward to *halleleh* or cut its throat to make the meat clean for Mohammedan use. I was near enough to see that the bull was stone-dead before Arabi arrived. That was unfortunate, for the Prophet states distinctly that an animal must be *hallelehed* before it is dead. But old Arabi was no prude. He had lived too long in the land of his fathers and had seen too much good meat wasted to be technical about it. The curved knife flashed in the sunlight and the job was done in the twinkling of an eye. Arabi always was clever with that curved knife; there were rumors in camp that at times Arabi had been *too* clever with cold steel; but that was none of my business.

Had one of the men been at hand to see this evidence of Arabi's backsliding and so been in position to report the breach later to a mullah in Omdurman, Arabi's home town, I think the old fellow would have announced smugly that the animal was dead and the meat unclean. But when the men came up Arabi remarked, as he wiped the knife blade on the animal's back, that he had arrived just in time to save the meat. I smiled and winked at Arabi when he said this, and he grinned back at me as he slipped the knife into the sheath that all Sudani Arabs carry strapped to the left arm just above the elbow. We understood each other.

We dragged the waterbuck to the scanty shade of an acacia tree and began to cut it up. The first vulture arrived promptly, about four minutes after the shot, dropping from the sky with a loud, whistling sound, like the scream of an airplane's wires as it drops in a steep glide. The bird came down in a zigzag course with wings folded back to half their normal spread. He dropped as fast as he dared; a touch more of speed and his enormous wings must have collapsed from the pressure. He leveled off and touched the ground, bouncing and almost falling as he alighted. Speed was a prime necessity in his business.

He had no sooner landed than we heard the rising crescendo of another scavenger coming to the feast. Another — and another — and another. In a few minutes the sky was filled with hurrying wings. The binoculars showed tiny specks at altitudes so great that not even vulture eyes could have seen that carcass upon the tawny ground. The specks grew larger, literally falling from the blue in great zigzag steps, guided to the meal by the telltale actions of birds at a lower level. Surrounding trees were soon loaded with heavy, feathered bodies. Solid troops and phalanxes waited on the ground a few yards away. The craning of unclean red necks, the impatient ruffling of feathers, and the quick peering of little bloodshot eyes testified to the driving hunger of those lousy, feathered scavengers.

The carcass was quartered and loaded upon a kneeling camel, and as we set out for the river bank to make camp a tumbling, fighting rabble surged forward and piled upon the offal, burying it beneath a weight of brown bodies six or eight deep. Late arrivals, hobbling to the feast in that clumsy amble so characteristic of the bird on the ground, threw themselves croaking into the struggling mass, clawing and pulling at the backs of the more fortunate ones at the first table. A white-headed eagle with a perverted taste for carrion landed more leisurely and strutted forward, conscious of the superiority of his breed. The vultures made a place for him reluctantly. He was not welcome, but a sharp beak, powerful talons, and a more valiant spirit were his passports to the banquet; where the eagle sat was sure to be the head of the table. Hawks and kites, darting swiftly back and forth above the tearing, clawing mass, swooped gracefully on the alert for a crumb cast carelessly aside; too small and light to take part in that centre rush of gourmands, they were snappers-up of unconsidered trifles.

Within an hour after old Arabi's religious gesture with the knife, the trees around a new camp were festooned with strings of raw meat dangling from ropes stretched between branches. A few days before, at a village of grass huts, a voluble, chattering native had asked to be allowed to go along with us until we killed some meat. He had not tasted meat in a long time, he said, and was too old and afflicted to kill anything with his spear. He was still with us, tagging along in the hope of meat, and now he was beside himself with glee. He was a queer specimen, with the face of a little gray monkey and eyes like animated shoe buttons — eyes that darted about with the quick, spasmodic movements of birds. He talked incessantly in a nervous jerky manner — paragraphs in Arabic without a pause for breath. He was like a person who has but one more minute to live and is determined to tell everything he knows before the end. We called him the Chatterer.

He was now laughing and babbling and holding an animated conversation with himself as he plied a bloody knife. He hung his meat in thick strings upon the lower branches of a thorn tree. But when a brown kite, diving swiftly, carried away a piece, the Chatterer raged and stormed and waved his knife in the air like a wild man. He was dangerously near the brink of insanity anyway, and if one of the men had come between him and his heritage of meat I doubt if he would have stopped at murder. But the Chatterer was not over-particular in his method of jerking meat. In his unnecessary haste he cut much of it in strips too thick to dry before the inside spoiled, and the next day a decided aroma blew from his private tree. When he left us on the second day, his back bowed beneath a load of half-dried meat wrapped in a net cleverly made from strips of bark, I watched him go with relief, marking his slow progress through the high grass by the diminishing odor that followed in his train.

III

One morning not long after, I went out at daylight and took Haroun to carry the heavy gun. We followed the river bank through open timber. The grass had been trampled flat by game herds, but it was thick and reached to our knees. Game trails led through it in all directions. We followed one of these, Haroun a pace or two behind. Fifty yards ahead something moved. In the half light it appeared to be dark and of solid color. It looked like a big baboon, but no baboon would be out that early or would be likely to be alone at any time. The dim shape had not seen us, and I hurried forward, keeping brush in line, on the chance that it might turn out to be a lion.

Haroun was not a regular gun bearer. He was a mere tent boy or male chambermaid, and I did n't expect much from him. But I did expect him at least to be quiet. At that critical moment Haroun opened his cavernous mouth and let out a cough — a loud, deep cough that came from the chest and sounded, in the stillness of early morning, like the cough of a wind-broken horse. The dark shape ahead sprang with the sound and disappeared in the background of black thornbush. That leap showed the gleaming spots, the trailing tail, and the feline action of a large and most desirable cat, a prowling leopard. Shade of Bahrâm! To cough away a chance like that! I could have wrung Haroun's neck and enjoyed every minute of the exercise. Someone has remarked that a stutter may be an affliction, a harelip an act of God; let me add that a horse-cough at such a time is beyond classification.

Haroun was sent to camp in disgrace and I went on alone, disgusted with all spotted cats so careful of their precious hides. For beasts of strength, lightning speed, and dangerous armament, leopards are cowards. Guinea hens, monkeys, and harmless young baboons are their usual victims. The leopard has no standing in the bush, no tradition of valor to uphold as has the lion; so he fades away at the first sign of danger as meekly as a virgin in the night. But I have seen a leopard, surrounded, rush to the attack with all the fury of a wounded lion, and, with one slash of a lightning-swift paw, rip the entire scalp from a man's head. I know several men whom leopards have come within an ace of finishing. So, attempting to generalize on how animals in the bush will behave is a thankless job; they seldom do the same thing twice under identical circumstances.

A half hour later the sun came through the trees in a golden flood and I sat down to rest upon a high bank overlooking the river. It was a classic landscape. A grove of wild fig trees with low and gracefully sweeping branches lined the opposite bank. It was a pleasant place for daydreaming, but in Africa daydreams are often interrupted. A little farther along, a herd of giraffes shuffled down the bank to drink at the river. I counted seventeen as they straggled through the trees and lurched along a trail to the water's edge. Nervousness and fear were in every movement — fear of death so constant and so real that we wiser humans can no longer understand it in the happy safety of our lives. One by one they spread wide their mottled front legs like great stilts and swung down towering heads to drink; awkward relics of a long-dead world, giraffes appear as out of place in the modern world as would a dinosaur in a dining room.

Two young bulls, whose narrow paths joined before they reached the stream, came face to face and stopped. A question of precedence then arose. Each blocked the other's way. Necks stretched higher and angry tails switched back and forth. Neither seemed quite willing to begin hostilities; each waited for the other to start the battle. They reminded me of Lord Hay and Count d'Auteroches at Fontenoy facing each other in rigid and polite formality, their respective forces drawn up behind them.

LORD HAY. 'Gentlemen the French Guard! Fire first.'

COUNT D'AUTEROCHES. 'Sir, we never fire first. Please to fire yourselves.'

But the nervous tension, the constant need for watchfulness, and the everlasting spirit of *qui vive* that was so great a part of their lives, soon drove away all thought of battle, and the two giraffes went peacefully down to drink.

I was curious to know how near I could approach the herd, so I made a wide detour and crouched behind a bush near the path they had followed coming to water. Soon they straggled up from the river. An old female with a small calf was in the lead. She shuffled forward almost to the bush I crouched behind and stripped a branch of leaves, reaching to a height of twenty feet. Close behind, her calf, teetering like a boy on clumsy stilts, nuzzled at lower leaves in imitation of his mother but without her enthusiasm. Leaves were evidently quite new to him and thorns were uncomfortably sharp for one of his tender age; and besides, milk was always there on tap. He punched his mother's udder playfully with his nose and took an early morning swig not thirty yards from where I lay. A hungry lion might have caught and pulled the mother down in two swift bounds and left him parentless to face that world of tooth and claw.

One giant bull was in the herd, as fat and round as a prize Hereford at a stock show. He was powerful enough to defend himself, at least for a time, from a pack of iron-jawed hyenas or a band of those relentless killers, African hunting dogs. But a lion might have landed on his sloping shoulders and broken that long neck, offhand, with a single crunching bite. The mother giraffe stretched her neck to reach a bunch of leaves almost over my head. She saw me and with sudden fright reared and just missed trampling her calf in a wild desire to escape the expected attack. The calf, so rudely interrupted at his meal, wheeled and ran behind her, his lips covered with white milky foam from his breakfast. The herd raced away. A galloping tattoo resounded through the trees, punctuated by the clicking rattle of split hoofs. Polelike necks bobbed and ducked to pass beneath the limbs of thorn trees. The only thing those giraffes wanted at the moment was distance, leagues of it, between themselves and anything that looked or smelled like sudden death.

They were so clumsy, so ungainly, and so ludicrous in their desperate hurry that I stood up and laughed aloud. To my notion it had been rare sport to throw a scare into them and to watch the comic antics of such shy and fear-bitten animals. Madame giraffe's disordered despair, her mortal funk, her clumsy plunge and dumb, misguided terror, seemed to me excruciatingly funny at the time. But such mortal terror is far from funny if you yourself happen to be the one scared. I did not, however, put myself in her place. But late that very day the mills-that-grind-exceeding-small did it for me. They staged a one-act play for my benefit that might be called, 'His Own Medicine.'

IV

In the late afternoon I called old Arabi and handed him the heavy gun to carry. There was always a chance of meeting a lion in the evening along the river. We followed a broad elephant trail for an hour through high and dismal grass. I was not after elephants, but such broad trails are the only highways through the fifteen-foot grass at that season. The sun dipped below the western trees, and birds in noisy flocks passed overhead, hurrying to some distant roosting place. Darkness was just around the corner. We were more than two miles from camp and now turned and started back. It is not conducive to a ripe old age to be rummaging about in high grass after dark in lion and elephant country.

Old Arabi was in the lead, for his remarkable homing-bee instinct was infallible in high grass among twisting trails. Arabi stopped suddenly in the elephant road and stood in an attitude of strained unbalance, listening for the repetition of some faint sound. Then I too heard a sound as soft as rumbling thunder beyond the curve of far horizons, dim and vague and puzzling. It had the muffled tone of thunder and was barely audible.

'*Fîl!*' (Elephant!), Arabi muttered. The enigmatic sound was that strange phenomenon, the rumble in the stomachs of the great pachyderms. The sound was indefinite in direction and was not constant, but it seemed to come from the high grass ahead of us. We could not turn aside and there was so little daylight left that we did not care to turn directly away from camp and make a wide detour. We continued on our way slowly and carefully. I thought of the body of an Abyssinian ivory poacher found a month before, trampled so flat that — but never mind.

A crash a hundred yards ahead brought us to a halt. Some feeding tusker, tons of flesh and bone, had snapped a tree as thick as the thigh of a strong man. It sounded like a cannon shot. The tree met the earth with the crackling noise of smaller branches breaking, like the ripping sound of shingles being torn from a roof. Then a smaller tree or a heavy branch snapped upon our right. Another on the left. The herd was feeding all around us.

There was no wind, and the high grass hemmed us in so that eyes were almost useless; we could see only ten or fifteen feet. We stood stock-still and I took the heavy gun from Arabi. In a moment more we heard the ominous sound of giant bodies swishing through the grass, unseen, and much too close for comfort.

One moment more and the crack of limbs, the swish of heavy bodies through the grass, and every sound of movement stopped. Silence, blank and absolute! Silence as deep and vacant as the ghostly stillness around high mountain peaks fell on that sea of grass. It reigned a solitary moment, then Pandemonium! Chaos! Hell broke loose. Black giants rushed this way and that through the matted grass and heavy brush. And we, unable to see, could only stand and wait and hope that in his mad career no rushing mountain of bone and sinew would bear down upon us. The brittle, sun-dried grass that rose so high above our heads snapped and crackled as if a dozen whirlwinds were passing through it. The deafening noise swept toward our rear, two hundred yards—then stopped. Again, absolute silence.

The herd had stopped to listen, and the sudden silence after the first wild rush had something ominous in it. I felt distinctly uncomfortable in that high and dismal grass. It would surprise you to know what gentle, altruistic thoughts come romping to the brain when you find your precious carcass jeopardized. I remembered smugly, as if it made a difference, that I had not come for elephants and had no murderous plans against that wise and bulky race; that I always had admired elephants since first dispensing peanuts at a circus.

About three minutes passed and nothing happened. We started on again. I had no sooner handed the heavy gun back to Arabi than the steady shuffle of our feet was drowned by a high falsetto scream that tore the air to tatters! It came from close behind, thirty yards or less, and seemed to lift the short hairs of the neck and stiffen the muscles. It was a scream so shrill and piercing and so eloquent of rage that words cannot describe it. Old Arabi, in mortal terror, dived head foremost from the trail and disappeared in the grass. He had the heavy gun. I leaped and jerked it from his hand, dropping the light Springfield and whirling about in desperation, expecting to see the charging herd already upon us.

'The first to come,' this thought flashed through my mind, 'will be a rogue with ears spread wide and trunk upreared, covering the brain. The only chance will be his chest, a snap shot for the heart!' Nothing happened. So tense were mind and nerves that seconds dragged like hours. One — two — three seconds passed. Not another sound! The elephants were not sure of our exact position. Old Arabi was keen enough to know that the slightest sound might bring them down upon us, screaming, in a thunder of revengeful, trampling feet. We did not move. The stillness was so intense, so filled with possibilities, that anything, it seemed, even another piercing scream to break the tension, would be a relief. Seconds grew to minutes, and the giants that had crept upon us with the stealth of mice still waited for a telltale sound. It occurred to me that in another moment they might shuffle forward searching through the grass, and some member of the herd get our wind even in that still air. In such a matted trap our chances would not be worth a burned-out candle in the gathering darkness. I motioned to Arabi, and, quietly as a gliding snake, he joined me on the trail.

V

We picked our way as carefully as children creeping through a haunted house at night. It took us minutes to go a dozen yards, while behind us the silence remained as deep and soft as feathers to the ear. We eased ourselves along that trail for forty yards and came abruptly to the river bank — a bank that fell straight down for fifty feet to a deep and ghostly pool of the Rahad. These pools, we knew, were swarming with crocodiles as 'ugly as sin and not half so pleasant' — great scaly brutes that passed the days basking in the sun on sandy bars. If we were charged by elephants in the dusk, when sights were dim and indistinct, there would be nothing left, if a shot should fail to turn them, but a desperate Hobson's choice — elephants or crocodiles. We stood, indeed, between the devil and the deep, infested sea.

Again we heard a mammoth body swishing through the grass. Another curdling scream, and, with the deafening noise, a pell-mell rush. Giant feet shook the earth. But in the next agelong second the thunder of the great feet and the crashes that marked the progress of those devastating hulks came from farther away. The herd was in retreat. We breathed again and the gun came down and rested, butt upon the ground. Again we heard the whisper of the grass, the pleasant scrape of insects, and the soft beat of gentle wings above our heads. All those harmless, homely sounds were as welcome as a whispered benediction in an ancient church. Nerves relaxed. The world continued in its orbit as it should.

Arabi sat down, his drooping shoulders limp and sagging. He pulled a spear of grass with a hand that seemed almost too heavy for his listless arm to raise. His face was drawn and marked with haggard lines. He looked ten years older in the fading light. I did not blame him. I too had lived a long time in those past few fleeting moments.

The monstrous oxen with tails at both ends, as the Roman soldiers described the elephants of Hannibal, are not to be taken lightly in high grass in the dusk of early night. Better men than Arabi and I, in such a tricky game of blindman's buff, have come off second best, and, later, vultures circling to the feast have found a thing of two dimensions only, scattered in the trampled grass.

In the distance the sound of a crashing tree drifted to our ears, and at the same instant a muffled and sinister splash echoed from the black pool at our backs, and a heavy, cold-blooded body slid beneath the surface. It was then that jokes of terror inflicted on giraffes somehow seemed to lose their humor. My own medicine was bitter on a parched and arid tongue.

WORKLESS DAYS

BY HELENA MAXWELL BROWNELL

I

Herr Tetten was out of work. He was unemployed — part of the vague economic problem which occupies the public speakers and newspapers, whose causes are so convincingly explained in multitudes of ways. Tariff walls, says one; American and Jewish money lenders, according to others; the war, reparations, Russia, the high cost of labor, or the high cost of capital. Black printed letters trace interminable 'why' patterns, and in the streets the beggars writhe against the stones, the cripple offers his matches for ten pfennigs, and the ragged old woman hugs her precious bag of potatoes, hobbling home from the market. Lean men sing old country songs in the courtyards, and gather up the paper-wrapped pennies flung down by well-fed housewives.

Herr Tetten himself had no theory as to the why of these phenomena. He was no philosopher; causality was for him as meaningless as for Professor Einstein. The events of his world were a purely temporal series. He had lived through the war in the trenches; he had, during the inflation, spent for a pair of shoes the ten thousand marks willed him by his grandmother; he had survived the Hunger. He had to-day a roof over his head, owing to the unbusinesslike character of the painter who had rented him his studio. The painter had given up the studio in order to have the money from its rent for his children. Soon after taking the studio, Herr Tetten became unemployed, and the painter had neither the studio nor its rent. But then he had also no more time for painting; he had become a teacher in a school in order to provide food for his children. No one had money to buy his paintings in these days.

The studio was not heated and its roof leaked, but, in comparison with the comforts of war and the Hunger, Herr Tetten felt himself luxuriously lodged. Several times he earned a few marks, and he gave the painter a part. Twice he shoveled snow from the streets and was paid by the municipality.

He had, so to speak, no trade or profession — unless, as a participant in the war, one should count him a soldier. His father had been a teacher, and was shot down at Verdun. Herr Tetten himself had volunteered at twenty, and at the end of hostilities became a sort of superior office boy in a bank. He learned to add up figures rapidly, and to write on a typewriting machine. Partly as a consequence of having learned to use the typewriter, he began to write poetry. When he became unemployed, and for the first time in his life a possessor of leisure, he grew into the habit of writing verses every day. They were strange verses, with but little literary technique, about things in which most people to-day have no belief or interest — about God, saints, an unseen world. Herr Tetten wrote them only because he wanted to. The occasional odd jobs he found left him with much time free.

II

Hans Caspari, Herr Tetten's best friend, became a Communist. Somewhat younger than Herr Tetten, he had been longer at school. He finished his school course on a Saturday, and the following Monday morning he was conducted by his father to the bank, where he became a bookkeeper. 'If I had had only a week's vacation!' he used to sigh. 'But the days in school were after all the happiest of my life. I had no money, but I needed none. Now I have one hundred and seventy marks a month. I am supposed to work eight hours a day, but often I sit until eleven o'clock at night adding up figures, with no extra pay.'

Hans Caspari had always been slightly inclined to sentimentality. He looked for causes, and attached blame to things and persons. If he stumbled over a chair, he hated the chair for being in the way. If he could not find his collar, he blamed his mother, not only for the collar, but for the inconveniences of the whole day which followed from his being late.

The economic crisis gave Hans Caspari a new problem: Whose fault was it that he was out of work?

He continued to live as he had before. His father was still employed, and Hans lived and ate at home, with the difference that he no longer paid his share in the expenses and that there was not always quite enough to eat. Hans was fond of eggs, and eggs cost twenty pfennigs each, a price which his mother was unwilling to pay now that all the expenses of the family came out of the father's earnings.

When he had eaten a supper of rye bread and tea, with cabbage from the garden, Hans Caspari sometimes thought of the pleasure a hard-boiled egg would have given him. But twenty pfennigs is twenty pfennigs, and he did not have it. 'Whose fault is it that I cannot have an egg?' he thought. Tempted at first to blame his mother, he quickly saw that that was superficial. It was the economic crisis — it was his being out of work.

Unable to decide who was to blame, he began to consider in what other ways he was suffering under the crisis. An egg was only an egg after all; his life was not radically changed, only slightly lowered in quality throughout. He no longer had one mark for the movies on Saturday night; he did not have quite enough to eat; and his mother, forgetting the economic crisis, occasionally twitted him about earning no money. But, in sum, he existed before being unemployed, and he continued to exist.

One day he thought, 'If I were in love and wanted to marry, it would be impossible.' He was not in love and did not want to marry, but the fact that he could not gave the supposition importance. He began to think about others. There were doubtless other unemployed who did want to marry.

He stood at the window listening to a singer in the courtyard and wondered if the man were perhaps singing his love yearnings. But no, the man was too pale; only hunger could have given him that hollow look. He was perhaps not ravenously hungry, but long underfed and ailing. A life like his own — not snuffed out, but lowered in quality. The man's cheeks were the color of the strand of straight yellow hair which fell over his forehead. Hans Caspari felt suddenly that he was hearing a farewell song, the voice of one going under. 'It is the twilight of the German people,' he thought. 'We are slowly going under.'

Tears almost came to his eyes. He was surprised; this sensibility was perhaps part of being slightly hungry.

He went into the street. The usual beggar was seated on the sidewalk beyond the door, his trousers rolled up so as to display his authentic wooden legs. Near by, an old woman, respectably dressed, offered matches. Then a blind man with a police dog curled at his feet held out a copy of a radio magazine. An autobus stopped at the corner, and the waiting crowd of well-fed, well-dressed men and women pushed and elbowed their way in. A woman in a fur coat and silk stockings was walking ahead of Hans. As he overtook her, he turned to see her slightly too pink cheeks and cruel red mouth.

'Perhaps Karl Marx was right,' thought Hans. 'At least, what is, is wrong.'

He stopped before a jeweler's shop in the Friedrich-Strasse. Minna Kopf, a school friend, was employed here as saleswoman. He went in. As he was talking with Minna, a client entered and asked for diamond brooches. The young salesman showed half a dozen; the client chose one, and paid for it with twenty thousand marks in bank notes which he took from his pocket.

'Are you sure the money is real?' asked Hans Caspari, thinking he had perhaps witnessed one of the ingenious robberies one reads of in the newspapers.

Minna Kopf laughed. 'That was Herr N——, the director of the D—— Bank.'

Hans Caspari did not laugh. The strange gentleman with the long nose was the director of the D—— Bank, where he himself had been employed. For this man he had added up figures until midnight without receiving extra pay. Because of him, he, Hans Caspari, was now out of work, jobless, dependent on his father, unable to marry. Had this man not bought the diamond brooch, he could have employed Hans Caspari ten years longer.

Such considerations led Hans to become a Communist. He took part in several parades, two small riots, and used his leisure as a jobless man in reading manifestoes and appeals, in listening to orators as young as himself, in arguing and listening to other theories and arguments. He became, in short, politically occupied, a citizen in the true sense of the word. He found that taking part in a demonstration, even when one is slightly hungry, is far more interesting than adding up the figures of another man's fortune.

III

Herr Tetten deplored the political development of his friend. 'Life is life,' he said. 'Circumstances no longer oblige you to waste your life in the bank, but you have once more found a way of wasting your time. Why must you always be protesting, changing, altering, adding or subtracting material things? You were worse off in the bank than out of it. Yet it never occurred to you to become a Communist before.'

'I am out of work, and I am hungry,' repeated Hans.

'Hunger is always relative,' said Herr Tetten. 'Even a bank director may be hungry, though from other than economic causes. Compared with a savage tribe, or a prehistoric people, or a hermit, you are remarkably well fed. Compared with war times, you are well fed. Did hunger prevent Saint Anthony from worshiping God? Is what is better than a normal life for an Eskimo or any primitive man not good enough for you? You weakling, you pampered, you civilization-emasculated being of to-day!'

'I am cold,' said Hans. 'I have no winter overcoat. Last spring I gave my overcoat to my brother. It was a poor one and I had worn it two years. I was earning one hundred and seventy marks a month, and I thought that by this winter I should have saved enough money to buy a new one. Then I lost my job. My brother needs the overcoat — I cannot ask to have it back. Is that not a trick of fate?

'I walk down the street without my overcoat, and I feel different from the others, and not so good. I have no money in my pocket and no warmth on my back.'

Herr Tetten leaned back in his chair. 'Warmth as well as happiness must come from within,' he said. 'Do you consider yourself of so little worth that an overcoat can rob you of your self-respect? Compare your life with that of a fisherman off Iceland, with that of an animal in the forest. Is it so unbearable that you must again give all your time and energy to practical considerations which very probably will in the end make things only worse? You are hysterical. You are worse than jobless — your life is unemployed. That, however, does not worry you.'

'Is it right that the director has turned me out in order to buy a diamond brooch? If I were rich, I should think of the good I could do. I should use my money; I should spend it in ways that would give work to others. I should take a taxi instead of going in the street car. Perhaps the chauffeur would be glad to earn a little extra; he could buy something for his wife, for his children if he had any. I should employ a man who was out of work and in need. I should not be buying diamonds.'

'However, you are not rich, and in spite of that you are occupying yourself with material considerations as seriously as if you had millions. If the director chooses to waste his life accumulating diamonds, need you waste yours for equally futile though different ends?'

'It is not merely for myself,' said Hans. 'It is for all the others like me — for society. A deep community feeling is developing among us. From us it will spread to other classes, as in Russia.'

Herr Tetten laughed. 'You mean that Russia is being Americanized. But are the workers in America any happier or better because they all have bathtubs and automobiles? Money and bathtubs are the twentieth-century model of golden calves. If I had a bathtub I should take it to the mountains and use it as a shelter when it rained.

'If men had always been so weak and sybaritic as you and others to-day, thinking only of themselves and their pockets, the human race would be known only through fossil remains. Intelligent beings adapt themselves to new conditions, and live their lives within them; they do not protest and demonstrate and play with words, dreaming of bathtubs and automobiles, forgetting the realities of life, the mystery of our appearance and disappearance in this world.

'Suppose the bank director is unjust, does it help you in any way to talk and think about it?'

Hans Caspari shook his head. 'It is all quite different,' he said. 'It is simply — quite different. You have a false picture of the world, Tetten. You are old-fashioned and out of date. No one thinks as you do to-day.'

'Is that any reason why I should not? I am perhaps right and the others wrong.'

Hans Caspari repeated: 'It is all so different, Tetten. You are miles away from the problems of to-day.'

IV

A law was passed that all salaries should be reduced on the first day of February. Hans Caspari's bitterness increased in geometrical ratio. He figured that the bank director's diamond brooch would have been equivalent to the salary reduction of his whole personnel for several weeks.

Herr Tetten laughed. 'Why should you trouble yourself about a salary reduction when you have no salary? You should, on the contrary, be glad that the law cannot affect your salary. The 4 or 5 per cent of this reduction represents for us pure gain — a positive benefit has come to us from the economic crisis.'

Hans Caspari did not conceal his impatience with this lack of seriousness. With a rather curt good-bye, he left his friend. That evening he demonstrated in the Alexander-Platz, with fifty or sixty comrades, and his nose was broken by a policeman's India-rubber cudgel.

Herr Tetten sat shivering in his overcoat, before his typewriter, in the unheated studio. He had old woolen gloves on his hands, and a fur cap with earlaps on his head. In spite of this envelope of wool, his nose was red, and there were dark hollows under his eyes. But the blue light in his eyes was as hard and bright as steel, as the words leaped on to the white paper from the slender ends of the typewriter keys. He wrote: —

The wind sticks and stings —
I bite him back;
I give kiss for kiss and blow for blow.
The wind is a summer friend —
Shall I turn from him?
Cold was my forefather's comrade —
Shall I forget,
Preferring stoves and heat-bearing pipes?
I hug the cold,
I warm the cold with my body's warmth.

I am friends with wind and cold,
I whistle with the wind,
I sing in the cold —
I hammer against the world,
And God is with my hand.

The monotonous sounds of the street filtered occasionally into the silence of the studio. Herr Tetten did not hear the street, or even the nervous click-clack of his own typewriter. The blue light in his eyes came from another order of experience. He saw neither the bare walls of the studio, the festoon of cobwebs in the corner, the iron bed, nor the fireless stove; he looked beyond into another region willed by himself. The click-clack of the typewriter was the rhythm of his ecstasy and the measure of an inner harmony known only to himself.

The Great City beyond the door stirred and groaned as if in a dream. There were the muffled sounds of automobile horns, the clang of a street car, the voice of a newsboy hawking news of a catastrophe. The beggars writhed against the stones, old women offered their matches for ten pfennigs, the children of beggar mothers hid their faces in their mothers' skirts and whimpered for cold.

A HOPE

BY LINCOLN HUTCHINSON

I

A CERTAIN school of political philosophy has been telling us now these many years that war is, fundamentally, merely a phase, in the human field, of a universal biological process, the struggle for existence. Increase in numbers, through procreation, brings pressure on means of subsistence and physical conflict to survive. Man is the plaything of the same forces that control plants and the lower animals. As human population increases, it sooner or later reaches a point at which food supplies are inadequate for all; struggle begins; war is inevitable, and hence justifiable.

It is, of course, a fact that human population does thus tend to increase, that pressure on means of subsistence does develop. It is even true that with man, because of his very high degree of gregariousness, the pressure may come, in certain localities, more quickly than among many lower forms of life. And if this were all, the struggle for existence and the recurrence of conflict would be forever inevitable.

But is this all? Man alone among the organisms living on the earth has the power of what has been called intellectual adaptation. In the first place, by taking thought he can postpone or ease the pressure of population in many ways. He can emigrate and occupy successfully less favorable environment by putting on clothes or building shelters; he can cultivate the soil and wring more food from it; he can utilize natural forces and make them work for him; he can limit population and retard the growth of numbers to be fed.

In the second place, man, at least in the evolved form in which we know him, is an animal of such complex physical and mental make-up that he does not live by bread alone. There are many other things which he passionately requires, which are essentials of his civilized existence second in importance only to the food sufficient to keep him physically alive; qualities of mind and character, kindliness, honor, tranquillity, home life, science, literature, æsthetic perceptions and their outward manifestations in architecture, painting, sculpture, music — all the long list of things which differentiate civilized man from the savage. The lower animal, forced into conflict by the struggle for existence, evolves organs of offense and defense. Man, through his power of intellectual adaptation, realizing that conflict is destructive of many of the things he prizes dearest, feels his way toward the development of a plan by which the conflict may be averted.

Nevertheless it is true that the prime need of all, the *sine qua non* of physical existence, is food. And the food which man requires comes from the earth which he inhabits, through the transformation of the dead inorganic materials of which our globe is made into usable organic living things, into vegetable or animal forms which he can eat; and the quantity of life (if I may use that term), whether vegetable, animal, or human, is absolutely dependent on the rapidity with which the transformation takes place.

This process of transformation involves the painfully slow disintegration of the rock surface of the earth by weathering and other processes, the gradual conversion into soil, the combination of the chemical elements of the soil with those of water and air into vegetable tissue — plants drawing their sustenance directly from the soil and atmosphere, while animals and man get theirs directly or indirectly from the plants. The transmutation is so slow that the total volume of organic forms on the earth is almost infinitesimally small compared with the mass of earth materials from which it springs.

The number of human beings who can subsist on the products of the actual soil on which they live is therefore very limited. The limit may, it is true, be raised as new processes which hasten the transformation are discovered and applied; but at any particular time in the world's history it may be regarded as fixed. It varies with the stage of civilization reached. In a purely hunting and fishing society a very large area is required to support a few people. The domestication of animals and the keeping of herds greatly increase the possible number; the cultivation of crops still further raises it. But even with all the latest discoveries of modern science applied to the production of animal and vegetable foodstuffs, the number of people who can subsist on the products of a given area of land, without recourse to supplies of any kind from outside that area, is small.

Even if man required nothing but food, — no clothing, no houses, no fuel, no luxuries or comforts of any sort, — it is improbable that a given area of average land surface of the earth, good and bad alike, would yield enough to support two hundred persons to the square mile at the present level of food consumption in the Western world. If we add to food requirements other basic demands, — for clothing, shelter, fuel, and so forth, remembering the surface areas which must be set aside for other purposes than the production of food, such as for buildings, roads, wood lots, for the raising of fodder, fibres, and the like, — we get a figure very much lower, probably not over one hundred to the square mile, as the population which can be supported from the products of an average bit of the land surface of the earth. We need not insist too strongly on the exactness of this figure; the real limit may be somewhat higher or somewhat lower. The main point is that there is a limit, that it is approximately of the order of magnitude indicated, and that it is low compared with the present density of population in many of the nations of the Western world.

Whatever the exact limit may be, when it is passed *something* must be brought in from outside. It may be food; it may be fertilizers; it may be agricultural machinery, or clothing, or raw materials for making clothing, or a thousand and one other things which may seem to have nothing to do with food supplies. The area which the people occupy is no longer self-sufficing. They must procure outside supplies; and they must either purchase them, which means giving up something in exchange in the form of exports, or take them by force, which means plunder or war.

II

There seems to be a naïve belief among commercial peoples that exports are beneficial *per se.* The civilized world has become so accustomed to Trade that it forgets that exports are not an end in themselves, but are merely a means of procuring something regarded as more necessary than the goods given in exchange. The earliest commercial enterprises were plundering expeditions for the direct procurement of things required or coveted. The development of the trade idea has come very gradually through the centuries, with the slow realization that, whatever may be the temporary advantages of merely taking things by force without giving anything in exchange, the benefits of trading instead of plundering are, in the long run, greater. To-day, in the civilized world, direct plundering has ceased to be a recognized means of procuring supplies. Instead, the modern nation which needs imports normally procures them by giving up something in exchange in the form of exports.

Several stages of economic growth may be distinguished. Exports for the purpose of procuring food are likely, first, to take the form of the more easily procurable raw materials, such as minerals or forestry products. As population pressure increases, there may be added various non-edible raw-material products of agriculture, such as the fibres. A later stage sees these domestic raw materials turned into higher-valued manufactured goods for export. The final stage in the most highly developed industrial and commercial states of to-day adds the exports of manufactures made both from domestic and from imported raw materials. One stage follows another, not because people *wish* to devote time and labor to the production of goods to send out of the country, but because with the increase of population it is only by this process that they are able to procure the things which are essential to their continued existence and comfort.

In the actual world there are, of course, no clear-cut lines of demarcation between these various stages. Many a state whose population is still sufficiently sparse to leave it potentially able to produce its own food procures some of its supplies elsewhere, in actual practice, because through some combination of circumstances, such as the possession of unusually cheap and abundant supplies of raw materials for exchange, it can get them cheaper thus. Many a state procures from abroad a far larger proportion of its food than would be necessary if it developed its own supplies to their fullest extent, because for one reason or another it is advantageous to do so. Similarly, in practice, many a nation finds it profitable to export one kind of foodstuff and import another, or one kind of raw material in exchange for another, or manufactures against manufactures; so that the modern world presents an interchange of commodities so vast and complex as to conceal the basic truth that the driving force which lies at the back of these exchanges is the pressure of population, which makes the procuring of things abroad essential. Trade does not arise because peoples desire to part with things (export), but grows out of the necessity of procuring other things (import).

Beginning, perhaps, with a mere desire to get articles from abroad which are not produced at home; developing, as population becomes more dense, into a necessity to get such things in order to live, there has grown up the vastly complex thing which we call international trade. It has expanded to such an extent that at present no nation, even though its population be relatively sparse, is wholly self-sufficing.

Any event which clogs the wheels of this complex exchange causes privation somewhere; but the real significance is often concealed because it rarely happens that food supplies are *directly* affected. Usually it is only in actual warfare that the checking of the flow of foodstuffs becomes obvious. Most interferences are with other sorts of goods, — raw materials or manufactures, — and public opinion, which in general condemns any tampering with food supplies, is apt to regard them merely as interferences with trade without at all realizing their ultimate meaning, which is a checking somewhere of the movement of food.

The seriousness of the results vary, of course, with the actual conditions. Slight checks may have important consequences in the most highly dependent nations, while even great interference, in highly self-sufficing countries, may result merely in inconvenience. The effects may, according to varying circumstances, run all the way from slight privation caused by inability to procure, or increase in price of, relatively unimportant commodities, up to serious shortage of essential foodstuffs. *Any* interference, at least among nations accustomed to Western standards of living, is a cause of friction; and if the nation affected happens to be densely populated (say over one hundred to the square mile) the interference will not only threaten its supplies of comforts, luxuries, and many important adjuncts of civilized life, but will check the inflow of its required food. In general, the denser the population the more serious the threat.

Of the Western nations, Spain has a population of 108 to the square mile; Portugal, 159; Poland, 203; Denmark, 201; Austria, 201; France, 191; Switzerland, 250; Hungary, 233; Czechoslovakia, 267; Germany, 345; Italy, 341; the United Kingdom, 469; Holland, 562; Belgium, 675; England, alone, 701. For comparative purposes, it should be remembered that the United States has 40.

Under such circumstances interference with trade is interference with food supplies, and the possibility of conflict is ever present — the gun is loaded. Any one of an almost infinite variety of triggers may cause an explosion. It may be a Jenkins's ear; the assassination of a prince; an 'insult' to a flag; a quarrel over an oil concession. Once the trigger is pulled, a thousand and one other motives are inflamed: racial hatreds, religious animosities; appeals to 'honor' or 'justice,' propaganda piled on propaganda, tales of outrage too frequently true but often false — anything to kindle and keep alive the fighting spirit of the masses. But behind it all, the ultimate cause of all — loading the gun — is the economic fact that the peoples engaged have need of something which their own territory does not produce, and that the procuring of it has in some way encountered obstacles.

III

It *is* true, then, that in the actual world as we know it to-day the *fundamental* cause of war is economic, acting through pressure on means of subsistence. But does it, then, follow that war is inevitable?

The gun is loaded; and most of the world's efforts toward peace appear to have been thus far abortive. The trouble is that these efforts have been, in the main, devoted to the search for triggers, and their destruction, one by one, as found; or the setting up of organization for persuading a nation which is about to strike to withhold the blow. All such efforts to adjust quarrels are thoroughly praiseworthy — arbitration, conference, economic or financial pressure or threats of punishment, world courts, leagues of nations, or anything else which tends to prevent or stop a fight. But they do not reach the root of the matter. Until we can devise some means for unloading the gun, wars must be expected to recur.

A huge task? Yes; but not an insuperable one. World population as a whole has increased only about 50 per cent in a century, — not an overwhelming rate, — and the general average density to-day, about thirty-five to the square mile of land surface, is still far from the danger point. The advance in agricultural science through the introduction of irrigation, subsoil drainage, deep ploughing, dry farming, the use of artificial fertilizers, improved rotation of crops, nitrogen fixation, and numerous other improvements, has probably kept food production, on the whole, well ahead of population increase. The real trouble lies, not in insufficient aggregate supplies, but in the concentration of population in certain relatively small areas of the earth's surface to such an extent that nearly every modern nation must get food and raw materials from outside its own frontiers. There is still enough to go round, but there are checks to its distribution.

Time was when nations possessing relative abundance of such goods sought to favor their own nationals by hindering export through prohibitions or export duties; when other nations with inadequate supplies tried to put their citizens in a favored position for competitive buying by offering bounties on imports. Such forms of direct assistance have, however, all but disappeared. Relatively few remnants remain of either export duties or import bounties; and, speaking broadly, the main form of assistance which still persists, and is the chief means by which any nation seeks to give its people an economic advantage over foreigners, is in import duties, not on foodstuffs or raw materials, but on manufactured goods. The effect on the movement of raw materials is, nevertheless, obvious. A manufacturer 'protected' by a tariff wall is artificially placed in a stronger competitive position in the purchase of imported raw materials than his fellow in a foreign country not protected or not so fully protected. There is an artificial diversion of the flow.

Most people do not object seriously to fair competition. Man to man, they face it cheerfully. But when one man or set of men gets artificial aid, when there is discrimination in opportunity, when barriers are set up to the procurement of vitally necessary supplies, then hatred, suspicion, and resentment are the fruit. If we could have free movement of goods from nation to nation, unhampered by legislative embarrassments, such freedom as exists to-day among the forty-eight separate commonwealths of the American Union, the dangers of armed conflict would be reduced to a minimum.

Of course you will say, and you will be right, that this suggestion of universal free trade is, under present conditions, an idle dream. The Great War, far from hastening any movement toward this end, has, if anything, intensified nationalistic feeling and strengthened the determination of most nations to 'protect' their own industries. In spite of this, however, certain developments which began decades ago and were given enormous stimulus during the late war point in another direction, and it is to these that I wish particularly to call attention.

IV

For a long time past it has been obvious to serious students of economic practice that there has been developing, in the realm of large business affairs, a certain spirit of accommodation which was tending slowly to eliminate some of the savagery and absurdity of cutthroat competition. *Laissez faire*, in literal application, has been found too wasteful, and by various devices — agreements, consolidations, cartels, territorial allocation of markets, and many others — there has been manifested a slowly developing realization that better results may often be attained by recognizing the interests of one's competitors. This was noticeable in many countries in the domestic field; it was even more marked in the arena of international business. Side by side with politicians who talked, ever more and more, of the rights and interests of their own nationals and the increasing necessity to 'protect' them, there was developing a class of internationally-minded manufacturers, merchants, financiers, and the like — men who had come to realize that the best self-interest is one that permits of a give-and-take coöperation with competitors, that thinks of the other fellow as well as of itself, that recognizes the *basic economic fact* that there can be no such thing as a long-continued 'corner' in prosperity.

All this, let me repeat, was distinctly noticeable long before 1914. But the war gave a mighty emphasis to it.

Early in the conflict it became apparent that victory would be very largely a question of supplies. The armies and the munitions factories could not function without an abundant and steady inflow of materials. Interruptions might be fatal; and each government — in fact each department of each government — must look to it that these supplies were forthcoming. If there were even remote dangers of interruption from any source whatever, stocks had to be built up sufficiently to tide over any possible period of restriction. In the early period, without control of production and distribution, the absurd situation arose that allied governments — in some cases even departments of the same government — were found to be competing for the same materials, raising prices and causing untold confusion and waste. To obviate this difficulty it became necessary, as the war progressed, first to concentrate control and coördinate the purchasing within each country, and second, later, to set up machinery for interallied control and distribution.

When the United States entered the conflict a similar set of experiences led to the setting up of control here too, through the War Trade Board, the War Industries Board, the Food Administration, and other bodies. The first of these controlled exports and imports of materials directly or indirectly necessary to the prosecution of the war; the second had wide powers in overseeing all industries in the country whose maintenance was essential to the war, preventing waste and duplication, watching supplies of raw materials, and so forth; while the third, in similar fashion, looked after food supplies. Close coöperation with the Allies also soon became essential, and the United States, through all of these organizations, joined with the other nations in carrying on an international control.

By these means the chaos which threatened disaster in the early days of the war was, in large measure, conquered; and a fairly steady and reliable flow of supplies to those points where they were most needed was secured. No one seriously questions that control of this sort was demanded by the emergency and that it worked advantageously.

But these were war measures. They were possible, on the scale on which they operated, only because the great emergency overshadowed and overcame the misgivings and opposition of personal and private interests which in many cases were adversely affected. It is highly improbable that in time of peace, with the emergency removed, any such widespread system of control would be either possible or desirable. For it was not in the setting up of governmental regulation of production and distribution, which might be carried over directly from war conditions to peace conditions, that the war gave the great impetus to the 'live and let live' attitude of mind to which I have referred. It was, rather, in the new vision given to scores of thousands of men of affairs, of the convenience and profitableness in abating the intensity of cutthroat competition.

No man who took any active part in the operations of the control boards which I have mentioned could fail to be deeply impressed by an outstanding phenomenon of the experience. The operations of control involved the calling of hundreds, or even thousands, of conferences of business rivals, in groups of from two or three up to several score. In instance after instance, these men who had carried on a savage trade rivalry in times of peace were forced by the exigencies of war to confer with each other and to adopt a less uncompromising attitude toward each other's business. And *they found, to their surprise, that all were materially benefited.* Many a man who had been an ardent individualist, who believed, and believed rightly, that competition is the life of trade, that individual initiative depends on individual responsibility, discovered, to his astonishment, that the making of certain adjustments with his rivals not only did not interfere with his individual freedom or initiative in any serious way, or destroy the vitalizing principle of true competition, but also brought certain very definite benefits both to him and to his rivals.

Nowhere was this truer than in the realm of raw-material supplies. Elimination of the speculator-middleman (who frequently causes the greatest of all disturbance in the flow of raw materials) was in itself enough to make the coöperation profitable. Steadier supplies were assured, the amount of capital tied up in reserve stocks was reduced, and greater stability was secured.

V

There was nothing new in all this, let me repeat. All that the war experience did was to bring home to a vastly increased number of individuals the great truth that a spirit of accommodation, a willingness to coöperate, a recognition of the interests even of rival businesses, may be desirable, *not for any moral or sentimental reasons, but because it pays.* There is always, of course, danger of reaction. Narrowly selfish individual interests, short-viewed interests, speculative interests, frequently run counter to this broader view. But thousands of business men, especially the men of larger affairs, had a new vision of the results of a more yielding attitude toward one's competitors, which makes the danger of reaction far less imminent and insistent than ever before in the modern business world.

All this was in the domestic field. International regulation taught the same lesson when we had the inter-allied control of raw materials — one of the most important experiments in the history of the world. Its success should never be forgotten.

The machinery for this control was simple; there was set up in Paris what was known as the Interallied Munitions Council, to which were submitted, by the war councils of the allied and associated nations, their estimates of the quantities of various raw materials required for specified periods. Under the Munitions Council were half a dozen committees, composed of representatives of the various countries, dealing with specific groups of commodities. Some of these sat in London, some in Paris, some alternated between the two places.

An idea of the details can best be given by describing the methods of only one of these committees — the Non-Ferrous Metals Committee. It consisted of three English representatives, two French, three Italian, and one American, each country having one vote regardless of the number of representatives. It had under its charge a long list of the more essential non-ferrous metals — antimony, lead, copper, zinc, tungsten, nickel, platinum, molybdenum, and one or two non-metallic materials as well, such as rubber and mica. (Tin, which presented one of the most difficult problems of all, was dealt with separately as described below.) The Committee was divided into seven subcommittees, each dealing with associated groups of materials, each subcommittee being made up of one representative from each country.

The operation was as follows. The war councils of the various countries submitted their statements of requirements to the Interallied Munitions Council in Paris; the Council referred the statements to the appropriate committee, and the committee to one of its subcommittees. The subcommittee scrutinized the demands; kept itself informed as to the quantity and whereabouts of available supplies; compared the relative urgency of demand from the various countries; called on the representative of any country whose demands appeared excessive to present proofs of its needs; and finally reported back to the general committee a plan of allocation of available supplies, with information, when necessary, as to where supplies could be obtained. The general committee then reviewed the report of the subcommittee (usually only a matter of form) and forwarded a definite recommendation to the Council in Paris. The Council then, after conference with the Interallied Financial Council and the Interallied Maritime Council on questions of finance and shipping, when these were involved, took final action.

Such, in outline, was the procedure in regard to materials the supplies of which were sufficiently abundant to make it reasonably certain that all the countries could obtain enough to meet their most essential demands. The advantages obtained were the elimination of competitive buying, the checking of less essential uses, and the removal of the necessity for building up the large reserve stocks which safety would have required if each country, through the Council, had not been assured a steady flow of supplies.

But there were certain other commodities the production of which was so limited that there was not enough to go round, where most rigid economy in use had to be exercised, where really essential uses had to be sacrificed in favor of even more essential ones, and where prices, without regulation, had soared to impossible heights. Such, for example, were especially tin, nitrates, wool, leather, and, later, platinum and tungsten.

Again I can best give an idea of the method adopted for dealing with such commodities by describing one case, that of tin. World production was limited; uncontrolled use was calling for a total considerably larger than the aggregate annual output. The situation required special treatment. After months of negotiation, the four Powers chiefly interested signed a special international agreement setting up the

Interallied Tin Executive. This consisted of two Englishmen, two Americans, one Frenchman, and one Italian.

The powers of the Executive were very broad. The four countries represented on it are the only considerable consumers of tin in the world. The Executive became their sole purchaser. It set up single purchasing agencies in each of the tin-producing countries; it allocated the tin to the Allies in proportion to their needs; it cut out the middleman who had been making enormous profit out of the unprotected consumer; it fixed prices at which tin was purchased and sold. In short, it was a practically complete world control in tin and tin ore, and governed nearly the whole of the annual world production of the metal.

More or less similar arrangements were set up for nitrate, wool, and leather; and at the time of the Armistice negotiations were in progress for the same sort of control of tungsten and platinum.

Many more details might be given, but enough has been said to emphasize the fact that under pressure of war conditions a very widespread system of international control of raw materials was established.

And it worked! The instructions to the American members of the mission which took part in the work were to 'play the game with all the cards on the table,' to make no attempt to gain undue advantage. This was also, in general, the attitude of the representatives of the other countries concerned. There was, in the main, a spirit of the heartiest and most hopeful and helpful coöperation. There were naturally many long discussions as to relative needs, but decisions once reached were very genuinely concurred in. The system, on the whole, worked so satisfactorily that many of those who took part in the operations were led to dream that a similar plan of international control and allocation might be continued, with similar happy results, as a permanent institution after the conclusion of the war.

The dream was short-lived. There is much evidence that England, France, and Italy were anxious to continue the control at least through the period of reconstruction, though it is highly improbable that they would have been willing to include Germany in the arrangement. But the American Government stood aloof. On the signing of the Armistice, the American representatives were withdrawn from the various committees, the Executives wound up their affairs within a few weeks, and the negotiations concerning tungsten and platinum ended abruptly. The moment it became apparent that the United States intended to play a lone hand, there was a scramble among the others to get out too. The momentum of war coöperation, which might conceivably have been able to carry some form of organization along even in face of certain narrow personal and political interests which were opposed, was lost, and coöperative international control of raw materials came to an abrupt end.

But its value as an object lesson remains. In spite of the short-lived operation of the system, the experience of its working emphasized two things in particular which give hope for the future — the profitableness, from the point of view of enlightened self-interest, of a give-and-take coöperation even with foreigners, and the value of the fullest and most open publicity possible, of reliable information as to raw-material supplies. We have lost the continuity of public international control, but there remains a deepened sense of the economic wisdom of a self-interest that thinks of the other fellow too.

VI

The recrudescence of nationalism which seems just now to be so noticeable a product of the war is chiefly political in origin. It is of a sort which does not, on the whole, have the backing of the big business world. If politicians could be persuaded to keep their hands off, there is no question that the business interests of Europe and America would more and more 'play the game' together. That the world has long ago learned that trade, in the long run, is preferable to plunder, because it is more expedient, *because it pays;* that the men of large affairs in all Western nations have had a new proof that a give-and-take international policy is better than cutthroat competition, *because it pays* — these are the best augury for our hope that international-mindedness is becoming an increasingly potent factor in world affairs in spite of all present appearances to the contrary.

This is not at all to suggest that we are moving in the direction of national or international governmental control of production or distribution. Under the exigencies of war such a system was necessary. It worked, and worked well. In time of peace any such thoroughgoing imposition of state control would be impossible and would be undesirable even if possible. The hope for the future lies not in the fact that compulsory control and regulation in an emergency gave efficiency to a fighting machine, but in the fact that they revealed, or emphasized, to so many thousands of individuals the truth that voluntary coöperation and control in the matter of supplies are worth while because they will help in the business of earning a living.

Except under a dictatorship there can be no universally applicable formula for beneficial coöperation such as we have been discussing. To endure, it must be voluntary. It must rest squarely on the only sound economic principle, that it is desirable because it pays; and its promise for the future lies in the fact that increasing numbers of the active agents in the economic life of the world are learning that it does pay. The agents of the evolution are the myriads of individuals and groups of individuals who are carrying on the international business activities of the world. They may be, and usually are, unconscious agents. They may be wholly void of any intention so to conduct their affairs as to promote the welfare of society. Their immediate aim may be altogether selfish, but if their selfishness is tempered by the knowledge that it is to their advantage to take the interests of others into account, then they push forward the evolution toward saner and more peaceful methods.

Thus the most powerful forces which actuate mankind, the economic, are developing in the world a spirit of accommodation, a considerateness, which promises permanency because it is based solidly on intelligent self-interest.

This sounds like a doctrine of complacency. 'Let things alone, and the forces that are at work will in the course of time bring us to the millennium,' seems to be the corollary. But it is not. The mere student of human progress may be satisfied when he has understood and analyzed the forces that are at work — the factors of the problem, the trend of things. But he who feels the impulse to be a leader, to assist directly in the evolution, will, after analyzing the forces, seek to foster them and to remove obstacles from their path of operation. And if he be a wise leader he will steel himself to an infinite patience, being content with small advances, not attempting to force the pace of a progress which must of necessity be slow.

This brings us squarely to the question as to what specific things might to-day, under existing circumstances, be done to facilitate the operation of the forces of coöperative self-interest such as have been described. What steps might a farsighted statesman, say in America, reasonably be expected to take?

There are two, I believe, that are obvious: the removal, so far as possible, of political obstacles to the internationalization of business, and the provision of means for procuring and disseminating full reliable information as to the production, distribution, consumption, and stocks of all the chief basic raw materials, including foodstuffs.

The first of these presents many difficulties. Any move in the direction suggested encounters the double obsession of the professional politician that Big Business is an evil thing and that any kind of dealing with foreigners except selling them goods is certain to undermine our liberties. Yet there are encouraging signs, even here. The bugaboo of Big Business is by no means so dreaded a spectre as a generation ago. The Sherman Act and similar legislation are far from being so drastic in their application as they once were. Our authorities, as well as our people, have learned that it is possible to regulate without destroying; that giant business combines have their uses and that abuses may be cured without the use of lethal gases. There is now some movement, even, in the direction of fostering combination, under appropriate supervision, in the interest of greater efficiency and better service to the consuming public.

There is nothing in the nature of the case which would prevent the doing in the international field of this same thing that has been done, and is being done, in the domestic field. International business combines, under proper supervision in order to minimize the danger of abuses of power, — which supervision would, of course, have to be provided for by international political agreement, — are as logical a development as the large domestic combines, and would unquestionably confer the same sort of economic benefits while at the same time promoting the cause of better mutual international understanding. The policy of the statesman would be to frown on all legislation which tends to check this sort of development, and to promote, through diplomatic negotiations, the adoption of international agreements through which the danger of abuses may be removed.

The second step, the gathering and dissemination of reliable statistical information, would not be especially difficult. The business world already clearly recognizes the desirability of such information, and already many private and quasi-public agencies are seeking to meet the demand; but they are as yet almost wholly inadequate to the proper performance of the task. Private organizations and publications deal with specific commodities or groups of commodities, but their data even when accurate and up-to-date are usually accessible only to the relatively few who, directly or indirectly, pay the cost of the compilations. Various quasi-public agencies, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, exchanges, and the like, likewise publish commodity data, but they are frequently limited in scope, or colored by local interests, or out of date. Nearly every national and state government in the world also gives out vast masses of statistical material; but it is, on the whole, either notoriously inaccurate or hopelessly stale before it reaches the light of day, and even when these fatal imperfections are absent there is so little coördination between the methods employed by different states or nations that the value of the service in lending assistance in the making of current day-by-day business decisions is almost nil.

Yet, it would be fairly easy, under competent leadership, to develop a system of up-to-the-minute commodity information. Under the stimulus of war necessity, the machinery for such a purpose, in connection with a large number of commodities, was brought to a high degree of perfection. Such an organization as the Interallied Munitions Council, for example, through its committees, had monthly, weekly, and in some cases complete daily information as to the exact situation on all the long list of commodities with which it was dealing. Other organizations had similar information on many other classes of goods. The value of the data was seen to be so great, not merely for military purposes, but as an adjunct to normal peace-time activities as well, that before the Armistice was signed a movement was started for utilizing this war machinery in the establishment of an International Statistical Bureau. It did not get very far at the time, partly, at least, because of the withdrawal of the United States, but it might be revived. Indeed, it has been partially revived in one of the activities of the League of Nations. Hearty support of some such movement as this should obviously be an item in the programme of any farseeing statesman really desirous of promoting the cause of better international understanding. Whether the work be done by the League of Nations, or by the International Chamber of Commerce, or by some new agency yet to be established, is probably a matter of relative unimportance; but one thing, at least, is fundamental — the hearty coöperation of the various governments concerned. Machinery for the gathering of accurate, up-to-date information, when that information can only be obtained from millions of separate private individuals, must be at least quasi-public in character; and until governments coöperate, or at least acquiesce, in the activity, the results must fall far short of being anything like truly adequate. Thus here again the services of the statesman are called for, in the promotion, through diplomatic negotiations, of international agreement to coöperate in this vastly important field.

Now I do not at all mean to suggest that these two bits of machinery alone — provision for a freer development of internationalized business, and the publication of up-to-date statistical data — will usher in the millennium. Human progress is essentially slow and wise leadership does not attempt the obviously impossible. It is content with small gains when great ones are clearly unattainable. But in this movement toward an international-mindedness in business affairs, based on intelligent economic self-interest, there is real promise for a future in which shortage of supplies, due not to inadequacy of aggregate world production, but to artificial political checks to distribution, shall have been removed, and this most fundamental cause of international conflict shall no longer threaten us — when this gun, at least, shall have been unloaded. The two specific steps which I have mentioned will be a movement in this direction.

TOO MUCH MOTHER

BY ALICE D. KELLY

I

The ineptitude of the modern mother is worrying me. When labor-saving devices first came into use, there were inevitably many conservative women who were slow to adopt them; but eventually the vacuum cleaner did replace the besom; the washing machine, the old scrubbing board; the electric bread mixer was substituted for the bowl and spoon. Women learned to use these things skillfully and properly. When psychology was evolved, or discovered, I really thought that child training was simplified, too. But it did n't work that way. I became a mother and worked among mothers just at the time children and mothers were both becoming fashionable; and, personally, I don't think any of us at the moment are particularly adept at using the tools placed in our hands to help us become something else than a handicap to our children.

I think we need a new type of mother, the present types, now that we are all so highly educated, being thoroughly tedious. It was when the mental aspects of child handling came to the fore that serious and basic changes occurred in family life. With the very first book about the soul-shaking importance of the first eight years of a child's life, hitherto proud and happy mothers became harassed and worn. For women readily assimilate education; but mothers, even the intelligent ones, do not. In the average household at present the complete psychological upbringing is just about as possible and effective as performing a major operation with a bread knife upon the kitchen table. This is true not only because the average middle-class home has n't the equipment, but because the average mother simply does not feel psychological.

Every instinct, every primitive impulse we have, has become controlled and subdued by the progress of civilization, and been sublimated into the ordinary social conventions. But mother love has n't altered one bit with civilization. It has remained simple and direct. It has not become subtle to fit the involved needs of a modern world. It is still primitive, possessive, and fearful — qualities almost useless in training an efficient citizen in 1931.

II

Just as we need medical science to cope with the problems of a world where life has become progressively less natural, — and therefore in some respects less healthful, — so we must have the science of mental hygiene to meet needs in present-day human nature which pure emotion and ignorance cannot reach. Psychologists have not been observing babies and apes and psychoanalyzing adults for years without learning a great many valuable things, and it is just as stupid to ignore their findings as it would be to try to treat a case of appendicitis with herb tea when there was a good physician on the next corner.

Parents will have to accept this fact. When I say 'parents' I am, of course, simply being courteous. Early in the struggle which child training has become, the average man drops out. He feels that life is too complicated, and that it is, after all, necessary to preserve his energies for keeping his children at least in bodily comforts. Occasionally, of course, a strong soul rebels and attempts to revert to archaic, not to say brutal, methods of discipline — an effort generally foredoomed to failure. But most fathers thankfully agree that bringing up children is the mother's job anyway, so that in any discussion of child training we can fairly safely ignore the fathers and concentrate upon the mother's point of view.

The mothers may be roughly classified under two general types. First, there are those who murmur smugly of Mother Love and Common Sense. They look with fear and contempt upon the parent-study groups, the unnumbered books on theory, and the parent-teacher associations that are creeping into every community. They resent any intrusion at all by theorists, however authoritative, into their relations with their children. These mothers maintain, some with great bitterness, that it is impossible to carry out the idealistic suggestions which are being thrust upon them from all sides and retain any personal life, or stay sane. They bring forth specious arguments that children grew up and became adjusted to life long before Dr. Watson and his contemporaries existed; they remind us, a little superfluously, that Dr. Watson is not himself a mother; and they assert, with great emphasis and much merriment at the expense of those of us who are deluded by fads, that they do not care to be told that their small son is going to need psychoanalyzing if he is to conform to ordinary rules of civilized existence. They LOVE THEIR CHILDREN, they reiterate in capitals, and that's enough.

This is hard to bear; but in the second category we have the zealous addicts of psychology who strain their own nerves and those of their entire family in a laudable and selfless effort to give their children every single thing which life could possibly offer to any human being from birth until death. These mothers lie awake nights because Tommy won't drink his tomato juice. They spend hours leafing large volumes to discover why Mary is averse to going to bed. And they look with horrified eyes at their husbands when these insensitive creatures suggest an evening out; for is it not between the hours of eight and ten that Annabelle so dreadfully sucks her thumb? Every move these mothers make in the ordinary routine of rearing their children is fraught with dreadful importance; and their thoughts of the future are dark indeed. They see the penitentiary looming large in the adult years of the child who will steal jam, and they have visions of abnormal and frustrated womanhood for the girl who happens to prefer reading or walking with a friend to romping vigorously with a large crowd of children.

It is difficult to decide which expression of maternal devotion is worse for the children. An epitome of the first type is represented in my memory by a wholesome, pleasant young woman I knew several years ago. She was an earnest disciple of the Common-Sense Cult. Nothing so convulsed her as to hear of her friends going to parent-study groups.

'Goodness!' she would say brightly. 'Give the children plenty of good food and fresh air, spank them when they need it, and love them a lot — and you have no trouble! When I think of Peggy Arnold wasting hours of time with those silly groups, having some old maid tell her how to bring up *babies!* Mental hygiene, indeed! Children don't have minds until they're seven or eight.' All of which sounded very, very sensible and free from fads and nonsense. But it did n't seem to work so well in practice.

For instance, the older girl, Dorothy, began to make scenes, be impertinent, and refuse to eat. Anyone who had read a minimum of elementary child psychology could have told Mrs. Grey that the child was suffering tortures of jealousy because of her younger sister Freda, who was everyone's pet, and was desperately trying to draw attention to herself. If her mother had let Dorothy help take care of Freda, and given her some special privileges the baby did n't have, Dorothy would probably have overcome her difficulties. Equally, when Freda began to develop an abnormal shyness, night terrors, and a really disturbing habit of lying, a psychiatrist would have told Mrs. Grey that the little girl was of a type which can't stand corporal punishment, and that shame and fear were gradually making her definitely antisocial.

But Mrs. Grey chuckled indulgently at the idea of asking anyone's advice on how to handle her children. Doctors, yes. But anything for mental disturbances and behavior problems — imbecility! So she spanked and implored and loved, forced foods and bought tonics. She insisted on the shy child's meeting children without showing any signs of fear. The older child continues to be an incurable 'smart Aleck,' is inclined to be anæmic, and is very overbearing and unkind to her younger sister. Still Mrs. Grey maintains that mother love is all you need!

On the other hand, an equally sad picture comes to my mind when I think of Mrs. Brewster and her psychologically trained son, Ronald. Mrs. Brewster believed that it was only the Intelligent Mother who could possibly bring up a child in the right way. Her great trouble was that there were not enough hours in the day for her to read and assimilate all the differing opinions on genetic psychology. For example, she had only one child, for she believed that, not being strong, she could n't do psychological justice to more. And then, when Ronald was about six, she learned that many eminent child experts considered it a doubtful experiment to have an only child, that two close together were a better arrangement. And since by that time she was, sadly enough, a widow, she always felt that she had defrauded Ronald of his natural rights. However, she did her best to make up for it. Her house was full of books on child training — most of which Ronald eventually read and himself quoted.

Mrs. Brewster did n't coddle the child, because that might make him over-emotional. If he showed a spontaneous affection toward her, she snubbed him to avoid a possible Œdipus complex. She tried every new method of training and feeding as soon as she heard of it. At one time poor Ronald's vitamins and calories were weighed and measured, and he was given no sweets; six months later he was being forced to eat sickish puddings and heavily sugared cereals to build up his energy. At one period she inclined to Montessori and allowed her son to express himself in games and in play; a few months afterward she read that it was of utmost importance to form good study habits and habits of concentration, so she made her child's life a burden to him if he went out to chase rabbits leaving a block house unfinished.

She knew that coercion and arbitrary commands were wrong; so she reasoned with him about every casual misdeed and explained and expounded every slight request until the lad twitched with nervousness. She herself was worn out because she dared not leave Ronald with her very able and good-natured maid, for fear the girl in her stupid way might cause a frustration or a fixation or a complex in the boy. Being worn out, she was frequently snappy; and being sure that every casual act in the life of any child had the most profound and far-reaching effects, she could never relax and enjoy Ronald, or allow him to enjoy her. There was never any spontaneity or any 'just growing' in his life. As a result he is, at present, something that does the science of child psychology no credit.

III

There are a number of mothers between these two extremes. There was Mrs. Jamison, who sneered at mental hygiene for children, but who beat her daughter with a strap three times a day because the child would n't eat. She was brought to me finally by a friend at a time when I was leading a parent-study group, and she said, 'Can you tell me why my little girl is so nervous? She does n't seem to be fond of me any more. It's breaking my heart. I'm *so* maternal!'

Then there were the harassed pair who came in dragging a tough-looking little boy between them. The mother, almost in tears, said the boy had a right to express himself; did n't I think so? And the father said, 'Next time his grandmother tells him to do something and he calls her an old fool, he's going to get licked!'

When I suggested that they teach the boy a rhyme to say to his grandmother by way of substitution, and ask her not to give the child any orders except through them, they sighed with relief and said simultaneously, 'There, you see! Child psychology *is* sensible!' — 'There, you see! All you need is common sense!'

And at the house of a very earnest friend I met a child who threw pebbles at me. Then, eyeing me warily, he said, 'You can't use force on a little child!'

I had a breezy, wholesome mother come to me weeping because her son, after a most rigid old-fashioned home training, had been expelled from school for laziness, lying, and insubordination. 'Getting out from under' for the first time in his life to the comparative freedom of a big modern school was too much for him. His mother and father had been driving faults *in* for years, instead of teaching the boy to direct and sublimate them.

Still, all these mothers are alike in one thing — they honestly want to give their children the best there is. But when a busy and bewildered woman, just faced with new responsibilities and the new adjustments of maternity, learns that to develop normally a child must have fresh air, sunshine, long hours of sleep, a balanced diet, absolute cleanliness, and, in addition, peace and calm, no corporal punishment, no coercion, perfect patience, firmness, gentleness, consistency, frank and intelligent answers to all questions, constructive toys, not too much supervision, not too little supervision, a good example, perfect justice, not too much love, not too little love, and so on almost *ad infinitum*, as a conscientious mother she has the same kind of hopeless feeling that she would probably have in receiving a life sentence to Sing Sing. She tends at this point to do one of three things: she leaves home; or she throws the entire science of psychology into the nearest wastebasket; or she gives up her whole life — inward and external — to satisfying the frequently hypothetical demands of her children.

IV

Most mothers do not realize that no parent can give the child everything. They hesitate to bring children into the world unless they are sure they can give them adequate clothing, shelter, food, and a fair education. But few weep because Junior will never have a steam yacht, or small Patsy will in all likelihood never be presented at a foreign court. Materially speaking, they pick out the essentials. It would be just as logical to pick out the psychological essentials. And what are they?

My personal opinion is that there is only *one* thing absolutely necessary to the complete mental well-being of a child — and that is a stable foundation for its universe. No mother need, however, welcome this opinion with the glad feeling that if she accepts it life will be entirely simplified for her. The mother herself, being the main part of the aforementioned universe, has still quite a job on her hands. For stability is a big word. It has, for its elements, such qualities as patience, tranquillity, consistency, nervous and mental balance, controlled emotions, and a sense of humor which can survive the longest and most domestic day.

The typical Victorian mother, as we read of her, certainly achieved serenity and a kind of stability by the simple expedient of nipping in the bud whatever outward manifestation of maladjustment in her children proved inconvenient to the adult population. But it was all on the adult side. Nowadays childhood is more obtrusive, and grown people's lives are correspondingly more complicated. The demands upon adult existence are increasingly heavy. And unfortunately neither science nor the qualities essential to stability can pay bills, keep babies from teething, childish ailments from existing, husbands from being exasperating, or civilized life from being complex. It becomes increasingly difficult to fit our children to cope with the world. It is no wonder that mothers become confused and disgusted before they have more than begun their full-time and lifetime job.

Children don't realize the effect upon the adult nervous system of all these things, and they should n't have to. The effort of adjusting themselves, not only to the world in general, but to our particular suburb, creed, tradition, and financial background, absorbs them. They arrive here with all the social consciousness and innate refinement of good healthy puppies. They start with two emotions — fear and anger — and the simplest and most direct of desires. The necessity of altering, suppressing, confining, and making complex all their natural impulses is in itself disturbing and difficult. To confuse them by adding adult difficulties to their lives is a parental crime of which we are all more or less guilty. It may be apparent to *us* why we can't stand hearing William knock over his block house for the tenth time, but our anger merely redirects William's energies — hitherto constructively employed in rebuilding — to placating us. This is nice for us, but is n't teaching William anything except a little unreasoning insincerity.

A singularly unattractive and precocious child once said to my small daughter, 'I dare n't be late to-day. It's the week the bills come in, and Dad always wants to lick somebody.' This boy was very lucky in being able to understand what was wrong with his father and being able to 'lie low' until the storm was over. Other children are simpler, and less fortunate.

I once spent a week with a family where the mother was an over-emotional, nervously unstable type of woman. She was not very well, and was always tired. One day noise would make her savage; the next, when she was feeling better, she would run and shout with her children as if she were their age. On days when she had had a difference of opinion with her husband, she would punish severely small misdemeanors on other days, when she was in a good humor, she was amused at behavior which she would have done well to correct. The children spent their whole time watching their mother's moods, which had absolutely no relation to their actual conduct. Automatically and without regard to sincerity or honesty, but with great skill, they averted storms.

One day, for example, the mother was thoroughly annoyed about something which had nothing to do with the children. She had to go to the nursery for some reason at the precise moment when she was feeling her angriest. Her five-year-old daughter took one look at her mother's face as she came in, and, although most innocently occupied, said, 'I'm sorry, Mother, I'll be good.'

For a number of years, strangely enough, children consider their parents to be fairly omnipotent and omniscient. They think mother and father superior to the tears, tantrums, and uncertainties which make up so much of their own lives. To see these two beings who control the destinies of the household quarreling, or even at cross-purposes, gives a child much the same feeling as a really thorough earthquake would give us. And it does not require a comic-strip household with flying rolling-pins and mutual recriminations to make a child realize that something upon which he depends is no longer firm.

V

One of the reasons why the old-fashioned type of mother so often did not realize the true ideal of stability was that she made a religion of unselfishness. A healthy spirit of self-defense is necessary to all of us if we are going to take seriously this business of a firm and harmonious background for our children. After all, mothers have tastes, preferences, and desires of their own; and the continuous thwarting of them produces emotions which are the opposite of all that a stable universe needs. Children have a happy conviction that the world was made for them, that the adults in the world are there for the sole purpose of ministering to their needs. They are continually demanding, and they are born intruders. They do not recognize that parents have rights, have lives of their own, or have need of privacy; and they will never realize this unless they are taught.

Since adults and children have to live together, it seems a shame that a continuous dose of either should get tremendously on the other's nerves. Nevertheless, at the present step in our development this condition exists. Mothers must learn to withhold themselves from the children. Doing without his mother should be just as much a part of the child's daily routine as the orange juice, the rest, the outdoor play. There comes a time in almost every mother's day when the touch of one more little hand upon her, the sound of one more little voice calling 'Mother!' and the necessity of ministering to one more little need are just too much to bear. There is something about twelve consecutive hours with even the sweetest and most winsome little ones that rouses all the baser side of a woman's nature. That is the time when complete withdrawal on her part, even though it seems like complete selfishness, is beneficial to the child and to the mother, for a tired, nervous, overwrought mother cannot give her children the all-important consistency, justice, or security. When she robs herself, she robs them.

VI

Mothers to-day refuse to realize what their children really are. For the average mother a child is one or more of several things: it is an extension of herself or her husband; it is the first thing she has ever had to control; an attractive plaything; the realization of a fundamental, natural, but quite selfish desire; an emotional outlet; or a future President. Mothers refuse to admit that children are inconvenient. Yet the inconvenience of children is undoubtedly at the root of a good two thirds of all discipline; and they must be inconvenient for many years if they are to develop naturally.

For example, they cannot get the shape of things at first without handling them, cannot learn the uses of articles and the way they work without investigating their 'innards.' They can be told that fires burn and knives cut, and that neighbors will think they are not little ladies and gentlemen if they continually stick out their tongues in that vulgar fashion at the cross gentleman next door; but until they have a blister on one hand, a gash on the other, and the dignified old gentleman has chased them with the hose, they don't know these things. They will eat forbidden sweets just as reprehensibly as their dieting mothers do, and even in righteous and law-abiding families there are young people of five or six who will take everything they can lay hands on. They bully and tease — mostly, it is to be feared, on the unconscious principle that turn about is fair play. They hang out of windows, tell lies, and seem to be possessed of seven separate devils two thirds of the time. As they grow older, they question parental dogma, dissect family creeds, and know so much it is hardly possible to endure them.

It is true that there are many situations in the daily lives of mothers and children where the old-fashioned methods of discipline seem inevitable. We read that we should ignore a child who is fractious, or speak politely to him and avoid arbitrary commands; that one must never make an issue of any situation, and should merely look grave and troubled when a child persists in disobeying. Now it is difficult to ignore a child who is standing in the middle of a well-traveled road saying 'No!' when you ask him to come to safety. It is a little awkward having to say politely, 'Please don't stuff that cooky in baby's mouth. Don't you see how black her little face is getting?' and to go on saying it politely as small Percival continues to say 'No!' and to ram the cooky down little sister's throat.

When the taxi is at the door, Father is using language, time-table in hand, and little Annie has — thank Heaven! — just fallen asleep, it takes a great deal of forbearance to realize that one must not command Algernon to put down the jardinière he is determined to take with him to the country. After two sleepless nights, followed by a depressing mail consisting of commands from crude gas and telephone people who have obviously never heard of psychology, one tends to make an issue of Rosemary's determination to run her steam engine up and down the bed where one is trying to get half an hour's nap. And say what you will about the Œdipus complex, there are few sons of tender years who care anything at all about whether their mother is gravely troubled or not, so long as they get their own way and plenty of it.

VII

The old type of mother cannot cope with the new type of child. For one thing, she has been too close to her children for her vision to be properly focused. She labored under the mistaken impression that if she knew her children, remembered her own childhood, had the proper set of instincts, and consecrated herself physically and emotionally to her children, she was being all that she should be. She grasped blindly at psychology, as she grasped at everything else that she felt might possibly enrich her children's lives. But she did not know herself. She did not trouble to examine her qualifications psychologically as a mother with one tenth the interest or care with which she would examine the qualifications of a new housemaid.

It is obvious, therefore, that if our children are to develop properly, an entirely new type of mother is needed. The new type of mother will be as efficient at the maternal job as most modern women are at managing household and income. She will budget her mental, physical, and spiritual resources as carefully as she does her finances. She will take a good look at her household, accepting the fact that under her roof there are several individuals to whom she owes guidance, direction, and happiness. She will read the reliable authorities on genetic psychology and use their discoveries to help her, but she will not try to do with them the things of which she is incapable. Most important, she will devote time to thinking dispassionately about herself, in order to learn in just what way she is limited, and therefore just what she cannot give her children.

The new type of mother will know that, however important it may be to have one's children self-reliant, obedient, self-confident, well-fed, well-sunned, well-aired, honest, fearless, and all the rest of it, this does not have to be accomplished all at once. The whole structure of Janet's life is not going to be undermined if she eats green vegetables on Friday and Saturday instead of on Monday and Tuesday. Nor is Randolph necessarily going to end in the Juvenile Court because he does not obey our possibly reasonable commands of Wednesday, May 2. And if Anna comes home fretful after a trying day at school and a quarrel with her best friend, feeling that no one loves her, it will not make her into a clinging vine twenty years hence if, just for once, we put away her clothes for her — but it may save unpleasantness between us which might indeed have far-reaching effect.

The new mother will admit that the best of us have physical and mental limitations. She will realize that, if she cannot stand the shouts and noise of six or seven healthy children engaged in wholesome games, she must withdraw herself until their games are over. If there is something about cleaning the silver that makes her unfit to live with for at least four hours after the job is done, she will suggest to her friends that they invite her out in the afternoon of the day when the silver has to be polished. She will know how to compromise in trying situations. She will realize that, like cows, parents give better results if contented; and that parents will not be contented until they can take part of the home and part of every twenty-four hours for themselves, away from the children.

I shall be asked at this point, 'But is this not common sense?' It is beyond common sense. Children are not miniature adults. What is common sense and logic in the context of adult experience and knowledge is almost invariably not related to anything that is going on within the child. It is important to know just the point where common sense leaves off and frustrating and thwarting begin. Our parents and grandparents used what they describe as the most magnificent common sense, and somehow the results were not always so good.

But the new mother, with her intelligent study of child psychology and herself, will be able to treat the behavior of her children as symptomatic, and, with her greater understanding, will be able to deal with them properly. She will rely on knowledge, and not on blind instinct or mother love. For she will know that mother love unmodified consists, in about equal parts, of sensuality, egotism, overwhelming emotionalism, and a terrifying possessiveness. And she will sublimate it into respect for the child's individuality, a detachment of herself in terms of demands upon the child's life, and an intelligent and clear-thinking determination to open the gates of life in its fullness to the child and then let him pass through alone.

THE SAILMAKER'S YARN

BY BILL ADAMS

I

I WAS boatswain of a full-rigger. It was the second dogwatch, and I was sitting in the forecastle with the able seamen. My room was in the midship house, abaft the galley. I shared it with the carpenter. Chips had turned in early, so I had gone to the forecastle to pass the time away till eight bells.

I had not been in the forecastle long when the sailmaker appeared outside the open door. He had been forward for something or other, and was returning to his room, which was aft, under the break of the poop. It was a small room with only one bunk, and he had it to himself.

'Come on in, Sails!' called one of the foremast hands.

'Come on in and sit down, Sails!' called another.

Sails paused, and looked into the forecastle.

He was a queer sort of fellow, Sails was. His name was Bethune. He kept to himself — never mixed with the foremast hands, never came to visit Chips and me in our room in the dogwatches, never asked us to come and visit him. And somehow or other he was the sort of fellow you don't butt in on uninvited. There never was a finer sailmaker. With his sail needles, roping twine, seaming twine, palm and needle and sail hook, he was as neat, as quick and clever, as ever any seamstress woman could be at her fancywork ashore. But an odd thing about it was that he seemed to do his work mechanically, appearing to take no interest in it. Sometimes when I'd speak to him, coming on him from behind maybe when he was bent over his work, saying, 'Bethune, how's this or how's that?' he'd not seem to hear me, or he'd start and look up in a sort of lost way, and seem for a moment not to understand that he was being spoken to. The dreamiest-seeming fellow that ever I'd been shipmates with, he was.

Once in a while you meet a solitary fellow at sea, a man who does n't seem to want companionship, but you don't often meet with a man such as Sails. He must have been about fifty; there was a good deal of gray in his hair. He had a crippled leg and walked with a limp, but was quick on his feet in spite of it. The limp never seemed to bother him at all. We'd had an unusually fine weather passage, though, with no storm.

I was surprised that Sails paused when they called to him; I expected to see him pass right on. One of the hands called again, 'Come on in and sit down!' But he took no notice. With his back to us he leaned against the door, looking out beyond the railing to the fast-shadowing sea.

There were a dozen able seamen in the forecastle. None of them were playing checkers that evening, and no one had fetched out the cards. We were just sitting yarning about one thing and another. It was close to the end of the voyage and everyone was feeling fine and free and careless.

There were some oldish men in the forecastle — fellows with thinning hair and bent shoulders, their limbs getting a bit stiff. There were men in their forties. There were young fellows, too, agile as monkeys.

One of the older men was telling of a time he'd been wrecked south of the Crozets. Nine days in an open boat he'd been. The boat was picked up only just in the nick of time. Even another few hours and it would have been too late. Some of the men were already more than half dead of the cold.

'That was tough,' said a ruddy-haired sailor in his forties; 'but it was n't so awful bad, at that.'

'I don't want no open boat south o' the Crozets for mine,' said a young fellow. 'Wot's worse than that, eh?'

The ruddy-haired man began telling of a time he'd been on a voyage out of Cardiff, with a coal cargo.

'I don't like a coal cargo,' interrupted a young fellow. 'There's always too many fleas in the ship.'

'It's fleas you'd kick about, is it?' said the ruddy-haired man. He paused and looked up at the sailmaker. 'Sails, was you ever in a ship wot took fire in her cargo?'

The sailmaker did n't pay any attention — seemed not to have heard.

The ruddy-haired man went on with his yarn. 'We'd a hell of a time,' he said. 'South of the Horn with a gale dead in her teeth.' He paused and looked up at Sails again.

'Get on with your yarn,' said Sails, in a bored sort of way.

So the ruddy fellow told how it took them twelve days to make the Falklands, with the ship red-hot and the sea sizzling at her sides.

'Open boats an' burnin' ships is tough sure enough, but I'll tell ye wot happened to me one time. Three blasted years of it I had,' said a middle-aged man.

'Cast away on some bloody little island, was you?' interrupted a young fellow.

The sailmaker sat down on the door coaming and took out his pipe.

'Was there bananas an' lots of fruit to eat?' asked the young fellow.

'Like hell there was bananas an' lots o' fruit!' retorted the other. 'Fruit was wot done it, though,' he continued gloomily. 'I was in a big four-poster called the *Crocodile*, loadin' canned fruit in Frisco.'

The sailmaker glanced round. 'I was in Frisco that time,' he said.

'There you are!' exclaimed the talker. 'I got the notion one night when the stevedores worked late, after dark. She was a hard-livin' ship an' I figured fruit'd go down good. I swiped two whole cases an' got 'em into the fo'c'sle an' had 'em opened an' was stowin' the cans in my sea chest when a lousy longshoreman looked in an' saw me. Manager of the cannery the fruit was from, 'e was. They give me three years in the penitentiary.'

'Go on. Wot next?' asked the young fellow.

'Gawd, wot more d' ye want?' exclaimed the talker.

'Well, that ain't no sea yarn nohow!' said the young fellow.

'It ain't, ain't it?' said the ex-penitentiary man. 'Well,' turning to a man seated beside him, 'you tell 'em about the *Coral Bird*, Peter!'

'I was at the wheel,' began Peter, and added, gloomily, 'My chum, Bill Patrick, was aloft. The watch was gone up to furl the fore-tops'l. Eight men on the footrope there was, an' two still in the riggin'.' He stopped, and stared disconsolately, from unseeing eyes, at the sailmaker.

'Get on with your yarn,' said Sails, in a bored sort of tone.

'The tops'l yard carried away an' went over the side,' said Peter.

There was silence, everyone picturing the yard crashing down with eight men on it.

'Seven of 'em was smothered under the sail or caught in the gear,' continued Peter. 'It was an iron yard an' sank at once.'

'Could the other feller swim?' someone asked.

'Bill Patrick was the best swimmer ever I seen. I watched 'im till a rain squall hid him. 'T was far too rough to put a boat out.'

A man seated away back in a dark corner broke the silence. 'The sea's a devil,' he said.

The sailmaker had risen. You could tell by the look on his face that he was far away. But he started and glanced round at those last words. Then he was about to move off when someone called, 'Tell us the worst you ever seen at sea, Sails!'

Sails did n't seem to hear. But when several of us called to him he turned again. 'Those sort of things can happen to any sailor,' he said. 'It's the sort of thing a man expects at sea. The unexpected is what hurts.'

'Spin us a yarn, Sails,' said the man in the dark corner.

Sails sat down on the door coaming again, with his back to us. It seemed as though he would take the rest of the dogwatch getting started. No one spoke or moved. He turned toward us at last.

II

'There was a ship one time,' began Sails, 'where the skipper had his wife aboard with him. I was in her. She was the happiest ship that ever I was in — a sort of home ship. They say a woman's out of place in a ship. It did n't hold that time, that old saying did n't. No man aboard — mate, sailor, no man, young or old — had any fault to find with that woman. She never interfered, or tried to, with the ship's affairs; only if some sailor in the fo'c'sle was sick she'd go forward with the skipper and try to help the man. On Sundays she'd cook little things in the steward's pantry, little delicacies for the foremast hands — just a bit of something of the sort men don't get or look for in a ship at sea. It did n't matter if the weather was calm and hot or if a gale was blowing and the snow was coming down — she'd never miss sending the men some little trifle she'd prepared with her own fingers.

'She was a beautiful woman, too — just a girl lately come to womanhood. Fresh and lovely she was. The skipper had only been skipper for a little while, just a few years. He'd worked his way up from being a poor common foremast sailor. He'd had a hard time doing it, for he was a plain, rough man without any education. It was his first voyage with his wife; they'd been married only a few days before the voyage began. They were very happy in each other — very happy. He was a good deal older than she was.'

The sailmaker's voice trailed away, and he fell silent. We looked knowingly at each other, the world-wise ones among us. We guessed what was coming: an oldish husband with a young wife; a young mate, or second mate, probably; temptation; human nature; trouble.

'Yes, Sails?' said the ruddy man, for Sails had relapsed into thoughtful silence and we feared the yarn might not be done by eight bells.

'The ship had been away from her home port almost two years when there was a baby,' continued Sails. He spoke so low that everyone edged a bit nearer to the door.

'A skipper should n't take a young girl to sea like that. It is n't fair,' continued the sailmaker, and paused again.

'W'y ain't it fair, Sails?' asked one of the younger men.

'Shut up, damn ye!' growled one of the older men.

'The woman died,' said Sails. It was as though he were talking to himself; as though he had not heard the question; as though he were not conscious of us.

'Wot about the baby?' asked an old fellow.

'The ship was far offshore. The nearest port was leagues across the sea. She was a good ship, a fast sailer; but things were hopeless. Everyone knew it as soon as the word went round,' said Sails.

'Wot word, Sails?' asked someone.

'That there were just four cans of condensed milk in the ship,' replied the sailmaker.

'Gawd!' exclaimed one of the older men.

'How long did they make it last?' asked a young man, and again an elderly fellow growled, 'Damn ye, shut up!'

'There was only one thing to do,' said Sails. 'Feed the child and drive the ship. The skipper drove her. The wind was fair, so that she lay her course. She raced, with her lee rail dipping down to the water and her decks all awash. There was no common ship work done. The mates did n't put anyone to any ordinary work. No one touched a paintbrush or a holystone, or anything like that. All hands kept handy day and night, ready to trim the canvas for any new slant of wind when it came. No one took off his clothes. They slept "all standing," fully dressed, so as never to lose an instant's time. She crashed through the sea hour after hour, with every inch of canvas straining.'

'Who tended the baby, Sails?' asked someone.

'All hands tended the baby,' answered the sailmaker. 'All hands.' There was a queer light in his face, as though he were back in that ship again, racing to save a little child from starvation. 'The skipper saw his child less than anyone else. The ship was taking all his care, all his time. Sometimes you'd see the mate carrying the baby in his big arms, sometimes you'd see the second mate. The hands took turns going aft to carry it. It never was laid down; it was unthinkable to anyone that it could be laid down. The only time the skipper ever held it was sometimes when it must be fed. He held it then, if he could leave the ship; he could n't, or he would n't, leave her often. The skipper held the baby while the mate fed it, giving it as little as he dared. They eked the canned milk out, drop by drop.

'The clouds whirled overhead, the dark seas roared. By night the mast-heads swung dizzily amongst the stars, while spray in great cold clouds whipped savagely across the canting deck. In the fo'c'sle the hands never brought out the cards or checkerboard; they just sat waiting. Coming and going from the wheel, they'd ask one another, "How's the little kid?" They'd argue, and once two of them fought furiously over whose turn it was to go and carry it. You'd see big bearded men bending their chins above its tiny face, chuckling to it like any nurse girl would, holding their bristly beards away lest they scratch its soft skin. No one complained or cared a whit for loss of sleep when it was necessary for all hands to stay close to the ropes all night. Not a man thought of anything except the baby.

'It was a little girl — a little black-haired thing with deep blue eyes. It'd take a sailor's hard thumb and suck at it and look entirely blissful, as though it had a bit of sugar in its mouth. Whenever a foremast hand went aft to carry it he'd wash his thumb in drinking water, lest the baby taste salt, or tar, or tobacco. There was n't a thumb in the forecastle that did n't get a deal whiter than it had ever been.

'Always the measuring of the milk, and the feeding, were left to the mate. He was a family man — had youngsters of his own ashore. "Not another drop," he'd say. "That's enough for this time." He was far more important than ever he had been as mere mate — the most important man in the ship. The skipper hung on his words.'

'Did you sometimes carry the baby, Sails?' asked a young fellow.

'Yes, sometimes I carried her,' said Sails.

'How long would a can of milk last?' asked someone.

'We rinsed the cans out, one by one, with warm water till the last drop was gone,' continued Sails. 'That was one morning, early. The baby was just awake. It was hungry and there was barely enough for a meal. After that there was nothing in the ship that it could eat. The mate fixed up some sugar in a bit of cloth. It sucked the cloth all day, and wailed. The skipper carried it all that day. The ship did n't matter now — to drive her was no use. He left the ship to the mate, who acted like a crazy man. So did the second mate, and so did everyone. The mate drove the ship till it looked as though the masts must be ripped out of her. He knew it was no good, and so did all hands. But still he drove her. He cursed her and the men, and the men cursed back and swore at each other — everyone blaming everyone else for not moving fast enough. The skipper saw nothing but the baby all that day, paid no attention at all to anything. All day he went in and out of the chart room, in and out of the saloon, paced up and down the poop, carrying his child and staring hopelessly across the rolling sea.'

'How far was you from land, Sails?' someone asked.

'A long way. There was n't any hope,' said Sails. 'The sun dipped low and the sea began to get dark. And then, just while there was still light enough for us to see it, a white speck showed on the sea far ahead. Another ship, going our way, sailing the course we sailed. The mate and everyone quit cursing then. All hands were voiceless. We had n't seen another ship since a few days before the woman died. Hope wakened in everyone. While the mate drove the ship all hands leaped at each sharp order to take a pull on this rope or on that. When night fell and the other ship was lost, the mate had an old tar barrel brought up from the fore peak. We hoisted it to the lee fore-yard arm and set it afire. Its flame blew down to leeward. So that there could be no danger of the foresail catching fire, we guyed the barrel with wires. It lifted and rolled with the pitch and the roll of the ship and could n't sway except as she swayed — could n't sway in under the sails.

'It was n't long after dark when we saw an answering light ahead. The other ship had seen our signal flame. A great shout rose at that, and then, knowing that this hope might be quite vain, all hands fell deathly silent. The skipper stood on the poop, his child in his arms, his face and its face lit by the blaze from the barrel, until the mate ordered the barrel lowered down. It fell to the sea, hissed, and went out. The darkness was pitchy then. But presently we saw the lights of the other ship. She had come about to wait for us, and soon we were up with her. We lowered the high sails away, hove to, and dropped a boat.

'The second mate took four strong rowers and went off in the boat. In a few minutes we heard him shouting, bawling in the dark. We heard his words clear above the wind and the wash of the lapping water. "Any milk aboard? Any milk aboard? — We've got a baby and its mother's dead!" No answer came at first. Those in the other ship were maybe puzzled, thought maybe that they did n't hear aright. His voice rose again: "Any milk aboard? — Any milk aboard? — We've got a baby and its mother's dead!" Then in a moment we saw a lantern on the other ship's deck. Someone ran from her lamp room, carrying a lit lantern. And then we heard a cheer from our boat.'

'By Gawd!' said someone, as Sails paused.

'Go on, Sails!' cried another. 'Sails's yarn beats all!'

'The other ship lay her course and went on again,' continued Sails, 'and soon our boat was back. The other ship had had four cans of milk. Just what we'd had at first! Our mate took it from the second's hands and ran to the cabin with it. The skipper hurried down to the cabin. The steward came running, with warm water all ready to dilute the milk. The second mate, the cook, the carpenter, all hands, gathered at the cabin door. No one thought of the ship till suddenly the mate looked up from feeding the baby and saw them all there. "Drive her!" he called to the second mate. "Drive her! We're far from the land yet." Then all hands realized that danger was n't done, and raced for the braces, to trim the yards and put the ship upon her course again.

'There was a sort of peace in the ship that night. The skipper fell asleep on the settee in his chart room, exhausted. The baby lay sleeping in his arm. The wind roared and the sea roared all that night. She drove upon her course. She passed the other ship and we heard her company all cheering. No one answered their cheers. We were too far from land for any cheering yet.'

III

We sat staring at Sails. Every man's pipe had gone out. Everyone was still. No one asked any question now. We waited for Sails to go on, and when he went on he did n't seem to be aware of us at all. It was as though he talked to the night, to the wind, to the sea.

'Four cans of milk,' he said, 'and miles to go. No telling when the fine fair wind might leave us. No knowing when a high head wind might come, or a flat calm. The mate set a lookout man at the fore-royal masthead and had another tar barrel swung, for we were coming close to latitudes where we might meet some steamer. If we could see and stop a steamer, all would be well.

'Morning came, and the wind fell. The ship slackened her pace, and nothing could be done to speed her. And then, toward noon, we saw a smoke trail, a dim trail low down on the horizon dead ahead. We lit the barrel, hoping the steamer might see its smoke. If she did, she took it for the smoke of another steamer, for she passed on below the sea rim and was gone without our having glimpsed her hull at all. We lowered the barrel to the sea and quenched its flames, then brought it back aboard, set new tar in it, and hoisted it again, ready in case another steamer should pass. But none appeared. Night came, and day again, and still the ship loitered, scarce making headway on the well-nigh windless water.'

A sailor pulled his watch out and interrupted: 'It's nigh eight bells, Sails. Dogwatch an' talkin' time'll soon be done.'

'The wind came back that day,' continued the sailmaker, 'and things were just as they had been in those first days after the woman died. We lived the same minutes, the same eternal hours, over again. The ship raced on and on, drawing her port continually closer. With every mile she clipped away we shuddered at the miles still left to go, dreading a sudden wind shift, or another calm. We saw no smoke, no steamer, no other vessel on the whole wide empty sea.

'When the wind died again we were just fifty miles from land. A flat calm fell. It was near dawn, but with the dawn a drizzling mist set in. As day drew on, it thickened. We sent off rockets, for we were in the track of ships and thought that some must hear us. Forenoon, and noon, and afternoon dragged by. The fog was like a blanket. Dark fell. We set the tar barrel ablaze again, lest in the fog a steamer should pass near by. The rockets were all gone. We beat the bells. Hour after hour we beat upon the bells. The last can of milk was gone.'

Sails stopped.

'Close on eight bells,' said someone. 'Go on, Sails!'

'The baby's wailing sounded all along the deck. The skipper paced the poop with it in his arms. The mate stood on the poop, the second mate beside him. The tar flame lit their faces. They looked like ghosts. The man at the wheel, the man upon lookout, the idle men upon the idle deck, all looked like ghosts. The ship seemed a ghost ship.'

'Gawd!' someone cried. 'Go on, Sails! Quick!'

'A wind came suddenly, in a quick puff. The mate leaped for the deck, but before he was down the ladder the skipper called him back. "Here," he said, "take the baby! I'll take the ship now." He called an order to the helmsman, bidding him steer, laying the ship's course a little closer to the hidden shore. He ordered the sails trimmed, and all hands raced at his bidding. The ship lay over, with fog-hid water swirling at her down-dipped side. The squall passed on and a fair, steady breeze blew. Less than fifty miles to port now; we should be in soon after dawn. The mate took the child to the chart room, out of the wind and the fog. The skipper ordered the tar barrel lowered. All was well now. We'd beaten the sea. We left the bells unstruck.'

'Sails's yarn's the best!' cried a young fellow.

'Shut up!' growled an older man, scowling at the speaker. 'Go on, Sails!'

For a space it was as though Sails had forgotten us and his yarn. Then presently he spoke once more. It was but a moment or so till eight bells now. Our talking time was all but over.

'An hour before the dawn was due,' continued Sails, 'there came a sudden jar. We were thrown from our feet. High spars came crashing down. Wild cries of pain arose from the men hurt by the falling gear.'

'My Gawd! Ashore in the fog!' an old man muttered.

'Lodged on a rocky reef,' the sailmaker replied. 'Helpless; and in mid-morning, when the tide had ebbed, left almost high and dry.'

'How far was you from port, Sails?' asked the ruddy-haired man.

'Right at the harbor mouth. The fog cleared, and we lay in full view of the town,' Sails answered.

'Wot did they do to the skipper for losin' his ship?' asked someone.

'Took his ticket away,' the sailmaker replied. 'Took it away for good.'

''E'd 'ave to leave the sea, then, an' look after his little kid,' said someone.

'The sea was all he knew. He could n't leave the sea,' said Sails.

Eight bells struck, and we piled out to the deck.

'Keep handy the watch!' ordered the mate when he'd called our names over. The wind was freshening, and the sea beginning to make.

As we went forward the ex-penitentiary man looked in at Sails's door. 'Wot was that skipper's name, Sails?' he asked.

'His name was Murchison,' replied the sailmaker.

IV

I'd no more than closed my eyes, it seemed, when one of the watch was at my door bawling, 'All hands on deck! Shorten sail!'

The night was a regular pandemonium when I stepped to the deck. You could n't see your hand before your face. As I made for the gear I heard the mate shout, 'Look out for yourselves!' And then, the next minute, a great, awful sea thundered aboard — a dozen feet high, maybe. I was buried in that sea a year, it seemed, breathless and choking, my feet braced, and my hands, by blessed good luck, fast to a stanchion.

That night was hell's inky-black picnic. When dawn came at last, we were done in with toil, weary and sleepy-eyed. But soon after dawn the wind eased, and by sunup we brought her to harbor.

There was a little crowd of idlers on the dock, to stare at the ship come in from sea. The second mate was forward with the hands, all but the ruddy-haired man, who had recognized someone in the crowd and was staying to talk with him. I stood close by, and a few feet away was the mate, puffing his pipe by the gangway.

A young girl pushed her way through the crowd and hurried across the gangway. 'I'm looking for Mr. Murchison,' she said. 'Where's Mr. Murchison, please?'

Blue eyes and black hair, the girl had. She was about twenty. I did n't catch on. But the ruddy-haired man did, and he stared at me wide-eyed.

'By Gawd!' he murmured. 'Where's Sails?'

And then, of a sudden, it came to me that I'd seen naught of Sails, nor heard his voice at all, since that great sea thundered aboard.

'Let's get out o' here, bos'n,' whispered the ruddy-haired man.

So we went forward, and left the mate to tell her about Sails.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

Don Jaime we called him, for he wore a gallant air, though his clothes were threadbare and his shiny back might have done duty as a pier glass. His were the quiet manners of the Spaniard, respectful and self-respectful, becoming a democrat. To him Spain was the land of lands, — but in all Spain what was there which might compare with Andalusia? — and as he drove the car through orange grove or cork wood nothing excellent would he permit to elude our attention.

If manners ever touch perfection, it is in the relation of master and man in Spain. There is the true balance, friendliness without condescension, and respect unmarred by servility. Don Jaime never intruded, but when he had information to impart, no false modesty could hold him back. He liked to disport in his painfully acquired English; still better he liked to make new friends for his well-loved Spain. One subject alone roused the volcano which slumbers in every Spanish heart. ‘When you were in the army,’ I asked him, ‘were you ever in the Riff?’

‘The Riff — three years, sweating, starved, led by men who let you die. No water. Never any water. We drank from pools of yellow muck mired by mules, and there was a week — what do you suppose we lived on? Rotten bread and vinegar — yes, vinegar. We were climbing down — how do you say it? — through the bush. No enemy, no noise, but everybody afraid. And then, when we reached the river, suddenly right, left, in front, behind, there went crack, crack, crack! Men were falling just like the grass in my father’s field. An officer yelled, “Get on!” Then he threw up his hands and shouted, — how do you say it in English? — “Save who can!” And we did. And why do you think those Arabs were shooting us down like rabbits? Because they love their country just as I love mine, and we were taking it away from them to make millions for the king and for all the people who sold things to the army. *Nombre de Dios!* Do you think those Arabs don’t love their country? Do you think they are not as bright as we are? Go to Granada. Go to Córdoba, and see what they did there, and then you judge whether we can teach them or they can teach us. Ugh! Grr!’

It was the longest speech he ever made, rising to furious heights of emphasis. All his wasted years, his thirst, the burning of old wounds, his brother lost in the bush never to return, all the past agony rose in his throat. It had made a Republican of him. Gone was his reverence for the King, his pride in his uniform, his glory in his history, which, like the intelligent man he was, he had picked up piecemeal.

It was all very interesting, but to me the most interesting part of Don Jaime was his hands. For those hands were our salvation. We were traveling a winding road at some seventy kilometres an hour, and while Don Jaime’s hands were on the wheel our safety was assured, but at the magic word 'Riff' they waved in the air. They thumped the rim of the wheel. They gesticulated. They clasped and unclasped. And the rhythm of the car responded. It swerved and joggled. It swooped to the verge of a twenty-foot drop, and then careened to the inner edge.

My voice — I take credit for it — was measurably steady: 'That 's all over, Jaime. At least you have never forgotten how to drive a car.'

It was apparently a new thought to him. Down came those capable hands. The car steadied and shot ahead, and I reflected how deep below the causes of Revolution, fusing them all into a white flame, were the hot and shameful memories of corruption, incompetence, imperialism, impoverishment, starvation, ambush, rout, and death that Morocco means to Spain.

II

All my quiet life I had longed to see a Revolution, and now that one was here to see, I could n't see it. No amount of imagination would transform the quiet, respectable crowds in city streets into mobs of Pandemonium. Towns in Spain wake slowly to the day's existence. To start on a journey before half-past nine is a matter of consternation. Only beggars are stirring at eight. The prosperous reach their offices toward eleven, refresh themselves in seclusion between one and three, and the business day gathers momentum about five o'clock. At seven, for the comfortable, there is tea. At eight, clerks and muleteers sit down to supper, and at ten, or half an hour later, society settles down to the solid meal of the day. For the crowd, life begins when the stars come out. The deserted streets are suddenly populous. By nine the town square is like church steps on Sunday — men, women, and a multitude of children for whom our traditional bedtime does not exist, but who will, happily, not be herded into school until ten o'clock to-morrow. When ten strikes, the city is all animation. At eleven the theatres will open, and meanwhile there is supper at the restaurant, promenading, endless greetings, gossip and life, while the band plays and boys and girls step to it.

> *Bang-whang-whang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle*
> the fife.
> Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such
> pleasure in life!

If thunder is in the air, here is where the storm will break, thought I, but each evening the children skipped their ropes, and though here and yon knots of men talked earnestly, there was nothing to suggest that twenty millions of people were embarked on a critical experiment.

It was not that the Revolution had come quite unexpected. Indeed, the previous November — this was March — a mutiny broke out. The explosion missed fire; the ringleaders were arrested, tried, convicted. Two of them were shot. Where does treason end and honor begin? Traitors had suffered a traitor's death. Then came the Revolution, and presto! the dead were traitors no more, but patriots and heroes. Their names were on every tongue and their pictures on every postcard. Already legend has retold their story, and children will read in the histories their immortal deeds.

The drama was brought home to us on our first night in Spain. One of the former mutineers, whose death sentence had been commuted to thirty years' confinement, was carried in triumph to his native Málaga. Ten thousand men met him at the station. He was lifted to a platform and tried to speak. Words choked him, and tears streamed from his eyes. In three months all that life holds had swept over him — wild adventure, hope, the death sentence, despair, reprieve, incarceration, freedom, and now glory. Fate was still there with her bag of tricks. What more, I wondered, though he live for a century, had she to offer him?

If you were on the trail of Revolution other evidence was about. It was amusing to watch conservative householders pasting brown labels over the insignia of the Royal Automobile Club, whose *affiches* were everywhere; and on the roof of the Hotel of the Prince of Asturias, workmen were busy taking down the immense gilt crown which had lent its touch of majesty to the hostelry. In the first license of liberty, royal statues were thrown down, but good sense reinstated itself. Deep in the country, on a lofty spur of the Guadarramas, the Regina Fountain, which gives tired donkeys their sparkling reward, had by some sensible peasant been painted a protective red, and I noted the shrewd device which saved the great arc of Kings and Queens standing in front of the Royal Palace of Madrid. Someone had splotched on each pedestal the appealing letters 'R. I. P.,' and they were suffered to rest in peace.

III

Were I the historian of the Revolution, amongst all the complicated factors I should give first place, not to the crimes, but to the fatuousness of the nobility. It is quite within the limits of the truth to say that a more utterly worthless group than the Spanish aristocracy never cumbered the travailing earth. Absentee landlords, many of them, have not from boyhood laid eyes on the land which gave them revenue. Commonly they rent their estates to some intendant who makes what he can from the transaction. They live in no state. They set no standards. Their social duties they neither perform nor recognize. They give no splendid entertainments and make no effort to return the hospitality they accept. When diplomats invite them to meet the King, they are apt as not to reply that they can give no immediate answer, as they may be going to a 'shoot' — their single amusement.

The creation of grandees is a royal prerogative. To be a grandee of Spain has a noble sound. Its significance is really this: at a certain moment in the ceremony of investiture, while the King is on his throne, the new-made grandee puts on his hat. Then he takes it off, and never again is the liberty assumed. What boots it? He has gone hatted in the presence of kings. George Fox could do no more.

Nor are the ladies superior to their lords. The Queen appoints — I still use the present tense — her ladies in waiting. There are nearly as many of these maids of honor as there are days in the year, and their duties are to wait each for a single day in attendance on Her Majesty. Yet such is their inertia that not infrequently the chamberlain has to telephone round to a dozen ladies before he can secure one to perform her tiny but honorable task.

Such the nobility with which Alfonso was inextricably intertwined. They looked to him to save them, and as he slowly sank they stifled him. To the people they represented a nuisance not to be borne. The dead weight of their idleness and sloth lay heavy on the shoulders of peasants who coveted their lands and who deserved them.

Another great burden of the Spanish people is the Church and her drones. Not that the clergy live comfortably in indolence. They are, if truth be told, desperately poor. The treasuries of their churches are heavy with plate of silver and gold, with embroideries beyond price sewn with pearls, strewn there by *conquistadores* who sought forgiveness five centuries ago; but these belong to Our Lady and her saints, and many a priest goes hungry in the midst of riches. Yet the villager, as he rises before dawn to ride his donkey for two hours or maybe three to the fields of his absentee landlord, feels on his stooping shoulders a triple weight — army, aristocracy, and Church. It is too much.

Yet Spain is not quite the priest-ridden country we think it. Women and men, too, still crowd to Mass, but in the cathedrals the narrow space between the *Coro* and the *Capilla Mayor* amply holds the congregation. It is not that the people have lost their faith, but that little by little their faith in the priesthood has begun to decay. The demand for the separation of Church and State is, after the land question, the principal article in the Republican creed. 'Let the priest work like the rest of us,' said a laboring man to me. 'Why should n't he? He can be a priest if he wishes to, and if I want to marry or be buried or have my children christened he can charge me for it and I can pay. But why should n't he work just for what he gets? We all do.'

The Church in Spain is still led by obscurantists of the ancient Spanish type, blameless spiritual men, their minds so full of heavenly certainties that doubts of earthly wisdom cannot stir them. The Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, may well serve as an example. More than a score of years ago two brothers of the Segura family entered the priesthood with a spiritual exaltation rare even in the country Santa Teresa loved. The elder soon found himself the parish priest of a remote hill village where the people, cut off from their neighbors and stricken with poverty and disease, were slowly sinking into the mire of hopeless degradation. Of this thriftless vineyard Segura was the true husbandman. Morning and night he labored, tending the sick, comforting the weary, bringing aid from without, teaching self-help, self-respect, and the common welfare. None was more weary than he, but his labor was not in vain. The village was transformed. Men loved him as a visible embodiment of the Holy Spirit. In those days, it chanced, the King came by. He saw the miracle and heard the testimony. When next a bishopric was vacant he proffered the name of Segura. And when a few years later a new archbishop of Toledo had to be chosen, Segura, though still in what the Church regards his early youth, became Primate of Spain.

All earthly honors now seemed open to him, when an event occurred. His brother, in his own parish, had pursued a parallel history. He had built up his little congregation and fortified men's souls by his example, by devotion, and by preaching. Almost he was adored. He was eloquent, and his people hung upon his words. Then by chance one Sunday he was absent. An unfamiliar figure ascended the pulpit and began to speak. The congregation grew restless. They missed their weekly sustenance. Everywhere they looked about them for their priest. The stranger's words were chaff. Murmurs arose, then exclamations, then shouts: 'We want Father Segura! Give us Father Segura!' The noise swelled into wild volume — cries, catcalls, riot. The church was cleared, and Father Segura promptly returned to reproach his people, but the mischief had been done. The scandal passed from village to village. It reached Madrid. It flew to Rome. What was this family of priests who made themselves and not the Church so necessary to the people? From the Archbishop of Toledo the Red Hat was withheld.

It was better so. For new traits began to show themselves in the Segura family. The Archbishop's views set like cement. His terror of modernism became an obsession. He discouraged the intellectual progress of women. He denied their right to join an organization which did not have 'Church' in the title of it. He forbade his people to accept membership in Rotary Clubs, and when Republicanism showed its horrid head he announced that there could be no compromise between God and a Republic. The Archbishop of Seville played up to him. The curse of God would fall on Spain were the Republic to be proclaimed. The answer of the people was to nail the Tricolor over the Archiepiscopal portal. I saw it waving there and it was not taken down. The wise Vatican took alarm. The Papal Nuncio formally announced that the Church has naught to do with politics. Its Kingdom is of the spirit. But the public was roused. Archbishop Segura followed his King. Then he returned, but so unrestrained was the violence of his utterances that the Government transported him by force beyond the frontier, and to-day the only active see in Christendom ruled *in absentia* is the See of Toledo.

What are the portents for the Republic? One observer reflects that in the whole Mediterranean world no real republic has ever existed. Here dwells the intensest individualism on earth. Here have lived the greatest artists and the greatest tyrants. Here men work each for himself in bitterness of competition, intellectual and moral. They will take no orders from their equals. They will not coöperate. Whatever the form, two ways of government, and two ways only, lie open to them — monarchy or oligarchy.

IV

It is said of Charles the Fifth that the great Emperor spoke Italian to his mistresses, French to his friends, German to his dogs, while in Spanish he communed with his God, and with the stately music of the language in his ears the traveler knows that it cannot be displeasing to his Maker. Spoken Spanish has a deep and serious sound. The sweet sibilance of Italian, the lilting ripple of French, are alike foreign to it. And as with language, so with behavior. Manners unlearned in America and forgotten in northern Europe still live in Spain. Nowhere on the Continent will the traveler find such quiet courtesy. Nowhere will he find women so untouched by the brisk roughness of modern life. There is in Spain an unwritten code to which all manners conform. The stranger there never finds himself the subject of curious and disconcerting interest. There the eye of the pretty waitress does not roam, and on the street one is never conscious of a furtive smile or a provoking glance. Yet such modesty, or affectation of it, cannot arise from any feminine lack of confidence, for I know not a country where the women are more lovely. Something, of course, one's imagination owes to the mantilla and the crowning comb of tortoise shell, to the whiteness of ruffle at the wrist, and the black folds of the graceful gown, but the olive smoothness of the cheek and the blue shadows in the glistening hair will ensnare an attention disposed to wander in the presence of feminine charm.

Is it manners which bring customs, or do customs flow from manners? The traveler must notice how much one owes to the other; and, watching the quiet distance at which each Spanish girl keeps her young man, I asked romantic questions. This is what I learned.

Chief among the Roman ruins of every Latin country are the vestiges of ancient family discipline. Our modern slogan, every boy for himself and the girl take the foremost, is not heard in Spain. Marriages are alliances in the true sense, yet the Spaniard has contrived to introduce into the *mariage de convenance* a certain flexibility and freedom of choice still widely unknown in France. The process is interesting.

The youth of the two sexes live an easy and a natural life. They see much of each other in groups. One thing and one thing alone is forbidden: boy and maiden must never be alone together. Gay and free as the groups are, no rule is more inviolable than this. Drop in late in the afternoon at one of the little restaurants. As you wait for your indifferent tea (real tea is the heritage of other peoples), you will see among the family circles many tables *à trois*. A married lady accompanies her sister and a young man, or a discreet elder brother plays his part. Never are the two alone. Yet they see much of each other, and if that much leads to a taste for more, the young man makes the first move in the intricate game. He asks whether his lady will be at her window should he come and stand below it of an evening. If her consent be given, come he does. Often the strains of his guitar pass through the iron grille behind which she sits, or it may be the music of his low Spanish accent. Walk as the stars come out down the shadowy streets of any little city. In many a dark doorway you will see one shadow, not the two which block the American doorway — and above, in the dim light from within, you will discern the outline of a listening girl. Invariably the iron grille, but a rose may pass through it, or a note, and sometimes, one imagines, a slender hand. Night after night the conversation grows more intimate, the accents lower, and then a step is taken. The cavalier inquires whether he may call. So bold a request is not lightly made, nor consent casually given, but if it be granted, the young man makes his first stately visit. The family is at home, of course, and there are cigarettes and sometimes a glass of the wine of Jerez.

All this is very pleasant, but the call carries responsibilities. From that day forth, although no troth has been asked and no pledge given, the cavalier is bound each day to visit his lady, either alone to wait at her window, or in company within her father's house. If he is ill or if business absolutely forbids, he may be pardoned, but no social excuse will be tolerated. And so the courtship continues day in, day out, until that august occasion when fathers and mothers meet and the treaty of alliance is negotiated in all its rigorous detail. Once that is solemnized, public opinion will tolerate no breach of contract; but, however long the engagement lasts, the young people are never alone together until the carriage drives them away from the church door.

Such is the Spanish answer to the courses in domestic science offered by American universities.

V

It is the fashion in the modern world to rate a civilization by its sense of values. In Spain the highest value is human dignity. Read again the conversations between Sancho and his master, and note how mutual is the punctilio between them. Everywhere in Spain you see instances in high relief of the universal recognition of the respect one man owes to another. In most countries, begging is an outlawed trade; in all, the beggar seems little entitled to the amenities of intercourse; but in Spain, beggary is raised to the technical proficiency of a profession, and the beggar takes a virtuoso's pride in it. One morning at dawn I watched from my window in Madrid. At five o'clock a barefoot friar or two were entering the church across the street. In their train came the beggars, a dozen of them. Briskly they walked, men and women, chatting, laughing, and enjoying themselves. At the church door an ancient man of authority, whom I took to be the dean of the guild, ranked them six to the left, six to the right. And as I looked all joy was banished from their faces. A woebegone expression ludicrous to me, but to a newcomer most distressing, was pictured on every countenance. Almost it was as if some cruel stroke of fate had visited them. The women seemed to dwindle into malformed grotesques. The men shrank to impotent senility. Their professional day had begun.

Then came the worshipers to the early service, each dropping a penny into a ragged cap or outstretched claw. It was the ritual of charity, orthodox as crossing in holy water. It brought comfort to the giver and consolation to them that received. This is the essence of giving. Here is the Spanish equivalent of the charity organization society.

A care-free beggar of Toledo sought alms, it is said, of an obdurate Philistine. The stranger was deaf to every plea. Then cried the beggar, 'Give, give, for the love of God, since in the fullness of my youth the Almighty has taken from me all desire to work!'

Spanish beggars may be charlatans, but the merit of their poverty is genuine, and if you talk with them you can see that, professional obligation apart, they have not lost the sense of their dignity. After all, theirs is a calling more ancient than the law.

Who could write of Spain without a word on Spanish humor? No touch is here of the caustic of French wit, still less of the explosiveness which marks our hearty American jocularity. Something of its quality comes, I think, from its unexpectedness. Who would look for whimsies in the gray and silver landscape strewn with boulders and broken by the harsh outline of the Sierras? The air of the Mediterranean seaboard is gentle and caressing, but the Castilian calls his climate 'nine months of winter and three of hell,' and the peasant of the Guadarramas is pierced to the bone by winds that 'take a man's life but would n't blow out his candle.' It is a lonely countryside with the people huddled in their gray villages. The women cluster about the fountain for gossip, but the speech of men is pungent and full of pith. No such land is there for proverbs, the minted wisdom of the race, and when a saying suits his fancy you can see a man chewing its cud, his smile twisted in comic appreciation. I watched a laborer as he stood before the statue of a dog outside the Casa Lonja in Seville. Some wag had painted on its base 'Tomb of the Unknown Dog,' and the face of the man was a study in the spirit of comedy.

VI

To my generation, who picked up our smattering of learning while the story of the Far East was still a legend and years before Clio prefixed an archæological peristyle to her Temple, Europe is the other name for History. Our American story, however important to us and to the world, is but a postscript to the Spanish chapter, and almost intuitively the Yankee pilgrim follows the trail which first led from the Old World to the New. He turns to Seville, for there beneath a groined arch in the most beautiful of Spanish churches rest, if rest they can, the ashes of the most uneasy spirit that ever walked the Impassable Way. Columbus was buried in the Franciscan monastery of Valladolid. Four years later his unworthy son, Diego, brought his coffin to Seville. Again, after a space, the Emperor Charles, out of respect for the Admiral's desires, ordered his bones transported to the New World, where they were interred beneath the high altar of the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1673 an earthquake toppled the church and mingled the common dust of all who lay beneath its roof, but bones thought to be those of Columbus were collected and ceremoniously reinterred. The next century had not half gone when the island was taken by the French, and the Spanish, desiring that the hero they had made their own should lie in Spanish soil, removed the sarcophagus to Havana. Again a new catastrophe of conquest. All that was saved from the Spanish wreck of Cuba was the Admiral's dust, carried back to Seville, where the catafalque now lies under the protection of the most ancient Mother of God, Our Lady of Antigua. It was before that archaic portrait which still looks compassionately upon him that the Admiral, kneeling in passionate prayer the day before he sailed into the unknown, swore to perpetuate the name of his divine Patroness in lands beyond Ultima Thule.

Who has expounded the miracle of Columbus? From no one knows where, he came to Portugal and spent years in tortured efforts to persuade the king to send him no one knew whither. It was at La Rábida, near Huelva, that he first stepped on the firm ground of history. There a tattered beggar with graying hair, leading by the hand a tired child, knocked and asked a cup of cold water. Just because it was given to him, that convent is immortal. Who was he, the monks asked, and the Ancient Mariner replied, 'I am a sea captain from Genoa, and must beg my bread because kings will not accept the empires I offer them.' We know the wonders that followed: how the Queen and her counselors at the very climax of their crusade against the Moors stopped to listen to the mystic visionary; how at the very instant of success the insensate egoist seemed to ruin all by his demands. This man with no achievement to his credit, with not a *maravedí* to his name, offered fantastic empires for sale, requiring that he be made Viceroy on land, Admiral on the sea, dowered with a tenth part of all the treasures he should find and one eighth of all the continent he should discover. But something there was in his demeanor, in the frenzy of his prophecy and the mystic eloquence of his speech, which finally prevailed. Not one jot of his demands would he abate, and he won a world.

Think of Columbus and you shall think of Isabella. If there is to-day a spirit in Spain, it is hers. Spain is her monument, but her memorials are everywhere. In the noble Chapel Royal of the Cathedral of Granada she sleeps beside her Ferdinand. But beautiful as is the tomb Fancelli carved over them, I feel her presence more poignantly in that bare cold room in the Moorish palace of Seville, so austerely in contrast to the fountained courts, where her fervent prayers were answered by the birth of her first child. Not since Christ was born was a son so welcomed into the world. An empire, Christendom itself, hung on that inheritance, and as if in direct answer to an universal petition the boy grew up in beauty and the grace of God. Then in the flowering of his early prime he died, at eighteen. You see him lying in marble at Ávila, his tranquil and lovely features untouched by the bitterness of death, his hands clasped in obedience to his Maker, his gauntlets tossed aside — mute symbols that man disposes as God wills.

What agony must have scorched the mother's heart as she first knelt beside that tomb! What confusion of spirit! No duty had she left undone, no service disregarded, and yet this crowning sacrifice had been demanded, flouting every aspiration, destroying the just hopes of a people. Now the perfect Prince had been taken, and in his place was left a girl with wild and whirling wits, Joan, already called 'the Fool.' Could the judgments of the Lord be true and righteous altogether?

As we ponder the character of Isabella, quite as intertwisted with Spanish history as Elizabeth with the story of England, how interesting it is to remember that on both sides of her house the great-grandfather of Isabella was old John of Gaunt. We remember Spain and England as mortal enemies. We forget how often they were official kin and friends.

Sometime I am going to Spain, not to consider what has happened, but to speculate on what might have been. History is a river changing its course when a chance boulder deflects the stream. I want to wander through the granite austerities of the Escorial, thinking on what would have happened if Mary of bloody memory had borne a son to Philip whom she loved so much. Whither would the Armada have sailed then, and how contracted the spacious days of Elizabeth might have been! Generations after, what would have been the sequel if 'Baby Charles,' frolicking at the Spanish Court with my worthless Lord Buckingham, incognito as Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith, had married the Infanta as he planned and confidently expected? Would the thin-lipped minx we know so well in Velásquez's portrait have watched her husband drop his perfumed head upon the block while Henrietta Maria simpered and gossiped among her maidens at some European court?

Again I want to go to Spain to study the great enigma. Why should the supreme star in the firmament of Europe have dropped like a meteor? Why should Spain lead the world for half a century, then sink to the rear and the slaves? Misgovernment has done its worst. Look back for centuries. Whenever some brief respite has been given her, Spain, potentially a country as rich as any in Europe, rises from her poverty and apparent indolence. Perchance now some new vast opportunity is hers. One good authority said to me, 'Let the Revolution succeed. Let Spain flourish for five years, and hers will be the hegemony of the Spanish-speaking peoples of the New World. It will be hers by tradition, by culture, by riches, and by the proud determination of her people.' Can such a shining future be in store? I was born a skeptic, and am too old to prophesy, but if that great day comes I shall remember the delight which Spain has given me and shall throw my cap into the air, and if breath is still given me I shall shout, '*Santiago!*'

THAT INTERNATIONAL MILLSTONE

BY GEORGE P. AULD

I

No great public question has ever worn a more forbidding mien than the problem of the war debts. Vast wastes of figures, dense fogs of economic argument, and violent storms of political controversy, intermittently raging around the subject, have caused many intelligent persons, as they did a Prime Minister of Great Britain, to regard it as 'almost hopeless.' Since the day in 1922, however, when the late Mr. Bonar Law thus characterized the problem, the progress of events has rendered its outlines considerably more distinct. In that evolution, the pressure of impending disaster was on two occasions the moving force, while, in the eight years that elapsed between those two events, the powerful influence of an orderly economic reconstruction was felt in giving more definite shape to the problem.

The German debacle in 1923 forced the adoption of the Dawes Plan, with its reorganization of the German currency and its trial scheme of reparation payments. Resulting from this partial crystallization of the reparation problem, there followed the funding of the floating debts owing by the European ex-Allies to the United States (except the British debt, which had been funded in 1922). The five-year period of European recovery that followed brought a further focusing of the major problem, undertaken as a deliberate act of statesmanship and eventuating in the Young Plan. By this settlement, the reparation debt, which had been an indeterminate charge on Germany, was funded on a somewhat lower scale of annuities than those paid under the Dawes Plan, the International Bank was organized, and a rebating agreement was entered into with Germany by the European ex-Allies, the effect of which was to link up the reparation debt, so far as was possible without the assent of the United States, with the Interally debts.

Nineteen-thirty brought the world depression, and, as it deepened, a spectre of imminent catastrophe in Germany once more appeared, this time to bring about the Hoover Plan for a year's all-round suspension of inter-governmental debt payments. By this step the American Government for the first time took action in practical recognition of the relationship existing between the two bodies of debts. Thus occurred another significant focusing of the problem.

The conditions in Germany which called for the emergency relief contemplated by the moratorium scheme were traceable in the first instance to the economic strain of the depression. The process by which they had developed was a familiar variety of the endless chain of panic: (1) long-continued economic strain, creating (2) political tension, which induces (3) fiscal difficulties, fall in security values, and flight of funds from the country — these things constituting an added economic strain, which sets up a greater political tension, and so on.

Thus the panic mounts, carrying terror with it, until either the crash comes or there is interposed some arresting act or gesture, full in the eye of the world, which everyone everywhere, excepting the incurably deluded, is instantly moved to accept as the signal for ending the madness. For acceptance as such a signal in the June crisis, President Hoover's call for a moratorium had all the requisites. It combined the dramatic quality of a great and unexpected gesture of international good will with the solid contribution of an act of financial salvage.

Among the troubles incident to the depression, the fall in prices had placed an added burden on all debtors, and Germany, as a debtor for substantial interest charges on both private and public account, had to shoulder such a burden. The irregular spread and as yet unsettled character of the various price changes make it uncertain how severe the added burden really is and whether and to what extent it is likely to prove permanent. If we accept the reading of the conventional indicator, — the fall in the German wholesale-price index from the level of the year 1929, — the real burden of the charges on Germany's external debts (including charges estimated at $200,000,000 a year on debts privately held) had increased by April of this year in the proportion of 17 per cent.

This added burden of debt charges may perhaps be fairly represented in total as the equivalent of $100,000,000 a year — a negligible sum in ordinary times for the German national economy to carry. During the past year the reparation payments amounted to $432,000,000, of which $157,000,000 was derived from the railways and $275,000,000 was a burden on the budget of the Reich. It is apparent that the added 'depression burden' attributable to reparations payments, and more particularly that part falling on the budget, was not in reality of great moment. It was inevitable, however, that it should be made much of by the repudiationist parties in opposition to the government, and the tension in the political situation, which had been less acute in the early months of 1931, again became ominous.

Herr Bruening and his colleagues, in their struggle to balance the budget, had long resisted the temptation of laying the fiscal troubles of the State definitely at the door of reparations. When they finally succumbed to it, in promulgating the drastic emergency tax decree of June 6, they yielded to what they doubtless believed to be the *force majeure* of political necessity. But the horn of the dilemma which they grasped in putting forward such a justification of their fiscal programme was one that carried the highly disquieting implication abroad of a projected move to upset the Young Plan. As a consequence, the withdrawal of funds from the country was from that moment dangerously accelerated.

If the negotiations for a foreign credit for the Reichsbank prove successful (which at this writing, early in July, is uncertain), and if the dangers of a Fascist dictatorship are averted, it is conceivable that by the time the moratorium year expires conditions in Germany will be substantially improved. But even if the movement should be definitely in that direction, it seems unlikely that the agitation for revision of the Young Plan will abate. Reparations has entered upon one of its periodically acute political phases and at best the problem of calming the waters will be one of extreme difficulty. It seems probable that at no distant date — that is, when the year's moratorium expires in June 1932 —

the whole question, with all its momentous possibilities for international discord, will again be thrown on the conference table for negotiation of a new settlement. Without the official participation of the United States in such a conference, the difficulties of reaching a settlement would be truly colossal. We in America may well now ask ourselves what our relation to the question really is and what our attitude toward it ought to be.

II

Up to the moment when President Hoover announced his plan for a moratorium, the most significant clarification in the outlines of the problem of the war debts had come about through the action of the European reparation creditors, at the time of the adoption of the Young Plan, in agreeing to pass on to Germany two thirds of any benefits (and from 1966, for the final twenty-two years of the plan, all benefits) accruing through any reductions in their obligations that may be granted by the United States.

While as a practical matter the two grand divisions of the war debts were always closely related, the United States Government has all along been under the necessity of emphasizing and preserving the rights of its citizens to hold the Allies to their legally separate obligations. The Allied Governments, on the other hand, have always been at pains to insist that their performance as debtors would be vitally affected by the amount which they might realize on their account receivable from Germany. They have wanted it understood, as an American writer put it, that there is a close connection between two pockets in the same pair of trousers.

This practical relationship between the two groups of obligations the Allies strikingly brought out and effectively confirmed by their rebating agreement with Germany, even though in form that agreement dealt with the allocation of supposititious refunds by the United States rather than with the source from which the payments to the United States were to be derived. A definite linking up of receipts and payments the Allies later attempted to secure by proposing to insert in the agreement with the Bank for International Settlements, as trustee for reparations, a schedule which would have matched up each payment into the bank by Germany with each payment out of the bank to the United States.

That proposal, which was defeated by the unofficial American delegation, was in any case superfluous, for the rebating agreement had already served the purpose which the Allies had in view. It had served to fix with great distinctness in the public mind the fact that the German indemnity was in greater part (two thirds) being siphoned directly through the channels of international exchange into the coffers of the United States Treasury.

Though the Allies are unable formally to step out of their intermediate position in the transaction, and though our government, in the absence of legislative authority to do otherwise, must continue to insist on the maintenance of that status, no good can come of our blinking the real facts of the situation. Quite plainly, the two parties chiefly interested, as debtor and creditor respectively, are Germany and the United States, and in the minds of all the world, except possibly ourselves, we have been in the business, on a large scale, of cashing in on an indemnity from our defeated ex-enemy. The picture has become quite clear, and it is not one which we can regard without deep misgiving.

III

This sharpening of the broad outline of the problem has had a valuable by-product. It has delivered us from an irritating controversy in the field of morals which has been going on for more than a decade. The Allies have now definitely abandoned most of the reparation debt and no longer have a very substantial direct interest in cancellation of the Interally debts as such. This being so, there is an end of the futile and, as it has seemed to me, shallow argument for remission of the Interally debts on the ground of a supposed moral delinquency on our part in delaying our entry into the war. For, now that the chief direct effect of maintaining our rights as creditor is to maintain the German debt at its present level, while the chief direct effect of remission would be to reduce Germany's burden, any good reason for remission that may exist can hardly be founded on the plea that we did not start in soon enough to punish Germany.

It is, then, substantially true to say that the Interally debt problem as such has faded away, and the real problem, which has always stood behind it, now confronts us. We are now face to face with the problem of German reparations, terribly grim and formidable, but become more coherent in broad outline and (from causes connected with the actual payment of reparations) more clearly defined in detail.

This clarification of detail has resulted from the clearing away in the past seven years of a rank growth of doctrinaire economic theory with which for many years the subject was surrounded. That body of doctrine, as it happened, was mobilized in support of cancellation of the debt, and, as every observer of events and every reader of the Dawes and the Young reports has discerned, it was maintained with such clamorous insistence as to make each of the several attempts at an objective survey of the problem difficult almost beyond imagination.

The doctrine that most confused the lay mind went by the name of the 'transfer problem.' It emanated from the brain of the brilliant English theorist, J. M. Keynes, who attempted to prove that the mechanics of international exchange would not permit the transfer of the reparation payments into the currencies of the creditor nations without causing the collapse of the mark.

This hypothesis had a tremendous vogue, and for years anyone who ventured to question its accuracy was dismissed from court by the pundits with pitying contempt. But as time went on and the Dawes Plan came, and the payments under it were transferred without difficulty, the Keynes formula suffered repeated revision and dilution. Finally, last year, the 'problem' suffered a body blow when a German committee of inquiry filed a report which admitted that the transfer of international payments in normal times is an automatic process. Events had shown, as indeed they showed in the commercial field before the war, that the mechanics of making international payments when trade and finance are functioning normally involves no 'problem' at all, other than the ordinary seasonal strains on the foreign exchanges that are customarily adjusted by the raising and lowering of the discount rates of the central banks.

A companion thesis was that of Germany's alleged economic incapacity to pay the reparation debt. This idea, which both the Dawes Committee and the Young Committee distinctly repudiated, experienced similar vicissitudes. Six years of successful operation of the Dawes Plan left it with little vitality, and the payment, even during the first year of the depression, of the annuities of the Young Plan rendered it practically defunct.

The effects of the depression, though presumably temporary, now offer an opportunity for its resuscitation, and as a practical matter some consideration, over and above that granted by the moratorium, will doubtless have to be given to it. But, broadly and for the long view, the prophetic words of the Dawes Committee remain true: 'Germany's growing and industrious population; her great technical skill; the wealth of her material resources; the development of her agriculture on progressive lines; her eminence in industrial science; all these factors enable us to be hopeful with regard to her future production. . . . Without undue optimism it may be anticipated that Germany's production will enable her to satisfy her own requirements and raise the amounts contemplated in this plan for reparation obligations.' Five years later, with the demonstrated facts under their eyes, the Young Committee contented themselves with the observation that 'it is . . . to be emphasized that the total amount of the annuity proposed, while being far from covering the claims set forth by the creditors, is one which they have every reason to believe can in fact be both paid and transferred by Germany.'

IV

From these various causes — the passing of the Interally debt problem, the clear emergence of our relation to the German reparation problem, and the disappearance of the twin theories of the economic impossibility of the payment of reparations — we now find ourselves in a much better position than heretofore to face the debt problem realistically and reach conclusions based on sound premises. What should those conclusions be?

Within the limits of a paragraph we may glance at certain basic facts relative to the reparation debt, which to my mind suggest the answer. The capital value (capitalized at 5 per cent) of the annuities under the Young Plan is approximately $9,000,000,000. The payments are scheduled to run for fifty-nine years (from September 1, 1929), in an average annual amount of $475,000,000. This represents about 19 per cent of the 1929–30 annual budget of the German Reich. It is equivalent to $7.50 a head of the present population of Germany and constitutes about 4 per cent of the national income of Germany in 1925, as estimated by Harvey E. Fisk. The annual amount of the payments retained by the Allies — a third of the total — will average $158,000,000, which is 90 cents a head of the combined present population of the six principal European creditors. The annual amount of the payments remitted by the International Bank to the United States on account of Interally debts — two thirds of the total — will average $317,000,000. This is 2½ per cent of our present governmental expenditures of all kinds, and is equivalent to $2.60 a head of our present population, or four tenths of one per cent of our national income.

The significant thing about these figures is their small size. The popular picture of reparations as a debt of 'astronomical' proportions reflects a rhetorically striking bit of epithet making, but one that is wholly fanciful. Wealth and income and everything that goes into their creation have expanded enormously within our lifetime and we sometimes find it hard always to think in terms of the twentieth century. Placed in the background of the highly productive industrial society of to-day, a few hundred million dollars a year are not impressive. Measured by the significant yardstick of national income, it is apparent that under normal conditions, and even assuming some permanent diminution of income due to the fall in prices, the annual reparation payment has for Germany, the debtor, only moderate economic importance, — an importance, moreover, which with each annual increase in population will steadily diminish, — while to the United States, the chief ultimate recipient, the payments are of practically no importance at all.

It would be idle to pile up statistics of national wealth, volume of trade, and other aspects of world economic life, with which to reënforce these obvious truths. The small percentage of national income represented by the debt payments tells the whole story: namely, that the profound importance which the reparation problem possesses is attributable to other than economic causes. If the debt is hard for Germany to pay, and if the payment of it is reasonably to be regarded as a threat to the peace and therefore to the economic prosperity of the world, the reason is not that it is economically difficult (except in a time of depression) for Germany to pay. And if we insist on its payment, it is not because of any real economic advantage to be gained by our insistence.

Nor, obviously, is there any real force in the argument for cancellation on the ground of direct economic advantage to the United States. The amount involved is too small to count.

V

If we still bear in mind the relative insignificance of the debt payments as compared with the great movements of trade and commerce, it seems impossible to admit the idea that the payments had any important causal relation to the world economic depression which was precipitated last year. So many other more significant causes are discernible that it seems superfluous, indeed somewhat ridiculous, to lug in the payments on the war debts as a contributing economic cause. In the boom stage that preceded the crash, the economic burden of the payments on Germany was even less than the moderate burden which they can be said normally to entail — it approached the negligible.

This, of course, is not to say that the existence of the reparation debt as a political factor, rather than the process of payment as an economic phenomenon, may not retard recovery from the present depression, perhaps seriously, despite the moratorium, or may not in the future precipitate a new crisis. Decidedly to the contrary, the former contingency appears to be a serious possibility and the latter contingency a strong probability. In short, it is these contingencies that in my view constitute the wholly convincing and the only reason for cancellation. We have immeasurably more at stake in the matter than the preservation of our rights to a trifling $317,000,000 a year, and if we possess the mental maturity necessary for looking out for our own interests we will on our own motion do away with this dangerous irritant in international relations.

No thoughtful person can have observed the rise of the Hitlerites to a position of importance in the political life of Germany without grave foreboding as to the consequences to the economic life of the world if that party, pledged to repudiation of the reparation debt, should come to power. It is idle to suggest that they have not succeeded. They succeeded in 1930 in dealing a heavy blow to Germany's credit, and as much, perhaps, as any other one factor the agitation of their doctrines brought on the recent crisis. The consequent injuries to world economy have been of great severity, deepening the trade depression, causing an enormous shrinkage in values of foreign securities held in the United States and elsewhere, and entailing substantial losses to those who disposed of their holdings on a falling market.

Even more significant for the long future is the fact that 65,000,000 Germans, whether or not they are now prepared to turn the administration of their public affairs over to the Hitlerites, are as one in thinking of the reparation debt as a hateful indemnity saddled on the defeated. It advances the solution not at all to say that they must learn to change their thinking. They cannot. There are too many facts on their side of the argument. It is too plain that so long as the reparation debt stands, the war is still on, and the peace, in the sense of a real tranquillity, is only a fitful one.

We, on our side of the Atlantic, are 120,000,000 people, many of us thinking, mistakenly, that $317,000,000 a year is important to us; thinking, childishly, that Europe is to be taught by debt collection to mend its ways for the future; thinking, as pious creditors, of the 'sanctity of debts' — in short, not thinking at all.

Which nation is to change its attitude? The German people have been told that the burden of the debt is a cruel one. The power of facts may perhaps dispel that illusion. But what is to persuade them that they are not paying a tribute, as they call it? What, as a practical matter, is to prevent that idea from being whipped up periodically, as it has been in the past, into a furious agitation, destructive of the peace and confidence upon which the economic prosperity of the world must depend?

VI

For our part, it should not be beyond our capacity to understand that $2.60 a year apiece is nothing in comparison with our stake in the stability of Europe. Whether we can change our mode of thinking in the moralistic plane is another question. If we are thinking in terms of teaching all Europe a lesson, the whole background of our history is such as may prevent our soon learning wisdom. But if the only obstacle to remission of the debt lies in the dregs of our war-time anti-Germanism, the matter should not be so difficult. The war is over for most of us, and, quite apart from the merits of the controversy over national war guilt, so called, a sound distinction is drawn in the minds of millions of us between the aspirations of the late Prussian monarchy of ill repute and the ideals of the present German republic.

Our country, and only our country, has the power to liquidate the war by putting an end to a problem that has racked all Europe and some of the best brains of America like a nightmare. For our legislators, as for the rest of us, it should now be much less difficult — particularly with the events of the past few months in mind — to see where our interests lie, though admittedly it is simpler to whip up indignation on the subject of dollars, however few, to be permanently presented to Europe, than it is to be convincing on the indirect benefits, however great, of an act of wise and farseeing statesmanship. Many of our manufacturers now see the problem whole. If the representatives in Congress of our suffering agricultural belt could once get a vision of what a stable Europe can mean to the farm problem, we ought soon to see an end of the war debts.

THE TARIFF AND SOCIAL CONTROL

BY RALPH E. FLANDERS

For nearly a century, assent to the doctrine of free trade has been the accepted test of economic orthodoxy. If the student does not comprehend or subscribe to it, the fact is evidence of his laziness or stupidity. If a teacher or textbook writer falters in the faith, the same charges can be brought against him — elaborated, perhaps, with the additional suspicion of unconscious bias or outright venality. When legislators and governmental executives champion the tariff principle, they, needless to say, are victims of abysmal ignorance or cowardice. Manufacturers, of course, are defenders of purely private interests. And the ordinary voter is a dupe.

At the present moment this long-familiar attitude of the professional free-traders has attained new strength. The scandalous logrolling which preceded the passage of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill has become common knowledge; it has been easy to picture that piece of legislation as the tangible cause of all our subsequent economic distress, and to see in the removal of tariff walls the mirage of increased sales abroad, operating to counteract the evil effects of our own ineptitudes at home. For these reasons educators and specialists are winning to their free-trade dogmas many new converts among the common citizenry; even the business men, who alone are supposed to benefit by protection, are beginning to have their doubts.

It seems to me, then, that the time has come to challenge the impregnability of the free-trade doctrine, and to do so on grounds which are new, or which have come into prominence only within the last decade. Let me make it clear, however, that in undertaking to present the other side of the case I am not for a moment upholding our present tariff or any of its particular provisions.

I

The assumptions underlying the successful application of free trade may be summed up as follows: —

1. Freedom of competition is the most desirable state of affairs in the internal business activities of separate nations; hence it is also desirable in the prosecution of international commerce

2. Wealth is the end of economic activity; factors such as national pride, preservation of ancient customs, and so on, do not enter into the equation.

3. It follows that the attainment of a maximum of wealth is the final object of commercial policies, both domestic and international.

4. There are differences in the resources and abilities of the various regions and populations of the earth; these lead to natural and desirable specializations of activity.

On the basis of these assumptions the economist has pictured a world economy as the ultimate and not unattainable ideal. For him the globe itself is the only economic unit that counts. All the innumerable varieties of occupations — whether of extraction, manufacture, transportation, distribution, or finance — are free to establish themselves in those regions or among those peoples best adapted by nature to carry them on. If it were not for artificial barriers, such as tariffs, human activities would fall into a perfect balance automatically, and the result would be a maximum of the consumption or enjoyment of wealth for the earth as a whole, as well as for the separate nations and peoples of which it is composed.

One may raise objections against minor details of this argument, particularly the assumptions on which it rests; yet it seems clear that, given these premises, the economist has made his case.

In actual practice it has always been customary to admit certain exceptions to these counsels of perfection. When the resources and abilities of a nation are such that certain industries, not yet established, would be sure to prosper if they could be nursed to a point where their scale of operations would permit the required economies of production — in such cases temporary protection is considered advisable. There have been some noteworthy examples of this in the United States — tin plate, for instance; but the most notable case was the complete development of Germany from a low-scale agricultural country to a triumphantly industrial nation in the half century between Bismarck's rise to power and the World War. Native capacities and resources were favorable; protecting tariffs and deliberate planning did the rest.

Practical realities have forced the champions of free trade to grant exceptions in still other directions. There is a certain human value in breadth of skill and diversification of activity. National pride and self-respect are involved, as well as the lower advantages of mere convenience. Then there is the vital question of national self-sufficiency from the military point of view, and this has always restrained the free distribution of economic activities. These exceptions, however, are not overwhelmingly important. How comes it, then, that free trade, with all the logic at its command, has made so little progress?

The forces which have withstood the logic of free trade may be seen in clear outline if we will glance for a moment at our own history. It has been repeatedly demonstrated in our many experiments with the tariff that the benefits derived from a particular rate or schedule flow in concentrated and evident channels to businesses and individuals that cannot help being acutely conscious of the advantages they receive. The cost of any given tariff item may far exceed the benefits conferred, but this cost is diffused over the whole body of consumers without placing any appreciable burden upon any one of them. Even if the total burden of all the items of an unwise tariff becomes really oppressive in its accumulated effect, still the cause remains concealed in the diffusion of small elements of which the tariff is composed. Since the relation of cause and effect is so difficult to trace, and since the average Congressman is well aware of this fact, tariff legislation is peculiarly subject to abuses — such abuses, for example, as the Hawley-Smoot tariff which is now in force.

Since the World War new factors have emerged to confound the logic of free trade. To provide for national self-sufficiency in war time has always been a serious problem with statesmen; the experiences of the years 1914–1918 served to bring it into sharper relief. In England, for example, the traditional policy of free trade has been modified to allow a protective tariff upon lenses and optical goods in general, for which she had been previously dependent on Germany. Many similar items are included in her 'safeguarding' act. In the United States the development of the nitrate and dyestuff industries goes back, though less purposely, to the same source. Furthermore, many of the provisions of the peace treaties — the drawing of boundaries and the distribution of colonies and mandates — were dictated by the desire to secure domestic sources of military necessities.

The tariff problem has also been affected since the war by the acute attacks of nationalism to which all the new nations have been subject, and many of the old ones as well. The rise of nationalism is, in itself, a challenge to the doctrine that national wealth is the supreme aim of national policy. A higher value is being placed upon national customs and habits of life, on native materials and traditional handicrafts. This definition of national well-being has been particularly stressed by Gandhi in India. Something of the same feeling obtains in Ireland. It is appearing in Mexico and Latin America in general, as well as in the new European states. To-day it is not so clear as it once seemed that the sum of human satisfactions can be adequately expressed in monetary symbols. To the extent that this sentiment prevails, it is inevitable that it should be reflected in the practical form of tariff rates.

The most serious of the new factors still remains to be named. Only since the war has it become evident that any thoroughgoing approach to free trade, or even a near approach to it, involves tremendous and cataclysmic readjustments in even the most commonplace occupations of a nation's life. Of this truth the present condition of England stands as the finished and evident example, while the increasing embarrassment of staple agriculture in the United States represents the same thing in a formative stage.

II

For nearly three generations England's policy of free trade has been vigorously maintained. Under it she has, until recently, reaped all the rewards which traditional economics has ascribed to the practice. Her natural resources have been an abundant supply of coal and iron. Her climate has been conducive to thought and action. Her people have been intelligent, enterprising, adaptable, reliable, and energetic. Nature, in short, had loaded the dice heavily in her favor. With these advantages, and with the added resource of vast colonial dependencies, she boldly abandoned a self-supporting agriculture, imported her food across the seas from the cheapest sources, drew her rural population into the manufacturing centres, attracted the raw materials of the whole earth to her docks and quays, and equipped her workshops to transform them into every imaginable object of beauty or use for distribution to the very outposts of civilization.

This policy brought her wealth and power — more than has fallen to the lot of any other nation in the whole course of history. Is it any wonder that her economists — as well as those of other nations who looked upon her as an object lesson — should elaborate her free-trade policy into a theory which was logically impregnable?

But where stands England now, after the menopause of the World War? Her natural resources, though still great, are visibly diminishing. Her markets are narrowing, while competition grows sharper. Her people show signs of discouragement, and for ten years without intermission millions of them have been without employment. Her monetary resources are still enormous and her financial integrity remains unquestioned, but this does not serve to correct her maladjustments. For the causes of her calamity are numerous and varied. Among them may be included the growth, among her former customers, of that sentiment of nationalism, that desire for self-sufficiency, which I have already mentioned. But the chief cause lies in the very effectiveness and whole-heartedness with which England has served the world in the decades just passed.

Since the early years of the nineteenth century she has placed no embargo on her capital and her machines, and she never did on her skill. For long years past these have been available at the going price for the benefit of mankind. Steel works in America and cotton mills in India, China, and Japan — and these were the very bone and marrow of her own economic framework — were financed by British capital, equipped with British machinery, their staffs trained by British executives. Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, and Russia, each in turn learned from her teaching, buying from her seemingly inexhaustible store the fundamentals of successful competition in the industrial age. And at last that tutelage has come to its appropriate fruition in the mature self-sufficiency of her beneficiaries.

Such is England's present state. It is by no means hopeless, but the readjustments that are now required of her will be difficult and painful. In relinquishing her preëminent place of leadership in industry and commerce to become merely one among several eager contenders for the world's trade, her people will be required to change their occupations, to redistribute themselves geographically, and possibly to decrease their actual numbers. The mental changes — changes in position and outlook — will be still more distressing, but they are even now under way and will eventually be effected.

There is here no refutation of the inexorable logic behind the doctrine of free trade. The apostles of free trade have always recognized the necessity of readjustment to changing conditions, the shift of industries and activities to regions where newly discovered resources and newly developed abilities offer a preponderant competitive advantage. But who foresaw the immensity of the adjustment required? Who could have believed that it would involve the fate of an empire and the happiness of its sovereign people? The truth of the economic doctrine remains, but in how ironic and disheartening a sense!

III

All this has quite a definite bearing upon our own present policies and future prospects. There is no indication that we are soon to find ourselves in England's delicate and unstable position. We have never had, nor can we ever expect to have, so preponderant a place in the world's commerce as she once occupied. The division in the future will be among a greater number of more nearly equal competitors. How, in any event, could the proportion of exports to total manufactures ever be so high with us? Our principal market has always been at home. The size of our population, our high standard of living, and the homogeneity of our tastes have given us a large-scale, self-supported production which must always be the backbone of our industry.

Yet there are some dangerous tendencies in evidence. One of the favorite remedies for dull business at home has been to demand an aggressive and highly organized effort in foreign markets. We are largely and profitably engaged in this endeavor at the present moment. It is possible that vigorous, concerted action would greatly increase our share of this commerce. But can we, in self-defense, allow foreign trade to absorb too much of our energies?

We are already, and quite as definitely as was England, engaged in sapping our own foundations. Our machines are now a principal item of our export. Our financial resources are freely lent for the purchase of this machinery by foreign manufacturers, as well as for the provision of other equipment and working capital. Our technical methods, at the moment the most advanced in the world, are being carefully studied and imitated by foreign groups. American sales and service engineers range freely over the six continents. As for the refinements of scientific management, the Taylor Society has long and assiduously cultivated its foreign connections; such men as Wallace Clark and the late Frank Gilbreth have carried the gospel in person to alien soils where it has been brought to profitable fruitage.

In agriculture there are signs of fundamental realignments of an international order. Unlike England, we did not abandon agriculture in taking up industry. The fertility, arability, and broad extent of our soil rendered such a course both undesirable and impossible. In consequence, our export of the great staples, such as wheat and cotton, remained as the prime factor in our trade while we were building up our foreign markets for manufactured goods. But the time is coming when a major, world-wide adjustment may require us to give up this element of our prosperity, at least in part; and the process will not be an easy one. With cotton partly superseded by rayon, and with Egypt, the Sudan, and Turkestan, among other regions, coming into ever-larger production, the cotton grower in our South faces a dismal prospect.

The most serious conditions, however, are those which affect our wheat growers; here tariff policy has made its appearance as a practical problem. In the last generation enormous acreages of this cereal have been opened to cultivation in the Canadian Northwest. These lands, largely occupied by settlers from the United States, are farmed in large units and by power — therefore cheaply. In the United States the yield per acre is rising while the consumption per capita is falling; hence the exportable surplus tends to increase. We have invented an astonishingly efficient array of wheat-farming machinery — tractors, disk ploughs, seeders, and especially the combine, which harvests and threshes in one operation without requiring a threshing crew. As if all this were not enough, we have invented a new science of 'dry farming,' by which we have added thousands of square miles to the available wheat area of the earth.

Added to all this, Russia, after an absence of sixteen years from world markets, has appeared again upon the scene under extremely unsettling conditions. For she is a debtor, and has to sell at any price; the standard of living of her farmers is low; and she is using the most effective machinery and methods known, thanks to our own Mr. T. D. Campbell and Professor M. L. Wilson, who have instructed the Russians in our technique of large-scale, mechanized farming. It is evident that the embarrassment of the wheat farmer is not temporary, since the disturbing factors which I have mentioned are permanent and increasing.

Here we have, in the agricultural field, almost exactly the same problem that is facing British industry. The only tenable solution seems to lie in the combination of tariff protection on the one hand and a reduction of acreage on the other. It is true, of course, that the tariff will have no effect so long as we have an exportable surplus and world markets remain low. (They will probably continue to be low.) But during the process of adjustment, when the less efficient farms are being abandoned, a tariff on wheat must be maintained, and it may prove necessary to maintain it indefinitely. It will become effective as soon as production is reduced to the point where the exportable surplus becomes unimportant. It is highly imperative that that point should be reached as soon as possible.

Of course, there is another solution of the wheat grower's difficulties — that followed by England: deny the tariff and let nature take its course. So far as we can judge of present world movements, this would lead to the increasing embarrassment of the wheat growers and perhaps to the eventual destruction of the industry. Meanwhile a large part of our population would have to endure personal distress and diminishing purchasing power.

IV

The net effect of the kind of thought and action suggested for meeting the wheat problem is to concentrate attention upon domestic difficulties rather than on world-wide markets, except as the latter affect the former. There are other quite definite and fundamental reasons for cultivating this point of view. Being an engineer by profession, I am perpetually and instinctively impressed with the fact that man has conquered the elements of material well-being. The material satisfactions of life are now made physically possible for all mankind. I am also convinced that they can be made humanly possible. Toward this end a constructive programme may be clearly envisioned in its broad outlines; it will include the stabilization of monetary values, stabilization of employment, a raised standard of living, increased leisure, and the elimination of economic fear. There is no space to consider here the details of this programme; I can only point out that two fundamental requirements will be absolutely essential to its success: to avoid unnecessary and fruitless entanglements with world economy, and to concentrate on the well-being of our own citizens as the prime requisite of a healthy and profitable state of our industry as a whole.

With its dependencies, the territory of the United States forms one of the potential 'economic empires' into which the earth's surface naturally falls. We are far from being completely self-sustaining, and it is not necessary that we should be; but we are so nearly self-contained that we ought to be able to assure the material well-being of our citizens even in the face of any ordinary disturbances in the world at large. To say that we cannot work out our own salvation without first settling the difficulties of the rest of the world is to repeat a counsel of despair. We can do it, and in the very process our actions will benefit other nations also. But we must first isolate our problem as much as possible from world-wide disturbances, and to this end a moderate and judicious use of the tariff will be necessary.

Under our favorable industrial conditions the amount of tariff required for this purpose should not be large. It *might* be large if business men made the rates in collaboration with the committee members of the House, as has been the immemorial custom. But perhaps there is a better way. Under an entirely new conception of the functions of the Tariff Commission, a bill might be drawn up to regulate the whole desired flow of business on a self-contained basis, proper account being taken of the volume of needed imports, the amount of payments on the foreign debt, the invisible items in the balance of trade, and those of our exports which would be welcomed by other nations. A tariff so drawn would probably provide less protection than the Hawley-Smoot Bill. If the balance — for a balance should be sought — required extensive foreign travel on our part, so much the better. If the debt payments threw all the rest out of equilibrium, there would be no harm in looking with an open mind at that question also. The final aim should be to arrive at a balanced international account.

Once a scientific tariff is achieved, we shall also have to undertake certain other measures if the standard of living is to be raised to the point which is now physically possible. We shall have to restrain the expansion of industries which are already overbuilt. We shall have to work out a better control of selling costs, which, by their increase, now tend to offset all improvements in manufacture. Perhaps we may even be able to perfect a plan for selling staple articles on the basis of an official grading to standard specifications, thus eliminating a great deal of expensive and unnecessary advertising. None of these expedients is impossible. Each would tend to reduce the cost of finished goods to the consumer. The cumulative effect of all of them, successfully applied, would be to reduce the cost of many of our manufactured goods to the point where tariff protection would no longer be necessary. In the end we should be able to enjoy those fruits of our high efficiency in manufacture which are now withheld from us in large measure by unwise capital investments and wasteful selling methods.

V

The final reason which should compel us to concentrate our attention upon our own American problem is a spiritual one, in one sense of that ambiguous word. At the beginning of this article I pointed out that the advocates of free trade have always maintained that the ultimate criterion of a sound economic policy is the increase of national wealth. But a nation has no corporeal existence. It is made up of persons. When we lay careful plans to increase the national wealth, the important question to ask, therefore, is: Whose wealth is to be increased?

At the height of her success, England was incredibly wealthy, with hundreds of people in the higher income brackets and tens of thousands who were comfortably prosperous. In fact, the average scale of living of her whole population was exceeded only by that of the United States. Yet it would be a rash man who would argue that the distribution of wealth was equitable. The average was compounded of wide extremes. The poverty of London's East End was proverbial. Underlying this situation we can detect a psychological factor. England was a workshop, and her markets were the world. To the great financiers and industrialists her home people were merely means to an end, a part of the machinery of manufacture and distribution upon which her world-wide enterprise depended. The people in distant lands who were the ultimate human sources and destinations of her commerce were doubly impersonal.

Contrast the situation of England in this respect with that of America as it has developed since the war. We send abroad innumerable shiploads from the abundant products of our mines, farms, and factories, but it still remains true that our principal market is at home. Our best customer is our fellow citizen — our friend, our neighbor, our employee. This purely physical fact has lent to our economic thinking a tinge of moral sentiment. It has given rise to a growing community of interest between employer and employee, a better understanding of their interdependence, and an increasing mutual confidence.

Recent incidents have emphasized the truth of this statement beyond any possibility of doubt. Last fall the American Federation of Labor met in Boston and presented its industrial programme. Look it up in the newspapers and try to read it in the light of the prejudices of fifteen or twenty years ago; you will be stunned by the sheer incredibility of it. Except for occasional phrases, it might have been issued by the United States Chamber of Commerce. Again, consider the reaction of American industry to President Hoover's urgent plea of a year ago that wages be maintained. This appeal met with immediate, unforced, and general acceptance. Then, after the lapse of a year of difficulty and disappointment, a group of bankers suggested that wage rates be scaled down. And what was the result? The bankers' proposal drew forth a volley of impetuous and resentful objections — from employers!

All of this would have been impossible a decade ago. What has happened in the meantime? We have simply discovered that there is an inseparable community of interest between the American employer and the American laborer. Employers as a class have come to see that there can be no hope of maintaining prosperity unless the purchasing power of the workers is maintained. The laboring classes have also come to understand that they cannot continue to earn high wages unless their employers are prosperous. From the point of view of the pure moralist, these sentiments are vitiated, perhaps, by the material interests on which they rest. But we need not trouble ourselves too much about this. It is enough for us that such sentiments exist and that they are sufficiently strong to weigh very heavily in the scale of conflicting interests out of which we must strike the balance that is so essential to our national well-being.

In this new discovery of a common bond uniting capital and labor we have, then, the needed and hitherto missing element upon which we can build our plans for a new and more substantial prosperity. With it, the programme which I have sketched in this article may be undertaken with confidence; without it, the prospect is hopeless.

Our dissatisfaction with the present tariff is tending to overshoot the mark by creating disillusionment with the idea of protection in general. Unless we think clearly about the matter, we are in danger of duplicating the mistakes which have brought England to her present impasse. The idea is already gaining ground that we must look for our economic recovery to an increased foreign trade, and that wages will have to be cut to the point where we can compete more favorably with other nations. Some of our foreign friends tell us flatly that we cannot hope to maintain our standard of living against the rest of the world.

These are false and dangerous doctrines. There is no access to our markets, now denied to other nations, which could ever compensate them for the losses which they would suffer if we should enter the low-scale competition in world markets to which they are inviting us. And for our part, we simply cannot resign ourselves with safety and self-respect to accept the lower standards of living which would inevitably follow in the wake of such competition. Instead of rushing to embrace the anarchy into which world economy is now plunged, we ought rather to bend all our energies to the formulation of a plan for a wisely guided national economy. This happy consummation is now within our reach. We cannot afford to ignore the opportunity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

My lady poverty

The American traveler in Europe constantly encounters the flattering notion that all Americans are rich. This is of course not quite true. That we all mean to be rich would be nearer the truth; and that all of us hope to be rich would be truer still.

But this is not to be. It must be evident by this time, by reason of the low prices of what used to be called securities and the high prices of what are still known as commodities, that the only hope for the most of us lies in the rediscovery of the beauties of poverty. We have been apostates from her. We must be reconverted. What the times demand is a new Saint Francis to preach this gospel to a distracted world. I do not put myself forward as such a preacher. The most I would aspire to is acting perhaps as his Forerunner.

Captious critics may interrupt to call upon us to stand and deliver a definition of poverty and riches, but we reply that these reflections are only for persons mature enough to know the difference. If any reader really does not know being rich from being poor, or cannot tell a rich man from a poor one, this parable is not for him. Even children understand this distinction and begin the categories of perhaps the most familiar of social analyses, 'Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.' To be incapable of these elementary social distinctions is to be a moron and with the morons stand. We accept also the distinction between poor man and beggar man; we see no beauty in beggary. The poverty we would defend is that which cannot have nearly all it thinks it wants.

The best approach to the advantages of poverty is doubtless by way of the drawbacks of wealth. Who has not observed the agony endured by wealthy persons who see 50, 65, or even 77 per cent of their comfortable incomes wrung from them by a socialistic state masquerading as the very stronghold of capitalism? Does poverty smart under any greater sense of wrong? Indeed an ingenious Englishman has recently shown that that mythical being, the man with an unlimited income, would under modern conditions have literally nothing to live on, since he would have to pay an unlimited income tax.

Consider the rich man. Keen, rapacious individuals interested in promoting investment and speculation haunt his pathway with designs upon his purse. Meantime charitable people are gathered in groups out in suburban drawing-rooms or high up in metropolitan office buildings plotting how to approach him. He is a hunted thing, a focus of attack for the inventor and the promoter, the swindler and the philanthropist. No wonder that instead of living in care-free accessibility like you or me he has to be hedged about with mahogany rails, glass partitions, secretaries, clerks, and telephone operators. For he dare not even answer the telephone. He might by so doing be suddenly precipitated into the undesirable presence of one of his natural enemies above mentioned. He cannot know the thrill of curiosity, sometimes almost pleasurable, with which you and I unhook the receiver.

The rich man has to ride perilously

along the crowded street among ponderous trucks and reckless taxis while we walk safely on the solid pavement or ride securely with sixty or eighty of our peers in the intimate social contact of a spacious modern street car, with a coachman and footman (democratically designated as motorman and conductor) to anticipate our every wish. Having sat all the morning in a swivel chair in his office or an easy-chair at his club, he now sits on luxurious cushions, the very thing he ought not to do, for it is precisely this continued sedentary life that is throwing him inevitably into the arms of the specialist. It would be far better for him if he were with us in the street car, hanging athletically on to a strap and now and then swaying pleasantly out of the perpendicular. But that expeditious and economical reducing exercise is forever closed to him, like answering the telephone.

And this is only the beginning. Consider his distractions. How enormously life's problems are simplified through limitation! Your purse is limited; then so are your problems. You do not have to decide whether you will go to the North Cape or make the Alaska trip or go to Lake George or Palm Beach or Coronado or a dozen other places. If you could really go anywhere absolutely regardless, how hard it would be to choose! And this hardship the rich actually experience.

Nor can wealth so fully rejoice in the simplicity of friendship. It has not the freedom of expression allowed to poverty. For one thing, there are the newspapers continually nosing about. Then the rich are oppressed with the apprehension of being 'used.' And the estate of affluence does not invite the social relation of friendship so readily as does the intimate, heroic adventure of poverty. The rich are, moreover, constantly belabored by socialists, economists, industrialists, publicists, and fanatics of all kinds, who do not know any of them, or they would have seen what thoroughly inoffensive people most of them are — and all for no earthly reason except that they are rich, for which in most cases they are of course in no wise responsible.

What, after all, is the good of being rich? Suppose you have a wardrobe full of raiment. You can wear but one suit at a time, except in the coldest weather. The possession of scores of others, as even Epictetus observed, is a purely mental matter. You are pleasantly conscious that you have others, one of which you might have been wearing or may wear another time. But this is a mere state of mind. In point of fact you have on but one costume, just like everybody else. You may even be harassed by the thought that you should have worn one of the others, in which case even the mental balance is against you. Or even that moths or burglars are after them, or that while you are wearing this one the others are going out of style.

There is no denying that some rich people are happy. But does not this disconcerting fact prove upon examination to be explained by their having retained, even amid the disadvantages of wealth, the point of view of poverty? This is probably why some very rich men down to old age cling to the fiction that they are poor. The honor and the worth of poverty have no more enthusiastic endorsers than the rich. Nowhere are there such firm believers in it as they. They know and do not hesitate to declare that it is good for us. This is not because they do not wish us well, but solely because they have experienced, some of them, the sterling worth of being poor. (It is a curious fact that those of them who were never poor are not nearly so certain about this.) What, if anything, do rich men brag about? Not how rich they are, but how poor they once were. Caddies tell me that affluent golfers freely dilate to them, in the privacy of the fairway, on how they used to work for fifty cents a day and with what difficulty they got what they call their 'start.' This striking endorsement of poverty from an unexpected and unprejudiced quarter should convince the most dubious.

The very achievement of wealth, which is its chief distinction, is made from a starting point of poverty, and is itself in reality just one more proof of the worth of being poor. Is it not precisely out of being poor that men grow rich? Human energy, like gas, has to be condensed to be utilized; and poverty is the great condenser. Under its powerful pressure we push, pull, lift, pound, drive, and develop a degree of power of which we did not dream. And, in all candor, where had you rather be, in a silken box with the proconsul, or on scratch in the arena?

Poverty speaks a universal language. Hunger and thirst are alike the world over, and he is to be pitied who has not experienced them in a measure. And of course the rich, having most of them been poor, know this and, when they wish to enjoy themselves, play at being poor, and strive, by camping or touring, to find hunger, fatigue, and thirst. It is not much fun eating if you are never hungry.

Is it not the simple truth that the rich find their chief happiness in importing into their existence the joys of poverty? The competitions of sport are designed to recover some of the conditions of poverty. What would sport be if the richer man always won at golf or tennis? It is because the decision is sought on terms of sheer personal prowess, irrespective of Dun's or Bradstreet's, that sport attracts the rich as it does the poor. But this is simply returning to the conditions of poverty. We have heard much of aping the rich, but one of the chief enjoyments of wealth may be described as aping the poor.

But why speak of camping out? In pursuit of hardship the rich have long since sailed past that star. The other night a distinguished soldier informed me that there was nothing like a tent to live in, and the very next day a spirited woman said with an air of conviction that a tent was altogether too stuffy a place to sleep in and the truest happiness was found in a pack trip through Western mountains with nothing overhead at night but stars. Why do the rich insist upon exchanging the comforts of home for such hardships? It is because there is a charm about the conditions of poverty which even wealth cannot dispense with.

But it would be a mistake to go on and, taking advantage of the reader's overwrought nerves, rouse in his breast a positive pity for the rich, and a deep but hopeless yearning to do something to relieve their condition. They too have their pride; they do not want our pity. The thing about them, in fact, that I find most wearing is the violence with which they hold their prejudices; but perhaps this is because I hold my own so violently.

A few years ago there lived in the Middle West an energetic and promising young brakeman. He was a steady fellow, was happily married and had a good home. Unfortunately his father, who was a railroad engineer, instead of attending strictly to his duties became interested in devising some kind of attachment for Pullman cars, and produced an invention. The consequence is that his son is now an idle vagrant. He leads a roaming, restless life. His summers he spends at a cottage with seven bathrooms which he has built in the North woods. In the winter he occupies a furnished flat in town, except for an occasional visit to Palm Beach or when he takes his wife North for the hunting season. I cannot learn that he has any occupation. He can hardly be said to have even a home; and all through no fault of his, but simply because his father's mind wandered — a very dangerous habit, most of all in a locomotive engineer.

THE FAMILY TREE OF FAMILY NAMES

WHO has not at some time speculated on the derivation of his own name or noted the oddities and contradictions of those of his neighbors? For my own part I have followed this hobby of family names ever since, as a schoolboy, I noted among my companions the surnames White, Brown, Black, Blue, and wondered why there was no Red, since ruddy complexions and carroty hair must have been as common among our ancestors as among ourselves. I did not then know that Reade (and its various spellings, Reed, Reid, and so on) was the form that the nickname took when it became a family name. Neither then nor until long afterward did I have any opportunity for research into the devious ways of words. As others collected and classified postage stamps, I collected and classified names. The task seems endless, but there are a few guiding principles that will smooth the way for anyone.

Here in America, which is peopled by representatives of every race and tongue, the number of strange and perplexing names in our directories appears overwhelming. Yet the kinds of surnames, so far as their origin is concerned, are few. They all arose from the need of distinguishing persons of the same baptismal name. We fall back on a similar device when the circumstances are such that we cannot use personal names, either family or baptismal. In directing a stranger, we say, 'Ask the man in the blue coat,' 'See the man who is driving the cart,' or 'The man standing over by the hillside will know.' That is, we describe him, give his location, or tell what he is doing. That is just what surnames did originally. Blue was applied to a person on account of his dress, Carter on account of his occupation, and Hill or Underhill on account of his position. Surnames may be classed, then, as descriptive epithets or nicknames, as occupational or trade names, and as topographical or place names. This classification is seemingly exhaustive, for how can we point a person out verbally except by telling what he looks like, what he is doing, or where he is?

Yet there is a fourth method of identification. In a settled community, where degrees of kinship are known, a reference to a relative of the person we have in mind, as 'Tom's (boy) Dick,' 'Samanthy's Jane,' is enough to specify the particular Dick or Jane intended. Usually the reference is to the father; hence these surnames are called patronymics. Names of this class are so common in all languages that they hardly need illustration: Harrison is the son of Harry, and Wilson is Will's son. Within a square of where I am now writing are the families of Jackson, Jansen, Ivorson, and — a little farther away — Jones, their names all derivatives of John and equivalent to our English Johnson.

While it is agreed that fixed and permanent family names were brought into England by the followers of William the Conqueror and gradually spread over that country in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, no date can be set for their first appearance on the Continent. It is a mistake to assume that, before the vogue of hereditary surnames, our ancestors were unable to distinguish definitely such of their acquaintances as, by chance, bore the same baptismal name. Where language exists at all, description is possible, and a descriptive term joined to the given name was all that was needed. Freeman says that such added names were as common in England before the Conquest as after, but among the Saxons these additional names were not hereditary. A man did not share them with his wife and children; they were still individual and not family names. If not surnames, however, they were the material out of which surnames were formed. From which of the four classes of names were hereditary or entailed surnames first derived?

Under the patronymic system, the son took, in addition to his own baptismal name, the baptismal (or occupational) name of his father. Thomas would be known as the son of John, or Thomas Johnson. At first such names were not hereditary, but were surnames only in the original sense of that word — that is, designations 'over and above' the Christian name for purposes of identification. The name was handed down, but handed down for only one generation. In the next, Thomas Johnson's son, who had been christened James, would be called, not James Johnson, but James Thompson. In Iceland, which was settled by the Norsemen in the ninth century, such alternation in names persists to this day. Eric, son of Magnus, is known as Eric Magnussen, but Eric's own son, Olaf, will be known in his community as Olaf Ericsen. But in other ways than inheritance patronymics fall short of becoming family names in the full sense. The entire family did not share in them. The sons, as we have seen, found a common cognomen in their father's personal name: John, the son of Andrew, became John Anderson. But what of his sister Mary? She, by all the rules of logic, could not be known as the son of Andrew, or as Mary Anderson. Equally absurd would be the extension of the name to John's wife.

Nicknames do not seem any more likely than patronymics to have been the first to develop into hereditary surnames. A man may be known as the 'Red Fox,' but his sons, unless they inherit the complexion or traits that won him that sobriquet, will not inherit his name. They in their turn may acquire nicknames of their own, and these will be no more permanent than that of their father. Similarly with occupational names. A mountaineer who tends sheep may be known as 'Jack the Shepherd,' but his son who becomes a miner or goes to a distant city to learn a trade will not be called a shepherd. He will take his name from his own calling, or be designated by a nickname, or, as likely as not, take the name of the village from which he came. Nor will the shepherd's daughter who keeps house for him be known by any term descriptive of her father's vocation. None of these three classes of names show any decided tendency to become fixed and hereditary.

With place names it is different. There could have been nothing deliberate in the change in names by which they acquired a new function — that of tracing descent on the male line, from generation to generation. It happened, as it were, by the logic of events. If the early owner of an estate, say 'The Hedges,' took his name from his residence, and his descendants, several generations later, were found occupying the same homestead and were known by the same affixed name, Hedges, it would be assumed that they had inherited the name as well as the property. The name came to *mean* a descendant of the earliest Hedges; it traced lineage because it traced property.

At a time when feudalism with its special class privileges was spreading over Europe, men found it an advantage to bear the name of their grandfather or of some noted ancestor. The other three classes — patronymics, nicknames, and occupational names — were remodeled after the new pattern. The step, however, was not taken without some hesitation; for a long time entries like 'Mary, Tom's daughter' were found in the English parish registries. The title of one of Sigrid Undset's novels, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, reminds us that the same objections once prevailed in Scandinavia. But people finally came to ignore the verbal contradiction in Mary Thompson just as they did in the name John White, whose owner was a dark man, or John Castle, whose home was a hovel, or John Carpenter, who was a grocer. People no longer took their words too literally. And for many of us there has been progress in forgetfulness.

REJECTIONIANA

When I commenced to write 'for the magazines,' according to my own broad statement, my only idea was to sell the material I wrote to the magazines for which I wrote it. That was ten years or more ago. In all that time I have not ceased my efforts, but they have gradually turned in a different and more profitable direction.

At first, when my material was unanimously rejected by the various journals to which it was consigned (and it was offered generously and unstintingly, I assure you), I suffered a deep disappointment. What was the matter, that the editors could not recognize the worth of the stories I was writing? How could my stories, so far superior to those already in print — but if you've written, you know all of the questions that arose in my mind. It was only after four or five years of uncompensated effort that I realized, one day, that I was missing a Golden Opportunity. I was overlooking the decorative possibilities in those very rejection slips that accompanied each returned manuscript! I had hoarded my slips, much as a miser hoards his gold, so now I went to the envelope marked 'Graveyard,' shook them out upon my desk, and looked them over. They lay in confusing and motley array. I was not mistaken! They would, when I had enough of them, make a unique and delightful decorative feature of my study. Already I could see them glued to a background, in a bewilderment of geometric design, shellacked to preserve their surfaces, adorning a most unique screen! *There* was an idea.

As I say, it changed my entire attitude toward my writing — I might even say toward the editors who read my efforts. Now, when I sent out a manuscript, I experienced a new fear. Suppose that the thing should be kept by some mean editor, and published in his awful magazine! Suppose — dire possibility — that for my efforts I should this time receive no rejection slip at all! I was suffering, you see, from that most virulent of all diseases — Collector's Fever. As time went on, the fear subsided. One editor after another showed his willingness to coöperate with me (unwittingly, it must be admitted) in the amassing of enough slips for the screen I had planned.

Now I wrote more feverishly than ever. I did not overlook an idea, an opportunity. I wrote short stories, short short stories, articles, essays — anything, in fact, that came within my grasp. For I realized that the more widely I wrote, the greater would be the decorative scope of the screen I planned. I wrote juvenile stories, and received in return for my efforts the pleasant, sepia-toned slip of *St. Nicholas.* I especially prized this, for the editors had devised one that resembled a personal letter, to which they cunningly affixed the author's name, so that only the initiate would know the missive was not personal. I wrote for *Child Life,* and realized the narrowness of my escape when, on the neat little brown card they returned with my effort, I read the word, penned in a precise backhand, 'Almost'! I must be careful. I was evidently approaching a perfection in style against which I must guard. A few more 'almosts,' and my fear of an acceptance would be realized. I decided to give up the juvenile market.

Still the mania persisted. I was as unable to stop as though I were writing — as I once had been — in the hope of acceptance. I wrote some short short stories, and, knowing that *Liberty* must be flooded with such things, sent them there. Sure enough, back they came — accompanied by a half sheet, on which (again in imitation of typewriting) was a neat little note designed to soften the blow of the rejection. Editors, I learn, almost invariably try to soften the blow as much as is within their power.

I wrote a household article, and sent it to the *Woman's Home Companion.* This time my efforts were rewarded with a really personal letter. That, of course, shall have a centre place on my screen. Personal letters, I have discovered, are rare rewards. Another article of the sort brought me a double remuneration from *Better Homes and Gardens.* First arrived a postcard on which was printed the message that the magazine had received my material (for which I was thanked — the editors always thank the sender), and that as soon as possible they would read my manuscript and report. I was artfully led to believe that the editors were wading through manuscripts waist high, in a feverish energy to reach my own. At any rate, they were true to their promise — and in due time I received a double-page rejection slip, with the most delightfully couched 'hints' to aspiring contributors. Naturally, when I assemble the materials for my screen, I shall use both communications from that magazine — giving it, as it were, a double place of honor.

Short Stories contributed a small gray card, attractively gotten up, that will lend variety to the screen. In it the editors 'regret,' but they stoop to no subterfuge of leading the writer to suppose their regret is at all personal. Far from it. They come right out, in honest print, and give a number of tactful reasons (from which the writer is at liberty to take his choice) for the rejection of his manuscript.

I wrote a play, and sent it to *Theatre Arts Monthly.* The card I received in return is a work of art, done in the manner of a formal invitation. Again the editor 'regretted,' but again the regret was abstract, for the card had been set up in type, with no effort to camouflage its impersonality. To the *Forum* I sent the play next, being virtually sure that it would find no haven, as I had never seen a play published in that magazine. I was right! The play came back, accompanied by a most attractive half sheet in blue, with a delightful little footnote penned in microscopic characters. I prize that footnote. It says, 'Afraid plays are not for us.' But I shall be careful of what I send to the *Forum* hereafter. That footnote, kind as it was, shows that it may have been only the nature of the material, and not its style, that kept my manuscript out of the pages of that magazine. And I need more slips from the *Forum.* It is one of the few magazines that rejects in blue. And for my screen I must have color, as well as design.

Collier's is much like *Liberty* in its style of rejection. Still, I shall use its slip, if only for diversity. *Good Housekeeping* will be commemorated with a truly personal letter. It is quite long, and very kind. (As I have said, kindness is one of the outstanding features of these missives.) *California Arts and Architecture*, too, sends a personal letter. No fooling about this. It is neither printed nor mimeographed, but typed to me in person, with the stenographer's initials in the left-hand lower corner. There can be no doubt about the authenticity of that.

The *Atlantic* (I feel a delicacy about mentioning this, since the piece I am writing now is intended for that publication) sends a simple folded sheet, in correspondence size. It will lend dignity, I feel, to my helter-skelter screen. I treasure one rejection each from *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. I can see my screen growing, through my own unremitting efforts.

Only one editor disappoints me. Mr. Mencken, of the *Mercury*, sends a plain white card, in the lower right-hand corner of which is inscribed the legend,

With the thanks of
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Nothing more. And all that space on the rest of the card left blank. I should write to Mr. Mencken, but the subject, as anyone can appreciate, is a delicate one. I am only hoping that someone who reads this article will take the matter up with him, pointing out the intrinsic lack of beauty in the rejection cards he uses. Yet I want to use the card.

My collection grows apace, and today, I am happy to say, I have nearly enough material for my projected screen. Perhaps, before my dream is fulfilled, Mr. Mencken will have changed his policy. And in the meantime I have experienced that greatest of all pursuits — collecting. I don't know what I shall do with my manuscripts when the screen is finally made. Certainly two such screens would look silly.

Addendum. — I have just received a letter from the *Atlantic*. And with it my worst fears are realized. I should never have written for the Contributors' Club. But how was I to know that my little essay (I suppose that is what it might be called) would be accepted? I had only hoped that for that department of the magazine the *Atlantic* might employ a different style of rejection. And, as I have pointed out, I was seeking diversity for my screen. At any rate, the worst has happened. I have, as the expression goes, 'arrived.' But I am not disheartened. Looking over my already accumulated rejection notices, I find that I have enough, by using them sparingly, to make the proposed screen. I could use a few more, but I shall be content with those I have.

There is, of course, an alternative. I could go about now to amass letters of acceptance for a second screen — a sort of companion to my first. Somehow, though, that lacks the thrill — and, I might add, the certainty — that accompanied my earlier effort. So I am casting about for a new hobby. I am told that stamp collecting has its points. I have closed my typewriter and put it away. Already I have three stamps for my new collection — an early Lindbergh, one from Czechoslovakia, and a third from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I feel a certain pardonable pride in my adaptability.

FINCH'S FORTUNE

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXIV

THEY had not spoken since. News traveled fast at Jalna, and Alayne had already heard, when she met Renny in the hall, an exaggerated account of all that had happened since his return. The Glasgow youth had run all the way to the house to tell his friend Bessie. Bessie had run on tiptoe up two flights of stairs to gasp it out to Alma as she was giving Mooey his bath. Alma had repeated it with whispered embellishment to Pheasant when she carried some toast and tea to her. Pheasant had told Alayne. . . . When Alayne and Renny met in the hall, she had already heard how he had gone into a terrible rage, threatened the men who had dispatched Barney, insisted on himself unearthing the body, had caressed it, wept over it. The sight of him standing there with the light from the stained-glass window turning his clothes into motley, falling on his red hair in a purple stain, was shocking to her. The frozen grin on his face was repellent. When he said what he said, she drew back with a feeling of repulsion. She made no answer, but stood rigid, her back to the wall, her palms pressed against it while he passed.

He went into the sitting room, shutting the door behind him. A moment later she heard him draw the folding doors between there and the dining room with a bang. She was filled with bitterness and disillusion. And yet, she felt, she had always known he was like this.

As she climbed the stairs with heavy limbs she said to herself, 'I never liked him. That is the trouble. I was mad for him. But I never have liked him.'

In her room she sat by the window looking down on the parched garden. The flowers hung their limp heads. Their foliage separated, showing the dry earth beneath. Her own head ached so that she could scarcely hold it up. She pressed her fingers to the space between her eyebrows where there was a knot of pain. She felt as though she were going to be ill.

She sat with drooping head, going over incident after incident in her life with Renny, trying to discover if she had been at fault in the marked change in their relations. She could not see where she had failed him. She had managed to live peaceably in the house with Piers who hated her, but she could not live peaceably with Renny who — but did he love her? Or had he felt for her only a desire for her body, while she stretched out her hands for the satisfaction of her soul? She could not blame herself. Something stubborn in her refused to accept the blame.

Again the jealousy of Clara Lebraux surged through her like a racking pain. She felt it in her back, in her throat, in the nerves of her stomach. That woman — with her streaked hair, her pale eyelashes, her bony hands — what fascination was there in her that drew him to the fox farm when he might have been with his wife? The thought came to her with a shock that because Barney had come from the fox farm he was doubly dear to Renny — that Renny even suspected her of agreeing only too willingly to his destruction because of that.

When she went down to supper she found that places were laid for only herself and Piers. She was not surprised that Pheasant was unable to come to the table, but where was Wakefield — where that other? Piers, looking at his plate, muttered that Pheasant was still feeling rocky and that young Wake had had a turn with his heart — too much excitement — and was sleeping. He did not speak of Renny, but soon she saw Rags pass through the hall carrying a tray. He went into the sitting room and shut the door cautiously behind him. She saw Piers frowning, the corner of his mouth drawn to one side.

Rags, when he returned to the dining room, wore an expression of profound secrecy, as though torture would not induce him to reveal what was taking place on the other side of the folding doors. Alayne remembered how Meggie had had most of her food carried to her on trays by Rags. Was Renny going to follow Meg's example? She had a hysterical desire to laugh. She could not choke down the cold roast beef, but nibbled a little cress and thin bread. Piers stolidly consumed beef, and peaches and cream. Now and then he cast a frowning look at the door of the sitting room.

Alayne made no attempt to talk to Piers. She did not know what his attitude toward her in the affair was, but she supposed he blamed her. If he brought up the subject of the dog's death she did not think she could endure to remain at the table. However, he did not, but when he had half-finished his meal he began to talk about the sale which he had attended. In a muffled voice he gave her a description of the animals on which he and Renny had bid. He carefully described a Clydesdale stallion he had bought and a nice cobby mare for general use purchased by Renny. The stallion had cost a pretty penny, but Piers hoped to get it out of him again.

Alayne answered in monosyllables, but she was grateful to Piers, for she saw that he was trying to make things easier for her. When he had finished the glass of ale he always had for supper he held his cigarette case out to her, and for the first time during the meal their eyes met. She saw that the look in his was kind and her own filled with tears. He began gruffly and hurriedly to talk of the crowd at the sale, the intense heat, and to describe the mannerisms of the auctioneer. He knew she did not smoke, but he had offered her a cigarette as though he wanted to do something for her. She accepted and puffed at it awkwardly. It was the first time they had ever sat for a while together talking.

Now five days had gone by, and she and Renny had not spoken. She lived in a kind of haze. Sometimes, when she was dressing in the morning, her mind became confused. She would hesitate, look blankly about the room, and begin to take her clothes off again, thinking it was night instead of morning. Then, seeing the sunlight, she would remember and shamefacedly continue her dressing. She had always been proud of the clarity of her mind, of the fact that she could keep her wits about her. She had often been intolerant of Eden's bemused ways. There had been a break in the weather and now the nights were wet, but with each morning came bright sunshine that was continually being darkened by moving clouds. A forlorn look had descended upon the flower beds.

She had never before been in a house with anyone with whom she was not on speaking terms. She was not able to remember a shadow in the cheery attitude of her parents toward each other. Renny addressed all his conversation to Piers, seeming to include Pheasant in his resentment. He was even less indulgent to Wakefield and insisted that he go to his lessons, though it was plain to be seen that the boy was not well. Pheasant seemed absorbed in her own musings. She too was ailing and several times had to leave the breakfast table. On three days of the five Renny did not return to dinner. In the relief of his absence, Pheasant and Wakefield chattered continually, while Rags regarded them with disapproval. Though Alayne discovered that Renny had, in these absences, dined with the Vaughans, she still believed that he spent much of his time with Clara Lebraux.

On the sixth day Rags brought the mail to Renny at the breakfast table. He tore open a letter and, having read it, handed it to Piers.

'You see,' he said, 'it's just as I said. It was scarcely worth the trouble of sending it, but I wanted to prove that it was nothing but callous cruelty.'

Piers read the note and gave a sympathetic grunt.

'Show it to Alayne,' said Renny, looking at his plate.

Piers slid the paper along the table to her. She picked it up and read. It was the report from the Government Analyst stating that the head of the dog had been examined and that no evidence of rabies had been present. She read it dully, feeling nothing more than a quickening of her sense of injury.

'Let me see it, please!' cried Wakefield. 'Is it something interesting?'

Alayne passed on the paper to him.

'I don't think,' said Piers, 'that anyone was to blame for that. The men did just what was natural — seeing a dog in that condition. Alayne did just what was natural. She wanted him put out of the way with the least possible pain. And it was n't Quinn's fault that he did n't understand the gun. . . . If it had been my dog, I'd just try to put it out of my head — forget the whole thing!' He began to draw horizontal lines on the tablecloth with his knife.

'Yes, indeed!' cried Pheasant, revolting against her silence of the week. 'If ever I saw a terrifying object, it was that dog. If he was n't mad he'd no right to act as though he were and frighten darling little Mooey and Alayne and me almost to death!'

'Don't bring me into it, please,' said Alayne coldly.

Renny sprang up from his chair. 'My God!' he exclaimed. 'You make me sick, the lot of you!'

He gave a wild look about the room and then flung out of it and out of the house.

Those who were left exchanged one startled look. Then Piers slit open a letter to himself; Pheasant bent her head over the newspaper, casting a sidelong look at Alayne, who, summoning all her will, picked up a letter in the handwriting of the younger of her aunts and forced herself to read it.

Wakefield kept repeating to himself, over and over, in a gabbling tone, 'You make me sick, the lot of you! . . . You make me sick, the lot of you!'

Piers, suddenly becoming aware of this, scowled at him. 'Shut up,' he said curtly, 'or I'll put you out.'

To hide his chagrin, Wakefield examined his reflection in the hollow of a spoon, making grotesque grimaces at it.

Alayne thought, 'What if Aunt Harriet is writing to say that they are coming at once? I never can endure that with things as they are!'

But there was no word of a visit. Helen, the elder aunt, was ill. Her sister was greatly troubled.

Alayne's first sensation was one of pure relief. Then anxiety for her loved relation swept relief away. There was a note of foreboding in the letter very unlike the cheerful tone with which Aunt Harriet usually faced life's worries. A rather shaky postscript said that if there was any change for the worse Alayne had better come. She could not bear the responsibility alone.

All her life Alayne had been accustomed to make sudden decisions. There was nothing of wavering in her at such moments as this. She would wait for no telegram. She would go at once — to-day. For a moment she considered the idea of allowing the others to believe that Renny's behavior was unendurable to her — of punishing him in this way. But she put that aside. She was too proud for pretense.

She took Pheasant aside after breakfast and told her of her aunt's serious illness. Something skeptical as well as compassionate in the girl's expression made Alayne give her the letter to read. Pheasant threw her arms about her and kissed her.

'Darling Alayne! I do hope it will be only a little visit! I shall miss you so! Jalna is n't very comfortable for a prospective young mother these days. Oh, I do wish Uncle Nick were here! I'm sure he could have kept us out of this tangle!'

At one o'clock Piers came in with the news that Renny had gone off somewhere on business with Maurice. He did not say what the business was and Alayne was of the opinion that Renny was simply spending the day at the Vaughans'. Meg had not been well and Alayne knew he was worried. She packed clothes to last her for a month's visit, then sat down at the writing table in her room to write a note to Renny. She wrote one that sounded so frigid when she read it over that she tore it up. Better nothing than that! She began another on which, in spite of herself, tears fell, and she tore it up, too. He should get no wifely weeping note from her. Better, perhaps, that he should hear the news from the family.

Piers had the car freshly washed for taking her to the station. He sent Wright to drive it and kept out of the way at the moment of good-bye. Pheasant had hovered about her all the afternoon. She had brought two little embroidered handkerchiefs as a gift. She had led Mooey to Alayne and he had said, having evidently rehearsed the words, ‘I’m shorry I was a naughty boy, Auntie Alayne,’ and held up his face to be kissed.

Wakefield begged to be allowed to see her off. He had so little in the way of change that he was delighted when she agreed. He and Wright carried her things into the Pullman for her. It was the first time the boy had ever seen one.

‘How jolly this is!’ he exclaimed. ‘I wonder if the day will ever come when I’ll be going somewhere. I’ve lived all these years and I’ve never been anywhere. Is n’t it terrible, Alayne?’ Yet there was a certain pride in his bearing like the pride of the oldest inhabitant. People about were casting admiring glances at his dark eager face.

All night Alayne tossed in the grip of a nervous headache. She was at the point of exhaustion when she reached the pretty stucco house up the Hudson. Miss Helen was just able to recognize her; in two days she died.

When all was over and order was restored in the house, Alayne and Miss Harriet had many long talks. Alayne’s heart was wrung by her aunt’s loneliness. She made up her mind that she would remain with her for some time. She had written twice to Pheasant and had had two letters in reply. Things were going on about the same as usual at Jalna. Pheasant wrote, ‘R. was very much surprised when you did not appear the next morning. He did not say much, but his look was one of the completest astonishment.’

There was not much time for thought in those first weeks. Miss Archer had many friends eager to condole with her and to see Alayne after her long absence. The friends agreed that marriage had not improved Alayne’s looks. She had grown sallow and there were shadows under her eyes.

Miss Helen had left Alayne all her money — not a large sum, but one sufficient to make many things possible for her which had not been possible before. Miss Harriet expressed a desire to own a motor car. Her sister had been content to hire one and had been timid about motoring. Now one was purchased and Alayne took pleasure in driving her aunt over the smooth roads above the river. The autumn weather was delightful.

Alayne accompanied Miss Archer to a small club formed of ladies of the neighborhood. At the meetings in drawing-rooms, where elegance and a certain austerity were combined, literature and questions of the day were discussed. Selected members brought intelligent articles from the best magazines, which they read aloud, enunciating so clearly that not a word was missed by their hearers. Alayne herself read an article of great interest, in which it was demonstrated, with quaint examples, that the rural people of the Southwestern states retain in their dialect many words of Elizabethan English.

She liked the club. She was strangely exhilarated by the mental atmosphere of the place, and began to have the feeling of clear-headed alertness which she had known in the days before her marriage. She was like a plant returned to its native soil. Her complexion cleared, but the shadows beneath her eyes remained. No matter how well she slept during the night, she woke at four o’clock and there was no more sleep for her except a mere snatch, achieved between the time when the maid first stirred about the house and the time when she herself must rise. That snatch of sleep refreshed her. It took the edge off the sharp remembrance of the thoughts that had kept her awake. They were thoughts of how her life was ruined, of how these cool and pleasant days were like a clean pinafore that a child puts on to hide its torn and shabby clothes. They were thoughts of how she had lain in the arms of Renny.

XXV

With the departure of Alayne a change came over the family at Jalna. The spurious order that had afflicted them during the summer was thrown aside like hampering harness, and they ran free. In the basement, where her persistent weekly visits of inspection had been looked forward to with dread, it was as though the lid had been removed from a bubbling pot. The contents of the pot bubbled, boiled over, and the smell of its exuberance rose to the realms above.

'White Wings, they never grow weary,' sang Mrs. Wragge, in a rich contralto, as she threw the remains of a joint, of which she had no desire to make a mince, to the dogs. Her husband, with a cigarette in his lips and his sleeves uprolled, polished the best silver coffeepot, the inside of which had not been washed for many a day. Bessie was plucking a young goose, letting the feathers drift softly where they would.

'What was that the missus called them, that first day she come rampagin' down here?' she called to Rags.

'Plumage, that's wot. It's American for fevvers. She's got a rum way o' talkin'. Puts the haccent on the wrong syllables and drawls out the last word in every sentence. She got on my nerves if ever a lidy did.'

'It's not the way the boss talks,' said Bessie. 'He sort of shoots the talk at you. Makes you jump out of your skin sometimes.'

'And serve you right,' returned Rags, blowing on the coffeepot. 'You're the laziest young Canadjen I've ever seen, and I've seen a good many.'

'Give me a cockney for laziness!' jeered the girl. 'What you *do* know is how to *look* busy! Why, you've been half an hour on that there coffeepot!'

Rags set down the silver pot and advanced toward her. There was a scuffle in which the air was filled with feathers, as though the combatants were two birds. Mrs. Wragge stopped singing to stare at them with disapproval.

'Get on with yer work and stop yer foolin', Bessie,' she ordered. 'Alfred, don't you be makin' so free.'

A baby voice sounded from the tairway. 'Fight some more, p'ease! We're coming.'

It was Mooey. He and his cousin Patience were descending the stairs, carrying their blue china plates in their hands.

Maurice Vaughan and his little daughter had come to stay at Jalna while Meg was at the hospital. The two children had been hungry in the middle of the morning, and Alma had set them down at their little table with bread and butter and brown sugar before them. They had soon devoured that, and, Alma being engaged in trying to hide her freckles under some of Pheasant's face powder, they had stolen from the room and laboriously descended two flights of stairs to the basement.

There they stood, three steps from the bottom, Patience in pink, Mooey in fawn, holding their plates before them like two small mendicants and smiling ingratiatingly. Mrs. Wragge came to them beaming. She had the pneumatic bosom and fat red face that inspire confidence in children.

'Well, I'm blessed,' she declared, 'if I ever seen two lovelier kiddies!' Rags and Bessie also gathered to inspect them.

'She's the spit of 'er mother,' observed Rags. 'Sime complexion. Sime smile.'

'She 'as 'er daddy's gray eyes,' said his wife.

'This one,' continued her husband, placing the tips of his fingers on Mooey's head, 'is the most beautiful blend of two parents I've hever seen. 'E's took the best points off both on 'em.'

Mooey said, 'I want gingerb'ed, p'ease.'

'There is no gingerbread, dearie,' answered Mrs. Wragge.

'Jam, then, and a piece of celery.'

'Patty wants an egg!' said Patience.

'Listen to them! At this hour in the morning!' cried Bessie.

'They're half starved along o' that Alma,' declared the cook. 'Run you to the larder, Bessie, and fetch those two hard-boiled eggs. I cooked too many for the jellied veal.'

While the eggs were being shelled the children ran round and round in a circle, holding their plates before them. They liked the feel of the brick floor under their feet. Presently Patience slipped and fell. The plate flew from her hands and was broken. Mooey tripped over her and fell, too. They sat, shouting with laughter, among the fragments of china.

'Patty wants anozzer p'ate, p'ease,' said Patience, holding up her hands.

'Give 'er that cracked one,' said Rags, 'just to see wot she'll do with it.'

Finding it in her hand, Patty rose and, assuming the classic attitude of the disk thrower, hurled it to the other end of the kitchen. At the crash she looked astonished for a moment, then said, 'Patty wants anozzer p'ate!'

Bessie brought a tin plate this time. Patience took it trustingly and, with a wide gesture, hurled it down the room. It fell with a thin clatter.

'Oh, hell!' said Mooey. 'That won't b'eak!'

'Chips of the old block,' said Rags, sententiously.

At this moment Alma came down the stairs in search of her charges. She was greatly disturbed. She had just discovered that Patience was Mooey's aunt as well as his cousin and it made her head spin round and round. She explained how strange she felt, and Mrs. Wragge suggested that they had all better have a cup of tea.

Maurice Vaughan had had an opportunity to let his house furnished for two months, and Renny had suggested that he take advantage of the offer and make Jalna his home for the period. Meggie would be in the hospital for several weeks, and when she was convalescent she would almost certainly recuperate more quickly in the atmosphere of her old home. Renny thought that Vaughanlands was unhealthy, situated as it was in a hollow and having no basement. The presence of Maurice and Patience in the house would help to distract his mind from the awful fact that Meggie was obliged to undergo an operation. The very word 'hospital' filled the Whiteoaks with loathing and fear. Not one of them had ever entered one as a patient. When their time came they simply took to their beds and died. That was all there was to it. No surgeon's knife had ever cut into their stubborn flesh.

Meggie had come to tell them good-bye, looking pale but sweetly firm and reconciled. She had always had a sense of the dramatic and it now helped her in this trying time. She embraced Mooey, exclaiming, 'And you must always, always be a good boy!' She laid her two hands on Renny's chest and said, deeply, 'You will always guard little Wake, won't you?' She visited her grandmother's room and stroked the silent Boney, murmuring, 'Nevermore' — having evidently confused him in her mind with Poe's Raven.

The most heart-rending thing was that she brought a little gift to each of them. As though they needed anything to remember her by! She brought a gift to even the least of the servants, which was Alma Patch, and adjured her to be kind to Patience, her baby. To Piers she brought a silk handkerchief holder with a pink bow. To Wakefield, a little black lacquer writing case given to her by her grandmother when she was a girl. To Renny, a diary. It had been given to her, she explained, the Christmas before, but she had not had the strength to write in it.

Renny kept several account books, but he had never owned a diary. He carried it darkly to his room that night, lighted his lamp, and sat down at the table with the little book before him. He opened it and read on the flyleaf in a spidery hand, 'To dear Meggie with love from Nellie Pink.' This had been firmly crossed out and underneath, in his sister's bold hand, was written, 'For Renny, with my abiding love, Meggie.' Dubiously he fluttered the narrow pages under his thumb. Three fourths of the year were almost gone, and it was difficult to know how to set about the enterprise.

After giving his fountain pen the severe shake it always required before it would write, he pressed open the diary at January. The only event he could remember in that month (aside from events in the stable, of which a meticulous record was kept in his office) was the death of Lebraux. He wrote, 'Tony Lebraux died. Age 45. Weather very rough.' In the space for the first day of March he wrote, 'Finch of age. Dinner party. Finch spoke.' In May he wrote of the departure of Nicholas, Ernest, and Finch for England. In June he recorded Wakefield's birthday and his height and weight that day. In July he recorded his own birthday, adding the words, 'Getting on.' At the end of August he wrote, 'Barney killed by four brutes with hayforks.' His next entry was, 'Alayne left to visit her aunt, owing to illness (later death) of other aunt.' He stared at this entry for quite a long while before he turned to the space for that day. Herein he wrote, 'Meggie entered hospital to-day for serious operation. Gave me this book.' . . . He heaved a deep sigh, leaned back, and filled his pipe. . . . He never opened the little book again.

Like a sweet rain after a drought, word came that Meggie had not only survived the operation but was progressing famously. Maurice went to see her and returned jubilant. She was weak, but she was out of all danger, her appetite was good, and she was cheerful as could be. Later Piers and Pheasant went to see her and took her jelly and a cake. Wakefield was taken to see her and visited several other patients besides. But Renny did not go. When Maurice suggested it he ordered flowers to be sent her, but he could not go inside that place.

Now that she was safe, his spirits went up with a bound. Above stairs as well as below there were freedom and cheeriness in the house. Without the restraining presence of either Augusta or Alayne, dogs were allowed to make themselves at home in every room. Rags dusted or not as he saw fit. Pheasant was ailing and often did not come down to her meals. More and more frequently certain horsy friends of Renny's came to the house. One of these was a Mr. Crowdy, who had never until now got farther than the hall. Nicholas and Ernest were annoyed by the very sight of him, but now that they were not present to object he formed the habit of dropping in at mealtime. Renny liked him about. He was so burly that he filled the space ordinarily allotted to two people at table. His face was so rubicund and his eyes so twinkling that his mere presence lent an air of jollity to any scene. He bred race horses, and he could watch one of his horses lose a race, even fall and throw its rider, with the same impenetrable, beaming gaze with which he watched a success. He probably understood horses as well as is possible for any human being. Renny valued his opinions as jewels.

He would stand gazing at a horse as though in a kind of trance, then, extending the palm of his left hand, he would, with the forefinger of his right, inscribe on it some hieroglyphic full of mystery to all but himself. After looking at this intently for a space, he would utter his pronouncement in a thick wheezy voice that always had a squeak of merriment in it. You might take his advice or leave it; it was all the same to him. There was no hard feeling in him for any man. He admired fine things of many sorts. He would stand in the doorway of the drawing-room at Jalna and gaze meditatively at the Chippendale furniture, then, flattening his thick palm, he would inscribe some symbol on it with a massy forefinger, and remark, 'Good stuff. Good stuff. Very nice and showy. Not things you'd ever want to part with, Mr. Whiteoak.'

The other was a civil engineer named Chase. He was a man who had seen hard service in the War, experienced hard luck prospecting in the North, and made barely enough in his profession to keep him; he had no ambition now except to spend as much of his time as possible among horses and dogs. He loved only two human beings, Crowdy and Renny Whiteoak, and disliked all women, from eighteen to eighty. He had a fund of droll and sometimes bawdy stories which he told without moving a muscle of his long, swarthy face.

After supper these two, with Maurice and Renny, would play poker in the sitting room until the early hours of the morning. Maurice and Chase both took a little too much to drink.

Once Crowdy said to Renny, while the cards were being dealt, 'Mrs. Whiteoak is paying quite a long visit in the States, is n't she?'

'Yes,' returned Renny a bit brusquely.

The horse breeder laid his left hand on the table, palm upward, and made a minute memorandum on it with the forefinger of his right. Then he looked beamingly into the faces of the other three.

'A delightful lady,' he said. 'A very delightful lady. Not the kind you meet every day. No, indeed.'

Chase said, 'Well, I've never married and I thank God for that. I count it as the chief among my few blessings.'

XXVI

It was good to be at home again. When Nicholas let himself down into the armchair in his own bedroom, Nip quivering with delight on his knee, he felt that this was the return from his last trip abroad. Every few minutes Nip turned to give his face or his hand a quick lick of the tongue.

The luggage had been carried upstairs and the box which contained the presents had been opened. It was the rule that a returning Whiteoak should not fail to bring presents to the rest of the family. Especially was this the rule when the journey had been to the Old Country. Ernest had now unpacked and distributed the presents. He was beaming happily on his nieces with their scarfs and strings of beads (Meg's a little the handsomer), on his nephews with their gloves and neckties. A flaxen-haired doll had been brought to Patience and a black doll in striped suit and red waistcoat to Mooey.

Ernest had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he was now beginning to feel rather tired. He had arranged that the opening of the box should take place in Nick's room. Now at any moment he might fade away to his own room and relax. He had forgotten what splendid voices his nephews had, how their noise and laughter excited and fatigued one. Meg kept her arm about his shoulders. It was a lovely plump arm, but it weighed on him. In the midst of all the present-giving she was trying to tell him about her operation. Maurice was trying to explain something about having slept in his room which he simply could not take in because of the din. Patience and Mooey were running round and round him in circles, holding their dolls on high.

Ernest glided away to his own room. . . .

Later, when all was quiet, he returned. He found his brother with a glass of whiskey and soda before him and Nip still on his knee.

'I had to have a peg,' explained Nicholas to Ernest's disapproving look toward the glass, 'to buck me up after all that row. What an exciting lot they are! Children getting badly spoiled, too.'

Ernest picked up a doll's shoe from the floor and put it on his finger. 'Yes — but they're very sweet. I have n't seen two prettier children anywhere. It's very good to be home again.'

'Yes. I've taken my last trip. Here I stick till they take me off to lie beside Mamma. Sit down, Ernie, and rest yourself. You must be tired after all the to-do.'

Ernest sat down near enough to stroke the little dog's head. 'Did you notice anything about Pheasant?' he asked.

Nicholas grunted. 'Strange we were n't told of it.'

'We did n't get many letters. Meggie's operation was the subject of most of them. What do you think about it, Nick?'

'I think there are kids enough about the house, but I suppose she is going to have a regular Whiteoak family.'

'Poor child! She looks pale. Much more ailing than Meggie.' He tapped his teeth with the tips of his fingers and added, in a reflective tone, 'Do you know, Nick, that the Vaughans are still staying here? I'd only been in my room a few moments when Maurice came to my door. He said he'd forgotten some of his things. There were his brushes on the dressing table and a coat on the back of the door. I naturally looked a little surprised and he explained, rather apologetically, that Meggie is n't fit yet for the responsibility of housekeeping. I remarked how well she is looking. Then he told me that their house had been let furnished and that the tenants were very keen to have it for another month.'

'H'm. It is rather strange. But not half so strange as Alayne's not being home yet. Why, it must be two months since her aunt died. What did she say in her letter to you?'

'She said she was going to visit Miss Archer for a time, but I certainly expected to find her at Jalna when we returned. Meggie has her room.'

'Well,' growled Nicholas, 'it was Meg's before it was Alayne's.'

'Of course, of course, but if Alayne were suddenly to return it would be awkward.'

'Where is Maurice going to hang out now?'

'In the attic, he said. In Finch's room.'

A yawn made Ernest's eyes water. He had slept little on the train. When in a short while the dinner gong sounded, he was almost too tired to respond. Yet he still felt the exhilaration of the return and he was curious to press further inquiries about Alayne.

In the passage they passed Rags carrying a tray, on which were arranged creamed sweetbreads on toast and a glass of sherry, to Meg. The two tall old gentlemen stood aside while the little cockney, with an air mysterious and important, slid past them with the tray.

Nicholas chuckled as he heavily descended the stairs. 'At her old tricks again, I see. I fancy this convalescence will extend through the rest of her life. She's always preferred her little lunches to proper meals and at last she has an authentic excuse.'

Ernest, following, poked him warningly between the shoulders. Maurice was in the hall below. He was talking to Renny and two men who appeared at first to be strangers, but, when they faced round, turned out to be Renny's objectionable friends Crowdy and Chase. Their presence in the hall came as a shock to the returned travelers. Renny was not quite comfortable about their advent, either. He concealed his misgivings under a formal manner, introducing his friends to his uncles as though unaware that they had met before.

Nicholas greeted them in a gruff tone, not claiming any former acquaintanceship. Ernest said, 'I think we have met before,' and went down the hall to look in his mother's room. He was astonished to find Mr. Crowdy at his side. He wondered what he could say to be rude to him, but could think of nothing. It went against the grain to speak to him at all.

The door of the room stood open. It seemed as if his mother had just left it. As the outline of her body was imprinted on the mattress of the old painted bedstead, so her spiritual shape had left its stamp on the atmosphere of the room. It would not be put aside. Though her fiery brown eyes had dried to dust in their sockets, they still kindled in this cherished retreat. The rubies and diamonds on her strong old hands still flashed. Her carven nose, her mobile mouth, around which a few stiff hairs had grown, were as existent in this room as the parrot that had fondly pecked at them.

Boney sat humped on his perch, his pale eyelids updrawn. A piece of cardboard which had been given him to play with lay torn in fragments beneath him. He stood on one scaly foot, while with the other he clutched a bar of the cage.

Mr. Crowdy stared at the parrot over Ernest's shoulder, breathing portentously. When Ernest, with a deep sigh, turned away, Mr. Crowdy extended his left hand toward him, palm upward. With his right forefinger he traced mysterious marks on it. Then, with a piercing look into Ernest's eyes, he observed, 'Rare old bird.'

'Yes,' agreed Ernest, polite in spite of himself, 'and he used to talk quite wonderfully.'

'Has n't spoke a word,' Mr. Crowdy informed him, 'for over two years. He'll never talk again.'

'I suppose not.'

They moved toward the dining room, where the others were waiting. They gathered, seven men and a boy, about the table. It was all so different from what Ernest and Nicholas had expected. It was their first home-coming without the extended welcome of their mother's arms. Instead, there were present these objectionable strangers. Yet, how delicious the roast beef was! They had tasted none like it — so juicy and so rare — since they had left Jalna. Renny drew them on to talk of their trip. There was a propitiatory air about him. Plainly he knew very well what they thought of such company. But nothing could have been more deferential than the manners of Messrs. Crowdy and Chase. After the elderly men had had their say, Mr. Crowdy told of his one and only trip to the Old Land in his young days, when he had gone — though he did not clearly explain in what capacity — with a rich American gentleman who had crossed to buy some thoroughbreds.

Chase had been born in Leicestershire, but he had not a good word to say of his own country. He never wanted to set eyes on it again. However, at the close of the meal he told several stories so amusing that Nicholas and Ernest forgot for the moment their dislike.

But when they had returned to their rooms it all came back. They drew each other's attention to a number of things that had jarred on their sensibilities. Had Nicholas noticed Crowdy's nails? Had Ernest noticed the way Chase sat sideways in his chair with his legs crossed? And Renny's ill-groomed appearance? And Wakefield's actual rags? And the general air of rakishness about the whole establishment? Where were Meggie's eyes? Even Pheasant, poor child, should know better!

'Nicholas,' said Ernest, in deep solemnity, 'everything in Mamma's room was gray with dust!'

They captured Piers, who was passing the door, and brought him into Nicholas's room. He came somewhat reluctantly.

'Are you,' asked Nicholas petulantly, 'in a very great rush? We should like very much to have a word with you.'

Piers seated himself on the piano stool and looked at them questioningly out of his prominent blue eyes. He at any rate, they thought, looked just as he should.

'Now,' growled his elder uncle, 'what does it all mean? How does it come about that those two ruffians are making themselves at home in Jalna? Why are the Vaughans still here? And why is Alayne not here?'

Piers blew out his cheeks and expelled his breath through his lips. 'Damned if I know,' he said.

'Nonsense! Of course you know all about it!' Nicholas spoke sternly.

Ernest put in, 'Don't bombard the boy with questions, Nick! Ask him one thing at a time. I'll begin. Piers, can you tell me why the care of my mother's room has been neglected during my absence? There is a film of dust over all the furniture. In fact, every room I have seen looks as though it needed a thorough cleaning.'

'I should n't think you'd need to ask that question,' returned Piers. 'You and Uncle Nick have been away. Renny always spoils servants. If Mrs. Wragge cooks good meals and Rags falls over himself serving them, it's all that Renny asks. Renny does n't mind disorder in the house. He rather likes it. Lots of food — plenty of company — and no one to criticize him or his dogs!'

'How long has this been going on?' asked Nicholas. 'Did n't Alayne object?'

'Rather! Latterly, her life was just one long objection, I think. Once a week she stirred things up in the basement so that the Wragges were on the point of leaving. And she was after Wake, and after Mooey, and even after Renny and his dogs. Pheasant heard her tell Renny that he talked like a fool, and heard him tell her that she was the worst-tempered woman he'd ever met. I never expected that marriage to turn out well. Then there was the affair of that dog. I don't suppose anyone wrote to you about that. But, anyhow, Alayne and Pheasant and the house servants and Quinn, a man I took on since you left, all thought the dog was mad and Alayne got Renny's gun and they stabbed him with pitchforks. Soon after that Alayne left.'

During this quick recital Piers's full lips had scarcely moved. He sat regarding his uncles with an imperturbable expression while the tale of horrors that had wrecked the life of Jalna gushed from him as from a fountain. Ernest, who had been prepared to probe the matter with question after guarded question, felt slightly sick. Nicholas, with dropped jaw, sat dumbfounded. If the faded medallions of the carpet had parted, disclosing a chasm beneath, they could scarcely have been more aghast.

'But — but I thought Alayne's aunt had died!' stammered Ernest.

'So she did. Most opportunely. It gave Alayne an excuse for cutting out.'

'Piers, I don't think you know what you are saying. If you are trying to — to pull our leg — I think you have chosen a very unfortunate time. As you have told it, the whole affair sounds a dreadful muddle to me. Can you understand it, Nick?'

'I only understand that if I had been here things would never have got into such a mess.'

'Just what I was saying to Pheasant the other day,' agreed Piers heartily. 'We've never been without an old person in the house before. It was as though we'd thrown our ballast overboard.'

Nicholas pulled at his gray moustache grimly. 'I should have been something more than mere ballast if I had been here. Your explanation has been very incoherent, Piers. I wish you would tell me one thing clearly. What does Renny think about Alayne's leaving him?'

'I don't think he realizes it.'

'Does n't realize,' — Ernest spoke in a bass voice for the first time in his life, —

'does n't realize that his wife has left him?'

'No. I don't think he does. Pheasant and I both think that he believes she's just in a tantrum and that she'll get over it. But she won't. You can take it from me. She's found a second Whiteoak too much for her.'

Nicholas and Ernest looked at each other. Ernest wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead and Nicholas reached for the soda-water siphon.

Piers rose from the piano stool. 'Well,' he said cheerfully, 'I must be off!'

'Sit down!' ejaculated his uncles simultaneously.

Piers obeyed, with a smile, sweet as Meggie's, curving his lips.

Ernest demanded, 'When did the trouble begin? As soon as we had left?'

'I can't quite remember. Yes — I think it did.'

'You say,' put in Nicholas broodingly, 'that Alayne got Renny's gun, in order to do away with some dog, and that they killed the dog with hayforks. I can't make it out.'

'No wonder,' answered Piers. 'When the poor brute's head was examined, not a trace of rabies was found.'

'But what was the quarrel about?'

'Well, it began with Ben's getting on Alayne's nerves. Actually on her bedspread.'

'Good heavens!' Nicholas turned red with anger. 'They've killed poor old Ben, Ernie.'

'Oh, no,' Piers reassured them. 'It was quite another dog. It's my opinion that he was inbred. But Renny won a fiver of me because he made friends inside of the month.'

The uncles looked into his fresh-colored face with positive distaste. He made them feel travel-worn and baffled. They wished he would take off that enigmatic smile.

'What I cannot get into my head,' Ernest said wearily, 'is why Mamma's room should be neglected, and why Maurice should have been sleeping in my bed.'

'Because Nip would n't let him sleep here,' answered Piers.

'How long are the Vaughans staying on?' asked Nicholas, gratefully stroking Nip.

'Well, you know, Uncle Nick, that Maurice never minds taking favors. He'll never stop talking about the cost of Meg's operation. He has let his house, and if he can keep the tenants I venture to say that he and his will settle down here for the rest of their days.'

The brothers exchanged a look. They liked Maurice; they were deeply fond of Meg and her little one; but to have them always in the house! And with Pheasant obviously bent on increasing the tribe!

'It would be intolerable,' said Ernest vehemently. 'Alayne must be mad to have flown off like this. Her love for Renny is too strong, too fine, to be embittered by — by the events you've been telling us of. As a matter of truth, I have n't got it into my head yet. The cause of their quarrel, I mean.'

Piers regarded him pityingly. 'I suppose it is confusing for you, but you can take it from me that the real cause of the trouble is Clara Lebraux.'

'Aha!' exclaimed Nicholas. 'I remember very well that at Finch's birthday party Renny sat by Mrs. Lebraux most of the evening and Alayne did n't trouble to hide her annoyance.'

'And no wonder,' said Ernest. 'Mrs. Lebraux is n't at all the sort of woman we are accustomed to. She is one of these very modern women, in my opinion.'

'She would have suited Renny as a wife,' returned Piers, 'much better than the one he got. He spends half his time there now. He's looking to you, Uncle Ernest, to help him educate her youngster.'

'I shall never stay away from home so long again,' observed Ernest. 'Too many new situations develop in so long an absence.'

'No more traveling for me,' said Nicholas. 'Here I stick till they carry me out.'

In the evening Nicholas found himself alone with Renny. He said, 'I'm very much disappointed not to find Alayne here. I had no idea her visit would be such a long one.'

He had a feeling that Renny stiffened, that a wary look had come into his eyes, as though he realized that his affairs were the subject of warm conjecture in the household.

'Miss Archer is Alayne's only relative,' Renny answered. 'She could not leave her until her affairs are in order and some sort of companion got for her.' As though by an effort he turned his gaze to Nicholas's face and looked steadily into his eyes.

'I have wondered sometimes,' Nicholas went on, 'if it would be better if you and Alayne had not quite so many of your family about you. It does n't suit everyone, you know, to be mixed up together in the way we are accustomed to. Alayne's life must have been singularly quiet. I can't help wondering if the presence of all your people about her may not be rather overpowering.'

'She's never hinted at anything of the sort.'

'She's an unusual woman, then. I don't want you to be afraid of hurting my feelings. Has she never said that she wished she could see more of you without so many of us about?'

'Never that I can remember. I think Alayne is happy. That is, as happy as it's possible for me to make a woman of her sort. I know there's a great lack in me. But she'll get used to me, I think.'

'I think you should go down to see her. I'm sure Miss Archer would like to meet you.'

'No! She disapproved of our marriage.'

'I am sure she would be charming to you. I think you ought to fetch Alayne — a woman likes these attentions. I made a mess of my own marriage, Renny. I'm in a position to give advice.'

'What have they been saying to you, Uncle Nick? There is nothing to worry about. When Alayne's visit is over she will come back.'

Nicholas longed to continue his persuasions, but something in the other's face forbade him. Renny looked on the point of leaping to his high horse. Either he had set his face against interference in his affairs or he was simply, as Piers had said, unaware of their precarious condition. Perhaps he was right and the others wrong. Perhaps there was nothing to worry about. Nicholas made up his mind to one thing, however. He would write to Alayne and sound her on the subject of her return. He missed her presence in the house. She had brought something different into it to which he had become accustomed — her dignity, her interest in the affairs of the world, her half-sad gayety.

XXVII

Miss Archer and Alayne sat in the charming little living room of the house on the Hudson, surrounded by a bright-colored litter of folders advertising a world tour. Outside, it was raining and there was a raw wind, but in the room the gently sizzling radiator diffused a comforting warmth, and the vivid illustrations of the folders lent a touch of the exotic to the somewhat austere effect of the neutral-tinted hangings and the black dresses of the women.

Alayne did not approve of the custom of wearing mourning, but Miss Archer was old-fashioned and insisted that she should. The black accentuated the pallor of her face. It intensified, too, the shadows under her eyes and the compressed line of her lips. She sat regarding her aunt with wonder.

For Miss Archer, after the first prostration of grief over the loss of her sister, had risen most astonishingly to the call of the world from which Miss Helen's delicacy had so long shut her off. First it had been the car. Then excursions in it, farther and farther afield. Visits to New York to view exhibitions of pictures by very modern young painters, over which Miss Archer was unfailingly enthusiastic, for, though conventional in her life, she prided herself on being broad-minded, abreast of the times. No painter, no composer of modern music, scarcely a novelist, could shock her. But her conventional soul had received a shock by Alayne's marriage to Renny. She had taken to Eden at first sight. His air of deference to her, his poetry, the beauty of his person, had charmed her. The breaking of that union had been a disaster. But she had heard nothing of Renny that had drawn her to him. His photograph had, in truth, repelled her. When by signs, rather than by words, she became cognizant of a breach between Alayne and him, she felt gratitude to the good which she was convinced guided mortal affairs, and set about the planning of a world tour.

She had secured congenial companions

in a professor of economics and his wife, old friends of hers and of Alayne's father. She sat now in the clear light from the electric lamp examining a fresh supply of 'literature' concerning a tour which went round the opposite way from the one they had last considered. She was now puzzled as to which one they should take. There remained in her mind only the question of whether they should turn to the right or to the left, both ways leading inevitably back to the house on the Hudson. Professor and Mrs. Card did not seem to care much which way they went so long as they went. Alayne, too, left the choice in her aunt's hands.

Miss Archer sat there now in pleasurable indecision, her abundant white hair smoothly coiled, her large face, with its almost transparent pallor, alert and somewhat excited. Alayne sat watching her, comparing her aunt in her mind to Augusta. Opposed to Miss Archer's indeterminate nose and gentle mouth she pictured Augusta's beak, the majestic curve of her nostril into her lip. Opposed to Miss Archer's white hair and transparent pallor, Augusta's crown of magenta-tinted black, her sallow, speckled skin. She recalled the complications of Augusta's dress, the beads, pins, brooches, and bracelets. In Alayne's mind Augusta compared unfavorably with Miss Archer, and yet there was something about Augusta one could never forget. Alayne remembered how Augusta had shed tears at her wedding in the church at Nymet Crews. What would Augusta think if she knew the turn things had taken?

Then Alayne thought of Professor Card and the intimate information concerning all they saw on the trip that would be diffused from him. She thought of the never-failing interest with which he and Mrs. Card and Miss Archer would view these strange lands, the pleasant curiosity they would feel about all on shipboard. She thought of Nicholas home at Jalna again, his gouty leg propped on an ottoman while he introduced into his system, by sips, more of that which had produced the gout. He and Ernest would have much to say of their trip, but it would be familiar gossip of people and things they knew. That was one of the striking things about the Whiteoaks. They lacked curiosity about things that did not concern themselves. Their own life, the life of the family — that was the important thing, and they would have carried it with them round the world. If they could have been introduced into this room, she thought, with her aunt and Professor and Mrs. Card, all the curiosity, the eagerness, would have been on one side. Augusta would have suggested a game of cards. Renny would perhaps have tried to sell the Professor a horse. . . . Oh, why had she thought of him! For weeks she had scarcely allowed the thought of him to trouble her; now it came in a swift feverish rush, making her feel stifled in the little room, sickened by the sight of the gayly colored folders.

Miss Archer was saying, 'Leaving the Red Sea, we pass through the Strait of Bab el Mandeb. Does n't the very name thrill you? I can reach a peculiar state almost bordering on hallucination by the mere repetition of the name. . . . And Penang! Does n't it make you feel as though you were losing your very identity when you say *Penang?* I am so thankful that even with age and all the ups and downs of life I have never gotten over my enthusiasms.' Her clear gray eyes beamed into Alayne's. She noticed the dark shadows under them, and took Alayne's hand and pressed it close.

'You have been so wonderfully good to me through all this time of trouble, dear Alayne. Now I must think of you, instead of myself. You are not looking as well as you should. But this trip will be highly beneficial; it will bring the color to your cheeks. Just close your eyes and visualize you and me riding in a rickshaw. Or in the bazaars of Cairo. Watching the sunset at Penang. My mind *will* fly back to Penang!' The pressure on Alayne's hand became firmer. 'You are happier, dear, are n't you? I love you too well not to have been aware of your unhappiness. But day by day I see a look of reassurance coming back into your eyes. Am I not right?'

Alayne nodded, clasping her fingers about those of Miss Archer, who continued: —

'We all make mistakes in our lives. You have inherited your father's capacity for self-analysis. I am afraid that you are reproaching yourself for something.'

'No, no. . . . I am just drifting.'

'Alayne, cannot you confide in me? I do not urge it, but it would make me so happy.'

'There is nothing to confide. We cannot get on together — that is all.'

'Must you see him — before we set out on our trip?'

'No. Not necessarily.'

'But you write to him?' Miss Archer's clear mind could not reconcile itself to such a situation, but she clung with tenacity to the hope of a disclosure of feeling.

'Yes. Commonplace notes. To keep the family from guessing.'

'And he replies?'

'Yes. In the same tone.'

'Oh, he has failed you in your need for understanding — I feel that.'

'Perhaps. . . . We are just — not suited. He possibly thinks that I have failed him.'

'But your love for him is — quite gone?'

Alayne withdrew her hand and rose with a gesture of irritation. She went to the window and looked out into the rain. 'There is no use in my trying to explain my feelings for him. Or in trying to describe him to you. He is like no one you know — he is like no one else. I shall never be the same again after having lived with him. I could n't make you understand. . . . If I could think of a comparison — well, this, we'll say. The ground that is torn open by an earthquake will close together again — but its formation will be different. It will not be as it was before.'

'He must be a very peculiar man. From what I have heard of the family I feel that they are the victims of strange complexes and frustrations.' Her ingenuous face was alight with the congenial task of psychological analysis.

When at last Alayne was sitting alone in the living room, it was time for bed and her head ached dreadfully. She was enveloped in a cloak of depression beyond anything she had ever experienced. There was none of the active pain of grief. There was no anger to kindle it. There was only this choking sense of aloneness. She thought of the projected trip with shrinking. How could she ever, she asked herself, have thought of it otherwise? The company in which she was preparing to cast herself for six months now was presented to her as austere and even desiccated. And at the end of the six months, what? She now had an income on which she could live. The world appeared to her as a pallid waste. What had happened to her? Only a week ago she had enjoyed a meeting of the women's club. But — had she enjoyed it? Could the paltry satisfaction of discussing world affairs with others no wiser than herself be called enjoyment? Once it might have been pure enjoyment, but now her sense of values was disarranged. She remembered the expressions of enjoyment she had caught on the faces of Piers, Pheasant, Renny, and even Finch. She thought of Eden's joy in certain things. She remembered the joy she had had in his poetry. She felt that she had had a wide emotional experience in her life. She felt, with a sudden pang, that her response to it, after the first rush of feeling, had been puritanical and prudish!

For the first time in her life she directed sneering thoughts toward herself. At Jalna she had always been considering whether or not things were congenial to her. When she had married Renny she had known exactly what life there was. If he had not given her more of his time, why had she not gone in search of him as Pheasant went in search of Piers? Why had she not followed him to his stables and stood by his side dumb in admiration of the beauties of his beasts? If her clothes had smelled of the stables as well as his, perhaps she would have become impervious to that odor. If she had tramped about with him in the mud, she might not have counted his muddy footsteps on the rug. Good God, those same rugs had been lying on the floors of Jalna before she was born! Mrs. Wragge, or others of her sort, had cracked the glazing on the dishes years ago. Why try to remedy it? What matter if Renny threw burnt matches on the floor or old Ben napped on her silk bedspread or Mooey threw her talcum on his head? Surely she was not such a fool as to expect her life with Renny to pass in an unbroken rhythm of joy! She could not expect continued intimate contact with a soul so aloof and shy as his. 'For he is of finer stuff than I,' she thought in her heart.

If only she might live the past year over again! Her discipline of herself would have produced some richer fruit than a trip round the world with Miss Archer and the Cards.

In the midst of her regrets came the thought that perhaps it was well that she had cast loose from Jalna when she did and had come to the ordered domesticity of her aunt's house. From here she was able to look back on the Whiteoaks and see them as she never could in their midst. During all these weeks she had been dreaming, imagining that she could find tranquillity in sinking back into the subdued pattern of her old life. Now she was broad awake. That pattern appeared to her not only subdued but colorless, its background flimsy.

She went to the window and flung it open. The damp night air swept in. It was heavy with the smell of wet earth, dead leaves. It swept down from the north, bearing the scent of the dead leaves of Jalna. . . . Oh, if she might have a child of Renny's! If, when the new leaves thrust out, she too might quicken!

What had she been doing? Casting sweet love from her. Trying to create chill order in her life out of the entanglements of desire. . . . Out of the darkness his face appeared before her and she felt faint with longing to see him in the flesh. . . .

At breakfast she told Miss Archer that it was necessary for her to return to Jalna before she could make final arrangements for the trip. She had dreaded her aunt's questioning at this announcement, but she need not have dreaded it. Miss Archer was existing in such a daze of preparation, such an enchantment of anticipation, that nothing surprised her. She saw Alayne depart that evening with confident cheerfulness.

Alayne had not sent word that she was coming. She did not quite know how she was to get to Jalna. She hoped that by now the Vaughans would have left the house; from Pheasant she had learned of their prolonged visit. But even if they were not gone — well, she must see Renny, that was all there was to it.

She was, at times, conscious that her headache had not left her. For three days now it had been thudding against the back of her neck. Its thudding mingled with the throbbing of the train. She put up her blind and looked out into the new day, and was surprised to see snow lying in the furrows of the fields and feathering the shrubs alongside the track.

While she was at breakfast they crossed the border, and here there was more snow, but it was soft snow and was soon wet under the sun. The air was clear and bright, but quick-moving clouds cast their shadows on the fields. She sat in her seat with her things about her while the train sped past Weddels', the station nearest Jalna. She saw Wright in the new car waiting for the barrier to be raised so that he might cross the track. The wholesome, kind look of him pleased her. Why, this little village looked like home!

Arrived at the station, she had secured a porter and was waiting for a taxi when her attention was caught by three men who were getting into a shabby car. Her heart missed a beat, seemed to turn in her breast when she saw that one of them was Renny. His companions were Crowdy and Chase. She took a few hurried steps toward him and called his name. In the chill light, faces looked wan. All but Renny's. More than ever his looked fierce and highly colored. He took off his hat and came toward her, laughing in delighted surprise. She had forgotten how red his hair was, how red his face, how tall and thin and sharp and strong he was.

If he had been angry at her when she left, had brooded on what he thought her bad behavior toward him and kept his heart shut against her, he forgot all this when he saw her standing there in the wan light, her face pale, with blue shadows beneath the eyes, her hair bright beneath her close-fitting black hat. He noticed at once that she had bought herself a new fur scarf. It set her off wonderfully, he thought.

They stood facing each other, she in tremulous wildness, he in amazed gratification.

'But why,' he demanded, 'did n't you write?'

'I only made up my mind at the last minute.'

'But you could have telegraphed.'

'I could n't make up my mind to that.'

'Oh, that mind of yours!' he laughed. 'You're always making it up or not being able to make it up, are n't you?'

She drew close to him. She asked, in a choking voice, 'Are you glad I've come?'

'What a question!'

'Oh, if only we could ever be alone! What are those dreadful men doing here with you?'

'We were shipping some horses; I've been in town overnight. I must get rid of that taxi for you. What luck that I should be here with the car! Crowdy and Chase must come with us, though. But they live just outside the city. I'll drop them there.'

The two friends came forward, looking rather crestfallen. Chase vouchsafed no more than a stiff bow, but Crowdy soon recovered himself and beamed at her. Somehow her luggage was stowed in the car. She was in the seat beside Renny. She was glad it was the old car — muddy, with ill-fitting curtains, rattling as though this must surely be its last trip. It had been just as it was now when she had first ridden in it, five years ago. In it Renny had first spoken of his passion for her. She recalled his words. They had been few, and his tone almost matter of fact. It had been at night and it had rained. Neither had had any hope that they could come together. Now it was morning. Rain was beginning to fall. They were together, together — yes, together. . . .

She could not understand herself, yet now she could understand him. She could not understand why it was that she did not mind the presence of Crowdy and Chase in the car. Yet she could sympathize with his feeling for them. They were real — that was it. They were as real as this raw wind that made the curtains flap. They were as real as Professor and Mrs. Card had become unreal to her. She had changed. She was becoming a new person. It had been the birth pangs of this new self that had torn her.

Renny asked her questions about her life with Miss Archer. He seemed to think that it was the natural and proper thing that she should have made a long stay with her aunt. He did not reproach her with the brusqueness of her letters, with her writing so seldom to him. Her heart turned with joy as she slid her eyes toward him. . . . He reached for the cloth he kept for the purpose and wiped the windshield.

When the car was stopped for Crowdy and Chase to alight, Chase bowed and backed away from the curb, but Crowdy drew close to her. He extended his left hand and on its palm, with the forefinger of the right, made cabalistic signs. His shrewd little eyes indicated Renny.

'You have a fine husband, Mrs. Whiteoak. None better. Thoroughbred.'

Alayne put out her hand to shake his. They gazed steadfastly into each other's eyes, she and the horse dealer. She could picture the hideous houses on hideous suburban streets into which he and Chase would disappear.

As they drove on again Renny's face wore a pleased smile at her magnanimity toward his friends. She let her weight rest against his shoulder and relaxed as she had not relaxed for months. Renny talked on and on about the horses they had been shipping that morning.

The heavy branches of the evergreens along the drive seemed to have extended since she had last seen them. They swept the windows of the car, drenching them. After the house on the Hudson this old red brick one looked long and rambling. There was a covering of wet snow on the steps of the porch, and, on the snow, footprints of dogs. He carried her things on to the porch.

She asked suddenly, 'Were you surprised?'

'A little. Not much. I was expecting you any day.' But there was a shyness in his eyes. After a quick glance at her he opened the door and they went into the hall.

She came to him. 'Renny,' she said, with an effort, 'I am so sorry about your dog. It was cruel that it should have been killed unnecessarily.'

For a second there was a look of shrinking in his eyes. Then he exclaimed: —

'You should see how Cora's colt is developing! It is growing into the most charming filly you ever saw.'

'And Cora. . . . Is she well?'

'Fit as can be! She has a heart of gold, that mare!'

(*To be concluded*)

A Sensational Shakespeare Discovery

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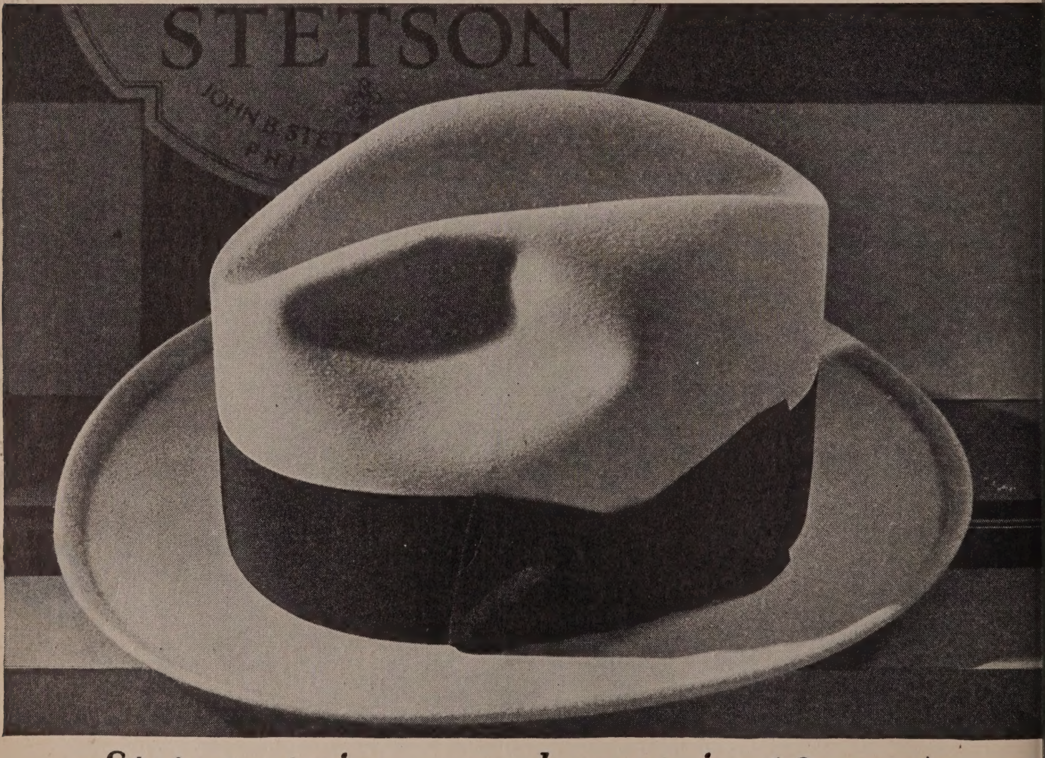

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OCTOBER 1931 VOLUME 148

ADAM AND EVE IN THE GALAPAGOS

BY FRIEDRICH RITTER

On July 4, 1929, Dore Ritter and I, Friedrich Ritter, sailed from Amsterdam on board the freighter *Boskop* bound for the Galapagos Islands. To those who could not know or understand our motives, the journey upon which we had embarked must have seemed the strangest ever undertaken. Leaving behind me a lucrative practice of medicine in Berlin, I and my comrade were in fact turning our backs forever upon civilization and the society of our fellow men. Of our own free will and choice we were going into exile to seek in the solitude of an almost desert island in the far Pacific the independence, the peace of mind, the opportunity to cultivate our reflective powers to the fullest, which are denied to man by the complexities of modern life.

My decision to go into solitude was not a rash inspiration; for twenty years the idea had been maturing in my mind. But I had early perceived that one must learn to wait, even though patience, as Nietzsche says, is the most difficult of virtues. Now, at the age of forty-three, my time had come, and I did not hesitate to take the bold step which I had so long foreseen as an inevitable one for me. Every human life follows natural laws in its development, and if I am to make my 'unnatural' decision to forsake society seem natural to others, as it unquestionably was to me, I shall have to sketch a few facts of my childhood and youth which will be enough to explain me as the *Homo solitarius*. One does not have to be a psychoanalyst to read between the lines of my brief history and see why I am I.

I

My father was a farmer's son, a landowner of Wollbach in the Black Forest. Ambitious, economical, industrious, he became in the course of time a storekeeper and bought the goods for the whole community. He was also a carpenter and contracted for the construction of houses. My mother was from the southwestern part of the forest. She was a good wife, a patient mother, and in every way comple-

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mented the good qualities of my father. I was always a small and sickly child, frequently tormented with colds, headaches, earaches, and other minor ailments. For this reason my parents wanted to defer my enrollment at school, but upon my urgent insistence I was allowed to enter. Our schoolmaster was exceedingly strict. He was a firm believer in the virtues of a hazel switch, which he never let out of his hand. He would keep us attentive and awake by brandishing it threateningly over our heads. When I was eight or nine years old we had for a teacher an even greater tyrant. His method of instilling wisdom into us was to thrash our bottoms. The harshness of this discipline by which the world of my childhood was ruled made a lasting impression upon me.

I learned, however, that I could find release from his rigid system by escaping into the bosom of nature. The forest lay all about us, and at every opportunity I would go off alone to ramble through the woods. I loved the beauty of the age-old trees, the majestic silence of those shaded paths where I could be myself and think my own thoughts more freely than anywhere else. It fascinated me to observe the birds and animals and to learn their habits. In the depths of the forest there was a deep, clear pool full of trout which I visited frequently, spending hours on end just watching them. One large fellow was there year after year and I always knew where to find him. In these expeditions I discovered that my greatest pleasure lay in following my own whims wherever they might lead, without having to accommodate my wishes to the will of others. Though I had a sister, she was twelve years older than I and rarely interfered with my solitary games, as older children are wont to do, for she was away at school most of the time. I might as well have been an only child.

My father used to take me hunting with him and instructed me in the careful use of firearms. He tried to awaken in me an interest in this sport, but without success. I could never find any enjoyment in the wanton killing of harmless animals. It always made me sad even to see wild things held captive in cages. One day my father caught in a box trap a red-tailed bird that had been eating our bees. He gave me the box and told me to carry the bird home. On the way I peeped in and saw the poor thing huddled in the far corner, frightened and cowering. Without debating the consequences of my disobedience, I opened the door wide and let it fly away. I was ashamed that I had betrayed my father's trust, but I was also glad that the bird had escaped.

Since my father was a carpenter as well as a storekeeper, I received a thorough training in the use of hammer and saw. All of my playthings were handmade; either I made them myself or my father helped me. I also developed an early interest in machinery. The pride of my mother's life was a sewing machine which my father had bought for her. As soon as it entered our house I felt an irresistible desire to take it apart. One day when the coast was clear I did take it apart. Fortunately for me, when I put it together again it ran better than before. After that it was always entrusted to my fixing when something went wrong. I was not so lucky, however, with a telephone, for I almost burned down the house by tampering with it.

As my schooling progressed I began to read intensively. Among the books which made the strongest impression on my imagination were *Robinson Crusoe* and Cooper's Leatherstocking tales. Growing older, I began to devote all my energies to serious studies. I attended a *Realschule* as well as a

Gymnasium, and then went on to the University of Freiburg, where I studied chemistry, physics, philosophy, and later, medicine. At twenty I married. Soon after the outbreak of the war I became a soldier and went through the 'steel bath' in the artillery corps. At the conclusion of hostilities I returned once more to my studies, passed my medical examination, and began the practice of my profession in Berlin.

During all this time the one fixed idea with which I seemed to have been born was maturing in my brain, and my contacts with the world had only served to strengthen it. Organized society appeared to me a huge, impersonal monster forging ever-new chains with which to shackle the free development of its members. Moreover, I saw that the world was chasing madly after the ephemeral and valueless things of life. Civilized man works for money and his labor is rarely requited according to its importance or usefulness; on the contrary, the most superfluous and luxurious positions are usually the most lucrative. Instinctively I rebelled against the necessity of fitting my own life to this mould which other men had cast. The mysticism of the Chinese revealed to me one alternative, the philosophy of Tolstoy another. Out of all my studies there gradually emerged a philosophy of my own, and with this to guide me I saw that my only course lay in following the road leading to a purely subjective existence. I would flee the beaten paths of man, put aside all the irrelevant trappings of civilization, and seek a solitude where I could at last live wholly and completely in contemplation and communion with nature.

Fortunately, I had in Dore a companion who fully shared my point of view, and who was not appalled by the prospect of the physical hardships which a woman would have to endure in the wilderness. When the time came to broach a definite plan, she was ready to embrace it — not in submission to my wishes, but with enthusiasm equal to mine. So, to the consternation of all our friends and relatives, we settled our affairs, got together a store of such provisions as we thought we should need, and set forth upon our great adventure. That July morning two years ago when we stepped aboard the *Boskop* at Amsterdam, we realized without regret that we had severed the last tie which bound us to the common lot.

II

I shall not bother to give an account of our voyage, which must have been very much like any other. It will be more to the point to explain why we selected the Galapagos — of all places in the world — for our unique experiment.

These islands, some fifty in number, form an archipelago off the western coast of South America and belong to the Republic of Ecuador. They lie directly on the equator. The larger islands are inhabited; some of the smaller ones remain without human intruders. Charles Darwin, when he sailed as naturalist on the *Beagle*, touched at the islands, and in his journal of the voyage gave the first full account of their many striking peculiarities. He noted that they were volcanic in origin and only partly given over to vegetation. Very little rain falls, but the clouds generally hang low, so that on the higher slopes of the extinct volcanoes there is enough moisture to promote a lush growth of tropical plants, while the lower parts of the islands are extremely arid. The climate is astonishingly mild for the torrid zone, for a cool trade wind blows over the islands the year round and the Humboldt current, flowing northward from the Antarctic, gives the surrounding waters of the Pacific a singularly low temperature.

'The natural history of this archipelago,' wrote Darwin, 'is very remarkable. It seems to be a little world within itself; the greater number of its inhabitants, both vegetable and animal, being found nowhere else.' He had a great deal to say about the giant tortoises for which the islands have since become famous, and concluded with this remark about one member of the group: 'I should think it would be difficult to find in any other part of the world an island situated within the tropics . . . so sterile and incapable of supporting life.'

The description is forbidding enough, yet, strange to say, this was the exact spot on which we had set our hopes. And not without reason. We were fleeing from the world; it would never do for our settlement to become so attractive that the world would flock to us. From all I could learn, the conditions of soil and climate were such that we could raise enough food for two people — and little more. That was just what we wanted; only enough for two meant no neighbors. Moreover, I had decided that we must go to the tropics, because in my German home the winter extends through three quarters of the year and it rains during half of the summer. Such a climate is in no wise suited to solitude. I needed uniformity of day and season, a climate as unchangeable as possible; no confusion, but eternal regularity. The Galapagos Islands satisfied this condition perfectly. Then, too, they promised us the advantages of the tropics without their disadvantages. As Darwin had pointed out, they lie on the equator, but are much cooler than their position would seem to warrant.

We had selected for our experiment the island of Floreana, one of the smallest of the group, and upon its desolate beach we were at length put ashore, together with our baggage and supplies, comprising in all some eight hundredweight of freight. Before we left Germany we had taken great pains to draw up a list of the many things we should need upon such a venture. We eliminated every luxury, but took careful precautions not to omit any necessity. Once we found ourselves in that distant part of the world, the chance of supplementing our stores would be very remote. Unlike Robinson Crusoe, we should not have a wrecked ship to plunder at our leisure.

We had brought along, then, a sufficient assortment of clothes, cooking utensils, and such building materials as nails, wire, and rope. We had laid in a supply of woolen goods, cotton stuffs, and canvas. I had purchased every conceivable tool that I thought would be needed, not only for construction work, but for agriculture, and had collected the seeds of all vegetables and fruits which might be made to grow in that climate. Among our other stores were guns and ammunition, books (most of them philosophical), writing materials, and a small collection of live stock consisting of a crate of chickens and two cats. Last but not least, my teeth were in a deplorable condition, so before leaving Germany I had a set of false teeth made of rust-proof steel.

With these provisions we were now to subdue the wilderness and make a home for ourselves.

III

The first thing we had to do was to find a shelter until we could build a house of our own, and we were overjoyed to discover that nature had generously anticipated our wants. Behind the long, sloping beach the land rose gradually in a series of irregular hills overgrown with thorn bushes; beyond towered the volcanic mountains, the backbone of the island — monuments to the violent passions of Mother Earth in an age long past. A short search among the foothills revealed to us a number of rough caves in the black lava rock, formed, no doubt, by the hardening of the lava into successive ridges which were later bridged over by new flows that overhung the older ones and left air pockets in the hills. In these caves we could take refuge from both rain and sun until, by our own labor, we should be able to erect a more commodious and comfortable dwelling place. We selected for our temporary home the largest cave we could find and made storehouses of some of the smaller ones, to which we dragged up from the beach such of our provisions as would be likely to suffer damage from the weather.

The task of transporting our supplies even so short a distance was extremely difficult work. The lava surface was rough beyond description, broken as it was by endless contortions and sharp edges which made mere walking a laborious process. To pick our way over such treacherous ground when we were laden with heavy boxes and crates was precarious indeed — any misstep might mean a sprained ankle or a broken leg. Moreover, the thicket of thorn bushes, the only plants which could find nourishment in this barren soil, was almost impenetrable, and I had first to hew out a path with my axe.

The direct rays of the tropical sun soon converted our rocky pass into an inferno of dancing heat waves. For relief we were forced to discard all our clothing except high hip boots, which we thought it advisable to put on to protect our feet and legs against the jagged rocks. Henceforth this was to be our conventional garb. On those first few days we must have presented a curious spectacle, had there been any other human eyes to spy upon us: our bodies beet-red from the sun, we were a toiling Adam and Eve — in boots.

After we had spent several days in the caves and had given our too-civilized muscles an opportunity to relax, we set out to explore our island and look for a permanent home site. The shape of the island, we learned, was roughly that of a peanut in which one kernel has failed to mature to normal size. To the north lay the atrophied kernel, to the south the full kernel, the two joined by a narrow isthmus. Across this isthmus ran the range of old volcanoes which extended the full length of the island, the higher peaks hidden in banks of fleecy clouds. The point at which we had been put ashore was a bay on the western coast where the two kernels of the nut come together. The open harbor is deep enough to afford a sheltered anchorage for occasional ships that put in there for fresh water and fruits. These ships, which come only at rare intervals, give us our only contact with civilization and are obliging enough to take whatever letters we wish to send to the outside world. For this reason we have since named the spot Post Office Bay.

Upon one of our early journeys of exploration we turned eastward to cross the isthmus and see what lay upon the other side. The ubiquitous thorn bushes and the rough lava slopes made our progress both slow and tortuous, but at length we topped the divide. From this vantage point we could look back upon Post Office Bay and the desolate expanse of black and brown hills up which we had toiled. On the other side the Pacific again met our gaze, stretching away in a waveless blue expanse to the far horizon. As we descended we emerged upon an overhanging shelf of rock that commanded a view of the whole eastern side of the island, and suddenly there opened up beneath us a scene of ravishing beauty. On the crest of one of the lower peaks there lay, like a huge horseshoe carved in basalt, the crater of an extinct volcano, its rim a solid wall on three sides but worn down to form an opening at one end. Up to this moment we had encountered only a dead and thorny waste, but here our tired eyes feasted upon a leafy sea of verdant greenness. This natural amphitheatre was a veritable paradise of tropical vegetation.

We made our way down into the crater with all possible haste, plunging at once into a jungle of trees, vines, tall weeds and grasses. All about grew tropical fruits in abundance, including bananas, oranges, pineapples, lemons, guavas, papayas, and many others which I could not identify. In the centre of the fertile basin welled up a clear spring, the source of a tiny brook which wound its way toward the open end of the crater wall and thence tumbled down to the sea. The secret of this sudden burst of verdure in the midst of the surrounding waste land lies in the mountains themselves. As I have already pointed out, very little rain falls in the Galapagos, but the volcanic peaks are high enough to bathe themselves in the low-lying clouds, from which the thirsty earth draws moisture to support a lush growth of vegetable life. It is one of the many paradoxes of this strange land.

IV

Our preliminary survey satisfied us that we had found the ideal spot for our future home. The little valley which forms this natural garden lies almost five hundred feet up on the side of a mountain, and through the open end of the horseshoe rim it affords an unobstructed view of the ocean two miles away. It would be a superb site for a house. The soil was a rich black; once we had cleared it of weeds, rocks, and superfluous trees, we could make it yield us a plentiful supply of food.

I suggested to Dore that we abandon our caves at once and take possession here, and playfully added that to make it legal we ought to serve notice of our occupancy with fitting ceremony. 'Splendid!' laughed Dore. 'We'll christen the valley and I'll honor the occasion with a ceremonial dance. That ought to make it legal enough.' Immediately she fitted action to word. Just as she used to dance to music at home, so now she danced to the music of nature's silent melodies. Infected by her joyousness, I stooped to the spring and, sprinkling a few drops on the earth, pronounced the land ours: 'In the name of the Ritters I take possession of thee, O lovely valley, against all comers, and with thine own pure waters I christen thee Friedo, our Garden of Peace.'

Hardly had the words issued from my mouth when, casting an appreciative glance about our new domain, my eye was suddenly arrested by the dark forms of several large animals outlined against the sky upon the crater rim. They appeared to resemble nothing so much as cattle, and they seemed to be quietly grazing, unaware of our presence so near them. Were they some unknown species of Galapagos buffalo? We could not imagine what they might be, and our misgivings were natural enough under the circumstances. So far as we knew, the island sheltered no dangerous animals, yet the huge beasts there above us might prove that all the books were wrong. It was far from pleasant at that moment to realize that we were two weak human beings utterly alone in a land of strange surprises, naked and defenseless except for my low-calibre rifle which I had been wise enough to bring along.

Determined to put an end to the uncertainty of our situation, I bid Dore take refuge in a clump of small trees while I crept cautiously up to the higher ground to investigate. Imagine my immense relief and almost equal amazement when I came close enough to the beasts to see that they were indeed cattle — a bull and three cows — and as much at home in this wild country as if they were grazing in some farmer's pasture. With this reassuring discovery I stood up in plain view of them; whereupon they gave evidence of as much surprise at seeing me as I had first felt at seeing them. They wheeled about, bellowing frantically, and bounded over the rocks with remarkable nimbleness for such heavy creatures; then disappeared beyond the rim of the crater.

This comic performance put to flight all our fears, but left us with a mystery on our hands. What were cows doing here? It was another Galapagos paradox. Then I recalled a bit of the history of the island which I had forgotten in my moment of panic. Some years ago a group of hardy pioneers had attempted to make a settlement on Floreana, but after a futile struggle they gave up the project and departed. They must have brought live stock with them, and it now occurred to me that they must also have abandoned some of their animals to shift for themselves when they left.

Our subsequent experiences have confirmed this conjecture as the true explanation. We were not long in learning that there were not only cows upon the island, but also most of the other beasts which man has learned to tame. These, the descendants of the domesticated animals brought in by the pioneers, had, in the long absence of human beings, reverted to their original state in nature. Had we but known it, there was good reason after all for our first misgivings. We had fled from the society of overcivilized man, but now we had for neighbors a vagrant colony of wild cattle, wild hogs, wild asses, wild dogs, and wild tabby cats. They ranged over the whole island and seemed to resent our intrusion upon their preserve. As my narrative progresses I shall have a great deal more to say about these perverted creatures and their almost devilish attempts to thwart our plans.

V

We wanted eventually to build a solid house that would harmonize with the Galapagos landscape and endure permanently the ravages of the tropical climate. With such materials as we had at hand this would require months, perhaps years, of labor. Meanwhile we could not continue to live in the caves and exhaust our strength climbing back and forth over the mountain. So I set about clearing the ground for a more or less temporary shelter.

Inexperienced as I then was, the work of breaking out this first open space in the jungle was the hardest I had ever undertaken. It gave me a foretaste of what was in store for me when the time came to lay out our garden. But although my hands were blistered and my muscles ached, I could not think of it as drudgery. With each tree that fell as I advanced with my axe I experienced the joy of achievement. The dream of my life was at last becoming a reality. And in the process Dore and I were learning what it means to grow in harmonious accord with nature. Each object in Friedo was gradually becoming a part of us: each stone, each tree, each foot of soil took on a personality as the embodiment of a bit of toil, a conscious thought, a benediction, or a curse.

At first my heartiest curses were reserved for this Galapagos wood, which is as ill-suited for building purposes as one could well imagine. There were only two kinds of trees from which to choose my lumber for construction work — one a heartwood which is so hard that I have never been able to drive a nail straight into it, the other a species of acacia which grows only in curves. The heartwood was impossible, so I had to adapt my plans to the nature of the sinuous acacia — I built a circular house. When the walls were finished, I covered the structure with some roofing felt which I had brought from Germany, and the result was pleasing enough. At any rate it stood the test of the first rainfall.

Later, however, the sun aided the obstinate acacia in its wrath against us for putting it to such arbitrary uses. As the house dried out, the wood began to curl anew, great cracks appearing between the boards until our shelter looked like the skeleton of some prehistoric monster. We were afraid it would keep on curling until the whole thing fell apart, but at this juncture a Norwegian ship put into Post Office Bay and we secured from it thirty-six corrugated iron plates, which I laid on the roof to help hold the boards in place by their added weight. But by this time the acacia sprang another trick on us even more surprising. The rainy season was over and the moisture brought the dead wood to life again. It began to send forth shoots; green leaves appeared on the jambs and rafters; in fact, fine sprouting took place everywhere out of the sweet bast wood. We found ourselves dwelling in a 'living' house.

Fortunately, it did n't matter how many cracks and fissures developed in the sides of our dwelling so long as the roof stayed on, for the climate is uniformly mild in all seasons. It is warm enough to permit complete nakedness even in the early morning. A roof on poles, with mosquito netting for protection against the insects, would be shelter enough. The wind is hardly ever squally, never strong, and even if it blew a gale it would n't bother us, enclosed as we are by the rim of the crater. Nevertheless, our gentle wind makes its influence felt in Friedo in a striking feature of the landscape: since it always blows from one point of the compass, all the trees and plants grow obliquely.

At the equator it is meaningless to divide the year into spring, summer, fall, and winter, but Europeans find it difficult to break this verbal habit. In the Galapagos we have only rainy seasons and dry seasons — two of each. The year begins with a rainy season. For days on end the higher mountain tops disappear in heavy clouds and we have regular morning showers, usually light and of short duration. Then it is that Friedo begins to don its robe of most luxuriant green. Afterward we have a period of great drought, accompanied by a remarkable cessation of vegetable growth. The sun shines brilliantly for weeks together, and some of the tropical trees lose all their leaves just as if it were winter. The sea lies blue and calm with hardly a ripple upon its surface. Then comes a second rainy season with the September equinox. Many fruits now begin to ripen, but there are numerous exceptions to the rule. Oranges and lemons, for example, stay ripe through half the year. Finally, in November, another dry period begins.

VI

In the olden days, before the advent of man upon these shores, the giant tortoises used to come out of the ocean and clamber up into these hills and mountains to drink the fresh spring water. They came in such numbers that they beat out hard paths through the woods and thorn thickets, forming an intricate system of natural highways that wind and interlace over the whole island. Recently the wild dogs abandoned here by the first settlers have killed off great numbers of the tortoises, as their shells and skeletons in every part of the island prove only too well. The others have evidently been frightened away by this wholesale butchery of their friends and relatives and now they rarely come ashore here, although they may still be seen swimming about in the surrounding waters.

Nevertheless, their ancient paths remain and are now used by all the other animals in their ceaseless wanderings. Our valley had evidently been a favorite rendezvous for them; at night they descended upon us from all directions, the wild asses announcing their approach by the thunder of their hoofs upon the stones, the others by their cries. If we were to have a garden, it soon became apparent to us that we should first have to build a fence about our domain to keep off these marauding herds. After weeks of toil the fence became a reality, but it was not a complete success. The smaller animals scaled it or came through the cracks; the larger ones crashed through it in the darkness, and almost every morning it was necessary to make repairs.

Our daylight hours are never dull; there is always work to do and on no two successive days are our labors quite the same. The nights, however, are all alike — an endless round of wild and savage noises. When the sun sets blood-red into the sea, darkness comes on rapidly. Blossoms close for the night and for a brief space all nature is hushed. The only sound is the hum of myriad insects' wings. Then, as at a given signal, pandemonium breaks loose. The full moon of the tropics brings all the wild things forth from their hiding places, and those that are tortured by the pangs of hunger or love carry on their raucous struggle for existence just beyond our door. In our light shelter we might as well be sleeping in the open, so little does it cut us off from the bedlam outside. All night the air is rent by the cries of these animals.

The asses bray to each other, and their braying is a curious blend of melancholy and defiance which seems to express their pent-up sense of the injustice their race has suffered through centuries of abuse. Many times during those first nights I rushed from my pallet, waving my arms and shouting to frighten them away, but it was a useless waste of energy. They always returned to take up their concert where they had left off. After we built our fence they thought up a new game: they seemed to consider it the greatest sport in the world to gallop round and round the enclosure, hurling their shrill challenges to us to come forth and chase them off. The cows lowed and bellowed, the pigs grunted and squealed, the hounds bayed at the moon and yelped in pursuit of the cats, while the cats made savage love and fought each other as is their immemorial habit.

All this was orchestrated as a devils' chorus. We had to learn to accustom ourselves to it before we could lie down to rest with any assurance that we should sleep.

VII

Everybody who has ever dreamed of an experiment such as ours — and many more there are who have toyed with the idea than will ever dare to think seriously of putting it into execution — paints in his fancy a particular picture of an idyllic life for two. There is always implicit in this picture something of Adam, Eve, and Paradise, but it is always a special Adam, a special Eve, and a special Paradise. Hence it is destined to remain only a picture, more beautiful, more celestial than can ever be realized. All human desires and longings take into account only the positive and agreeable aspect of things. Indeed, it would hardly seem worth the effort to strive for any goal if the disagreeable obstacles to its attainment were focused too clearly in our thoughts. Thus it is that the imaginative optimism of the human mind gives us the power, unconscious but dynamic, to move mountains.

'This is the best of all possible worlds,' affirms Nietzsche with his characteristic optimism, 'for if it were still better it would no longer be earth, but heaven.' To this the pessimism of Schopenhauer replies, 'This is the worst of all possible worlds, for if it were any worse it could no longer exist as earth — it would be hell.' Who shall say which of these judgments is the right one? To me it seems that both are right; each is necessary to explain the other. Heaven and hell are states of mind. How could we even imagine a heaven if we had not already experienced a hell to give it meaning?

So with us at Friedo. The heaven on earth for which we are working is not some silly theologian's dream of a golden city where all the creature comforts denied us in practical life shall be offered us for the taking. Our heaven is a pure state of mind, a sense of mental peace to be achieved through self-knowledge, and to this end our work contributes in the fullest degree. It may seem to others that we who have come so far in search of this heaven have only succeeded in discovering a very special kind of hell. True, we toil and moil against greater odds and bear daily a far heavier burden of labor than is required of most men and women in civilized society. Still, we regard our lot as the preferable one for us. We two are the absolute masters of our destiny as you who remain in Europe and America can never hope to be. Here in the desolate solitude of the Galapagos our lives are entirely submissive to a purely personal and inward sense of duty. We were able, therefore, to proceed with the immensely difficult job of clearing the ground for our garden without being discouraged or overwhelmed by the peculiar hardships involved.

That, however, is a story in itself. Next month I shall send you another article describing how, like the real Adam and Eve, we actually turned this wilderness into a flourishing garden by the sweat of our brows, and how nature herself tried to thwart our plans at every point. I shall tell you about our most fiendish neighbors, the devil pigs. Later I shall hope to have you as my guest in Friedo for one day (I doubt if either of us would appreciate a longer visit), so that you may see for yourself just how we live and spend our time.

Until then — *Auf Wiedersehen!*

(*Dr. Ritter's next chapter will be* '*Satan Walks in the Garden*')

A GREAT SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERY

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

IF one wishes to feed a secret hope of discovering new facts about Shakespeare's life, one is not well advised to turn for nourishment to the standard biographies. It is the business of standard biographies not to stimulate research, but to capitalize its results; and ever about such books hangs an air of regretful finality dampening to the spirits.

Not so with the occasional observations of the pioneering record searcher. His account of good hunting, and his description of promising territory to be explored, are not only fascinating but heartening.

Encouragement of this expert sort was thrown out by one who was perhaps the greatest of all discoverers of Shakespeare material — Halliwell-Phillipps. In 1884, toward the close of his active career, he published 'for strictly private circulation' a suggestive paper in which he said: —

> That there are undiscovered notices of Shakespeare amidst the millions of papers in our national Record Office may be fairly accepted as certain. Some, unfortunately, may remain concealed for many generations, but others, it is hoped, may be unearthed by inductive methods of research, that is to say, by carefully bearing in mind the names of his friends and professional associates, his dealings with property, &c., and in that way to trace out accounts of legal proceedings in which it is likely that he was interested.

He went on to suggest that the rolls of the Court of Queen's Bench should be sifted, both Coram Regina and Controlment Rolls.

On the strength of this hint I embarked recently on a careful search through the rolls of the Queen's Bench for the period covered by Shakespeare's lifetime. In the course of examining the Controlment Rolls, I was arrested by a special set of entries described as 'petitions for sureties of the peace.' These are brief records of proceedings on the peculiarly English plan of preventing crimes of violence — a method which obliges the person alleged to have threatened the petitioner to enter bond, which he will forfeit if he breaks the peace. Jacob's *Law Dictionary* (1729) outlines the procedure as follows: —

> He that demands security for the peace, must make oath before the justice of blows given [him], or that he stands in fear of his life, or some bodily hurt, or that he fears the party will burn his house, &c., and that he doth not demand the peace of him for any malice or revenge, but for his own safety.

If such sworn information were laid before a judge of the Queen's Bench, he would thereupon command the sheriff of the appropriate county to attach and bring up the person complained of. On his appearance, the latter was required to enter, with two bondsmen or sureties, into sufficient bonds, conditioned on his keeping the peace 'towards all her Majesty's subjects and especially towards' the person complaining. If he should break the peace within the period specified (usually a year), he and his friends would forfeit their bonds.

It is easy to see that fascinating quarrels may lie behind judicial records such as these. 'For fear of death and mutilation of his limbs' is the phrase used in the Elizabethan records; hence the entries on the Controlment Rolls, brief as they were, laid hold on my imagination. At first glance it might seem a hopeless business to search among such violent quarrels for traces of Ben Jonson's 'gentle Shakespeare' and Anthony Scoloker's 'friendly Shakespeare.' But we must remember that the gentle, friendly Shakespeare, like everyone else in those days, 'at his side wore steel'; and an Elizabethan gentleman of wit and courage had no need to be as violent in temper as Kit Marlowe to find himself at some time or other with an unsought quarrel on his hands. If Shakespeare was at some time in his life involved in a quarrel, the possible record of it in these Controlment Rolls might prove to be the outcrop of a vein which, if followed closely, might yield rich ore. I confess that the chance was slim, but it was sufficient to set me off on an extended search.

II

Pursuing my quest down through the years of Shakespeare's early life, I came to 1596. Here, in the roll of entries for the Michaelmas term, the good angel of record searchers must have favored my rummaging in his haystack, for at length I was guided to the precious needle: —

Anglia ss Willelmus Wayte petit securitates pacis versus Willelmum Shakspere, Franciscum Langley, Dorotheam Soer uxorem Johannis Soer, & Annam Lee, ob metum mortis &c.

Attachiamentum vicecomiti Surreie retornabile xviii Martini.

The legal Latin may be Englished thus: —

England Be it known that William Wayte craves sureties of the peace against William Shakspere, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer, wife of John Soer, and Anne Lee, for fear of death, and so forth.

Writ of attachment issued to the sheriff of Surrey, returnable on the eighteenth of St. Martin [*i.e.* November 29, 1596, the last day of Michaelmas term].

Here was strange treasure-trove. Shakespeare, hitherto known only as a poet and player, affable and unobtrusive, now for the first time steps out from the dusty records of the past as protagonist in a turbulent scene of raw Elizabethan life. To be sure, there is here no actual fight to the death, as in the cases of his fellow playwrights, Watson, Marlowe, Jonson, Day, and Porter; nevertheless this man Wayte swears that Shakespeare and these three other persons have threatened him with death. Who is William Wayte? What made Shakespeare threaten him? Who are these three persons who were attached with Shakespeare? The two women are unknown, but in Francis Langley, the other man, we recognize a figure familiar to students of the Elizabethan stage.

Shakespeare's senior by fourteen years, Langley was a member of the Drapers' Company, and dealt in trade as a goldsmith. (By Elizabeth's time the London livery companies had relaxed the strictness of the earlier rules of the craft guilds, and many a citizen of London dealt in a trade other than that of the company to which he belonged.) Langley had purchased the manor of Paris Garden in the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in 1589, planning no doubt to add to his sources of income by letting houses which he intended to build on his new property. In the winter of 1594–1595, as we know, he had set about building in his grounds a handsome playhouse which he named 'the Swan.' Langley would naturally seek to let his splendid new theatre, as soon as it was ready, to a good troupe of actors. It has not, however, been known what company or companies of players made use of the Swan before Pembroke's Men came to it in February 1597.

After this brief introduction to Francis Langley, let us return to our newly discovered document, in which he is associated with Shakespeare, and see what we can deduce from the date and place mentioned in this astonishing petition for sureties of the peace.

The writ of attachment, or order for the appearance of Shakespeare and the others in court, reveals the interesting new fact that Shakespeare, as well as Langley, was living in the bailiwick of the sheriff of Surrey in November 1596. Langley's manor of Paris Garden adjoined the Southwark Bankside, or Liberty of the Clink, with its Bear-Garden and Henslowe's playhouse, the Rose. For Shakespeare's residence in Southwark this document is new evidence of prime importance, confirming as it does the uncorroborated statement made in 1796 by Edmund Malone, based on a source which no other scholar has seen: 'From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden, in 1596.'

With this new certainty in hand, we are now in a position to ask why Shakespeare migrated from the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate (where in October 1596 we know that he had been assessed five shillings on goods appraised for taxation at a value of five pounds), across the Thames to the Bankside in or before November of the same year. It was not, of course, to be near the famous Globe, his later headquarters, since that theatre was not built and ready for plays until the spring or summer of 1599. Hitherto it has been supposed that Shakespeare's company used Burbage's playhouse called 'the Theatre' in Shoreditch into the year 1597. But of this there is no proof; and if it were so, why did Shakespeare move from Bishopsgate, a district within easy reach of Burbage's Theatre, to the Bankside in or before November 1596, and give himself a gratuitous daily journey of more than two miles each way over the water and through London to the playing place in Shoreditch?

I wish to suggest that Shakespeare went to the Bankside because he and his fellow actors had shifted their chief centre of operations from the Theatre in the autumn of 1596, and established themselves for a time in Langley's new playhouse, the Swan, in Paris Garden.

III

We shall see that the reasons for this move were urgent. At the period of our document the inveterate opposition of the puritanical authorities of the City had been growing to a strength which threatened the livelihood of even the best-protected companies of players. In November 1594, when Langley was preparing to build the Swan, the Lord Mayor, outraged by the construction of another playhouse, had seized the opportunity to urge Elizabeth's chief minister, Lord Burghley, not only to forbid Langley to proceed, but also to put down 'all other places' of acting in and near London. In September 1595, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen followed up their attack with a letter to the Privy Council, pressing for the final abolition of stage playing. In the deliberations of the Privy Council, Henry Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, who was of course at this time the patron of Shakespeare's company, must have had no easy task to protect the interests of his players against such assaults as these.

Unhappily for Shakespeare and his fellows, on July 22, 1596, Lord Hunsdon died. On the very day that death robbed Hunsdon's company of their powerful protector, plays were prohibited throughout London and the suburbs, 'for that by drawing of much people together increase of sickness is feared.' Though this was the reason given, we can find no evidence of plague. In addition to the temporary prohibition of acting in the theatres, which were all in the suburbs or in Southwark, this order meant the closing of the inn-yard playing places in the City proper, which had been important sources of revenue to the players. Once the inn yards were closed to the actors, the new balance of power in the Privy Council gave the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen the means to prevent their reopening, for Hunsdon's successor as Lord Chamberlain, William Brooke, Lord Cobham, did not look with favor on the players.

Cut off definitively from the lucrative inn yards even when acting in the theatres was once more allowed, the troupes of players were restricted to the four playhouses in the suburbs — the Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch, and the Rose and the new Swan on the Surrey side. By this time two companies had risen to a dominant position in London: the Admiral's Men, with Edward Alleyn, acting at Henslowe's Rose, and their rivals, the late Chamberlain's Men, with Richard Burbage and William Shakespeare, who, as we have seen, had been using the Theatre. There were difficulties, however, with this house, for it had long borne the brunt of Puritan attack; and now James Burbage, its owner (father of Richard Burbage, the actor), was involved in a dispute with his ground landlord over a renewal of the lease. Burbage was nearly two years behind with his rent. Moreover, the Theatre was an old building, found to be considerably decayed when it was pulled down two years later. Altogether, in 1596 it must have been a disadvantageous and uninviting place. As for the other possible house, the Curtain in Shoreditch, there is no evidence that Shakespeare and his fellows used it in the autumn of 1596, the date of Shakespeare's quarrel in Surrey.

On the other hand, Langley's Swan in Paris Garden was new, well built, and was described as the largest and fairest of all the playhouses. It had the added advantage of being situated in a manor outside the limits of the borough of Southwark; and even Southwark, though attached to London, was never so strictly under the municipal control as the City proper. Southwark's notorious contempt for the City authorities is referred to by John Donne in his first Elegy: —

> There we will scorn his household policies . . .
> As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
> Do London's Mayor.

To players who had tasted the bitter hostility of the City, the advantages of the Swan were obvious. Shakespeare's fellows might well resolve to leave the older houses with their drawbacks to less important companies, such as the Queen's Men, who had passed their prime, and seek to establish themselves in the impressive new theatre in Paris Garden.

As we have seen, although the Swan must have been finished by the middle of 1595, it has not been known what company or companies of players used it before 1597. Professor Wallace discovered that in February of the latter year a newly formed group of actors, 'servants of the right honorable the Earl of Pembroke,' contracted with Langley to play at the Swan for one year following. But we also learned from this discovery that these were not the first actors at the Swan, for they later testified in a suit against Langley that the house had been used for plays 'lately afore' February 1597. Our new document now points to Shakespeare's fellows, the late Chamberlain's Men, as the earlier users in question, for it indicates that Shakespeare had moved to the Bankside late in 1596 and was associated with Francis Langley, the owner of the new playhouse. The reasonable inference is that his company was then acting at the Swan.

So much of what our new document reveals is clear enough; but the mystery of the threats of violence and death remains. What was the irritating cause of them? And who was William Wayte?

IV

Before seeking light elsewhere, I thought that the Controlment Rolls, which had already given me this document, might yield something more. It was not uncommon, as I had learned, to find that the petitioner for sureties of the peace was retaliating on the person complained of for having previously sworn the peace against *him*. I might possibly find, therefore, that one of these persons complained of in my new document had at some previous time sworn the peace against the present complainant — that is to say, that Langley or Shakespeare might have already sworn the peace against Wayte. Other persons might be found involved, and their names be used as further clues.

Again fortune was on my side, for I now discovered that Langley had indeed previously asked for sureties of the peace against Wayte. Among the earlier entries for Michaelmas term, 1596, I turned up the following: —

> *Anglia ss Franciscus Langley petit securitates pacis versus Willelmum Gardener & Willelmum Wayte ob metum mortis &c.*
>
> *Attachiamentum vicecomiti Surreie retornabile Crastino animarum.*

> England Be it known that Francis Langley craves sureties of the peace against William Gardener and William Wayte for fear of death, and so forth.
>
> Writ of attachment issued to the sheriff of Surrey, returnable on the Morrow of All Souls [November 3, 1596].

In our first document we had found Wayte testifying to his fear of Shakespeare and Langley. Now we discover that Langley, more than three weeks earlier, had already sworn that not only Wayte, but also a certain William Gardener, had first threatened *him* with death.

This new name, William Gardener, was another possible source of light; and, as it proved, light which was to grow in power until it illuminated the dark region of the unknown. The problem now set itself thus: I must find out the identity of these men, Gardener and Wayte, and, with this new knowledge, re-create a hitherto unknown episode in Shakespeare's life.

I began my search with Gardener's name as a key. Turning to the rich and conveniently indexed series of State Papers for Elizabeth's reign, I found his name under the date 1584–1585, connected with the report of a search in a certain suspected house for 'papists and papistical books.' The search had been made by the constable and bailiff of Paris Garden, and the report was taken and signed by 'William Gardiner, Esquire.' Evidently this Gardiner was my man; and I suspected from this document that he was a Surrey justice of the peace, with jurisdiction over the Bankside and Paris Garden.

My suspicion was confirmed by a glance at the *Acts of the Privy Council.* Here was the minute of the well-known letters dated July 28, 1597 (sent by the Privy Council to the justices of the peace for Middlesex and Surrey): orders elicited by the 'lewd matters' contained in Tom Nashe's *Isle of Dogs,* a play recently acted by Pembroke's Men at Langley's theatre, the Swan. And among the Surrey justices who are hereby ordered to take harsh steps to suppress the playhouses on the Bankside we read the name of 'William Gardyner.' Not only, therefore, is our William Gardener here proved a justice, but we find him ordered to cause the stage of the Swan to be torn down by its owner, Langley: Langley, with whom, as our second document shows, Justice Gardiner had had a violent quarrel in the autumn preceding.

Our business at present is not with the brush between Justice Gardiner and Francis Langley in 1597 over the *Isle of Dogs* and the Privy Council's order, but with their quarrel in 1596 involving Wayte and Shakespeare. Thus far I had shed more light on Langley, and established the identity of Gardiner, but Wayte remained a *tertium quid.* It seemed from the document that he should be connected somehow with Justice Gardiner.

In search of evidence in this direction I had recourse to the records of the equity side of the Exchequer, which in due time gratified me by yielding a suit dated 1591, brought by Thomas Heron, gentleman, an under-marshal of the Court of Exchequer, against William Gardiner of Southwark, Surrey, and William Wayte. Gardiner is described in Heron's bill of complaint as 'a justice of the peace,' and Wayte is slightingly set down as 'a certain loose person of no reckoning or value, being wholly under the rule and commandment of the said Gardiner.' This unflattering description of Wayte simplified the situation for me. As a hanger-on and tool of Gardiner's, Wayte now took a properly subordinate position in the picture. Evidently the central figures in the quarrel were Gardiner on the one side and Langley and Shakespeare on the other: local justice of the peace against theatre owner and player. Thus defined, the problem emerged not only absorbing but challenging. I should have no rest until it was solved.

V

At this point the proper move seemed to be to go through the chief series of judicial records for 1596 in search of some clue to the quarrel. The courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, because of the richness of their materials, commended themselves for this purpose, and I plunged hopefully into their docket rolls. Once more I was not disappointed, for they led me to no less than three separate suits, all of which Justice Gardiner brought against Francis Langley, for slander.

All three suits were recorded in Michaelmas term, 1596, the very term of the already-discovered petitions for sureties of the peace. Two of these actions were entered in the Queen's Bench and one in the Common Pleas. In the Queen's Bench suits Gardiner alleges that on two separate occasions in the preceding spring, May 21 and May 22, at Croydon, Surrey, Langley publicly and slanderously said of him, 'He is a false knave, and a false perjured knave; and I will prove him so.' Gardiner asserts that his reputation has been damaged by these remarks to the value of a thousand pounds each.

In the suit in the Common Pleas, Langley is alleged to have said of Gardiner, again at Croydon, but on June 1, 'He is a false knave; a false, forsworn knave, and a perjured knave.' For this Gardiner demands two hundred pounds damages.

Langley's defense to each of the three charges is the same. He maintains, adducing records to prove his statement, that in a suit in the Court of Wards, a few years before, Gardiner, in giving false testimony under oath, has committed willful and corrupt perjury. Consequently it is no slander to call him a false, perjured knave, and Gardiner's action will not lie — that is to say, be valid in a court of judicature. In reply Gardiner insists that Langley's words were not occasioned by this alleged perjury, but by 'his own wrong'; and that he should therefore have his action for slander. It is to be noted, however, that none of these three suits was prosecuted to a trial. Evidently Gardiner was 'slandered with matter of truth.' No doubt when Langley brought forward his evidence of Gardiner's perjury on record his angry opponent felt less confident of the strength of his suits for slander, and did not care to risk a jury trial, with its public airing of the evidence as to his character. He abandoned his claims for £2200 damages.

We are not told what made Langley so incensed with Justice Gardiner in the spring of 1596 as to stigmatize him publicly and repeatedly as a false perjured knave. But we do know that he successfully roused Gardiner's spleen against him. By the autumn, irritation had mounted to such a pitch, as we have seen by our new documents, that threats of violence were bandied between Gardiner, joined with his henchman Wayte, and Langley and Shakespeare.

Whatever may have started the quarrel, it is fair to infer that in the autumn of 1596 Gardiner, to get some satisfaction for the vile name he had been given, was doing his best to revenge himself on Langley. The City's attack on the playhouses was at its height. Langley's most vulnerable point was therefore his position as owner of a theatre. Using his power as justice of the peace in Southwark, and seconded by the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, Gardiner could pitilessly persecute Langley and Shakespeare and his fellow actors at the Swan. The latter, however, though deprived of their strong support in the Privy Council, had nevertheless a present protector in their new patron, Sir George Carey, now Lord Hunsdon after his father's death. As for the wealthy and energetic Langley, he was far from defenseless. Whenever, therefore, Justice Gardiner may have descended on them in person, or through the medium of his man Wayte, in an attempt to put the Swan out of business, they were prepared to resist him.

The 'false knave,' Justice Gardiner, and the 'loose person,' William Wayte, by their assault on the embattled Langley and Shakespeare, took on an absorbing interest. I set out eagerly to learn everything I could about these fascinating enemies of our men of the theatre; and with every new-found fact their interest grew.

VI

The life of Justice Gardiner, as I have woven it together from new documents, stands forth as a tissue of greed, usury, fraud, cruelty, and perjury — of crime, in short, enough to make him a marked man even in the Elizabethan age. To grow rich rapidly was his only concern. He lent money at ten in the hundred, defrauded his wife's family, his son-in-law, and his stepson, oppressed his neighbors, and rack-rented his poor tenants. By these and similar means he amassed great wealth, and in the end died detested by all who knew him.

By reckoning his years as given in his funeral certificate, we learn that he was born about 1531; the younger son of William Gardiner, a yeoman who farmed Bermondsey Grange on the borders of Southwark. Our first document brings him into view in 1555, on the wrong side of a lawsuit; for he was convicted and heavily fined in that year for breaking a fence and pasturing his cattle on a neighbor's land. Shortly after this, on the death of his brother Richard, William Gardiner succeeded to his father's very substantial estate in Bermondsey, a property which he promptly increased by marriage in 1558.

His wife was Frances, widow of the late Edmund Wayte, a prosperous leatherseller of Bermondsey, and eldest daughter of another rich leatherseller, Robert Luce or Lucy, gentleman, of London. By this marriage Gardiner secured to himself the estates of these two wealthy citizens, for on her mother's death Frances (Luce) Wayte administered her father's property. By her first husband, Edmund Wayte, she had had two sons, the elder of whom in 1558 was fourteen years old, and his father's heir. This son must have died, for we learn by a later document that his rights passed to William Wayte (now discovered as Shakespeare's adversary), a younger brother, born about 1555.

Space does not permit me to give here a detailed account of Gardiner's sharp practices or to set forth a complete record of the fraudulent lawsuits in which he seems to have been almost continuously engaged. Suffice it to say that he bent all his energies on the gainful activity of scraping riches to himself. The list of his acquisitions of large pieces of landed property, as I find it in the records, grows steadily with the years. He went back and forth between the city and his suburban Bermondsey, and it is clear that to his predatory activity among his business associates he added raids on the pocketbooks of his neighbors and tenants in Bermondsey. In the course of time his knavish tricks drew down upon him the execrations of all with whom he had dealings, and his name became a byword of ill repute.

In spite of his local reputation, the money with which Gardiner was gilded covered his glaring vices, and in the summer of 1580 we find that he rose from gentleman to esquire on being included in the royal commission for Surrey as a justice of the peace. His district was Brixton Hundred, which comprised Southwark, Paris Garden, Bermondsey, Camberwell, and neighboring places. The following year saw his name pricked or chosen as one of the quorum — the select body of justices 'eminent for learning or prudence,' the presence of two or more of whom was necessary before felonies and other misdemeanors could be inquired of and determined. From the records we learn that Gardiner continued in the quorum until his death in 1597. An examination of the files of the Surrey clerk of the peace reveals him as by far the busiest justice in the county. Judicial duties, however, were never suffered to stand in the way of our crooked justice's lease-mongering and money-mongering; exacting the full penalty of bonds if payments were delayed a day beyond their date, he frequently 'fatted his fingers with many rich forfeitures.'

Some of Gardiner's most foul and unchristian enterprises were reserved, I have found, for his own relatives. In his cormorant-like fishing for fools, family ties were no obstacle: those nearest to him were, without any compunction, expeditiously devoured. His treatment of his stepson, William Wayte, was a characteristic example of his predatory methods. Wayte was systematically swindled throughout his whole association with Gardiner — almost forty years — and apparently was kept dangling in continued hope of better days.

By the death of his elder brother, as we have seen, William Wayte had fallen heir to his father's estate. This occurred not long after his mother's marriage to Gardiner in 1558. It is now clear from later documents that, though the father had died wealthy, Gardiner kept young William out of his inheritance and even employed him as a servant to further his own ends; further, we find that the justice married his kinsman to an heiress about the year 1580, only to gull him of the property she brought with her.

After such experiences as these at Gardiner's hands, there is something pitiful in Wayte's hanging on in the belief that his stepfather would perhaps keep a promise and some day do him some sort of right. Gardiner must have assured the long-suffering gull that by his will he would restore something of what he had stolen. He even went so far, we find, as to put his stepson into his will for a modest bequest of £66:13:4, together with a lease of some land that should have come to Wayte from his father, adding legacies of £50 apiece for Wayte's young children. Before he died, however, the crafty old churl made a new will which excluded Wayte entirely and reduced the children's portions to £40 apiece.

To be cut off without a farthing — this was William Wayte's reward after long years spent in subserving the covetous ends of his stepfather, in whose thankless service in 1596, as our newly discovered Shakespeare document shows, he may have earned a blow or two from Francis Langley or William Shakespeare, or both. And yet at Gardiner's funeral, a fortnight after the will had been proved and the disinherited Wayte had learned how he had been cheated of every last penny, we meet him walking in solemn black, bearing with pathetic pomp the pennon of Gardiner's arms. No doubt his mind had been so completely subjected to Gardiner's that, even if he knew his kinsman for a scamp and a cheat, the justice would always be for his weak stepson a great rich scamp and a worshipful cheat.

VII

I have found that Gardiner's brother-in-law, John Luce, and his sisters-in-law, Sara (Luce) Manley and Elizabeth (Luce) Bullard, also fell a prey to his rapacity. It will be recalled that his wife was Frances, the daughter of Robert Luce or Lucy, and that on her mother's death she took administration of her father's estate. From the records it is clear that Gardiner persuaded her to attempt to defraud her father's creditors; and it is also evident that Gardiner managed to hold Luce's money even after his wife Frances Gardiner's death in 1576, thereby excluding the above-named surviving children of Luce from their rightful inheritance. That Gardiner had robbed the heirs of Robert Luce is corroborated by a Bermondsey grocer, Richard Ryther, who later deposed in another connection that he had heard by report that Gardiner owed Luce's children 'of their own right, three times £1100,' and also that Gardiner 'by shameful falsehood defeated the said children of great sums of money,' and had troubled them 'in lands, body, or goods, by one subtle device or another.'

It would take far too much space to detail here all the devious dealings of Justice Gardiner's that I have found. It is only too evident that he had richly earned the reputation of being 'the subtlest knave in all the country where he dwelleth.' We may be sure that in 1596, the year of our newly discovered Shakespeare document, the theatre owner, Francis Langley, felt himself on firm ground in reiterating these words about old Gardiner: 'He is a false knave, a false, forsworn knave, and a perjured knave.'

In the year of his violent quarrel with Langley and Shakespeare, Gardiner was sixty-five. Remarkable only for the number and variety of his misdeeds, he was growing old in sin. Yet right up to his death we find him showing no weariness in ill-doing. On November 26, 1597, to the general relief, he died, having amassed through his evil ways a hoard sufficient to leave his four children, and the grandson who was his heir, wealthy.

His will makes extraordinary reading, disposing as it does of the goods 'wherewith it has pleased God to bless me.' There are pious bequests to the poor of the Southwark parishes, the hospitals, and the prisoners in the Southwark Compter, the White Lion, Marshalsea, and King's Bench prisons. Gardiner even leaves ten marks to the churchwardens of his parish church, St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, 'to buy a communion cup,' and the same amount to 'John Luce my brother in law,' whom, with the other children of Robert Luce, he had cheated of hundreds of pounds.

Gardiner's body lay in his house from November 26 to December 22, while the pomp of the funeral was being prepared under the direction of Ben Jonson's friend, William Camden. The certificate prepared by Camden gives us the details of the funeral: —

> The said William Gardiner, being of the age of three score years and six, departed this transitory life at his house at Bermondsey Street in the county of Surrey aforesaid, on Saturday the 26th of November 1597, from whence he was very worshipfully accompanied unto the parish church of Bermondsey the 22th of December following. The preacher was Doctor Mountfort. The pennon of his arms was borne by William Wayte, his kinsman. The helm and crest, by Thomas Lant, Windsor Herald. The coat of arms by William Camden, Clarenceux King of Arms, who directed the said funeral. The body borne by six of his own servants. The chief mourner, Thomas Gardiner, his second son. The two assistants, William Gardiner, third son, and Nicholas Smyth.

So passed William Gardiner, esquire, justice of the peace and of the quorum; but his execrable memory hung on in the minds of those whom he had oppressed and ruined. Time will no doubt shed still more light upon him; enough has already been thrown to show that his neighbors in London, Bermondsey, and Southwark had good reason for considering him a notorious knave. It was this avaricious cheat, liar, and heartless toady who had jurisdiction over the Bankside, and who came, in the autumn of 1596, into violent collision with Francis Langley and William Shakespeare.

Langley, as we have seen, put his opinion of Gardiner into words, and promptly found himself with three suits for slander on his hands. Did Shakespeare perhaps have something less actionable to say of William Gardiner, esquire, in the county of Surrey, justice of peace and quorum?

VIII

Some scholars have supposed that Shakespeare's figure of Justice Shallow, in the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, contains a satirical hit at Sir

Thomas Lucy, the dramatist's much respected neighbor in Warwickshire. Accepting the late tradition that Shakespeare as a youth had poached Lucy's deer and was punished by the knight, they believe that the poet took his revenge in the *Merry Wives*, a dozen years or more after the date of the legendary deer-stealing. Their ground for seeing such a tardy hit at Sir Thomas Lucy is Slender's flattering reference to the 'white luces,' or heraldic fishes, blazoned in Justice Shallow's coat of arms. It is common knowledge that Sir Thomas bore as his arms 'Gules, semée of crosscrosslets Or, three luces haurient Argent': in language less technical, 'on a red field strewn with small golden crosses, three silver [white] luces [large fish of the pike family] placed perpendicularly.' Because of the presence of the luces in the two coats, the identification of Shallow with Lucy has been held to be inevitable.

So firmly has this notion been planted in some minds that it has become the central prop of the belief in the deer-stealing tradition. In his admirable edition of the play (Arden, 1904), H. C. Hart sums up the matter as follows: 'The probability of the truth of the tradition appears to me to hinge upon the passages in *Merry Wives*.' And although he is loath to swallow the tradition whole, Hart justly observes: 'If we had no tradition, what should we make of the coat of arms passage? It would be utterly unmeaning.' There is the case in a nutshell. Those of us who reject both the tradition and the Shallow-Lucy equation have never been able to supply a satisfactory meaning for the passage in question.

It suddenly occurred to me that the newly reconstituted life of Shakespeare's enemy, Justice Gardiner, held the essential clue. Gardiner's first wife, I had found, was Frances, the widow of Edmund Wayte. But we remember that she was born Frances Luce or Lucy, the daughter of Robert Luce or Lucy, gentleman. Lucy! Here was the clue. If Robert Luce had a coat of arms, his daughter would have a right to bear his arms, and her husband could impale them — that is to say, marshal them with his own on one shield. A tremendous possibility opened before me. What if Robert Luce's arms had contained the white luces, and Justice Gardiner perhaps bore them side by side with his own? Could this be the true significance of the coat-of-arms passage in the *Merry Wives?* Was the Justice Shallow of the play a caricature of Justice Gardiner?

No time was to be lost in speculation. The question demanded an answer at once, and I 'made sudden speed' to the Manuscript Room of the British Museum. Once there, I called for the formidable collections of Elizabethan heraldry, — the grants, alphabets, trickings, and blazons of arms, — a gorgeous gallery, through which I dashed at an undignified rate.

For a long time I met little but disappointment. I ran upon several sketches or trickings of the Gardiner coat: 'Azure, a griffin passant Or,' to which was sometimes added his crest, 'a lion passant guardant Argent.' It satisfied one's sense of fitness to find the griffin, that twi-formed monster in nature, as the armorial bearings of the raptorial Gardiner. Thomas Lodge's description of the character of the griffin is in point: —

> This bird is like unto an Eagle both in head and wings, and in all other parts of his body he is like unto a Lion. . . . He slayeth and destroyeth all men that dwell about him, neither is his insatiable covetousness ever satisfied.

Though very suitable for Gardiner, griffins were not precisely what I was after. I pursued my search.

At last, and suddenly, came the reward. In a volume of quarterings of arms, Harley Manuscript 5849, — for me easily the greatest treasure of the Museum, — wild surmise was turned into certainty. Here was the proof before my eyes: 'Gardiner impaling Lucy' — a sketch of the golden griffin side by side with the three white luces; and beneath, the legend 'William Gardener.' I drew a long breath. Shakespeare seemed to stand at my very elbow, unlocking the age-old mystery of the scene in the *Merry Wives*.

Yet even as I sat in a daze of realization, something told me that I must not rest here. This quarry held out the promise of more corroborative material. Casting about for a fresh scent, I thought of the heraldic notes of funerals of important persons, often kept by the officers of the College of Arms who directed the ceremonies. We had seen that William Camden, Clarenceux king-of-arms, had been in charge of Gardiner's funeral at Bermondsey. A search under the word 'Funerals' in the catalogue of manuscripts guided me to several volumes of such notes; and on the first leaf of one of them — Stowe Manuscript 587 — I ran down my quarry: a record of Justice Gardiner's funeral, with the impaled arms in trick as before, — the golden griffin beside the three white luces, — but with the memorandum 'Lucy' written above the impalement of the three white luces.[1]

Here was rich finding. Then of a sudden came another thought. I recalled the clause in Gardiner's will by which he left ten marks to the wardens of his parish church, St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, 'to buy a communion cup.'

What of this cup? Did it still exist? And if it did, might it be ornamented, by any chance, with Gardiner's arms? And would the white luces be there? I found myself forging a chain of shadowy but fascinating possibilities.

Before leaving the Museum, I went to the Reading Room, and taking the Surrey volumes of the *Victoria County History* from the shelf, I opened to the description of the Bermondsey church as it stands to-day. My excitement grew, for among the plate of the church there was said to be an ancient cup, given by 'William Gardner,' and engraved with his arms. A letter dispatched to the Reverend Arthur Sinker, rector of Bermondsey, brought a kind invitation to view the cup. Hastening to the scene of Justice Gardiner's ancient tyrannies, I entered the church; and there in the vestry Mr. Sinker put the silver cup into my trembling hands. He must have wondered at my visible emotion, for on the side of the cup I beheld the engraving of the achievement of Gardiner's arms, quartering the three white luces. Below ran the inscription: 'The gifte of William Gardner Esquier.'

From this chalice the parishioners of Bermondsey still take Holy Communion every Sunday. The cup has no doubt been in regular use for more than three centuries. After all these years of service and continual polishings, the coat of arms still stands out distinctly. The Elizabethan engraver did his work well.

IX

Equipped as we now are with a knowledge which, though common property in Shakespeare's time, has lain lost for three hundred years, let us turn to the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* —

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[1] Robert Luce's coat, except for one small difference, is identical with that of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. Robert Luce's father was of Kynver, Staffordshire, and I have not succeeded in tracing his grant of arms. Nor can I learn whether there was any connection between the Luces of Staffordshire and London and the Lucys of Charlecote. — AUTHOR

> *Shallow.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.
>
> *Slender.* In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'
>
> *Shallow.* Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'
>
> *Slender.* Ay, and 'Ratolorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself 'Armigero' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation — 'Armigero.'
>
> *Shallow.* Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.
>
> *Slender.* All his successors gone before him hath done't: and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

On the assumption that Shakespeare was here taking enough material from the life about him to make a series of humorous hits at the men who had annoyed him, let us ask what the London audience of his day might see in this scene.

Nothing could be closer, to begin with, than the parallel between the description of Robert Shallow and that of William Gardiner, esquire (Latin, *armiger*), justice of peace and of the quorum for the county of Surrey. The next bit, 'Custalorum and Ratolorum,' with its intentional scrambling of the words *Custos Rotulorum*, is, of course, satire: the county office of *Custos Rotulorum*, or Keeper of the Records, was a high one to which few men of Gardiner's or Shallow's rank could aspire. Proceeding to boast of his uncle's heraldic honors, Slender avers that Shallow's 'ancestors that come after him' may display the luces on their shield. Gardiner had added the luces to his arms by marriage: his descendants by Frances Luce could therefore quarter the Lucy arms.

Coincidences can be remarkable; but it seems to me that there are here too many of them to be set down as accidents. Esquire, justice of peace and of the quorum, a coat with heraldic luces — it all fits the enemy of Langley and Shakespeare like a glove.

Meanwhile the scene in the *Merry Wives* continues with Shallow's plan for marrying kinsman Slender advantageously: —

> *Evans.* . . . there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: — there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.
>
> *Slender.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.
>
> *Evans.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed — Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! — give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.
>
> *Shallow.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?
>
> *Evans.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.
>
> *Shallow.* I know the young gentlewoman. She has good gifts.
>
> *Evans.* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.
>
> *Shallow.* Well, let us see honest Master Page.

An important episode in the lives of Justice Gardiner and his stepson Wayte discloses a startling commentary on this passage. We have it from the complaint, already mentioned, of Thomas Heron, an under-marshal of the Court of Exchequer, which alleges that Gardiner, by means of spurious bonds, was dishonestly attempting to make him pay money he never owed. In the course of his complaint, Heron informs the judge, Lord Burghley, that in 1574 Robert Mote, a wealthy Southwark gentleman, died, leaving his property to his next of kin, a young girl named Joan Tayler. During Joan's minority the estate was administered by William Wilson, one of the overseers of Mote's will. Having thus control over Joan and her property, Wilson conspired with Justice Gardiner 'between them both to enjoy the goods and lands of the said Joan Tayler.' And to this end Heron's complaint continues: —

> By compact between them, they married the said Joan to one William Wayte, a certain loose person of no reckoning or value, being wholly under the rule and commandment of the said Gardiner. After which marriage being performed, the said Gardiner (having the said Wayte at his commandment) procured the said William Wayte, and the said Joan his wife by the hard dealing of the said Wayte, for small or no consideration to convey the lands of the said Joan unto the children of the said Gardiner. Whereupon the said Joan Tayler, seeing her goods and lands to be gotten from her, consumed and wasted, not long after died; after whose death the said Gardiner procured a letter of administration of the goods and debts of the said Robert Mote unadministered, to be committed unto the said William Wayte, as an instrument by whom he hoped to make some profit.

I have found this letter of administration; it is dated 1590 — six years before Shakespeare's quarrel with Wayte.

X

When the question of marrying the youthful heiress, Anne Page, who will come into her property 'when she is able to overtake seventeen years old,' is broached to Slender, he exhibits a complete subjection to his Uncle Shallow's wishes in the matter.

> *Shallow.* Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?
>
> *Slender.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.
>
> *Shallow.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?
>
> *Slender.* I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say 'marry her' I will marry her — that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

According to Thomas Heron, when Joan Tayler had been married to William Wayte at Gardiner's suggestion, and had more occasion to know him and his rascally stepfather, her love of life decreased so much that she died not many years after.

When confronted, the similarities between the figures of Justice Shallow and his foolish nephew Slender, and those of Shakespeare's adversaries in Southwark, Justice Gardiner and his stepson, the 'loose person' Wayte, are in the last degree striking. Robert Shallow, esquire, in the county of Gloucester justice of peace and *coram* (quorum), bears a coat of arms in which white luces 'agree well, *passant*.' He owns a park with a keeper's lodge. He boasts of his youthful prowess with the sword. He endeavors to marry his nephew Slender to a young heiress, Anne Page. William Gardiner, esquire, in the county of Surrey justice of peace and quorum, bears a coat of arms in which white luces are blazoned beside a griffin *passant*. He owns a park with a gatehouse. In his youth he was fined for drawing blood in a fight. He married his stepson Wayte to a young heiress, Joan Tayler.

In the *Merry Wives*, little is actually made of the character of Justice Shallow. But Shakespeare had already drawn him in delightful detail in *Henry IV, Part Two.* We have there the humorous portrait of a wealthy and niggardly old pagan, sufficiently corrupt in administering his office to countenance the arrant knave Visor against the honest Clement Perkes of the hill. He makes much of Falstaff, hoping to benefit by Sir John's supposed influence with the Prince. The fat knight improves the occasion to extract a loan of a thousand pounds from him; yet it is almost beyond Falstaff's endurance to listen to the old reprobate's gilded lies.

In their cumulative force these parallels are overwhelming. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that in these two Falstaff plays Shakespeare drew material from the contemporary scene in Southwark. Justice Gardiner and his inconsiderable stepson had willy-nilly forced themselves on his attention; and, as an economical artist, he used what he saw. What is more, Gardiner and Wayte had put him to trouble and expense at law. Why not make them pay for themselves with a contribution toward the stuff for a couple of plays? Poetic justice!

It was not very clever of Langley to call the justice a perjured knave, and throw himself open to actions for slander. Shakespeare was wiser. He saw that Gardiner throve on execration: the chorus of curses was a sincere acknowledgment of his successes as a cheat. To beknave him was to compliment him. But to stage the cunning justice as an imbecile fit only for inextinguishable laughter would flick him on the raw. And in safety, too; for to call a man a fool is held no slander, since the term implies no crime. In *Henry IV, Part Two,* Shakespeare therefore aggravated the old knave's style with the outrageous addition of fool. In the *Merry Wives* he played upon the weaker vessel Wayte. Retaining enough of their peculiar features to give a Southwark audience supreme delight, he led the precious pair gently by the nose to a permanent place on the great stage of fools.

XI

The foregoing discoveries, and the conclusions to which they lead, at once raise the question: When did Shakespeare write the *Merry Wives?* Recent scholarship has offered conjectural dates ranging from 1598 to 1601. The new light now at hand should help us to a delimitation more precise.

If Shakespeare, as we have seen, introduced unmistakable hits at William Gardiner into his plays, *Henry IV, Part Two*, and the *Merry Wives*, he did it during the justice's lifetime. The cream of the jest would pass with the disappearance of the butt. Justice Gardiner died on November 26, 1597. This date, therefore, gives us our later limit for the composition of the *Merry Wives*. For the earlier, we can hardly place it before Shakespeare's removal to Southwark and the quarrel of Gardiner and Wayte with Shakespeare and Langley, in October and November, 1596. In the year which lies between these two Novembers, then, Shakespeare wrote his two plays introducing Justice Shallow.

In the case of the *Merry Wives* it will be seen from what follows that we may be able to fix limits more narrow still. According to a plausible and well-accepted tradition, Shakespeare wrote the *Merry Wives* in obedience to what amounted to a royal command. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, was so pleased with the fat knight in the two parts of *Henry IV* that she desired a sequel, to show Falstaff in love. We are further told that the piece was written in a hurry — fourteen days only being allowed for its composition. Whether or not we can believe that the fluent Shakespeare actually finished this jolly farce in a fortnight's time, it is certain that the play bears the earmarks of hasty writing.

For what occasion in 1596–1597, we may now ask, was the *Merry Wives* ordered to be prepared in such post-haste? Let us look to the play for a suggestion. Although Shallow is a Gloucestershire justice and Falstaff a denizen of London, we see them both brought by the author to Windsor. Now Windsor was of course the headquarters of the Order of the Garter and the scene of the brilliant ceremonies of installing the new Knights of the Garter; Master Doctor Caius is represented as hastening to *la grande affaire* at Court; and in the last scene of the play a graceful and appropriate compliment is paid to Queen Elizabeth in her quality as Sovereign of the Order. These indications lead us to suspect, with Sir Edmund Chambers and other scholars, that the play was written for some Feast of the Order of the Garter. The natural question, for which particular Feast, has, however, received no satisfactory answer; and I think I can now point to the very occasion which satisfies all the conditions.

XII

The Garter Feast celebrated at the palace of Westminster on St. George's Day, April 23, 1597, was of exceptional splendor and solemnity. Four years had elapsed since the last election of Knights to the Order; and St. George's Day, 1597, witnessed the creation of five new Knights: Frederick, Duke of Württemberg; Thomas Lord Howard de Walden; George Carey, Lord Hunsdon; Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy; and Sir Henry Lee.

A well-known and amusing story lies behind the election of Frederick, Duke of Württemberg. Five years earlier, as Count of Mömpelgart, and just before he succeeded to the dukedom, Frederick had come on a visit to England. Elizabeth, who had her political reasons for securing his future support in the German States, made him welcome. He failed, however, to gain the general good will, and there was an unmistakable disposition to laugh at him. During his stay he nevertheless conceived a great desire to be made a Knight of the Garter, and before leaving England he extracted from Elizabeth an assurance that he might expect the honor.

From Stuttgart he wrote at intervals, reminding the Queen of her promise. With characteristic subtlety, in her replies to 'Our Cousin Mumpellgart,' Elizabeth kept him hoping for several years, and thus cheaply retained his devotion to her interests. By 1597, however, she thought it best to humor his wish, and therefore had him elected to the Order *in absentia;* but she did not inform him of the fact until later, and put off the expense of sending him the insignia to an indefinite future. Elizabeth's methods were well understood by her Court. The German duke was to be used, and not taken too seriously. His election was a necessary nuisance.

'Our Cousin Mumpellgart's' unpopular and somewhat comic character would make a small hit at the absent duke's expense relished at the Garter Feast in 1597. The *Merry Wives* contains such a sly reference, detected by Charles Knight in 1840. As part of the plan of Evans and Caius to be revenged on mine Host of the Garter for the scurvy trick he has played them, they encourage some rogues to pose as followers of an imaginary German duke, and so make off with three of mine Host's horses. And further to point up the amusing absence of Frederick from the pomp of the Garter election for which he had labored and longed, Doctor Caius puts his head in at mine Host's door with the brisk announcement: —

> . . . it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu.

The Duke of Württemberg being thus cheerfully allowed to be absent, the four Englishmen remained to be invested with their golden Garters and 'massy gold' collars, or Georges, by their Sovereign's own hands.

As we have seen, the election of Lord Hunsdon and the rest took place at the Court at Westminster on St. George's Day, April 23, the Feast of the Garter. The final ceremony of installing the four new Knights at Windsor was set for a month later, May 24. Following her general custom, Elizabeth did not attend this latter ceremony, but appointed the Lord Admiral to act for her. I discover that in the month which intervened Lord Hunsdon's preparations for a brilliant following in the great riding to Windsor were carried forward with the most lavish expenditure, outdoing his fellow Knights in a competition of extravagance. On May 14, Rowland Whyte wrote to Sir Robert Sidney: —

> Upon Monday come sennight the four new Knights are to be installed. It was agreed upon between themselves that they would have but fifty men apiece; but now I hear that my Lord Chamberlain [Lord Hunsdon] will have three hundred, and Sir Henry Lee two hundred. The other two hold their first purpose, but they shall all be gentlemen.

No one seems to have recognized the illuminating fact that Shakespeare and his fellows, as the Lord Chamberlain's servants, were a part of the gallant cavalcade of three hundred that escorted Lord Hunsdon from the Court — which had by this time moved to Greenwich — down to Windsor.

If his play of the *Merry Wives* was written to be acted before the Queen, as tradition has it, the question now puts itself: Did Lord Hunsdon order it to be acted on April 23 before the Queen at Westminster, on the occasion of the Garter election and Feast, or at Greenwich just before his cavalcade set off on Monday, May 23, for the installation at Windsor?

The earlier date seems far more probable. Hunsdon must have known well before April 23 that his election was assured, and, being master of the company which played most frequently before Elizabeth, could pass on to his servant Shakespeare the Queen's wishes for a play to make them merry after the Feast. The reasonable conclusion to which these pieces of evidence point is therefore that Lord Hunsdon's servants presented the hastily prepared *Merry Wives* before the Queen at Westminster at the Feast of the Garter on April 23, 1597.[2]

XIII

As a result of the investigations detailed in these pages, a number of interesting additions have been made to the sum of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life, of the dates of his works, and of his dramatic methods.

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[2] I find it difficult to understand why someone before this (even without the help of the discovery concerning Justice Gardiner, which points to 1597) has not seen the Feast of the Garter on April 23, 1597, as the obvious occasion for the production of the *Merry Wives*. All the facts have long been either known or readily accessible: that the play was evidently written for a Garter celebration; that Frederick, the 'duke de Jarmany,' was elected to the Order in 1597; that his absence and unpopularity would make this election a juncture most apt for the satirical hits in the play; and that Lord Hunsdon, the master of Shakespeare's company, was also elected on the same occasion. Yet in the presence of all this consenting evidence for the Garter Feast of 1597, the keenest and ablest commentators have variously suggested such dates as 1598, 1599, 1600, and 1601. As guides for dating the *Merry Wives*, æsthetic criticism, verbal echoes, bibliographical refinements, and the absence of the play from Francis Meres's list in 1598 have all proved, it seems to me, inadequate or misleading. — AUTHOR

We learn, first, that by the end of October or the beginning of November, 1596, he had moved across the Thames to Southwark. And finding him in close association with Francis Langley, the owner of the Swan in Paris Garden, we conclude that his company was acting in Langley's playhouse. We see the actor, Shakespeare, and his associate, the theatre owner, seriously annoyed by the notoriously corrupt local justice, William Gardiner, and that unconsidered trifle, his stepson Wayte — so seriously annoyed that Wayte swears that the gentle Shakespeare put him in terror of his life.

Next, we recognize this pair of vexatious interlopers by a series of unmistakable hits in *Henry IV*, *Part Two*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This disclosure gives the *coup de grâce* to the moribund notion that Shakespeare, in drawing the figure of Justice Shallow, was thinking of his worthy neighbor in Warwickshire, Sir Thomas Lucy.

By combining our discoveries with the annals of Queen Elizabeth's Court and with the internal evidence of the comedy itself, we have been enabled to fix the date of production of the *Merry Wives* on April 23, 1597 — a date earlier than recent scholarship has suspected. And since it is generally agreed that *Henry IV*, *Part Two*, preceded the *Merry Wives*, the two parts of *Henry IV* must now be pushed back into the season of 1596–1597. Except for the touching account of Falstaff's death in *Henry V*, it is now clear that Shakespeare had completed his portraiture of the fat knight by the spring of the year 1597.

More important, however, than the fresh light on the external life of Shakespeare, more significant than the alteration in the dates of his plays, is the ocular demonstration now given us of his dramatic use of some of the life he knew: unique evidence of his use of persons, to quote Ben Jonson,

> . . . such as Comedy would choose
> When she would show an image of the times.

When we consider the true history of Justice Gardiner, and the local world's opinion of him, the figure of Justice Shallow appears as a new triumph of the dramatist. Shakespeare is here revealed for the first time as a master of personal satire, taking with devastating humor a satisfactory revenge for himself, his associates of the theatre, and Gardiner's victims in Southwark. A few months after the production of the *Merry Wives*, exit Gardiner from the Elizabethan scene into a well-merited oblivion, carrying with him the bitter sting of the contemporary caricature.

As children see nothing more in *Gulliver* than the fascinating story, so the playgoing world to-day sees in the Justice Shallow scenes no more than inoffensive folly in a care-free atmosphere of perennial comedy. Shakespeare's magic has transmuted a sordid Southwark into a rural Gloucestershire or an ideal Windsor, set in a pleasant England where knaves are fools, and to live is to laugh them out of countenance. We can forgive Gardiner his crimes: did he not give us Justice Shallow? And as for Wayte, it was an act of sublime inspiration in him to pick a quarrel with Shakespeare; for out of it was born that most exquisite of ninnies, Abraham Slender.

TOAST TO MASTER WILL

I

Gentles, I pledge us to a mystery:
No riddle of dead bones, hid in a grave
For any rogue that mocks at destiny
To spoil; no mummery of passion's slave
Masking in sonnets; neither cryptogram
Nor claim preferred of them bemused, that follow
The arch-enigma, — my Lord Verulam;
No empty secrets; no pretensions hollow.
I pledge the eternal stranger, him we call,
So fond and so familiar, Master Will;
That Essence unexplained and prodigal,
Poured out unstinted, yet withholden still;
Revealed but never known: The Poet's Sprite!
I pledge Imagination — at the height!

II

A mystery! And to himself no less,
Who is aware of a creating spirit
That moves within upon high busynesse;
That calls him, calls him, calls him, till he hear it;
That mocks at him, and drives him hither-and-yon;
Confounds his appetite, and murders sleep:
A Puck, that comes, and hovers, and is gone;
A Prospero, that leans with him to peep
Within the fiery crucible and see
Romeo, Hamlet, Rosalind, Falstaff, Lear,
Come bubbling up, — a golden alchemy!
Drink to the dæmon, Gentles, give good cheer!
Up, to your feet, and drink: The Poet's Sprite!
I pledge Imagination — at the height!

Florence Converse

EARLY HOLIDAY

BY GERTRUDE CARVER

I

After a meeting in Berlin of an International Medical Conference at which Dr. X had given a paper, one of our great neurologists congratulated him and said that although he was going to London for a month he hoped to see the doctor on his return. Dr. X explained that he would not be in Berlin at that time. 'Oh,' said the neurologist, 'you're taking an early holiday?'

'Yes,' quietly answered the German surgeon, 'I am taking an early holiday. I have cancer and can be sure of only another ten days.' When the neurologist returned to Berlin at the end of the month, Dr. X had been dead two weeks and six days.

As a probable sharer in Dr. X's early holiday, death has recently become to me as personal a reality as life, and the unescapable recognition of the nature of death to a human being still closely allied to life has brought an experience so immediate and so deeply compensating that I am impelled to record it.

Happily or unhappily, when the time comes for most of us to face death the harshness of its impact has been mitigated by drugs, delirium, or by the various and, for the most part, distorting inroads of illness itself. Consequently we are denied full awareness of the experience through which we are passing.

For me this is apparently not to be true. A year ago I was living what is called a normal life, my present fulfilled, my future an accepted certainty toward which my crowded days confidently directed themselves. To-day I am invalided out by one of the few diseases which are still described by that almost obsolete adjective, 'incurable.' The fact that it is a form of paralysis that will in all likelihood leave my mind unimpaired, but may at any time affect my heart, or may, by a more fragmentary mortality, deprive me of vision, voice, hearing, or any of those other exquisitely mechanized functions which we accept as commonplace, endows my present existence with an almost intolerable value — as every thought, sight, sound, touch, and emotion becomes burdened with potential finality.

As the nature of my illness leaves me free from the necessity of isolation which danger of contagion would impose, and from the fear of having transmitted it to my children, the circumstance in which I find myself is an essentially personal one involving only those responsibilities inherent in my individual reaction to life and to death. I am neither psychologist, scientist, nor philosopher enough to discover the factors that have evolved the self which seeks as its great necessity a swift and complete adaptation to the kaleidoscopic shifting of the external pattern, and which finds adequate and esoteric reward in facing uncompromisingly that pattern, no matter how unacceptable its presentation may be. Nevertheless, the primary reaction to the intrusion of death into a design that had heretofore included only the vibrant and familiar colors of life was an almost violent effort to adapt the inner identity, which was I, to the momentarily alien situation. As I hurriedly projected into the future what small protection and wisdom of planning were possible for my two children, as I rather frantically attempted to minimize for them the inevitable distress of the sheer business of dying, I was reminded of the theatre programme notes which warn us not to run but to walk to the nearest exit.

II

It may have been this incongruous orderliness that postponed the actual impact of the knowledge that I was fatally ill. When, after deciding such important questions as the choice of boarding schools for my children, and whether cremation adds to or subtracts from the painfulness of actual bodily death to young minds, I was faced with the more personal effect of my own death upon myself, the question had already retreated into the realm of the abstract. I was either spared or deprived of the conflict occasioned by the practical and individual acceptance of the universal experience.

If the familiar became a phantom thrusting itself at me with a force that made me feel again and again like the old woman in Mother Goose who cried, 'Oh mercy, mercy, do this be I?' it was only for a while. If occasionally I was threatened with the obvious danger of seeing myself as one set apart under a peculiarly imminent doom, it was not long possible to claim so egocentric a rôle. The self-pity that prompted me to sadness as I looked at a dawn, a sunset, or my children's faces — perhaps for the last time — soon spent itself and I remembered to recognize my special privilege of so consciously sharing the command that every living creature shall be dependent on a mortal body for a mortal life.

It was revealing, however, to discover how utterly I had committed myself to the civilized convention that disciplines us to ignore death in loyalty to life; how furtively in health I had, in common with my race, dealt with the whole question of dying.

For generations most of us have been sheltered by the comforting orthodoxy of immortality, and our refusal to accept the reality of death has become a precept of our religious teaching. In proportion to our emphasis on the spiritual, our reluctance to consider the fact of death in any other light than that of an illusion has increased. For some of us to-day such orthodoxy remains a possibility. For many of us, committed to a more stark creed, immortality no longer finds a place in our consideration of probabilities. It is not that we arbitrarily presume to claim that there is no survival after death; rather, the question of that survival becomes immaterial to the practical philosophy we are struggling to evolve. It is a problem toward whose solution we are disinclined to direct our effort — a problem, consequently, which holds for many of us a purely academic, artificial, and atavistic interest. Our attitude of almost irreverent *laissez faire* may also be an unconscious result of a habit of efficiency which hesitates to take energy from immediate living to apply toward a question whose answer is immutable and independent of our control.

Personally, I have had little curiosity as to whether a mystic and intangible part of my self will survive. Even when death is most imminent, I know no groping cry toward survival. Bewildered, as all my life I have been, at my own and other people's inadequacy in approximating a realization of the richness of this life, I am doubly bewildered at the suggestion of an eternal experience not unlike it.

III

Even those of us who deny ourselves faith in immortality continue, however, to evade the reality of death by veiling it in that greatest of all evasions — mystery. If I dispense with immortality, it is the sheerest nonsense to call death a mystery, for if I accept mortality and its full implications, I accept the process of death as I know it. I accept provable, finite destruction; the outbreathing of the last breath; the permanent interruption of the rhythm of the body; the ephemeral moment during which light illumines the face — the moment for the taking of death masks. I accept the subsequent swift and almost imperceptible invasion of unreality that substitutes for identity and sex the unique humility of dramatic alteration into 'it — the body.' I accept the fact that even the most translucent flesh rots from the bones, leaving them triumphantly clean, architecturally and persistently beautiful. I accept the fact that the cells, which an hour before housed thought, have betrayed it. I accept the fact that the body, the thought, the spirit, whose coördination was a self, are soon to be no more.

In this literal acceptance of death I now find the only authentic preface to living — in my case a preface whose tardiness I regret with such conviction that I would introduce its understanding into the curriculum of kindergartens, and consider a child unprepared for life until the simplicity of death had been well learned. So much that needlessly complicates life would then not have to be learned. A plan would be laid for heroic living in which there would be no need for courage.

Recognizing that we are born pregnant with death, we should be released from our pitiful stubborn attempts at aborting the uncheatable conception. We should know that no man dies as reluctantly as he is born; that life is the shadow of death as surely as death is the shadow of life; that the two shadows and the two realities merge and become inseparable components of experience; that to deny one is to deny the other, to accept one is to accept the full implication and inherent reality of the other; that their mutuality is greater than their difference; that there are as many gradations of dying as of living, but that in their respective crescendos they inevitably meet.

IV

With the knowledge that my familiar flesh would so soon experience destruction, I became blindingly conscious of its minute and untiringly effective functioning. The sheer physiology of a rhythm that year after year had closed and unclosed, raised and lowered eyes that would soon stare unblinking and unseeing excited me beyond any miracle. The simple sequence of thought and impulse involved in an inarticulated desire, whether it be to rise from a chair and walk across the room or to express romance in a bodily symbol, seemed to me intolerably glorious.

I knew suddenly that it was right that upon myself I should place an incalculable value, that it was right that every human being should know an intimate pride. I saw for the first time that I stood on feet exquisitely adapted to curve over the larger arch of earth. I knew that if all the earth were cut close around those feet and lifted away, or magically dissolved, and if the sky were taken away, if everything, everything except myself were taken away, a fragment of everything would be left — as long as I remained. The sky, the sunset, the meadow, the clover, even the scent of the clover, the bark of a distant dog, the silver birch tree that once I saw standing alone in a furrowed field, every voice I had ever heard, every face I had ever seen, every manifestation of life that I had ever witnessed or experienced, all would survive while I survived; and this privilege of being the living focus of all life I knew to be true of every creature that thinks and sees and hears and feels and remembers.

But let me be removed, as I shall soon be removed, and with me I take out of this universe a distillation of its very essence, a breath of its air, a scent of every garden through which I have walked, a clod of the earth I now tread, something of every human being I have known or loved or brushed by in the crowded streets.

For when a human being dies, all things living die a little.

V

I should have expected to share in the face of death the panorama of life that proverbially presents itself to a drowning man, but the scroll of the years refused to unfurl. Their hidden record betrayed them, however, by burdening present moments with an anonymous significance. Repeatedly I was made aware that every impression, every contact, had incorporated itself into myself by a law of mysterious but complete assimilation, until my previous selves with their contemporary experience had endowed my present self with dimension. They were myself, but so unified, so drawn into the present, that there could be no separation of episode. Time, necessary as an impulse and chart to memory, did not exist. Therefore, not only was my future, by the imminence of death, removed, but in a strangely satisfying way my past no longer existed, except in the expanded vitality of the present. For instance, the scent of sumac, reviving subtly my early childhood spent in Kentucky where it grew profligately, instead of revealing a remembered childhood, aroused with its pungency an awareness of my present enriched maturity, and only by a mental feat could I summon up even the slightest affinity between the whiff of reddened shrubbery and the emotional depths it set free.

With the future denied and with the past automatically denying itself, it was as though the moment, transient and ephemeral in the laws of time, challenged those very laws and, reaching out across boundaries dissolved by the removal of past and future, became reality, infinite and precious. A concentrated urgency impelled each second into æons that frustrated time.

In a present so powerfully weighted, where was there room for even a thin thread of concern about immortality?

VI

A more immediate question, however, — not unassociated, by reason of my austerely religious background and inheritance, with that of immortality, — presented itself. I suppose that most of us struggle, either consciously or unconsciously, to recapture the original entity that has suffered an artificial separation into three alien elements, mind, spirit, and body — an unnatural cataloguing which is one of the few real perversions of civilization and religion. Although in health my most determined effort had been toward reintegrating myself, in illness I became aware of the temptation to retain a spirit and mind freed and secure from the body toward which for years I had directed their reluctant alliance.

Should I, who had accepted the lavish offerings that the body had yielded to me in its health, now in its extremity ignore as far as possible its existence? Should I, who had received vision, fragrance, music, voices, a sequence of external and emotional beauty, manifestations possible only through the medium of this subtle sensitive body, now churlishly refuse it coördination? Should I, who had, through the response of that body to life, borne life itself, now deny its pain, its weariness, its imminent dissolution?

Rather I chose deliberately to hurl into the doomed flesh the strength of thought, the leaven of soul, 'the expense of spirit.' As though by a gallant effort to continue its habit of generosity to me, the body in its illness instinctively associated itself so inalienably with all transient phenomena that the chasm of the Great Aloneness was miraculously bridged. In my greatest necessity it was the flesh that made me know myself to be bound closely in fate and in transient glory with trees, with gardens, with birds, with beasts, with humanity itself; it was the flesh that initiated my spirit into so deep an intimacy with life that it could look unabashed upon Yorick's skull, knowing it to be beautiful with the universal and shared inevitability of death.

In the last analysis the flesh, granted an emphasis long denied, welded my disintegrated heritage into a self that is tardily willing and able to accept all experience as gain and can acknowledge no essential loss. It was through the flesh that I relearned that the reward of each experience is inherent in the impact of the experience itself; and if it is the flesh that teaches me of pain and of death, it was the flesh, too, that taught me of happiness and of life.

And the spirit? And the mind? We do not yet know what they are or where they live. But it is not unlikely that for their dwelling place they choose the body which lives — and dies.

BOOKS OF ONE'S OWN

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

Quite recently an Englishman, Holbrook Jackson, published a book called *The Anatomy of Bibliomania.* One large volume appeared six months ago, and another and final volume is promised this autumn. Of all the books in praise of books ever written, this is the most exhaustive and best. Consider that wise men for several thousand years have been hymning, in many languages, the praise of books; Mr. Jackson has collected these references, not by the hundred merely, but by the thousand, and for the most part every quotation has been traced and keyed. He quotes Homer, Plutarch, Vergil, Cicero, Rabelais, Blake, Milton, and Morley (Kit), even A. E. N. What a range! It is an amazing compilation. One wonders if Jackson be a man or a whole regiment of men. It would seem that no one man's reading could have been so extensive. The quotations are embedded in a series of essays written in the quaint style of old Burton, him of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* — 'the only book,' Dr. Johnson told Boswell, 'that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' One does not get such a book out of a library; one must own it, if one has to steal it. 'Passion decays; avarice is a vice which remains to the end of life,' says Byron. It may be so — I do not know; it never much afflicted me. Books are my vice. They are my 'substantial world,' as they were to Wordsworth, whose own books pleased him best — which must be a great comfort to an author.

In turning the leaves of Mr. Jackson's fascinating book, an experience of a few months before recurred to me. I had received a letter from a man I esteem highly, Professor Spiller of the Department of English at Swarthmore College (he is known for his work upon James Fenimore Cooper, once neglected, but now coming into his own), asking if he could bring ten or a dozen students, boys and girls, 'to see my books.'

Now if a man were lucky enough to have a collection of paintings or of prints, or indeed of anything that would display itself, it would be easy enough to say, 'Yes, certainly, come when you like,' and, on the arrival of one's guests, turn them loose in one's gallery. But with books, which must be shown and explained, it is a very different matter.

This is what I mean. There is a little volume of *Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell* (actually the three Brontë sisters); a copy with the Aylott and Jones imprint may be worth five or six hundred pounds, while the same book with a Smith, Elder imprint is no great bargain at ten. A 'collector' of English poetry hardly needs to be told the sad history of this slender volume: how one day Charlotte Brontë found a blank book filled with verses in the handwriting of Emily, and how after much discussion and some correspondence the three sisters — for they all wrote poetry — decided upon the publication of a small volume which should contain verses by all of them. But no publisher cared for the venture, until finally Messrs. Aylott and Jones, of London, agreed to publish upon the payment to them of thirty-odd pounds. The girls agreed, but stipulated for clear type, not too small, and good paper. After some delay the volume appeared, and after a year the publishers reported the sale of just *two* copies. The disappointment of the sisters may be imagined, but they took the blow philosophically and, giving away a few copies to friends, decided to send the remaining sheets to the trunk makers; but finally they received a better offer from Smith, Elder and Company, and the sheets were transferred to them, and in due course to the public. Hence it is that a copy of the book with the Aylott and Jones imprint is excessively rare, it being either one of the two copies sold or a copy given by one of the sisters to a friend.

Such an explanation as this, more or less, has to be made about pretty much every book one shows to a young student if he is to carry away with him any proper idea of what a collection of first editions really means. One can make such an explanation once, or even ten times, with a certain amount of enthusiasm; after that it becomes a task.

Then I thought of the rage I once fell into when I found a man rubbing his hand over a fine copy of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and assuring another that *it must be lithographed because it was colored.* Thinking of this, I was about to make some excuse, when I remembered how a wise friend of mine deals with such a situation. My friend has a fine collection of modern poetry: Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, and the rest, all in excellent condition. Well, when strangers descend upon him to see his books, he does not show them, but he does something which pleases his visitors quite as well. Taking a small key from his pocket and pointing to a case over in a corner, he says something like this: 'You know poetry is my strong point. Very well, here is the key to that bookcase yonder; be very careful, but enjoy my books to your heart's content.'

Then when he sees a book tumble to the floor, or someone set a teacup on a book instead of in a saucer, he never turns a hair, for all the books in that case have been picked up at odd times and places for from twenty-five to fifty cents a volume and invariably lack the 'points' which would make them valuable; they might, indeed, be called lightning rods designed to protect first editions from destruction. By this little chicane, all parties are pleased: Mr. Blank has 'shown his books,' and Miss Splash and Miss Dash have seen them.

Then I had another thought, or rather a recollection — a better one. Some years before, that same Professor Spiller had brought a company of young men and maidens from Swarthmore, and I remembered being struck with their keenness and intelligence, and how one of them, a mere slip of a girl, had stood me up and put me through an oral examination on Boswell's *Life of Johnson* from which it was difficult for me to escape with credit.

The remembrance of that group changed my attitude, and I wrote Spiller that I would take on ten or a dozen on any afternoon that would be convenient to all parties.

And in due course Professor Spiller and his students arrived; some entered my library shyly, some inquiringly, most with the idea of seeing a first edition of some particular book which they had been studying or which for some reason especially interested them. And here let me digress long enough to say that if I were a teacher of English literature I should try to instill into pupils the idea that literature is a reflex of life and endeavor, to make it as interesting as life itself. It is a terrible thing to let a student get the idea into his head that some great world-rocking book is 'required' reading. And if I were asked how this was to be done, I should say, 'Treat every great book as though it were a great man.' In the words of Walt Whitman, —

> Camerado! this is no book,
> Who touches this touches a man.

But, however much of a man a book may be to-day, it was once almost certainly a child; its birth occasioned its parent an amount of anguish which the mother who bore you never knew. The great books one reads to-day almost certainly have had a struggle for existence; for every book that survives, a thousand — ten thousand — fall. It is worth while, then, to examine the survivor carefully and to discover why it has withstood the changes and chances of this wicked world.

II

But to return to my visitors. There was, I fancy, a certain amount of shyness, at first, on the part of all of us; then someone asked a question, and before it was fully answered another was asked, and almost before we knew it the ice was broken, and we all began to have a good time. I never met a more intelligent lot of boys and girls; one lad instantly challenged my attention by asking if I had a first *Lyrical Ballads*.

To ask such a question is to start something, for this is perhaps the most significant, interesting, and tricky volume of poetry in our literary history, and almost before I knew it I was engaged in telling my interrogator the story of the first issue of this book, which is indeed not unlike that of the Brontë sisters' *Poems*, except that in due course it was seen that *Lyrical Ballads* marked a turning point in English poetry. And I went on to say that when the first issue was brought out by Biggs and Cottle at Bristol, in 1798, its sale was but little larger than the first issue of the Brontë *Poems*, and that the book, for the copyright of which Cottle had paid Wordsworth thirty guineas, was also in peril of the trunk maker, when he decided to ship it, in 'quires,' up to London, where it appeared under the patronage of J. and J. Arch, and very gradually made its way. All this took place in 1798. The first poem in the little volume was the *Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*, no mention being made of the fact that it was by Coleridge.

Two years later another *Lyrical Ballads*, in *two* volumes, with Wordsworth's name on the title-page, appeared, with a long and elaborate preface in which the author developed his idea of what poetry is and should be. A quick sale is usually synonymous with an early death; a slow, halting sale, like a flickering flame never quite going out but always looking as though it would, may presage a conflagration. But the *Lyrical Ballads* in two volumes we now know contains some of the finest poetry ever written.

At length comes the bibliophile, the collector, and says to himself, or out loud, 'I must have a *Lyrical Ballads* with the Bristol imprint,' and there you are. How many are there? I don't know. Mr. T. J. Wise, of London, whose word is law, tells me he knows of six.

I once, many years ago, had a copy offered me for seven hundred and fifty dollars, but I could n't see it. Harry Widener did, however, and it is now in the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. Swinburne calls it the Black Tulip of English Literature. What is a copy worth to-day? Who shall say? Five or ten thousand dollars, perhaps; they are unobtainable. A copy with the London imprint is worth five hundred dollars at present and is pointed to ten times the figure. My copy, bound, but uncut, with the errata and the two pages of advertisements, was once dear at five pounds.

All this may be dull going to the reader, but to a student who is reading seriously it is a great delight to hold in his hands the cluster of little volumes which once made such a stir in the world before the theories which they expounded had gained acceptance. While I was endeavoring to make this, or something like this, clear, I could see a girl who was eagerly awaiting a pause to break in with a question: had I a copy of Blake's *Poetical Sketches*, and was it not published earlier, and did he not anticipate Wordsworth in his breaking with the school of Pope?

'Yes, to all your questions,' was the reply. 'Here is the *Poetical Sketches*, 1783. But Blake was a shooting star whose light went out. Wordsworth founded a school: his influence continues right down to the present. Matthew Arnold, who is only now taking his proper place as a poet, was especially influenced by him. . . . Yes, I think Arnold's sonnet to Shakespeare very fine: I don't know that it shows the influence of Wordsworth especially, but it is magnificent. . . .

'Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge . . . .

'It is almost an impertinence to praise Shakespeare. . . . Yes, I have visited Nether Stowey, and a more sordid, miserable town I have seldom seen. . . . Coleridge does not interest me much: I was early set against him by an essay in Augustine Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*. Let me read you a bit out of the volume I bought in 1885 and have read many times since: —

'Speaking of his [Lamb's] sister Mary, who, as everyone knows, throughout "Elia" is called his Cousin Bridget, he says: "It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener, perhaps, than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine freethinkers, leaders and disciples of novel philosophies and systems, but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions." Nor did her brother. He lived his life cracking his little jokes and reading his great folios, neither wrangling with nor accepting the opinions of the friends he loved to see around him. To a contemporary stranger it might well have appeared as if his life were a frivolous and useless one as compared with those of these philosophers and thinkers. *They* discussed their great schemes and affected to probe deep mysteries, and were constantly asking, "What is Truth?" *He* sipped his glass, shuffled his cards, and was content with the humbler inquiry, "What are Trumps?" But to us, looking back upon that little group, and knowing what we now do about each member of it, no such mistake is possible. To us it is plain beyond all question that, judged by whatever standard of excellence it is possible for any reasonable human being to take, Lamb stands head and shoulders a better man than any of them. No need to stop to compare him with Godwin, or Hazlitt, or Lloyd; let us boldly put him in the scales with one whose fame is in all the churches — with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard."

'There are some men whom to abuse is pleasant. Coleridge is not one of them. How gladly we would love the author of

"Christabel" if we could! But the thing is flatly impossible. His was an unlovely character. . . . In early manhood Coleridge planned a Pantisocracy where all the virtues were to thrive. Lamb did something far more difficult: he played cribbage every night with his imbecile father, whose constant stream of querulous talk and fault-finding might well have goaded a far stronger man into practising and justifying neglect. . . . Coleridge married. Lamb, at the bidding of duty, remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortune of his father and sister. Shall we pity him? No; he had his reward — the surpassing reward that is only within the power of literature to bestow. It was Lamb, and not Coleridge, who wrote "Dream Children: A Reverie."'

III

That was a long quotation, but it served to introduce one of my most valued possessions: the original manuscript of 'Dream Children.' It was written on India House paper, when Charles Lamb should have been busying himself with the price of ivory and indigo and such matters. If one holds the manuscript of 'Dream Children' against the light, it is seen that Lamb originally called it 'My Children,' and then, recognizing that a bachelor should not have children, he erased this title and with his unerring taste called his essay 'Dream Children.' I think the last paragraph of 'Dream Children' ties with Sterne's recording-angel paragraph in *Tristram Shandy* as the finest bit of prose in the language, and I feel sure that Professor Winchester, that admirable critic, would have agreed with me. '*Tristram Shandy?* Yes, and a great book it is: first edition, in nine volumes in red levant, there.'

Then I went on to say that I little thought, forty-five years ago, that one day I should call Augustine Birrell a personal friend. Yes, I know him very well; he is a crusty old bookman, but I hope some day to be a crusty old bookman myself. I wish I might hope to be in Birrell's class. His advice about books is always good: '*If one reads for any better purpose than to waste time, the great thing is to keep pegging away at masterpieces in cheap editions.*' I had a letter from him only a few days ago, in which, speaking of Dickens, he said, 'My love for him burns as brightly as ever.'

Bless his heart, Birrell is now in his eighty-second year and is a good deal of a prisoner in his home in Chelsea and seldom leaves his house. He is a fellow trustee of the Johnson House in Gough Square, and used to be one of the best after-dinner speakers in London, full of grit, wisdom, and wit, with the grit first.

'My Johnsons are over there under the portrait, quite a row of 'em. . . . No, I do not pretend to understand Blake's *Prophetic Books* and I mistrust the man who says he does. . . . *Moby Dick?* Now you are talking. That is our one great contribution to literature. I have the English edition in three volumes, which was published in London in 1851, and the New York edition in one, published the same year. It is said that the three-volume edition is shorter than the one-volume edition. It would be interesting to compare the differences between the two texts and discover what, if anything, is omitted. But *Moby Dick*, any edition, English or American, is not one book, but two: there is the book which you may read at a glance and a book written between the lines, as it were, a book as psychical and as mystical as if it had been written by Swedenborg, whose disciple, in a sense, its author surely was. Melville was a genius and, like most great geniuses, was neglected in his lifetime. He was only a little more than thirty years of age when he wrote the book by which he will always be remembered. With its publication, he practically ceased to exist, for, while he lived in New York until 1891, he did nothing important — his candle went out, but not until he had illuminated with it the paths of countless other men. Everyone who has written of the sea since Herman Melville's time is indebted to him. . . . My *Pickwick Papers?* I have two *Pickwicks*, also: one too good to show and one just good enough. . . . *Paradise Lost?* Yes, in the vault in the other room, and a *Comus*, too. . . . No, I have no Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* it's an eight-thousand-pound book. Yes, Dr. Rosenbach has one, and my friend Sir Leicester Harmsworth has two. My ambition has been to get a copy of the first issue of every great, superlatively great book in English literature. No, I have not achieved it — who does? And my progress is now very slow. Understand rightly the terms which we are using. Gray's *Elegy* is a great poem, but not very rare. Congreve's *Incognita* is excessively rare, but not very great. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is not only very great, but it is excessively rare. . . . My favorite novelist? Dickens, in spots, but for steady reading, Trollope. My favorite novel? Well, that depends on the weather.'

And so it went on for several hours, first one question, then another, light and heavy, like the dissimilar objects which the great Cinquevalli used to keep tossing into the air and catching again just as they were about to fall on the floor. 'You don't remember him. How should you? He's been dead for years. He was the idol of the London music halls, and his great stunt was to keep three objects in the air at the same time, tossing them from hand to hand: a cannon ball, an egg, and a lighted lamp. At the end of his turn, the egg fell into the lamp and put it out, and the cannon ball fell to the floor with a thud. He was a great artist, and a gentleman — an Austrian.'

Then I went over to where Spiller was regarding my mental acrobatics with some amusement, and said: 'You can afford to smile! You are highly paid (hear! hear!) for answering such questions; I'm doing it for fun. How on earth did you arouse in these young people such an interest in books?'

And then he let me into the secret: now comes the pith of this paper.

It appears that several years ago a gentleman, now dead, conceived the idea of giving to Swarthmore College a small sum of money each year to be awarded as a prize to the student, man or woman, who during his or her term at college formed the best collection of books. It was not, originally, thought to be a matter of much importance, and the rules laid down for the selection of the winner were not too rigid. Someone in authority appointed a committee of three to make an award of fifty dollars to the student, either junior or senior, who during his college term had built up the best personal library.

At the death of the originator of the award, it was found that no provision had been made for carrying on the idea and it was feared that the present year would be the last in which the prize would be awarded. Immediately it struck me that here was a way in which I might do much good with little money, as Benjamin Franklin sometimes did with a scheme of his invention. He once wrote a friend: 'I have invented a scheme by which much good may be done with little. When a man seeks to borrow money from me, as many do, I lend it if I can. With the money I send a note in which I say, "I do not pretend to give you this sum. I only *lend* it to you. I hope that in time you will be enabled to pay your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, *you must pay me by lending this sum to him;* enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation, when he shall be able to pay and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope the money may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress." This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and to make the most of a little.' One can hardly improve upon any scheme of Franklin's, but this Swarthmore idea, as I called it, appealed to me as I talked it over with Spiller; so I then and there offered to carry on the plan, taking care that the scheme should not lapse at my death. President Aydelotte was made acquainted with my offer and graciously accepted it.

The idea of making the award permanent seemed to make it advisable to formulate a set of rules. With these I wished to have nothing to do, for I am, personally, an unruly fellow; it seemed, however, necessary to consider some standards to which those entering the competition might be referred, and the following ideas were suggested by those having the matter in charge: —

That the award should be made annually to the student who, during an agreed-upon term,

(*a*) Had formed the best, not the largest, collection of books in one or more departments in which the student was specializing, be it literature, chemistry, engineering, etc., etc.;

(*b*) Had given evidence, by the selection and care of his books, of his appreciation of the joy of ownership (it was recognized that few, if any, students can, while at college, afford the luxury of first editions, but well-edited editions printed by responsible publishers are always to be preferred to showy books made to sell rather than to be read);

(*c*) Could pass reasonably well an oral examination upon his library and knew why the edition he had selected was to be preferred to some other.

IV

It would not be worth my while, even if I were able, to attempt to make a set of rules which would be acceptable without alteration to this institution or to that. But, as Jeff says to Mutt, 'I maintain the idea is clever' and can be made of great and lasting benefit and delight to those who in the formative years of their life learn the joy of having a collection of books in a room of one's own. And there is no college so poor as not to have a man, or group of men, who will give every year fifty or a hundred dollars for the purpose indicated; and the idea can be developed indefinitely and to immense usefulness. God forbid that I should say a word against a public library, but nothing will take the place of a rack or a shelf full of books by one's own chair, close to a well-adjusted light, whether it be a lamp or a window. Everyone's shelf will contain different books, and the books which give one joy as a boy may not delight a man, but the pleasure of reading continues. If we live in a vale of tears, it behooves us to make the best of it. The habit of reading, firmly established, enables one to endure, if need be, misfortune and even disgrace. I see to-day greater anxiety written on the faces of my millionaire friends than I do on the faces of the poor men who resort day after day to our public libraries, there to solace themselves with a book. In an established love of reading there is a policy of insurance guaranteeing certain happiness till death. I would assist, as far as I can, in the issuing of such an insurance policy.

The afternoon was drawing to a close; I was tired, but my visitors were inexhaustible. I asked someone — I have forgotten who — to send me an essay he had written on the subject of the award, which subsequently I read with pleasure and with increased belief in the plan, which I regret is not original with me. I agreed to visit Swarthmore and make the next award; I did so, and had no difficulty out of sixteen entries in selecting the best. It was the 'library' of William H. Cleveland, the young fellow who had questioned me upon Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*. If he had any first or scarce editions, I did not see them. There were no sets, but a better-selected lot of books — poetry, essays, fiction, and biography — I never saw. In many of the books a special index of ideas rather than of names had been made on the blank leaves at the end, supplemented with a few extra sheets, very much such an index as I make of my reading, except that my lists are always in a mess and are largely unintelligible, whereas his were alphabetically arranged and neatness itself.

In these days it is not necessary for a man to spend much money upon the purchase of a representative collection of books. While it is a pleasant thing to have many and fine books, it is by no means necessary, for, as Voltaire said, 'it is with books as with men — a very small number play a very great part.' The great publishing houses vie with one another in bringing out 'libraries' of books which have the merit of being clearly printed, on good paper, well bound, and of a size which may be easily held in the hand and carried in one's pocket. What could be better, and cheaper, than the volumes in the Everyman's Library of Messrs. Dent, or the World's Classics issued by the Oxford University Press, to mention only two out of the many 'libraries' which have very largely taken the place of the old 'Bohn books' which were popular when I was a lad? Carlyle suggests, somewhere, that the main use of college training is to teach one to read, 'the true university being a collection of books.' A hundred great books, or half that number, may well supply one with the intellectual stimulation, and recreation, of a lifetime. We have been told that no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures. Quite so; and a man may so train himself that his pleasure may be had from reading the best books. I know whereof I speak.

It would be a pleasant thing to compile a list of one hundred great books which nobody reads to-day. This is not to suggest that they are useless, by any means: it means simply that they have done their work, that they have been 'chewed and digested,' in Bacon's phrase, and have unconsciously become a part of us, and we, without our knowing it, have become a part of them. Lewis Hind, a few years ago, published a book in London in which he showed that by the expenditure of only twelve pounds one could buy one hundred of the world's best books. His list would not be my list, nor would my list be his, but almost any list is a good list provided it is selected honestly.

Shortly after my experience with my young college friends, I sat next to an important New York publisher at dinner and I talked to him about the Swarthmore scheme, as I called it. He was strong for it, wanted me to write a little book about it which he said he would publish, but I wanted a wider spreading of the idea. It is for that reason that I send this paper to the *Atlantic*. That a publisher would be taken by the idea is not remarkable:

the number of book buyers would be increased by the general acceptance of the scheme. Publishers have to think of sales. But I am not a publisher; I am thinking only of the pleasure with which a man in after years will point to the collection of books made when he was a student at college. 'Those books,' he may say, 'established in me the love of reading, and the love of reading has been the joy and solace of my life.'

V

And so this paper is, in a way, an advertisement, — an advertisement of an idea, — and any skillful advertising man will tell you that, provided the idea is good, it is just as easy to advertise an idea as it is to advertise a hat or a pair of shoes. And the thoughtful reader is asked to answer — to himself — whether the idea of which I have told is good or no. I repeat that it is not mine; I am — to use a modern phrase — merely selling it.

In the year 1759, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote in one of his at present almost neglected *Idlers:* 'The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement.' And Dr. Johnson knew something of the 'trade' of advertising, which we now, and properly, call an 'art.' His pen was ever in request for a dedication or an introduction to some book or other, without which it was supposed that its sale would be less. But of the art of the advertiser as we know it, he, of course, had no inkling. To carry on one's business 'in the same manner that my father did at the Sign of the Dial, opposite the Bolt and Tun Inn in Fleet Street,' was, in Dr. Johnson's day, to suggest that 'it is not easy to propose any improvement.' To-day, such a method would spell RUIN. I hope I have advertised a good idea neatly. In any event, Swarthmore College is committed to it, and that, in the minds of the judicious, is a guarantee of its excellence.

THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

Though he reigned little more than nine years, King Edward VII was one of the most striking figures in the history of royalty. At a time when the tide of democracy was rising to the flood all over Europe, it was the singular good fortune of England's king that he was able to popularize the monarchy and prepare it to weather the storm which was to sweep most of the crowned heads from their thrones. He was the last of those kings who were built in the heroic mould of a Louis XIV and a Henry VIII — and the first of the new breed which we see to-day in Albert of Belgium, and to-morrow, if you like, in King Magnus of *The Apple Cart*. It is the abiding interest of King Edward's character that he stood thus successfully at the meeting place of civilizations.

The king who was to work this change delayed his appearance till nearly twenty-one months after the marriage of his parents — Princess Victoria, the first fruits of their union, having preceded him by a little less than a year. His arrival in the middle of the morning of November 9, 1841, coincided pleasantly with Lord Mayor's Day, the sole occasion in the year when the City of London allows itself the diversion of processional pageantry. Three weeks after the future king had for the first time thus associated himself with pageantry and good cheer, his mother could describe him as a wonderfully strong and large child. Already the physical characteristics of those familiar features were discernible: the large blue eyes, darker then than afterward, which, like those of Louis XIV, became so expressive a means of conveying the royal displeasure; the Coburg nose, rather Semitic than aquiline; the mouth indicating character and a measure of willfulness in the finely moulded curves. The mother's joy as she looked upon her son and heir was fortified by her hopes and prayers that he might be like 'his dearest Papa' — a wish that the prejudices of her subjects would have prevented them from sharing.

The old and worldly-wise Prime Minister shook his head when he learned that the Heir Apparent was to be called Albert Edward. Albert, Lord Melbourne sagely observed, was a good old English name with a certain degree of popularity attaching to it from ancient recollections, but Albert, even in its Anglo-Saxon form of Ethelred, had been little in use since the Conquest. His tactful hint that Edward should be the first name, though unheeded by the young parents, was adopted by the Prince when he came to the throne.

One may detect the Prime Minister's distrust of the growing German influences at Court in the remarks he added upon a subject which Englishmen approach from an angle peculiar to themselves. They have no great faith in the power of instruction to form character. They believe that the young should as far as possible work out their own salvation, a belief upon which are built those unique institutions the public schools and the older universities. In such vigorous democracies, amid the clash of youth upon youth, has been formed the dominant English type, a type possessing qualities of leadership that is only now beginning to pass away. 'Be not over solicitous,' Lord Melbourne wrote, under the impulse of these ideas, 'about education. It may be able to do much, but it does not do so much as is expected from it,' and he went on to point out that George IV and the Duke of York, who were educated like English boys and upon the system of English schools, were, with all their faults, 'quite Englishmen.'

Unfortunately for little Albert Edward, Prince Albert did not heed advice of which his German thoroughness made him disapprove; fortunately for the future of the monarchy, the influence of race on character proved stronger than the system to which the Prince's boyhood and youth were sacrificed, and the only thing distinctively German which remained with King Edward was his lifelong inability to pronounce the English *r*. In any case the preparation for the profession, the delightful profession, in his case, of hereditary kingship, is bound to entail a hard novitiate, and he would be a foolish candidate who, having chosen his parents and safely reached the initial stage toward his vocation, would complain that the trouble of being born was the first and not, as is sometimes vulgarly supposed, the last of those that beset him.

Yet there was much happiness in the childhood of this scion of many kings. None of them, perhaps, grew amid such domestic felicity as prompted Queen Victoria to assert, 'Not only no royal ménage is to be found equal to ours, but *no other ménage* is to be compared to ours.' If this atmosphere softened, it did not obliterate, the Prince's native temper. At his christening his governess remarked the fierce, stout features of the royal baby. When he was little more than a year old the same shrewdly observant great lady described him as 'passionate and determined enough for an autocrat,' though there shone in the intervals between these explosions 'a lovely mildness of expression and calm temper.'

II

Almost as soon as he could speak, — the first lispings were in German,— the habit of asking questions showed itself, a Socratic method that remained with him through life, later strengthened by a Socratic belief in the superiority of the spoken to the written word. He could follow his bent the better since, so far as befits a small child, he was without shyness. At the christening of his brother, Prince Alfred, his three-year-old eyes, already observant of the niceties of dress, gazed with curiosity upon the wig of the Archbishop of Canterbury. When the company subsequently assembled in the grand corridor, Albert Edward, unable to make others heed his question about this relic of eighteenth-century fashion, went up to the periwigged Primate himself and asked: 'What is that you have got upon your head?' We are not told that the Prince was abashed at the great laugh caused by the Archbishop's reply as 'he stooped down close to him and with great respect and gentleness answered: "It is called a wig."' Since the laugh was against the Archbishop, all was well.

Sometimes Bertie's questions were prompted by acquisitive motives, which must also be abnormally developed in him who would be a true king. 'Where is my gun?' he asked of Louis Philippe when that monarch was visiting Windsor. Later the little prince received a *fusil de munition* from Paris, a modest gift which, as the bourgeois king wrote to his mother, was at any rate strong enough to withstand 'the accidents that childhood likes to inflict upon its toys.' The pride that the small boy took in the Grand Cross of St. Andrew, a present from the Tsar, was perhaps of a more professional kind. But the delight in his first sailor suit, a stage in every boy's life, gave him a keener, if a more humble, pleasure as he swaggered about, crying, 'Je suis un petit mousse!' to his French governess. No subsequent promotion in naval rank brought the same zest, we may be sure.

His royal blood, rather than any Highland strain, gave him the right to wear the dress which sets off so well the noble beauty of the male, and partiality for the kilt, developed on his first visit to Scotland, remained with him throughout life. What boy could fail to be thrilled by the *skean dhubh* worn in the stocking, what man remain insensible to the 'ornaments,' the jewels that set off the bonnet and sporan and plaid tartan? Yet it remains a blot on the justness of the Prince's taste in dress that he never corrected the errors of Highland fashion committed by his father. Bare knees were rather shocking to the modesty of Victorian ladies, and to this day the incorrect tailoring of the royal kilts persists. They are worn too long, a tribute to decorum also reflected in the stockings' being brought too near the knee.

During those early impressionable years the Prince Albert's affection, not yet clamped to the terrible system which, under the inspiration of Baron Stockmar, he inflicted on the heir to the throne, was a beneficent sun shining in the royal nursery. Of him, rather than of the Queen, the children seem to have thought at the crises which occurred in their small world. Bertie regarded his father with the judicious mixture of love and fear upon which piety and religion are founded. The Prince Consort's goodness was an ever-present example. It might breed priggishness, as in Bertie's remark that he did not know how he could ever be naughty since he was so much happier when he was good. 'Bless dear Papa and Mama and give them the comfort of seeing me grow up a good boy,' the prayer he composed and wrote out himself, rings more true. In those populous Victorian nurseries, children were conscious that they were conceived in sin; the child of to-day, more aware of the sinfulness of his elders, if he composes prayers at all probably asks for the comfort of seeing his father and mother grow into good parents.

Well might Lady Lyttelton enjoy the task of governing such a nursery. They were passionate, high-spirited children, one moment melting her heart and the next trying to bite her in rage. Explosions were frequent. Smiles and tears chased one another as across a royal April sky. But Lady Lyttelton forgave the naughtinesses, for she saw the courage that is the foundation of character, and the kindness that is the prophylactic for egoism. At a review in Windsor Park, her 'Princey' — a familiarity of address not permitted to the assistant governesses, who called him 'Prince of Wales' — sat on her lap in ecstasies until the firing began. Then his face fell. 'I afraid! Soldiers go popping! No more! I cry!' and Lady Lyttelton loved him for his 'most touching countenance and bursting heart,' while the Princess Royal, a self-contained little girl of four, sat as unmoved as the Duke of Wellington a few paces away.

We get used to firearms. But there are few experiences more unpleasant than being upon a bolting horse. When this happened to the six-year-old Prince, who was strapped to the saddle, he kept tight hold of the reins and did not scream, though Miss Hildyard shrieked and the Princess Royal burst into tears. Lady Lyttelton relates the sequel: 'Princey's pony is called Arthur and is often thought slow. Yesterday, on the Prince taking his writing lesson, Miss Hildyard said: "Hold your thumb in the right place, Prince of Wales — so — you *can* do it right if you try, I'm sure." "Oh, yes!" he answered with a sly smile at her, "I *can*. Arthur *can* gallop, we know now!" It was the only allusion he made to it — rather a clever one.' The sly humor, parent of the sly smile, remained with him all his life.

Poor Lady Lyttelton! She venerated the Queen, adored the Prince Albert, found prosperity in uninterrupted lessons, and adversity in the failings of her assistants and in the children's being called away on treats — for, despite the strictness of their upbringing, pageantry was in the air they breathed. And Princey found it infinitely congenial. At three this virtuoso could 'bow and offer his hand beautifully,' at seven he had a childish dignity very pretty to witness, characterizing all his movements in public.

III

Well might Lady Lyttelton be proud of him. Yet would all his promise ever come to fruition? Would he be a Prince in ten years' time? Would there be any princes after the republicanism rampant in the Europe of 1848 had run its course? Lady Lyttelton's forebodings were shared by many. The possibility of a revolutionary outbreak sent the Court hurriedly to Osborne and gave the future King Edward his first lesson on the instability of human things. It left its mark. To trace the fears that the King is said to have expressed for the future of his dynasty in the last months of his life to some knot tied in his boyish mind on this occasion would be to give undue importance to the presentiments of a sick man. Yet there can be little doubt that the events of 1848 helped to color the liberalism he owed to his father and eldest sister and had their share in shaping the technique of statecraft which led him, both as Prince of Wales and as King, to turn critics and potential enemies into allies and friends. Louis Blanc, to whom as an exile in London the Prince seemed 'a fairy personage,' was the first, but not the last, of his kind to succumb to that royal charm.

Thrones tottered in that year of unrest. Louis Philippe found himself a fugitive in the country he had visited as a king. Queen Victoria, as she surveyed the awful state of Europe, felt 'grown old and serious.' Prince Albert, viewing the situation more broadly, evinced a sympathy with the proletariat which the government was far from sharing. He wrote from Osborne to Lord John Russell, saying that his private inquiries showed the number of the unemployed in London to be 'very large' and criticizing the economies which led to the suspending of work upon the royal palaces and upon the 'formation of Battersea Park'; he went so far as to advance the doctrine that 'the government was bound to do what it could to help the working classes over the present moment of distress.' With such enlightened sympathy did King Edward's father regard the wicked Chartists.

The danger apprehended from the London mob soon passed. But it only strengthened the determination of Prince Albert, foreseeing the development of the industrial state, to equip his son for the task, the overwhelming task, that lay before him. Prince Albert's own inclinations, the promptings of Baron Stockmar, who had fashioned two generations of royalty in Queen Victoria's uncle and husband and now looked to fashion the third in the Queen's son, the encouragement of the busybodies who find ingenuous youth less able than the maturer portions of mankind to defend itself against their interference — all pointed in the same direction.

'Upon the good education of Princes, and especially of those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world in these days greatly depends.' So wrote Prince Albert in 1849. It was not simply a question of educating a future king. Since the Queen Regnant was only twenty-three years older than the Prince of Wales and seemed made of iron, her son would in all probability have to look forward to a long minority. Hanoverian precedents showed the tendency of the heir apparent, shut out from political power, to ally himself with the opposition and become a thorn in the side of his parent rather than a prop to the throne. Peculiar moral dangers also surrounded the position, as the last Prince of Wales, the Prince Regent whose memory so shocked the Victorians, only too clearly exemplified. The thought that history might repeat itself in this particular was as abhorrent to the parents of the Prince as to the English middle class, which felt that its advent to political preponderance was designed by Providence to coincide with the dawn of a more Christian age.

So when the Prince of Wales was seven he found himself launched on the most portentously thorough system of education ever devised by a conscientious father. Lady Lyttelton handed over her authority to a tutor, and the little Prince's solemn preparation began. Every moment of the day had its allotted task. No minute was to be wasted, nothing left to chance. So far as human foresight could secure it, there should be no chink in the plan through which Satan might squeeze. The austere moral and intellectual edifice envisaged by the Prince Albert allowed his son no egress into any garden of the imagination, no safety valve for boyish spirits, no room for the spontaneous development of his faculties. Even storybooks were banned, and Scott's novels, commended in princely German homes for their propriety, were not allowed in the royal schoolroom. And every day the tutor submitted a written report to the Prince's parents upon their son's progress.

Henry Birch, the young cleric of eminent academic distinction chosen by the Prince Consort for the responsible task, soon won the affections of his warm-hearted little charge. A wiser parent would have been satisfied with this and, remembering that slow-growing fruit has the best flavor, left the small boy's attainments to ripen gradually. But few fathers are magnanimous enough not to wish to follow the primordial example and to make their children after their own image. Prince Albert ardently desired his eldest son to grow up studious, reserved, discreet, showing a Teutonic geniality toward ideas, a Teutonic jealousy for the barriers of rank — in short, another Albert. As the young father saw that the boy gave no signs of fulfilling this ideal, he fussed and worried. In the mistaken belief that his son would equip himself to handle men by learning to handle words, Prince Albert laid special stress on the diary which the Prince of Wales kept under his tutor's supervision, and he was pained when the bald, childish style betrayed none of the literary facility that the precocious Vicky had at her command — fortunately for her brother, since we have it on the authority of the greatest master of European kingcraft that a king should write as little as possible.

Prince Albert, even had he known of this dictum, would hardly have paid attention to anything Louis XIV might have said — a monarch whose religious opinions were based on the distrust of human nature inevitable for those who rather stress the supernatural portions of Christianity than regard 'the pure and comprehensive Christian morality' as the solid foundation on which the supernatural elements of the religion rest. Baron Stockmar had drawn this distinction in one of his educational theses, and with it Prince Albert fully concurred. It seemed, indeed, possible that the Prince of Wales was failing to fit into the mould owing to Mr. Birch's theological views, for he paid special attention to the Catechism, a statement of Anglican doctrine so nicely balanced that it could easily be made to incline to the Romanist views of the High Church Party. When Mr. Birch found it expedient to resign, his charge was disconsolate. The boy's trouble and sorrow were remarked by the ladies of the Court, who related how 'the affectionate dear little fellow' used to leave notes and presents on Mr. Birch's pillow 'which were really too moving.'

IV

The new tutor was a layman. But in spite of a precise manner and the legal training which narrows, while it strengthens, the mind, Mr. Gibbes soon saw that the parental system must be shattered against the native exuberance and restlessness under restraint of the ten-year-old Prince. He warned the parents. He did not tell them, following the example of another royal tutor, that royalty consists almost entirely in action and that it might be an advantage, as it proved to the Roi Soleil, if the Prince showed himself indifferent and nonchalant toward purely scholastic exercises. The diagnosis of Louis XIV's preceptors, that while neither learned, intellectual, nor artistic, he was immediately interested in affairs and bombarded everyone with questions, might be applied to King Edward's own youth.

With undeviating insistence continued the pathetic efforts of a well-meaning father and of a mother who, though an authoritarian as a queen and a parent, showed a wifely submissiveness to her husband. Queen Victoria's personal impulse was toward a more English freedom. Her own Spartan virtues might even have counseled her to send the Prince to Eton. The Prince Consort mistrusted the Spartan virtues, and feared the Spartan vices of the public schools. He wished to shield his son behind the same prickly etiquette that hedged himself against the criticism and unpopularity of which he was the victim. Since the Prince of Wales could not be brought up in complete seclusion, he was sometimes allowed to entertain a few Etonians to tea at Windsor Castle. But lest he should suffer in any way from contact with these carefully chosen scions of well-known families, his father took tea with them, and not even his son's lightness of social touch could dispel the awe which Prince Albert shed upon these harmless boyish functions.

As the Prince of Wales grew older, as he approached adolescence with its dangers and temptations, the father's sense of responsibility made him tighten the régime. He was less than ever willing to allow his son the freedom that the boy instinctively craved, the freedom sometimes to run wild, to be boisterous and do forbidden things, to indulge the nostalgia for the lost pleasures of savagery from which the young suffer. Such variety as came into his life was the result of the restlessness characteristic of Courts. He never stayed long enough in one spot to attain that familiarity with places and things which should form the background to every childhood, while the state functions which he attended with his parents were no safety valve, but an additional cause for unrest in an excitable boy. His taste for the color and movement of life was more satisfactorily indulged by the drama. The command performances at Windsor Castle at Christmastide, his visits to London theatres in the season, and the private theatricals in which the royal children occupied their rare leisure, were probably the most valuable and enduring lessons he received — more valuable than his excursions into music, that nursery governess of the Muses, or into art, a world in which he was never at home.

Life, not art, is a king's business, and the stage at least held up a mirror to it. Paris did more. It was life itself, and the visit paid by the Prince, now nearly fourteen years old, to the city which expresses the European spirit with such incomparable grace and verve left an indelible mark. The boy succumbed. Paris dazzled him, as his exotic kilted figure dazzled the Parisians. In the brilliancy of the French Court, the dark shadow of his father's tutelage momentarily disappeared. Napoleon III, who understood at any rate the superficialities of the technique of kingship, seemed a fascinating person, the more so since his manner toward the Prince was that of one man to another.

To the charms of the Empress Eugénie the susceptible boy easily yielded. It was all wonderful — a revelation of how delightful the profession might be made. For a week he basked in the unaccustomed radiance. Everyone's heart was at his feet. Elderly generals cried as the handsome boy, always in kilts, knelt at his mother's command at the tomb of Napoleon while an August thunderstorm burst overhead. Beautiful ladies remarked how well he danced. When the week's visit came to an end and his parents made ready to turn homeward, the Prince, fledging his Cherubino's wings, suggested to the Empress that he and Vicky should stay behind. She doubted whether Mama would be able to do without him. 'Don't you believe it,' he stoutly replied. 'There are six of us at home and they don't want us at all.'

Naturally the wish remained unfulfilled, but there is a symbolical fitness in it. It declared at once his love for Paris that remained a lifelong passion and was the first of those gropings toward an entente with France which his government was to reach half a century later.

V

Back in England, the Prince returned to his books and the endless tasks under his tutor with ill grace. He was no young Alexander, sleeping with an *Iliad* and a sword under his pillow. But then neither Mr. Gibbes nor Mr. Tarver, who taught him theology and the classics, was an Aristotle; nor was Prince Albert a King Philip. Yet the son of Albert resembled the son of

Philip in his bursts of choler, and, like him, looked forward to a manhood under arms, an ambition that the stirring events of the Crimea and the Mutiny quickened, though no companies of youth submitted to his young generalship as they did to Alexander of Macedon and Louis of France, those two paragons of kingship in the ancient and modern world.

Prince Albert, distressed at his son's indolent waywardness, put the blame, fatherlike, on his son and not on himself. Everyone saw the errors of the system except the Queen and Baron Stockmar, and failure eventually grew so patent that some concession had to be made. Prince Albert consented to a temporary relaxation of his personal surveillance and the boy started off on a walking tour through Dorset with the precise Mr. Gibbes and one of Prince Albert's gentlemen at Court.

This grim experiment — the Prince was never much of a walker — ended after a week because the interest aroused among the unimpressionable people of Wessex by the young Prince's staying at country inns on his road had no place in his father's scheme. But it slightly deflected the course of the royal education. The next year the boy undertook the first real tour that afforded him the solace of boyish companionship — Lord Halifax, one of the four contemporaries who accompanied him, is still alive — and of escape from the paternal eye. At last high spirits had an outlet — even to the chasing of a flock of sheep into the shallows of Windermere, for which he suffered rebuke from a farmer's wife more merited than that meted out to his ancestor Alfred by a woman of similar degree. The Prince, in fact, enjoyed himself thoroughly, though his father found fault with the literary inadequacy of the diary, which was as dry as this kernel of a dry system deserved to be.

Another milestone on the long road to independence came when his parents allowed him to choose his own clothes. With the jealousy of power natural to a reigning sovereign whose power comes from above, his mother had misgivings, and to impress her son with the importance of the privilege she explained her views on dress in writing. 'I must now say that we do not wish to control your own taste and fancies, which, on the contrary, we wish you to indulge and develop. But we do *expect* that you will never wear anything *extravagant* or *slang*, not because we don't like it, but because it would prove a want of self-respect and be an offence against decency, leading — as it has often done in others — to an indifference to what is morally wrong.'

The influence of clothes on morals has exercised many acute minds. Maybe the Prince's parents exaggerated the evils of dandyism. In any case they need have had no fear that the extravagance of their son's taste in dress might be the exciting cause for extravagance in conduct. For if he was not the first to secure a sartorial primacy for Savile Row, he consolidated it into an empire to whose sway the males of both hemispheres pay a loyalty not less sincere, if less costly, than that of their womenkind to the shrines of fashion in the Rue de la Paix. Over a side of life so important that it has fascinated the seers of all ages, including our own, he exercised a lifelong kindly influence. He may not have emancipated the male from the stiffness of starch, but he undermined the supremacy of the top hat; the Norfolk jacket launched from Sandringham a covert attack on the waistcoat that almost succeeded in releasing mankind from a bourgeois encumbrance; late in life he courageously attempted to grapple with the tyranny of the trouser crease by wearing this at the side of the leg — an innovation which unhappily proved in advance of public opinion. His was a kindly and a kingly influence — for he never underrated by a button the part dress played in the ritual that goes to make up an ordered social life.

This, however, lay in the future. For the moment the adolescent found all his energies absorbed in withstanding the pressure of his educational régime. Sometimes it damped his resiliency of spirit; we catch perhaps a glimpse of such a phase in Prince Metternich's description of the boy as 'having an embarrassed and sad air' when he visited that former enemy of Napoleon at the famous Schloss Johannisberg. There was reason for it, since the Prince Albert had insisted on his son's occupying a month of his first summer vacation abroad in the study of German literature at Bonn. More often storms of passion showed the strain of the system. They passed quickly and left no resentment behind. Probably they would have occurred anyhow, for the ruler of men must be able to lose his temper; the 'damn your eyes' attitude is as valuable a weapon in the armory of leadership as the sulkiness of an Achilles is the reverse.

If the father's omniscience — how dangerous a quality in a king his grandson Wilhelm II was later to show — imparted to the son an intellectual diffidence that never wholly left him, Prince Albert's goodness prevented Albert Edward from harboring any rancor against a paternal care that was more prone to blame than praise. Yet praise came sometimes. When the Prince, at the impressionable age of sixteen and a half, received the sacrament of confirmation, the Queen recorded with appreciation his 'gentle, good and proper' bearing, and the royal parents were gratified too with their son's replies to the 'long and difficult' oral examination by his catechist, the alarming Dr. Wellesley, which lasted for a whole hour.

VI

Decidedly the novitiate for the delightful profession was no joke. A memorandum drawn up for gentlemen of the Prince's household at White Lodge laid down the most meticulous rules of conduct. From their example the Prince was to learn how to avoid the frivolity of dandyism, not to loll in armchairs or slouch with his hands in his pockets, to be polite with dignity and punctilious without familiarity, to satirize follies but not to couple these with individuals, and never, never by any chance to countenance anything approaching to a practical joke. And they were to use every occasion, even to the extent of looking over drawings and books of engravings, to amuse and at the same time gently exercise the Prince's mind, an all-important end to which, the Prince Consort was careful to point out, 'mere games of cards and billiards and idle gossiping talk' would never conduce. In this morally pasteurized atmosphere, with Mr. Gibbes and Mr. Tarver and the future Lord Wantage, whose religious devotions he had wished to emulate, the Prince of Wales approached his seventeenth birthday.

Yet the Prince Consort felt dissatisfied. His son was far from reaching the standard considered necessary by this conscientious man to whom duty was a fetish, and he planned, therefore, a more intensive application of pressure on both the moral and the intellectual front. For this purpose, on the Prince's seventeenth birthday Mr. Gibbes gave way to a Governor, who had the advantages of being the younger son of an earl, a Scotch Presbyterian, and the Colonel of a Guards Regiment, the most rigorously disciplined corps in the British Army. Colonel Bruce held no nominal office. Written instructions from the Queen herself armed him with the power to regulate all her son's movements, 'the distribution and employment of his time and the occupations and details of his daily life.'

This silent and mysterious man at once gained the full confidence of the Prince's parents, and the Governor's reports on his charge's shortcomings, the youth's exaggerated interest in dress and etiquette, his considerable share of 'willfulness and constitutional irritability,' his partiality for 'frivolous disputes,' seemed to them proof that the mild and amiable Colonel, as he appeared to the Prince Consort, rightly judged their son's character. In the hope that its inequalities might now be smoothed out and a young paragon emerge who would understand that 'life was composed of duties in the due, punctual and cheerful performance of which the true Christian, true soldier and true gentleman was recognized,' the Prince's father and mother sent him a Memorandum among his seventeenth-birthday presents in which this aphorism was suitably elaborated. It reminded him also that the knighthood of the Garter, another birthday present, — which a cynical statesman has commended for there being no d——d merit about it, — meant the joining of a confraternity of the selected few who wear the St. George's Cross on their shoulder in token 'of the Christian fight which they mean to sustain with the temptations and difficulties of this transient life.'

The lofty literary style of the Memorandum was the gossip of the Court, and it was related how the Prince of Wales shed tears as he read it. But if fine sentiments are well, action is better. So the Prince put on his new Colonel's uniform, surely admiring himself meanwhile, while possibly regretting the three or four inches which would have set off his royal beauty, and went to report at the Horse Guards to the Commander in Chief, his cousin, jolly 'Uncle' George of Cambridge. The knightly career could not begin too soon. 'Really a charming and unaffected lad' was how he appeared to this chip of the old Hanoverian block. But when the young Colonel on the unattached list, finding his wishes hanging fire, put in a request that he should undergo training at Aldershot, his father, instead of encouraging this ambition to become a truly professional soldier, agreed with his Governor on the 'temptations and unprofitable companionship of the military life.' Preparation for the Christian fight, in the Prince Consort's opinion, could be better made amid the archæological and artistic treasures of Rome than on Laffan's Plain and in the lax atmosphere of the mess.

To Rome, therefore, it was decided that the Prince should go. So tautly stretched was the System that a brief visit paid to his sister in Berlin, now a bride and the wife of the future German Emperor, was not allowed to interfere with the daily curriculum of studies. The Prince Consort insisted that only slender courtesies were to be offered to the Prince and persuaded his daughter, when she found herself alone with her brother, to read improving German books aloud to him. No Richard Feverel of fiction ever submitted to such strenuous preparation for the great race of life. No artist ever forgot to better effect the lessons he had learned in the schools than did the Prince of Wales when the time came for him to play the part he had designed for himself.

BLACK DEATH

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM OUTERSON

I

THREE seamen were adrift on a raffle of wreckage in mid-Atlantic, their ship having foundered in a sudden squall that struck them unawares. There had been no time to lower the boats, and the vessel sank under them, so that they had to fight their way to the surface and find what means they could of keeping themselves afloat. Ross, Ericson, and Burnham had managed to reach a broken mast with the top attached, and climbed on to it to present safety, but as they had neither food nor water their prospects were gloomy in the extreme, especially as they were in warm latitudes and the pangs of thirst would immediately begin to assail them. They had spent the day of their disaster keeping anxious lookout for a passing ship, and this was their first night on the tangle of wreckage. As they clung to the top, close together, and safe enough from the sea in fine weather because of the buoyancy of their wooden craft, they spoke occasionally in low tones.

Ross, a small man of cheerful and energetic temperament, struck the note of optimism.

'We may be picked up,' he said. 'Always a chance of it.'

Ericson answered with a grunt. He was slow-spoken and laconic. 'Maybe one in a hundred.'

'Long chances don't mean nothin',' Ross retorted. 'Things happen at sea that seems like one chance in a million. Other times nothin' happens when you'd think the chances was all for it.'

'That's right, that's right,' agreed Burnham. He preserved a judicial air even in the midst of shipwreck. 'I've seen it again and again in my life.'

'Well,' said Ross, 'the way I look at it is this. We'll be picked up or we won't be, an' chances ain't got nothin' to do with it.'

'Maybe fate has somethin' to do with it,' said Ericson.

They fell silent, aware of the desperate position the sea had placed them in, but knowing, too, that it might be worse. They were afloat and unhurt, and they had life, and while that remained there was always hope. When a few minutes had passed, Burnham raised his eyes and gazed into the darkness to the west, where the nearest land lay, some fifteen hundred miles distant.

'We're somewheres near the latitood of Key West, I reckon,' he remarked.

'It's a far cry to Key West on this craft,' Ross muttered.

Ericson raised his head and seemed to be listening to some sound coming out of the gloom. Had it been light, his shipmates could have seen in his blue-gray eyes a gleam of the strange racial intelligence of men who come from generations of seafarers. There was no moon, and he could make out nothing; and perhaps it was instinct rather than hearing that led him to detect that far-away shadow of sound. Or it might be that their urgent need had wrought on his mind until he imagined things that had no reality, and he must be certain before he mentioned it, in order not to raise hopes that were groundless.

Except for a long swell the sea was almost calm, the soft wind raising only a light ripple on the surface, but the cat's-paws made a constant lapping and gurgling against the floating mast and the timbers of the top, and these noises, slight though they were, drowned that other note, and he could not be sure for a long time whether he actually heard or only imagined it. If the moon would only rise above the sea it would cheer them with its light, but it was in its last quarter and would not come up until an hour or so before dawn. Until then he would not be able to see a ship a mile or two away, even if one happened to be passing.

Ross and Burnham became aware of his absorbed attitude, and looked at him anxiously, wondering what had attracted his attention.

'D' ye hear anything?' Burnham asked in a husky whisper.

'Wait! I'm not sure,' Ericson replied.

They listened intently, breathing silently, conscious that some apparently trifling circumstance of this kind might be of the gravest moment, and eventually might lead them away from the torture of death by thirst in mid-ocean.

'By God! I heard something then,' exclaimed Ericson suddenly. All three struggled to their feet on the unstable wreckage, searching in all directions over the dark water for the source of the mysterious sound.

'I don't see nothin',' said Ross, but they continued their ceaseless vigil, afraid of losing a chance of rescue.

'Ain't that the moon comin' up?' asked Burnham, looking into the east, and the others raised their eyes from the sea for a few moments, gazing at the pale arc of light that brightened the sky, heralding the rising moon.

'It'll be lighter when it gits up a bit, above the murk along the sky line.'

'I hear a noise plain now,' Ericson declared positively, his voice a trifle hoarse.

They all heard it, and stood staring into the west, whence it came, hope growing stronger in their hearts while forced inaction made them fearful that the ship, if it were a ship, might pass without being sighted, and leave them to despair.

'Sounds to me like somebody beatin' a drum,' said Burnham.

'To hell with drums! Are you crazy?' Ross burst out. But he looked at his mates with a puzzled expression. 'It's comin' nearer, whatever it is. It must be close, or it would n't be so loud.'

The moon rose slowly above the bank of haze on the sky line, a slender crescent that did not give much light, but the three men standing on the half-submerged mast, holding to the upper edge of the top, scanned the sea in the direction of the sound, straining to see something. In this they were disappointed, and, to add to their depression, the booming noise suddenly ceased.

'It's quit,' said Ross, and they listened for a minute, but did not hear the drumlike beat again. Time passed, and they were beginning to fight against a feeling of despair, when they saw a whitish gleam which they recognized as the canvas of a ship, her sails having at that moment caught the faint moonlight at such an angle as to throw the reflection in the direction of the castaways.

'There she is!' cried Ericson, and they sent a wild hail across the sea.

'Ship ahoy!' they shouted together, and waited for the answer; but none came, and they hailed again and again, their voices rising desperately. Still no answering signal reached them.

'There's something wrong aboard of her,' Ross said hoarsely.

'Looks like it,' agreed Burnham. 'She ain't showin' no lights. But she's bearing down on us anyways.'

'What's the matter wi' them? All hands drunk, or asleep?' Ross was almost petulant in his rage against the silent ship.

II

The breeze died slowly as dawn approached, and the strange ship drew near them at gradually slackening speed, yawing wildly from side to side as if the man at the wheel had gone to sleep, or had deserted his post altogether. She came blundering along in this way while the breeze lasted, and when it fell flat calm, and the ripples died on the surface, she lay motionless not more than half a mile from the men on the floating spar, who watched her avidly, hailing spasmodically from time to time, but receiving no word in reply. Now they were silent, sitting crouched on their precarious raft of wreckage, three drooping figures sick with doubt and hope deferred, within sight of rescue, yet seemingly doomed in spite of the nearness of succor.

Ericson's blue eyes grew more and more anxious. Finally he spoke up with decision. 'That ship,' he said, 'she's abandoned. There ain't a soul aboard of her from the way she behaves, an' as soon as the wind comes she'll sail away an' leave us to die on this spar. We've got to swim to her. Can you fellers swim?'

'Sure,' they answered together.

'No time to waste,' said Ericson, and slid into the sea. He swam with a powerful breast stroke toward the silent ship, the others following close behind him. The water was warm and as calm as a pond, and the distance between the swimmers and the ship decreased steadily, but their fear that a breeze might spring up at any moment spurred them to constantly greater efforts, and they sighed with relief and exhaustion when they finally reached the iron side of the becalmed vessel and clung for a minute to the end of a brace they found trailing in the water from the rail. When they had recovered breath, Ross clambered up the side, threw a leg over the rail, and sat surveying the mysterious craft, thankful that he and his mates had reached her, no matter what was wrong.

'She may be an evil ship,' he remarked to his companions, when they had come up and were sitting beside him on the rail, 'but I'd rather be aboard of her than hangin' to that spar. I've heard yarns about blokes dyin' from thirst in open boats, an' I don't want to know how it feels.'

'I went without water for two days once, an' that was bad enough.' Ericson slid from the rail to the deck. 'One day's too many, an' I'm goin' for water right now.'

The others dropped to the deck and followed him, walking forward with nervous glances to right and left, prepared for something queer to happen — a crazy sailor to jump out at them, or a ghost to flit across their path. But they heard and saw nothing along the deserted deck, until they reached the fo'c'sle on the starboard side and halted at the door to peer cautiously inside. As they stood thus, a faint moan came to their ears, and they stared into the gloom of the fo'c'sle.

'There's a man dyin' in there,' said Ericson in a low voice.

'I've a hunch she's a plague ship,' declared Ross, sniffing.

'There's a queer stink in there,' said Burnham.

Ericson entered the fo'c'sle, passed several empty bunks, and paused before one in which the wasted body of a seaman lay inert. His breathing was shallow and rapid, and when Ericson placed his hand on the sick man's forehead he felt it burning hot and dry as parchment. Ross and Burnham came to the bunk and gazed at the occupant, standing close together and partly behind Ericson, who went to the locker and took out a pannikin, half filled it with water from the tank, and returned to the bunk, where he placed his arm under the head and shoulders of the sick man, raised him slightly, and held the water to his lips. Although the man seemed at the last extremity, he drank the water avidly, and Ericson would have given him more, but he had emptied the tank in half filling the pannikin.

'Black plague,' said Ross. 'I've seen it afore. Let's take a look at the port side.'

Together they went on deck and hurried across to the other fo'c'sle, entered with apprehensive glances, but saw nobody, and stood in a group wondering just what had happened. Ericson still had the pannikin in his hand, and, holding it under the spout of the tank, he opened the valve, but no water came.

'Empty,' he remarked, glancing at his companions.

'How much d' you reckon is in the other tank?' Ross inquired anxiously.

'None,' Ericson replied briefly. 'I gave the last of it to the sick man.'

All thoughts of anything but water now left their minds, and they went aft to the galley and tried the tank there.

'Dry as a bone.' Burnham stood staring at the open valve, through which not a drop of water passed.

They turned and hurried aft to the cabin, where they searched every room for water, but found none in the bottles in the officers' rooms, or in the tank in the pantry.

'We might 've knowed that,' Ericson spoke in self-scorn. 'Of course there's no water handy in a fever ship. The poor blokes drank all they could git, an' that lad in the fo'c'sle had n't the strength to draw any from the ship's tanks. Let's try them.' He started forward at a swift walk. 'I'll get the pump from Chips's room.'

Ross and Burnham went to the waist and unscrewed the plug that closed the pipe leading to the tank on that side, while Ericson hurried back along the dawn-lit deck bringing the fresh-water pump, which they screwed into place, and started working the handle up and down with quick short strokes. For what seemed a long time no water came, and the three men felt a cold sweat break out on them; then the plunger began to drag, and a few moments later a stream of sweet water, thin at first but growing rapidly in volume, gushed into the bucket they held under it.

Ericson plunged the pannikin in and filled it to the brim, then went forward to give it to the sick man, Ross and Burnham following after a moment of hesitation. They halted at the door when they saw their shipmate turn away from the bunk with the pannikin of water still in his hand and come toward the door.

'He's dead,' said Ericson, and they stared at him blankly.

Ericson threw the pannikin and water over the side. They went aft and drank their fill from the bucket, then stood grouped around the main fife rail, ready to face anything now that they were sure of water. Although there was much work to be done, they stood leaning idly against the fife rail, appreciating the feeling of blessed relief from stress and danger and the dread spectre of thirst. Their eyes roved about the decks and up aloft, where all sail hung against the masts, flapping with a rattle of blocks and chain sheets when the ship rolled on the long swell. Only now did they notice that one of the deck ports had been left unfastened, and each time she rolled to starboard the iron gate clanged loudly against the side.

'That's the sound we heard,' said Ericson, remarking that when she lay across the swell the sound ceased, as she did not roll then and the gate hung stationary. They stood watching this action, which they had seen a thousand times before, still unwilling to start the work that had to be done, and wondering if they would have reached the ship in time without the message it had sent across the quiet sea.

Burnham finally straightened up and glanced forward, speaking with his eyes withheld from his mates: —

'If we stay aboard of this ship we've got to put that over the side.'

'Aye.'

There was a short hesitation, then all three went forward and entered the starboard fo'c'sle, balked at the stench that met their nostrils, but approached the bunk where the dead man lay, wrapped him in his blankets, which they secured in place with rope yarns, and carried him on deck. Searching in the bos'n's locker, they found a crowbar, which they made fast to the ankles of the corpse; then they looked at each other uncomfortably, hating all ceremony, but believing it right and necessary in a case like this.

'D' ye know any of the words of the burial service?' Ross inquired.

'I know jist a few,' Burnham admitted.

'Anything you kin remember will be all right. It's the way we do it that counts — not the words.'

They placed the shrouded figure on a wide plank found in the carpenter's shop, raised it gravely, and balanced it on top of the rail, bowing their heads awkwardly while Burnham recited all he could remember of the service for burial at sea.

'Almighty God, we commit the body of this man to the deep, and his soul to Thy keeping. Amen.'

The end of the plank was canted up, the body slid off, feet first, and the iron bar carried it down to the depths of the sea with a mournful splash, the three men peering over the rail to watch it out of sight, and breathing more freely when it was gone.

III

'What about some grub now?' Ericson dismissed the dead with these words, and they went aft. In the pantry bread kid they found plenty of cabin biscuits, a cube of butter on a white dish, and various kinds of canned fish, beef, fruit, and vegetables, also coffee and a broken case of ship's tobacco. Carrying the food to the cabin table, they sat down to enjoy it properly, after preparing coffee in the pantry over an oil stove. When Ross brought the coffee in and set it down, his eyes fell on an ordinary notebook with a rubber band around it, which he slipped off, turning back the cover to glance within. The other two watched him with interest as they began their meal, and after a while Ericson warned him that his coffee was getting cold. Ross paid no attention, apparently absorbed in whatever he was reading in the notebook — evidently a fascinating yarn from the way he turned the leaves, wetting his finger and hastily switching them over as if impatient at even this small delay. When he came to the end he sat down without speaking, remained still and thoughtful for a minute, then tossed the little book over to Ericson.

'It's all there,' he stated gravely. 'The whole yarn. Read it.'

Ericson opened the little book and glanced at the first page, noticed the queerly jumbled handwriting, and passed the volume to Burnham. He opened it in turn, made as if to read, then dropped it on the table, glancing at Ross expectantly. 'The handwriting's hard to make out. Tell us what's in it,' he said.

'That book's a diary,' Ross began. 'It was written by a bloke callin' hisself Thomas Burns, an' he says he was a seaman before the mast. This ship's the *Marathon*, from Bombay to Noo York with a mixed cargo, an' she was forty-five days out when he started his log.

'They made a good run, he says, down to the Cape, an' they come round the corner with a howlin' easterly gale astern of them. Everything was goin' fine, an' all hands was enjoyin' theirselves, when they ran into fine weather. Then one day the second mate began to act queer, staggerin' about the deck with a wild glare in his eyes that made the men think he was nutty. The skipper came on deck an' sent him below, an' he died in five hours.

'The skipper an' the mate prob'ly knew it was the plague, but they said nothin' to the crew about it, an' he was all sewed up in canvas when they put him over the side. The mate went down with it next, an' they buried him the same way; then the bos'n, the sailmaker, Chips, an' one man after another till only ten were left. They were scared out o' their senses, an' went aft to the skipper an' told 'im he could do as he pleased, but they was goin' to abandon the ship that very minute. So they took two of the boats, with plenty water an' grub, an' left the skipper alone on the poop, this bloke Thomas Burns standin' on the main deck.

'They wanted 'im to go in the boats with them, but he would n't — says he don't know why he stayed aboard, unless he thought his chances were better on board the ship. Anyhow, he stayed, an' buried the skipper all by hisself the next day. He could n't git him up to the top of the rail to slide him over, so he opened that port we heard bangin' last night, an' dumped 'im through there — forgot to close it again, I reckon. Then he says he's beginnin' to feel bad, an' supposes he'll go the same as the others, an' they'll be nobody to bury him. That's the end of the writin'.'

In the strained silence that followed, Ericson began to squirm uncomfortably, and sought under his clothing for something that seemed to be troubling him. In a little while he brought his hand from under his shirt, holding a flea, which he crushed into shreds between his finger and thumb, rubbing it off against the leg of his pants.

The others stared at him with an intense gravity, thinking of the story of Thomas Burns, whom they had recently consigned to the sea, dead of the black plague, like most of the crew of this unhappy ship. Their attention was gradually drawn away from this immediate subject by sounds of squeaking and scratching, with which they had all been long familiar.

'Let's drive them out of the lazaret. They might spoil the grub.' Burnham rose as if to carry out this suggestion, but Ericson stopped him.

'No. Don't go near them. It's the rats that carry the plague. We ought to smoke them out. There's a big block of sulphur in the paint locker. I saw it when I was lookin' around for water.'

Acting on this suggestion at once, they brought the sulphur in an iron pot from the galley, put the oil stove under it, closed all the doors and portholes, opened the hatch of the lazaret in the cabin floor, then went on deck, where they found that a light breeze had sprung up with the rising of the sun. Mounting the ladder to the poop, they gathered around the wheel, Ericson steering, and talked over their plans.

'Let's get out of her,' said Burnham anxiously. 'There's no tellin' how soon we'll git the plague ourselves, an' there's two good boats on the skids.'

'We've got to have grub, an' the lazaret's the only place we kin git enough of it to last us to the coast. I reckon it'll take us all of a month to make our landfall, an' we don't want to starve on the trip. That sulphur smoke'll go down the open hatch an' drive out all the rats — an' the fleas — in a day or so.'

'We're all right for a day or two,' Ross declared. 'Ye don't catch that sort of disease all in a minute. They were forty-five days out before any of them took it.'

Ericson steered in silence, watching the compass, and throwing an occasional glance aloft at the sails, swelling under the increasing pressure of the fair wind.

'I'd hate to be buried the way we done Thomas Burns,' he remarked in a quiet voice. 'Jist dumped over the side like a can of ashes. I come down from the Vikings, an' in the old days, when a chief died, they laid him in his ship on top of a pile of logs, set fire to them, an' headed the ship west when the sun was settin'. That's the way I'd like to be buried.'

'Aye, that's a nice send-off, but us sailormen ain't got much chance of that kind of buryin'. We goes down wi' the ship when she founders, or die in an 'ospital ashore an' git dumped into a potter's field.'

IV

They sailed west, taking their trick at the wheel turn about, eating in the pantry during that day and night. In the morning they opened the door of the cabin and allowed the sulphur smoke to escape, but it was not until the second morning that they could descend into the lazaret, which had only the hatch in the cabin floor to provide ventilation. When they had swung one of the boats outboard in the davits, provided her with an ample supply of food and water and an extra mast and sail taken from the other boat, they began to discuss the disposal of the ship.

'We can't leave her afloat to run into some other ship, full of men, on a dark night. We oughta set her afire, an' see her sink afore we leave her,' Ross argued.

'Sure thing,' said Burnham. 'That's what we oughta do.'

They turned to Ericson for his opinion, but he was seated on the main hatch, drooping forward with closed eyes and breathing rapidly. His two mates went swiftly to him, and each of them laid a hand on his face, which was dry and burning hot. At their touch he looked up at them with bloodshot eyes.

'Reckon I've got it, mates,' he muttered hoarsely, and slumped over on the hatch.

Ross caught him and lowered him gently, and Burnham ran to the cabin, returning with a pillow and a mattress, which they spread on a shady part of the deck, laying him on it. The wheel had been lashed, and the ship sailed straight on her course to the west, while the two saddened men sat beside Ericson and did what they could for him, which was very little. At least they could see that he had plenty of water, and they frequently raised him and put a brimming pannikin to his lips.

They were kindly men, although raised in a hard school, and being seamen, accustomed to face death from day to day, they believed that as long as life remained in a man there was always a chance that he might win through any danger, no matter how great the odds against him. But before sunset Ericson died, and the two men rose to their feet, staring at the soiled and corrupted body of their erstwhile shipmate in silent pity and horror.

Moving away without a word, they took the tarpaulin from the main hatch and lifted off the wooden sections, secured axes from the rack in the cabin, and broke up the wood of the bunks, the table and chairs, and the racks on the poop and the main deck used for holding wooden buckets, which they also took for their purpose.

All this lumber, together with the tarpaulin and the wooden sections, they threw into the main hatch on top of the cargo, then stopped and looked again at Ericson's dead body. Turning away with a few muttered words, Burnham went aft to the flag locker, hoisted the Stars and Stripes to the peak, and brought another flag forward, he and Ross wrapping it around their dead shipmate to serve as a shroud.

'You heard what he said the other day about them old Vikings,' said Burnham.

'Aye,' answered Ross. 'We'll give him what he wanted.'

Fetching the wide board from which they had launched Thomas Burns into the sea, they laid Ericson carefully upon it and placed it in the centre of the pile of wood, then separated to look for something with which to start the fire. Burnham went forward and rummaged in the bos'n's locker, where he found a big ball of oakum. He poured Stockholm tar over it, carried it aft to the main hatch, and placed it under the edge of the wood. Ross found a bundle of old newspapers in the cabin, and brought them to the hatch preparatory to throwing them down beside the oakum.

'We kin keep them papers to read in the boat,' said Burnham. 'The fire's all ready to start.'

They looked their last on dead Ericson, then Ross struck a match and dropped it among the tarred oakum, which shortly began to burn briskly.

'D' ye think she'll catch?' he questioned.

'Sure she will,' replied Burnham.

Moving slowly across the deck, they reached the rail and lowered the boat into the water, slid down the davit tackles, and unhooked the blocks; then shipped the oars and pulled a fathom or two away from the side, after which they set the sail and ran alongside the burning *Marathon*, which sailed faster than the boat and drew slowly away from them, heading toward the sunset.

The smoke was rising in a thick cloud from the main hatch, and in a few minutes they saw tongues of flame flickering upward above the rail. The kindling had been skillfully laid, and the fire began to eat into the hold, dropping down into spaces between the cargo until she became a roaring furnace amidships. Flames leaped high above the decks, searching greedily for something to feed on, heavy sparks and red-hot embers belched out of her, and in a little while the mainsail caught the blaze, which ran swiftly to the upper masts and yards and mounted in a pillar of fire over the sea. The decks began to burst open with the intense heat, and spurts of flame shot out of them here and there; then the foremast and mizzenmast started to burn, and the men in the boat heard the roar of the conflagration across half a mile of sea.

As her sails were consumed the *Marathon* began to lose way, and the boat overhauled her but gave her a wide berth. The mainmast came crashing down, sending up a billowing cloud of sparks, straight aft along the deck. The foremast followed shortly after; then the mizzenmast dropped over the stern with a shrill hiss, amid a cloud of steam.

The entire hull was now aflame, providing a spectacle that no man who had seen it could ever forget, and as the light of day faded its splendor increased. But before her hull had time to be completely gutted some of her bottom plates must have cracked open, for she began to settle slowly, sending up volumes of steam that shot into the air as if blown from a great gun, and blazing fagots that burst in the air, their fragments falling far and wide over the sea. At the last, the water all about her hull boiled and exploded, and the ashes of Ericson sank from the light of the sun.

A minute later all was quiet, nothing but a few charred embers remaining on the surface to show that a beautiful but unfortunate ship had come that way.

Ross and Burnham crouched together in the stern sheets of the little boat, steering toward the dying sunset. The wind was fair, the sea had the look of good weather. The hope of making their landfall seemed bright. Life was ahead; but as the boat moved slowly into the immensity of waters, the two men exchanged a furtive look, each fearing moment by moment to read in his fellow's eyes or feel within himself the sudden presentiment of death.

GLIMPSES OF RUSSIA

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

Frustrated in plans for seeing such mediæval cities as old Novgorod, and disgusted with the tasteless disfiguration by posters of many of the historic churches of Moscow, I wished to make up for the disappointment by a long stay at mediæval Kiev. This meant missing May Day at Moscow. But the elements conspired to grant me the most imposing and moving of spectacles. The rivers were over their banks, the direct route for Kiev blocked; there was nothing for it but to stay on. Luckily I had a balcony on the Revolution Square. For two days before the holiday the loud speakers, multiplied for the occasion, were doubly raucous, keeping a preparatory excitement in the air. On the eve of May Day the electricians set up a red star of the Internationale — eight feet from point to point — on my balcony. The police in the square appeared in new *feldgrau* helmets and uniforms, more formidable than the old red and black outfit. It was one of many signs that our one-time friend and sometime enemy, German *Kultur*, had merely moved East.

Early May Day morning a hasty survey of the corridor and hotel lobby revealed an ominous novelty. There was a gray-green policeman guarding the corridor, half a dozen in the main entrance, and two guarding the side entrance which passed the barber. It would have been pleasant to believe that this unwanted attention was merely to secure the safety of us capitalists and bourgeois at the hotel. It is more likely that it was a precaution against any enterprising Russians who, in the single day of the year when all Russians are free, might wish to communicate with foreigners. In any case it gave an unusual sense of gratuitous surveillance, and took away from the gayety of one's sojourn. The guard was withdrawn at nightfall, when the procession had passed, so after all it may have been ordered in our interest.

By seven o'clock on May Day a cross section of the Red Army was forming under my balcony. Perhaps twelve units of various sorts — mostly battalions. Magnificent young troops they were, big fellows in the twenties, commanded by 'noncoms' and officers who carried the service bars of half a dozen campaigns. Ten thousand of them made the difficult manœuvre into the limited space with precision and without useless or vociferous orders. The equipment was simple, but new and good; the saluting and etiquette as snappy as that of any capitalistic army. So for an hour they filed in — squadrons of cavalry, fine horses, less infantry, very long field guns, about three-inch bore, stubby howitzers, probably about five-inch, heavy machine guns, all horse-drawn and moving with greatest accuracy in the cramped space. In the equipment there was no exotic touch except the long, slightly curved sabre without a guard, rather like a Japanese sword. A dozen lively little tanks with one-pounders, and sometimes an extra machine gun, afforded a modern touch to a review which generally recalled those I had seen in France and Germany in the nineties. Overhead zoomed air squadrons — from tiny wasps of combat planes to the biggest bombers I had ever seen.

By eight o'clock the square was full, the lines and the batteries accurately dressed — a call to attention by bugle. One got the military picture, and there was nothing strange about it except that on parade the officers' uniforms were precisely those of the men, save for modest insignia of rank. I suppose, after all, it is easier to call your commanding officer 'Comrade Colonel,' the correct military address, if he is n't too magnificently tailored. Then a great cheer swept along the line, battalion following battalion as the youthful commander in chief rode down the front, halting before the units to lead a cheer. He always began, '*Pojalousta!*' (Please), which to an old Plattsburger and Naval Reservist had a singularly unmilitary tang. But he got a rousing cheer just the same.

Then began a strange and moving ceremony. The loud speakers barked out slowly the long Soviet oath of allegiance, and ten thousand young voices snapped it back sentence for sentence to the end.

Next the tanks (as a novelty), leading the miniature Red Army, clattered into the Red Place and passed the stepped, liver-red tomb of Lenin, on which Stalin and the Commissars of the Central Executive Committee sat all day saluting through the ten hours while the citizenry passed. Of this cross section of the Red Army one conceived a high admiration. They are a clean, alert, well-disciplined lot, and they can fight on a chunk of black bread, a length of sausage, a bowl of cabbage soup, and a few glasses of tea a day. There was no sign of heavy field artillery, and rather little motor equipment generally. But there are as yet few roads in Russia where the horse cannot outpull the motor.

As it stands, the superb Red Army does not seem to me to offer a serious military menace off its own soil. Its scope is defensive, as the policy of the Soviet Republic is defensive. But I am sorry indeed for any army that has to attack the Red Army amid its own fens and lakes, that tries to deploy modern equipment and maintain an elaborate supply on such a terrain and against such a foe. As an old Plattsburger, and hence an amateur strategist, I am very sorry for such an invader, and I am confident that a real strategist will share the feeling with me.

Before the Red forces had disappeared through the three arches leading to the Red Place, eight processions of union workers were converging stragglingly but mightily on the same portal. The great red star on my balcony became a sort of embarrassment, giving my solitary figure the air of a reviewing officer. I was heartily saluted by the marching workers, returned the salute when I must, and hid behind the star when I could.

II

The idea caught me to trace one of the processions to its source, and I set out unprovided with the police pass which Intourist would have gladly furnished. A mile inward, at the head of the lines, the little children were being paraded, neatly dressed and amply supplied with red streamers bearing Communist mottoes. They were marched only in their districts, being unfit for the long route and long hours. Older children moved in the great procession clutching their parents' hands. Generally the parading unions streamed slowly into the main lines, everything very orderly. The Junior Party marched separately, sometimes boys and girls together, sometimes the sexes separately in order to show off the few good scout uniforms effectively. In either case the color guard was usually three sturdy girls, the flankers carrying service rifles with fixed bayonets of sinister length and fineness — very formidable Amazons these.

The task of studying the procession from the source proved more difficult than I had expected. It involved crossing many police lines and at least eight lines of march, an irregular circuit of nearly three miles to gain the one mile back to the Revolution Square. Necessity evoked enough Russian to protest: 'I am an American. Grand Hotel.' Two policemen out of three refused the appeal sternly. The third usually let me pass. When after two hours I reached the *Valuta* district bounded by the Opera House, the Metropole, and the Grand Hotel, all the police courteously honored the plea. In this centre the foreign capitalist, if only for his minor uses, is tolerated. By noon I was again behind my big red star, covertly watching the most extraordinary of spectacles.

Eight human streams surged slowly and steadily toward the Red Place, the streams merging into three before the procession reached the portal, and beyond it merging into one. It seemed to me that they must be passing the brown-red tomb of Lenin on a front of forty-eight. I was told by a man on the reviewing stand that they actually pushed by thirty-two abreast. The march was unlike anything I had ever seen — nothing military about it, no one in step with the music of the frequent bands, except where an occasional uniformed company of the Junior Party broke the strange irregular rhythm with an attempt at processional order. The unions sauntered steadily — plainly dressed men, women, and children, tied together only by monotonous red streamers bearing Communist slogans or proud statistics of the Union's constitution toward effecting the Five-Year Plan. Nowhere an individual expression, none of those whimsical or witty legends which enliven a civic procession anywhere else in the world. A majestic anonymity, a purposeful migration of a people — or rather a confluence of human rivers to pour an animated Mississippi before Stalin, standing all day on Lenin's tomb of ox-blood granite.

I say I had never seen the like, yet I had seen it. Where? In Hubert and Jan van Eyck's lovely 'Worship of the Lamb,' at Ghent, with the four varied processions of martyrs, confessors, knights, magistrates, and pilgrims steadily converging through the flower-decked mead of Paradise upon the Altar of the Lamb and the Fountain of Life. Here was no such variety, but the purpose of the procession was much the same; it converged on the mausoleum enshrining the worn-out body of Lenin, proponent not of a celestial but of a mundane paradise — to a skeptic equally inaccessible.

How many passed through the Red Place in the ten hours of the civic procession I can only guess. It was a procession that defied the calculations of the best-indoctrinated Plattsburger. By a rough count and timing, five or six thousand people an hour were passing into the Red Square — fifty or sixty thousand in all. It may well have been many more. The newspapers announced a million and a half in line. This was impossible; but as many as made the entire march may have been temporarily in line. In any case it was staggeringly many people — all that the eye could possibly take in.

By half-past five the contributary rivers were dwindling, and the ceremony closed with its only humorous feature, a procession of satirical floats, which I fancy are paraded every year. The priest, sometimes straddling the muzzle of a great cannon, came in for the major share of ribaldry. The capitalist, usually in evening dress and a top hat over which a sledge of the Internationale was ominously poised, was a good second. The floats were amusing, and I emerged imprudently from the cover of my great red star. A float was passing with a priest, a capitalist, and an old-school intellectual offering monstrous and egregiously swelled bald heads of papier-mâché to the descending sledge. My own bald head caught the eye of the comrade in charge. Laughingly he pointed to it and to the bulbous baldness of the capitalistic intellectual. I laughed in return and, summoning all my Russian, shouted, 'O. K., Comrade!' (*Harashaw, Tavarish!*) It was the last of the procession.

A waiter appeared with a hamper of provisions for twenty-four hours on the train. My new Intourist interpreter, with the air of a reduced grand duchess, announced in her perfect French that the taxi was waiting, and for a wonder it was; in an hour I was making my first acquaintance with the famous 'soft cars.'

III

For the soft cars, despite their very relative cleanliness and minor discomforts, I came to have a real liking. It is only in comparison with the 'hard cars,' with their wooden seats and bunk shelves crisscrossed on two levels, that the soft cars deserve their name. They are shabby second-class wagons in compartments with one or two seats, the back turning up at night to make an upper berth. The upholstery is rather hard. Pillows and bedclothes may be had for two rubles, but nobody seems to use them, seasoned travelers carrying their own. Hot water can be had from the conductor. Simple provisions may be bought from buffets at the numerous stations or from peasants on the platform, but it is wise to carry your own supply. The soft cars are sociable places, with visiting up and down the corridors and no official interpreter to guide you aright. Somebody always speaks French or German and interprets for the rest, who ply you with questions. My quite modest clothes and equipment were always the admiration of the traveling Soviet world, and elicited exchange of information about prices.

When I confessed my Russian project at the club, the wags tried to frighten me by saying that the Bolsheviks, people sexually quite promiscuous, would put a woman in my sleeping compartment, and it would be very embarrassing. They laughed much over it, as is the club fashion. Well, this happened to me on my first night in the soft cars, and it was n't embarrassing at all. She appeared as I was straightening out my effects, and boldly took the opposite seat. She was fair, fat, and forty, neatly garbed in black. I gasped inwardly and said to myself, 'It is really happening. The club was perfectly right.' She chatted in friendly fashion in French and German, and when a severe sergeant of pioneer infantry came to occupy the berth above her, she chatted with him in Russian. From names of operas which I recognized, *Carmen*, *Tosca*, and so on, I judged that she was a singer, for she would hardly have talked music with him on any other basis than that of explaining her own occupation.

At ten o'clock she took off her shoes and loosened her collar; I took off and loosened mine; the sergeant turned in in his boots, put out the light, and we slept as much as the thin upholstery and heavy jolting permitted. As a demonstration of the sexual promiscuity of the Bolsheviks it was a complete 'washout.' And this kind of thing was being solemnly cited in America as evidence of Communist depravity! What had happened was what has happened in Russia ever since there were railroad cars — for that matter, what happens more uncomfortably whenever any mixed group of Europeans pass the night in a day compartment. It was a parable for the general truth that much which we shudder at as Communistic is merely Russian, or even merely human.

With daybreak I began to make acquaintance, and, remembering that an army not merely marches but also rolls on its stomach, I observed the feeding habits of the sergeant. About seven o'clock he brewed himself a glass of tea in a very fine nickel thermos teapot, which I guessed was standard army equipment. About twelve-thirty he produced a chunk of black bread of the size of a baby's head, and a ten-inch length of sausage of an inch calibre, thickly covered with green mould. He took the bread neat, and with relish, going through it as a squirrel goes through a nut. Then he took the sausage neat, including the mould, topping off with a small bit of cheese and a glass of tea. Thereupon he stretched out, and for three hours slept a profound, digestive, boa-constrictor sleep, which I envied. At seven in the evening he ate a small hunk of black bread and drank a cup of tea.

As an amateur militarist I should hate to lead an army which depended on a reasonable variety in its 'chow' against an army which could fight on the sergeant's feed. His field ration would have included in addition one or two bowls of cabbage soup during the day. The above was about the card ration of the average Russian workman, and the obvious fact that it would disgust and perhaps kill an American mechanic with the habit of T-bone steaks has nothing to do with the case. A Russian worker not merely digests such food, but actually likes it.

Meanwhile I was making acquaintances. A quizzical, booted individual, whom I took to be some sort of farm factor, inventoried my outfit and insisted on knowing the prices. When informed that the modest gray worsted suit which I had bought ready-made to wear out on the trip cost only fifty dollars, he made me feel his own sleazy blue flannel trousers and said a suit of that cost two hundred rubles. Learning that my sole-leather dressing bag, a kind of super-brief-case, cost twenty dollars, he asked the price of the flimsy black brief-case of a commercial traveler opposite. It was sixty rubles. Most of my outfit could not be bought in Russia for any price. In the morning I made him and myself George Washington coffee in five minutes on a lamp with solid alcohol cubes — a Danish contraption, by the way. He left the train murmuring something admirative of 'American technique,' and I felt that, for a notorious æsthete, I had creditably represented my country on the practical side.

In the corridor a man with a grim and rugged face, blue from much shaving, accosted me in broken English. His buttonhole was graced by an enormous sickle-and-sledge stick pin in oxidized silver. He looked a peculiarly sinister Communist, and I decided to be reticently on my guard. It turned out that, though a born Ukrainer, he had lived twenty-three years in rural Pennsylvania, had done well as a poultry farmer, and now was visiting relatives in the old country, being accompanied by his wife, a sister, and a young son. Owing to an unexpected advance in the departure of the train, the party had come off without provisions, so I stayed a hungry boy's stomach with Swedish bread and marmalade before the station buffets opened. This induced confidences. My apparent Communist had his emphatic views about Bolshevized Russia. There was neither liberty nor prosperity (in this he was right), and no equality (in which I think he was wrong). At the Ukrainian border his big sickle-and-sledge disappeared. 'It is easier here then?' I asked, and he nodded. I found it *was* easier there.

Fleeting impressions of five hundred miles of the best wheat land in the world and of some fifty country stations can have little value. The land occasionally showed the deep boundary furrows which mark the unhandy individual strips, but in the main everything was collectivized. Seven or eight hundred peasants scattered among the stations looked contented and well fed. The bark boot which I had seen often on the way to Moscow was not worn here. The general look was of an entirely bearable poverty.

Evening fell. The water, which had recently been well over the tracks, just reached the rails. We skimmed it, but did not touch it. A broad sound opened up, or what seemed like one — the flooded river bottom; it reflected stars and soon many lights from the high terraces of Kiev; two searchlights played over the waters from the heights. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when we arrived, the train two hours late. Another charming interpreter, Comrade B——, called my name and led me to a taxi whose clock had been running up many rubles, and escorted me to the spacious and handsome Hotel Continental, where I dreamt wandering dreams about the soft cars.

IV

Leningrad, even in its disfigured estate, wins approbation from you, as a person of logical taste; Moscow powerfully appeals to the residual romanticist in you, the lover of picturesque disorder; Kiev goes straight to your heart. It has the elegant hominess of such German cities as Cassel or Dresden, with a charming irregularity of layout and levels, a fantastic touch in the decoration of its baroque and rococo houses, a general warm grayness of tone, vistas upon clusters of gilded domes, views from its noble terrace over the endless plains of the Dnieper. And, as if this were not enough, there is the intense and varied picturesqueness of the Lavra — the monastery precinct; the glories of Santa Sofia, with its eleventh-century mosaics and frescoes, and even a congregation splendidly intoning the immemorial responses of the Greek Mass. By way of dessert for such a meal, the unexpected richness and variety and consequent agreeable surprises of the Khanienko Gallery, seen under the auspices of the most courteous and well-informed of keepers. And all this with Comrade B——'s big soft Oriental eyes to look at and her quiet musical voice to listen to; and spring in the air and trees blossoming and warm sunshine, and floating great clouds seeming, as reflected, to pass under the surface of the vast lake that had been the river plain.

Kiev is concentrated in the lovely ravine, studded with churches and monastic buildings, called the Lavra. Take the hanging ravine in which is Saint Catherine's house at Siena; take it in springtime full of blossoming fruit trees, and retain its little rill; substitute on the sky line groups of gilded onion domes for the more rectangular contours of the Duomo; instead of the rolling Chianti hills, spread out before it an illimitable river bottom, through the freshet become a sea — and you would have the Lavra as it looked on a sparkling April day.

At the entrance was a pleasant surprise. A gracious and not too shabby old gentleman, with the unusual appurtenance of a monocle, accosted us and asked us to visit the Ukraine Museum. Although I had every respect for the land that boasted a Mazeppa, my interest in Ukrainian history was languid, and I told Comrade B—— to make the visit as short as might be without hurting the feelings of an evidently nice person. One gradually caught the enthusiasm of the monocled host, clearly a superior sort of librarian, who knew the collection as a shepherd knows his sheep. There were 20,000 books and 13,000 prints — rare items, the first Ukrainian woodcut, copperplate, and so forth, things bitterly disputed wherever amateurs are gathered together in an auction room. The keeper spoke French and German, but had forgotten much of both, and in moments of expansion gladly fell back on Russian and Comrade B——. Within earshot of the talk hung always a thin, pallid, and very plainly dressed woman of perhaps fifty. I could n't quite make her out, but decided she must be the wife of the librarian, and, like him, came of a stock that knew monocles.

The visit finished, I was asked to write my name in the visitors' book, and in order to see clearly I screwed that handiest of aids to the far-sighted, my monocle, into my right eye. 'These are the only two monocles in Kiev, and perhaps in Russia,' observed my host. 'They constitute a bond between us.' I replied in such French as I could muster. We shook hands, and as I descended toward the catacombs, where threescore well-dried hermit saints now serve the alien purpose of an anti-religious exhibit, Comrade B—— explained that my monocled colleague had once been Count Polotoski; that he had assembled the great Ukrainian collection with his private funds and given it to the Soviet State, which had assigned it the admirable installation in the Lavra and appointed him keeper. Doubtless the gentle apparition at the edge of our party had once been the Countess and was still the keeper's wife.

Since much testimony has been given to the hardships of the Russian intellectuals, I am glad, in fairness, to cite this example of benevolent assimilation to the Revolutionary régime. I have no doubt that Comrade Polotoski on the whole has a better time than Count Polotoski enjoyed. His treasures are admirably and permanently housed, beyond any probable risk. He lives among them without competing business or social distractions. It is easier for him to do the honors than it was when the library was in his palace, and he likes to do the honors. To be sure, he and his wife are probably living only a little better than their servants used to live, but then nobody of their sort now lives on a larger scale. I cannot much pity anyone who, with the wife of his youth and surrounded by the books and prints he loves, goes down the vale of years at the Lavra.

V

The glories of the Cathedral of Santa Sofia are well known and possibly exaggerated. The design is noble, Greek work of the eleventh century, the mosaics more interesting as an ensemble than for finesse of design or execution. More interesting to the archæologist is a series of eleventh-century frescoes recently uncovered in a staircase. They are secular in theme — unique for the moment. There are a hunt, a feast, and even a traveling comedy, with conventional characters which might find their analogies either in Terence or in Punch and Judy. These frescoes are being studied by an accomplished young Russian scholar, and I hope to find a way of publishing his results in English.

It was Sunday, and there was a good congregation at Santa Sofia resonantly intoning the responses. Indeed, many churches were occupied by their priests. At Moscow and Leningrad four fifths would have been confiscated and disfigured by posters, anti-clerical or pro-Five-Year Plan. I remarked the fact to Comrade B——, and it displeased her, for, like all young people educated in the Soviet schools, she was convinced that 'religion is the opium of the people.' I could never get her or any of her generation to admit that the people might, after all, need its opium. She pointed out that there were no young people at the services, and it was true. A person under forty was exceptional, and most were much older. The new education is making the youth of Russia not only irreligious, but fanatically anti-religious.

But even this process works more gently in the Ukraine than elsewhere. I felt that while Comrade B—— utterly disapproved of the worshipers, she did not precisely scorn them, having some inkling of the human dignity of their to her erroneous position. I doubt if a Moscow interpreter would have entertained any kindly feeling toward them whatever. Yes, things were easier in the Ukraine, as the poultry farmer and I agreed when he put his big badge of the Internationale in his pocket. I like to think of the many kindnesses I received at Kiev; of the trouble cheerfully taken to show me the newly discovered frescoes at Santa Sofia, and to open to me museums on their closed day. I like to think of the dignified old lady who hobbled into my room to sell an icon, and, because she had heard I was an archæologist, brought me numerous offprints of the articles of her late husband, a famous historian of art. I like to think of her gratitude to me for feeding the rather peaked little grandson who accompanied her abundant Swedish bread and chocolate. She was a dignified old lady, speaking a precise, lesson-book French; and while I was a little ashamed of paying her so little for her icon, I should have been even more hesitant to offer her as a charity more than it was worth.

Everywhere in Russia, though I expected to feel myself painfully an alien, I felt myself among friends. This was particularly true of Kiev, where the many professional, perfunctory favors, if you will, were accorded with a peculiar graciousness. I wanted to stay on, but it was a question of getting to Odessa in time to catch the fine Cunard tourist steamer *Carinthia,* or of going out of the Black Sea by some far less comfortable craft.

When Comrade B—— left me in the soft car of the evening, I indulged the capitalistic courtesy of kissing her friendly and pretty hand.

JONES, HIS OPINIONS AND POLITICS

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

When Herbert Hoover defeated Alfred E. Smith in November 1928 by a popular vote of 21 millions to 15 millions, by 444 electoral votes to 87, by 40 states to 8, and incidentally wrenched from the palpitating flesh of the Solid South the fair states of Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and Texas, if only pro tem. — when Herbert Hoover did all these things to Alfred E. Smith with the most consummate ease in the world for the reason that said Smith is a Roman Catholic, there was signally vindicated the dignity of the average American man as against our specialists in Mass Behavior and Public Opinion.

Upon the meaning of the last Presidential election there cannot be, and as a matter of fact there has not been, any serious difference of opinion. Everybody agrees that in November 1928 there took place in these United States a popular uprising against the Pope. A great many people rejoice in the event and call it a popular upheaval in defense of free Protestant America. A great many people deplore the event and describe it as an upflare of bigotry and hate. For our present purpose the two explanations are exactly the same. They agree in asserting that the last election showed more than thirty million Americans terribly in earnest. And when I see the dignity of the average man vindicated by the vote against Al Smith, — or for him, — I mean only the obvious: that a bigot is a more dignified and impressive object than a ventriloquist's dummy. For it is precisely to the level of the dummy on the knee of the vaudeville artist, the jumping jack at the end of the wire, the scarecrow flapping at the will of the winds, that the average American voter had been reduced by the specialists in public opinion who worship at the shrine of Propaganda.

It is the essential doctrine in this propaganda explanation of mass behavior that the way in which ordinary men think is determined for them by a few shrewd people on top who have managed to obtain control of the newspapers and the radios in the current fiscal year. It is a parallel doctrine that the way in which the millions vote is determined by what they have read in the newspapers or in the campaign literature or heard from the platform or over the radio during the last few weeks before election day. It is a doctrine passionately held that the political party which in the summer of a Presidential year controls the greatest number of newspapers and the largest campaign fund will win the election. This it will do by persuading, converting, or bamboozling a majority of the voters.

The propaganda theory of human conduct, as it flourished in the last decade, thus made it possible to solve a great many puzzles which had perplexed the psychologists and observers of earlier times. Try to think of some man who felt very strongly about some other man — well, let us take the way Shylock felt about Antonio. The propaganda theory makes it all as clear as daylight. Shylock hated Antonio because of what he had read and what he had heard about the merchant of Venice. The Jew, as is well known, was an assiduous patron of the *Rialto Evening Graphic*, and in that lively sheet he was continually being regaled with pungent gossip about Antonio's private life as a member of the Venetian smart set. Shylock was a subscriber to the *Lido Gazette*, a weekly journal of serious social criticism. There he encountered many a caustic analysis of the business methods of Venice's merchant princes, among whom Antonio figured prominently. Shylock often read in the *Adriatic Monthly* well-considered articles dealing with the longer trends in Venetian life, and in these the name of Antonio would frequently occur, not always in the most favorable light. By numerous other vents and channels Shylock was exposed to the sustained pressure of the anti-Antonio propagandists, lobbyists, press agents, and counsels on public relations; so that we may say of this Jew of Venice that his conspicuously neutral, insipid, and featureless soul provided a clean slate for the experts in human manipulation to write on. Any fifty-ducat-a-week 'ink slinger' in Venice could do what he pleased with Shylock.

Yes; Shylock hated Antonio wholly because of what he had read and been told about Antonio, and not because he, Shylock, had eyes, hands, dimensions, affections, passions. Your true-blue propagandist will entirely overlook, or else dismiss as irrelevant, the circumstance that if you tickled Shylock he laughed without any suggestion from the newspapers, and if you pricked him he bled without any editorial guidance. Always this Jew of Venice was being swayed by the gossip paragraphs in the *St. Mark's Weekly* and the *Levantine Review*, and never by the fact that Antonio had interfered with his livelihood and spat upon his gaberdine.

And that, apparently, is what happened in the United States in the year 1928. When the four Southern states made their stand against the Pope, it must have been because the propagandists in the course of the summer campaign put it into people's minds that a Roman Catholic ought not to be President. Had it not been for the press agents, the Protestant South would just as lief have voted for a Roman Catholic, having inherited a perfectly open mind on the subject from their fathers, who had it from *their* fathers. If voters in the South marked their ballots against the Inquisition, and against the fires of Smithfield, and against Louis XIV's treatment of the Huguenots, and against James II and for William of Orange, and in short against the Scarlet Woman of Rome and in defense of the little white church on the village green — when they did all these things, it was because the propagandists put notions into their heads, and not because of anything they felt and feared on their own account.

But, on second thought, this could not be. For it appears that the secession of half the solid South from Alfred E. Smith in 1928 was a surrender to bigotry; and plainly a bigot cannot be a puppet. A bigot has eyes, hands, dimensions, organs, affections, and passions. They are affections and passions so strong that his eyes may go bloodshot, and his hands itch to get at your throat. Propaganda, in the sense in which men used the word before it became a post-Armistice fetish, can indeed play upon the bigot. Propaganda can minister to his fears, rouse his jealousies, fan his dormant hatreds. But that is not the propaganda which the decade of the 1920's had in mind. Propaganda then was the omnipotent agency that could do with the puppet man what it pleased. In theory, and for the wilder votaries in practice, propaganda could make Texas and Alabama vote for the Pope by the expenditure of enough money on speakers, 'literature,' newspapers, and radio. Propaganda, as the decade used the word, denied that man is filled with hate or with memories or with fears or with anything. Man is an empty vessel into which the dispenser can pour whatever brew he pleases. But the 1928 election reminded the would-be pourers that the vessel, Man, is really filled with strange juices and compounds and prejudices, dating back some seventy years to the Civil War, a hundred and fifty years to the Revolutionary War, four hundred years to Luther and the Armada, and so an indefinite number of thousands and thousands of years back to the cave and the tree hut.

II

And yet here is an odd thing. Parallel to this doctrine of propaganda which teaches that the mass of men are putty with which you may do anything, there ran through this decade of the 1920's the other doctrine that the mass of men are clods with which you can do nothing. Did I say parallel? These mutually destructive appraisals were frequently encountered hand in hand in the same observer, in the same book. A thread which the reader will find running through these remarks of mine is the shrieking inconsistencies and contradictions of the trained mind of our time when it contemplates the average man. The student of civilization contemplates the resident of Tenth Avenue, and finds him to be now this and now remarkably the opposite of this. . . .

Well, that is proper enough. Man has always been known as the creature in whom at any one moment you may find both this and the opposite of this. But it is the peculiar mark of the intellectual temper of our time that it denies to the average man the complicated soul structure of which we are a bit more than proud in our own educated selves. The average man must be wholly one thing, and now he must be wholly the opposite thing, depending on what particular formula I, the educated observer, have momentarily fallen in love with. For it has been the basic rule for the study of mankind in our days that we shall not look at common men and observe how they change under our eyes. The thing to watch is the formulas about common men. When a formula has served its purpose or lost its novelty we can look about for another formula. At no time is it essential to take a look at Jones.

Thus it happened, in the years after the war, that the average man was a man of granite, and also a man of straw, according to convenience. If you wished to express disapproval of the average man's aversion to experiment and progress you spoke of him as the slave of hereditary superstitions. He was a man chained to his taboos. He was a creature dominated by fears. He was the terrorized victim of his Medicine Men and his Old Men of the Tribe. Their vested interests required that the average man stay put, and he has learned the lesson so well that civilization consists of the mass of mankind being dragged forward against its will.

But the very next day, and sometimes on the very next page, this human clod, this sodden product of priestly taboos and terrors and superstitions, this dull, immobile brute entity, becomes, by the theory of propaganda, the most airy, fairy, gossamer thing imaginable. He becomes Mob. He becomes Herd. He becomes Puppet. Anyone can twist him around his finger. Anyone can make him go wherever he wishes. The clod with whom you could do nothing becomes the manikin with whom you may do anything. Which it will be depends entirely on which formula is indicated at the moment — the formula that man is fettered by taboos or the formula that man is ruled by propaganda.

What no self-respecting formula will admit is that both things might simultaneously be true of the average man; that he is a creature slow to move and easy to move, lumpish and impulsive, easily duped and with a millennial wisdom of his own; a clod with a spark at the heart of it. That the average man is a complex man rarely enters the formulas of the intellectualist observer, because formulas, to be beautiful, must be simple. They must fall pat. They must answer everything, without hesitation or reservation. Only in that way can a formula become eminently quotable in printed gossip and polite conversation.

III

One possible misconstruction I am anxious to avoid. When I speak of the educated observer and his fondness for describing the common man as a puppet I am far from arguing that the motive behind the act is always contempt or dislike. Very often the impulse behind the puppet theory is commiseration. There is present the wish to make excuses for the common man. How, the educated observer asks himself, shall I explain the extraordinary fact that a majority of the American people acquiesce in or even support a world war of which I, the serious student, heartily disapprove? How shall I explain the division of the American people into political parties which have ceased to have any real meaning for me? Or, taking a problem on which there can be no difference of opinion, how shall we explain the toleration of municipal misgovernment by millions of Americans? How shall we explain the upflare of ugly passions — religious, racial, regional — in these United States?

The answer that springs from contempt and dislike is the answer given by the H. L. Mencken school of anti-democratic thought. Of course it is not a new school. It is part of the old tradition which holds that mankind is incurably bestial. Here the answer to war and municipal misgovernment and religious bigotry and censorship and the rest is simple. The great majority of men are vicious, cruel, cowardly, gluttonous, lecherous, superstitious. But, chief of all, the mass of men are envious of superior status and superior merit and ever ready to favor the lower against the higher. The democracy is a herd of grunting and rooting swine.

Prohibition, for instance, offers no puzzle to Mr. Mencken. It was put over on the American people by the yokels of the back country whose convivial pleasures are restricted to swilling raw gin and hugging the blowzy kitchenmaid behind the barn. This uncouth herd saw to it that the city 'feller' should not drink civilized liquor in pleasant dining rooms and in the company of charming women. Things in this country are the way they are for the reason that the great majority of the American people are disgusting animals.

But this is precisely the view against which the usual educated observer strongly protests. He wants to believe in democracy. He believes in the decency and good intentions of the average man. Under the circumstances, what other explanation can there be, whenever the common man goes astray, than to suggest that he has been misinformed, misled, deceived, betrayed? The common man does not want war. He is always dragged into war by his leaders for their own selfish ends. The common man in Virginia is not by nature Democratic, or in Vermont by nature Republican. That is only a vicious state of things inaugurated by chance but perpetuated by the politicians. The common man wants a much better type of Presidential candidate than he is getting; the nominees are 'put over' by the Interests, who are notorious for their control of the machinery of both parties. It is not necessary to go into details. As against the Menckenites, who hold with old Thomas Hobbes that man is hopelessly brutish, we have the idealists defending the Jean Jacques Rousseau man, who is by nature and intentions altogether admirable, but is the victim of forces outside himself.

And yet in the final account much the harsher sentence upon the common man is pronounced, not by the 'roughneck' Menckenites, but by the kindly and well-meaning idealists. The most familiar contribution by Mr. Mencken to the American vocabulary and to American thought is the Boob. But as a matter of fact Mr. Mencken does not in the least think of his archenemy as a boob. A boob is a ninny with whom you can amuse yourself to your heart's content. A boob is a dolt with whom you can do what you like. A boob is the fellow to whom you sell a season's ticket for the Brooklyn Bridge or the Congressional Library. A boob, in short, is somebody whom you can notice when you choose and disregard when you have lost interest. But what are the facts about Mr. Mencken's Boob? Mr. Mencken does not twist the Boob around his fingers. It is the Boob who twists Mr. Mencken around his own uncouth fingers, by the Baltimore editor's own confession. It is the Boob that compels Mr. Mencken and the rest of us to dance to his own clownish piping.

If a boob is something ridiculous and ineffective, how can the name apply to the creature whom the Nietzschean school concedes to be in control of America? He imposes censorships and prohibitions. He dominates the legislatures which dominate the universities. He sets the standard for art and thought and taste. The Mencken yokel is not in the least a yokel, because he is not under anybody's yoke; it is Mr. Mencken who is under the yokel's yoke. The yokel is the confessed master. And Mr. Mencken on democracy is not thinking in the least of a collection of oafs and dolts. He is thinking of a mob of ravening wolves.

Rather is it the idealist friends of democracy that have made a boob of the common man, with the kindliest intentions. They look out on a world in which many things are amiss, and in order to absolve the common man from responsibility for this sad state of things they come dangerously near to adopting the methods of the successful criminal lawyer who obtains acquittals in murder trials by proving that his client is a victim of *dementia præcox*. Mr. Mencken pays the common American man the enormous compliment of regarding him as a dangerous fanatic, as a Force. But the would-be friends of the common man have reduced him to a nonentity.

In their accounts it regularly appears that the great majority of mankind are dolls dancing to hidden wires — vocal dolls whose powers of utterance are restricted to saying 'War,' 'Peace,' 'Country,' 'Flag,' in response to pressure applied at a point near the stomach or the heart; primitive intelligences who believe everything they are told to believe, and nothing else-primitive emotional machines which feel whatever the engineer that presses the button wants them to feel, and nothing else.

That the emotions of the common man may be fairly spontaneous and genuine, that his thoughts may be based in part at least on his inalienable human experience, that his acts may be dictated by something deserving the name of reason — such possibilities hardly enter into the evaluations of man as puppet. Here is a typical summation of the propaganda doctrine of human conduct as it flourished in the 1920's: —

> The range of subjects upon which men are fitted to form original opinions is very narrow. Most men are obliged to accept the opinion of someone having prestige in politics, in religion, in science, in morals. This is unavoidable, since it is possible for the average man to be expert only in the small field of his regular occupation.

And what, as a matter of fact, is the 'small field of his regular occupation,' outside of which the average man is precluded from framing judgments of his own? The average man's occupation consists merely in being born, growing up, earning his living by his labor, marrying a wife and trying to make a success of it, raising children and trying to understand them and get himself understood by them, affiliating himself with a church, a trade-union, a chamber of commerce, a life-insurance company, a fraternal order, enjoying good wages and resenting unemployment, finding out that food is good and lack of it is bad, seeing the sun rise in the morning and set at night, watching his son march off to war and, let us hope, return unharmed. The field of the average man's regular occupation is restricted to the business of actor and spectator in the parade of life and death, of laughter and tears, and of the two and two that make four. This is all that enters into the average man's range of intelligence and emotion.

One thing there is obviously in common between the Mencken interpretation of Man the Wolf and the kindlier interpretation of man as puppet. Both views arise out of the sense of amazement, with or without indignation, that the common man should insist on being what he is, instead of being what I, the Superman, or I, the Idealist, think the common man ought to be at this precise moment.

IV

So much, then, for the sense in which Mr. Hoover's victory over Governor Smith in 1928 vindicated the dignity of the average man. A bigot has more human value than a marionette. A good hater is more impressive than an empty meal sack. Caliban is a richer personality than Simple Simon. It remains only to ask in whose eyes the average man was vindicated. And the answer, again, is in the eyes of the intellectual observers; for it is not to be denied that the 1928 election taught them something.

It is the peculiar quality of this type of men that it requires an upheaval, or an eruption, or a cataclysm, or at the very least a hot Presidential election, to draw their attention to the existence of things of which we ordinary men are aware by looking at our neighbors and in the newspaper. Suppose, for instance, that the existing tension between Argentina and the United States, arising from our tariff on Argentinian meat products, should develop into a crisis. This crisis would come to some of our social idealists as a startling reminder that millions of Americans have bacon and eggs for breakfast.

In this manner the popular triumph of Colonel Lindbergh came to some of our social students as a startling reminder that hero worship is not dead among the American people. You see, they had seen it so often stated in magazine articles and in books that this is an age of skepticism and disillusion. They had omitted to take note of one hundred and eighteen million Americans who plainly were not disillusioned or skeptical. Apparently they had not heard of Babe Ruth.

In this manner the publication of official figures showing that life insurance in force in the United States in the year 1930 amounted to nearly one hundred billion dollars came to students of civilization as a startling reminder that family affection and responsibility are not dead in the United States. The student of American civilization was too busy elsewhere to take note that life insurance was growing at an amazing rate. And of course he was too busy to inform himself by personal observation that in the year 1930 men were still concerned about the future of their wives and children in case anything happened to the head of the family. The student of civilization had read so much about the Break-Up of the Family that it came as a surprise to find in the year 1930 families still in operation.

In this manner a play called *The Green Pastures* came in March 1930 as an almost catastrophic reminder that there were still alive in New York a considerable number of people susceptible to the old-fashioned emotions and pieties and traditions. The student of civilization had become so deeply absorbed in his own formulas about the Moral Revolution and the Collapse of Standards that he had forgotten to take note of several million people in New York City who were but imperfectly sophisticated or 'hard-boiled.'

All these startling reminders were necessary because observers of mankind had forgotten to look at their fellow men with the eyes of fellows and of simple men. You looked at Jones exclusively in terms of Revolution or New Ages or Herd Instincts or Glands, or whatever was the latest combination of capital letters, in which alone the Truth resided. You satirized Jones, or flayed him, or debunked him, or psychoanalyzed him, or extracted his teeth for focal infections, or put him under the X-ray and the ultra-violet and the infra-red, or looked at him in the manner suggested by H. G. Wells, through the magnifying glass which distorts while it enlarges, or photographed him in his Rotarian garments and in his atavistic reversions and his sexual neuroses — but you had no time to take note that crowds adore heroes and mothers love babies and people are fond of bacon and eggs for breakfast. Such methods of observation were too direct and too commonplace.

V

Now the vogue of propaganda as the explanation of American mass behavior is due to all of us in general, and to one interest in particular.

We all suffer, though in different degree, from the inability to understand how in the world it is possible for anyone not to think as we do on any given subject. The only way in which such extraordinary conduct on the part of the other man can be accounted for, assuming that the poor fellow is not insane, is propaganda. Some external compulsion has interfered with the ordinary course of nature when Jones refuses to share our views. We are all like that; and the less we see of Jones in the body, the more we are like that.

The particular interest that has contributed to the prestige of propaganda is the complex of occupations, professions, and trades that may be grouped under the general head of Advertising.

It is not quite a subject for surprise when advertising agents and agencies, publicity managers, good-will promoters, directors of campaigns and drives, salute with something more than satisfaction the doctrine that people can be taught always to do what they are told; that people indeed do only what they are told — provided one uses up in the telling enough white paper in the newspapers and magazines, enough pine boarding on the highways, enough electric current along the Great White Ways of the big cities. Yes, my friends, strange as it may seem, it is the professionals of publicity who most ardently testify to the irresistible efficacy of propaganda. They have even written books about it.

The efforts of the Grand Dukes of Publicity have been reënforced by one particular subdivision of the general class of All of Us mentioned a few lines back. I refer to the progressive economists and sociologists who disapprove of so many features of our business civilization. With them a favorite topic is the wastefulness of American business methods and especially the waste of advertising.

But mind you, when critics speak of the waste of advertising they do not mean that it is waste because advertising fails to make men do things or buy things. On the contrary, it is the heart of their case that advertising makes men do things they should not and buy many more things than they need or than are good for them. It is their contention that anybody who starts out with an advertising appropriation of $5,000,000 can make the American people buy anything, wear anything, eat anything, read anything, ride about in anything, smoke anything, believe anything.

Does this hideous charge arouse bitter indignation in the ranks of the advertising business? It does not. Perhaps it hurts a bit — in one's abstract after-business hours — to be accused of making people spend their money needlessly. But how helpful it is to the advertising business to be constantly so accused! How conducive it is to the encouragement of new $5,000,000 accounts from manufacturers desirous of imposing a little more waste on the American people!

And what is the more prosaic, less Napoleonic, truth about advertising — about its effectiveness in shaping men's lives and bank accounts in these United States, about its adequacy as a central explanation of American behavior? The truth about advertising is in kind the same as the truth about propaganda, though we may note a difference in degree. The printed advertisement is unquestionably more effective in shaping the buying behavior of the American people than are the propaganda headlines in shaping the nation's thinking and conduct. But the doctrine of an irresistible Advertiser having his own way with the buying public is nonsense.

That is to say: —

Advertising may induce a few people to buy frequently what they do not need and induce a great many people to buy occasionally what they do not need. But the number of such victims is small in the entire mass of consumers and the entire volume of the nation's business.

Advertising may succeed in forcing a novelty down the public's throat and into commercial success. But such achievements are trivial when compared with the vast body of commercial success based on sound human needs, mass movements, epochal changes, new turns in civilization.

You see so much automobile advertising about you, in the newspapers, magazines, on the road, in the window displays, that it has become a commonplace for students of the national civilization to say that Americans ride in automobiles because the advertisers make them.

But it is a commonplace that Henry Ford succeeded in selling fifteen million automobiles of Model T type with very little advertising. And it is a commonplace of everyone's experience that people buy automobiles primarily because the thing is in the air, because the Browns and the Smiths have an automobile — and the Browns and the Smiths are the most powerful motive force in human history. After the Brown automobile has laid Jones's trenches flat with its heavy guns, the automobile advertisement may begin to operate. Once Jones has decided to buy a car he begins to shop around in the advertisements.

Amazing force of nature, the Browns and Smiths! They are behind that mysterious rhythm of nature known as Fashion, which causes short skirts to come and go like the wind, blowing where they list.

The Browns and Smiths — that is to say, imitation — are all-powerful in the theatre. It is pretty well established by inquiry that most people go to see a show because a friend recommends it, next because of what the reviews say, and only thirdly because of the advertising.

It is the same with books. Advertising cannot make a best-seller, although advertising may 'snowball' a big best-seller into a huge best-seller. Advertising can make more people want the kind of book that many people already want; but advertising does not create the want. The common history of a best-selling book which does not reveal an authentic new talent is that the author's next book does not sell so well, though it is advertised much more extensively than the first book. With the third, fourth, and succeeding books the decline may be catastrophic. The reason is that the same people who said of the first book that you must not miss it told their friends that the second book was n't nearly so good. In the ears of the man with something to sell there is no gladder sound than 'word-of-mouth advertising.'

The enormous popularity of the cigarette was not made by the advertiser, but by the World War. There came then other mysterious forces which set everybody to puffing at the weed, including the women. A $5,000,000 advertising appropriation may 'educate' the public to a particular brand of cigarette, but one cannot be certain; and in any case the cigarette habit in itself came before.

Advertising stimulates package-food consumption; but the beginning came with the secular change in American civilization away from the kitchen; or perhaps it is a new form of the immemorial American picnicking habit. The thousands of cheap candy confections consumed by millions of Americans reflect the old quick-lunch habit, the old ten-minute railroad-buffet menagerie so sadly described by Mark Twain more than sixty years ago.

As to beauty preparations: the American people used to consume vast quantities of patent medicines when it was a pioneer people racked with malaria and indigestion and miles away from a doctor. As the country filled up and prosperity increased and houses were better heated and doctors multiplied, the patent-medicine bottle began to go out and the beauty jar began to come in. Advertising certainly helped to sell bottles for internal use and is now employed to sell bottles for external use; but the basic demand came not through advertising, but from a basic need, and the change has been a social change, a mass movement.

Advertising will help to sell radios,

mechanical refrigeration, and vacuum cleaners; but the compulsion to buy these things comes not from the advertisers but from broad currents of change in the national life as registered primarily in the Browns and Smiths.

VI

Always it is the basic needs of a community that determine its buying behavior; and the great bulk of advertising is concerned with basic needs. In New York is unquestionably the greatest concentration of purchasing power that the world has ever seen within anything like the same area. But in the newspaper which is far and away the most powerful advertising medium in New York the receipts from automobile and radio advertising are only one sixth of the receipts from department-store and financial advertising. Yet when the specialists complain of the coercive force of advertising they do not usually think of people being coerced into buying clothes, furniture, or a few bonds for investment.

Does it seem that the efficacy of advertising, a legitimate and useful pursuit and interest, is here being brought into question? That, of course, is not so; unless it is belittling a profession to deny it the possession of magic powers. And that is a claim which both the wise man who is out to buy advertising space and the wise man who has advertising space to sell will refuse to associate themselves with.

The advertiser is not a hypnotist, but a salesman. The advertising medium is not a siren, but a show window. In studying the advertisements, the public is really shopping around. That is actually what the woman of the house does when she goes through the department-store pages in the daily paper. The way in which these pages tell their story may unquestionably tempt Mrs. Jones to go at times a bit beyond her original budget estimate. But that happens to people who build homes, and parents who send children to college, and sometimes, it is said, even to Secretaries of the Treasury. Mrs. Jones feels after a particularly seductive statement on the department-store page that she really ought not to deny herself that ravishing pair of coonskin evening slippers with the enchanting Australian heel. But the general character of Mrs. Jones's behavior in the department stores will be shaped by her basic requirements as by herself determined; and these requirements were determined when she met Mrs. Brown in her new spring costume and for the first time realized how shabby she, Mrs. Jones, was looking.

Let us end on a lyrico-historical note:—

What a relief it is to escape from the rush and clamor of modern American life to the peace and leisure of another uncommercialized century and another non-hustling clime! How quaintly pleasant are the street cries of old London and of old Paris about which many books have been written: the characteristic cry of the hot-muffin man, and the fried-fish man, and the old-clothes man, and the cat's-meat man, and the knife grinder and the chimney sweep! But what they all were doing, of course, in those romantic days, was advertising their goods and services. For the moment it is hard to recall just what is the peculiar sound produced by the man who drives a pair of goats down the streets of Málaga in Spain, and will milk them at your doorway into your own pail; but the yell which he emits is not essentially different in purpose and in ethical content from the sound made by Messrs. Wanamaker, Filene, Field, and Hahn in the department-store advertisements.

A FEW PORTRAITS IN SEPIA

BY EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE

I

JAMES BURRUS was born a slave during the tumultuous fifties. His father, who owned a plantation on Stone River between Nashville and Murfreesboro, had bought at one time a slave girl and by her had three sons — James, John, and Preston. His father evidently held her in high esteem, for he never took for himself any other wife. After an early aversion to her white master and rebellion against his advances, the girl grew fond of him. James says that during his boyhood his parents lived together in affectionate companionship.

The father died suddenly just before the Civil War, and it was found that he had bequeathed his entire estate to his slave wife and her sons. But rights of inheritance were not permitted to slaves, and the estate went to a brother. Then came the war and marching armies and disrupted homes. After a long odyssey, during which the mother and sons kept always together, following in the wake of one army and another through Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, the family returned to make their home in Nashville. The mother at this period married an old slave suitor. But he was inferior to her in personality and ambition, and after a time she separated from him and devoted herself during the rest of her life to her sons.

James and John worked and saved and entered the first class of the little mission school optimistically called Fisk University. While the brothers were struggling to get food and schooling, they heard of the gibe of the great Southern statesman, John C. Calhoun: 'Show me a nigger who can do a problem in Euclid or parse a Greek verb and I'll admit he's a human being.' Piqued by the taunt, the Burrus brothers accepted the challenge in behalf of their race. As they entered Fisk, John said to James: 'You take the mathematics and I'll take the Greek.'

The scholarly ambition of these two ex-slaves fitted into the plans and aspirations of Fisk. The founders were scholars, and they offered undiluted Greek, Latin, and higher mathematics to the blacks who came to them. For long years the brothers struggled, studying when they could and working day and night to keep food and shelter for themselves and their mother. Finally these boys with two other students formed the first class to graduate from the college course at Fisk.

John, who had distinguished himself in the classics, remained at his Alma Mater to teach, and James went for graduate study to Dartmouth College in far New England. There he received high honors in mathematics and was, by special vote of the faculty, awarded the degree of Master of Arts — a rare distinction in those days. Thus these brothers, born in slavery, passed Calhoun's dual test. They were recognized masters of Euclid and of Greek.

After his success at Dartmouth, James, in 1879, rejoined his brother on the Fisk faculty. In a few years both were called to the Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi — one as president, the other as professor. Working together, they built up this institution into one of the first of the modern state colleges for Negroes, maintaining high standards of scholarship and character in both faculty and student body and obtaining larger and larger support from the state treasury for this new kind of public school for Negroes. They took their mother with them to Alcorn, and there she presided over the president's house. Stories of her charm and of her fierce determination for the advancement of her sons and her race are current among those who came under her influence.

Although he was happy and successful as a teacher, James Burrus decided that if Negroes were to become really independent they must get money to support themselves and their institutions. So the two brothers resigned their posts at Alcorn, came back to Nashville, joined their younger brother, Preston, who had studied pharmacy, opened a drug store, and also began to buy and sell real estate. Both the drug business and the real estate prospered under the thrifty management of the Burrus family. Three years ago James, the last survivor of the brothers, died and left his entire estate of $122,000 to his Alma Mater, Fisk University.

A dramatic incident marked the close of this dramatic life. In the spring of 1928, as his health was beginning to fail, James announced to Dr. Thomas E. Jones, the new president of Fisk, his intention to leave his fortune to the University. He said that his affairs were all arranged save for one small debt, and that he was then on his way to the outskirts of the city to settle that account so that his estate would be entirely clear. Dr. Jones protested against the long, hard trip by the infirm old man, and offered himself to see to the payment at once. But Burrus insisted upon paying his last debt with his own hand. Painfully he climbed into a passing street car, took his seat in the rear section set apart for Negroes, and asked to be put off at the end of the run so that he could then walk the two or three remaining blocks to the house of his creditor. He leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes. When the conductor came to rouse him at the end of the line, he found James Burrus dead.

II

Jake works on the larry gang in a Pennsylvania coke yard. He is a Northern Negro; he has never lived South and despises that region. 'Full of poor white trash and knee-bending niggers,' he says. Much of the time Jake is simply a common laborer about the mine. Tamping ties, clearing refuse, repairing oven doors, he puts in his full menial day, checked by Pietro, the young Italian timekeeper.

But when the coke yard has a furious run, Jake's days are made up not of hours but of deeds. On these days each oven must be emptied and reloaded — and that is all. These are the days Jake loves. Like a huge imp, his squat black form silhouetted against the tinted smoke from the ovens, he perches on his little coal car, which they call a larry, and waits at the mouth of the mine till the car is filled. Then, with a turn of the electric switch, he drives the car careening along the narrow rails out over the thick masonry ovens, where, with another turn of the lever, he opens the bed of the car, and the coal pours into the oven to be burned to coke. A few strong thrusts of the crowbar by his gorilla arms, and the larry is emptied.

When the last oven is filled, Jake drives his larry screeching over the little track to the tipple at the mine head, throws aside his crowbar, and hurries his bowlegs out of the yard and down the dirty streets of the village to the shack which to him and four other dusky males is home. He washes off the outer coat of dirt, careful not to disturb the under layers of coal dust ingrained into his body through the years by the black gods of the mine as permanently as the pigment painted on by the gods of biology. He is a rough slab of graphite, not shiny like some blackamoors or smooth like the dark ivory of others. As he sloshes his head in the tepid water, flakes of carbon gleam here and there like insets of precious metal in dark stone.

In the winter in the drab mining villages about Pittsburgh there is nothing but work and sleep. One may break out occasionally and get drunk or beat up a woman, but after a dull spurt or two there is nothing but sleep and work, work and sleep. In the spring and summer, however, there is a little release. Even the god of routine slackens the chains a bit. The sap begins to run. The workers and the villagers begin to grope about, to search out almost human pleasures. On a spring or summer afternoon after his short, harsh day of oven stuffing, Jake takes his quick wash, thrusts his barrel chest into a baseball shirt, his curved legs into the short pants of the uniform, and, with the spikes of his shoes crunching on the floor, swaggers out with careless assurance and lithe dignity.

Jake's life is at the zenith. Unencumbered by wife or children, full of good hunger and delight in sport and mastery, competent with his larry, and captain of his baseball team, his life, if not rich, at least is strong. He orders his players about with nonchalant authority. He himself plays with easy skill at the post of catcher. Crouching behind the home plate, his legs bowed wide, he knots his gnarled fingers and thumps his big glove lovingly, muttering unmentionable epithets to the nervous batter before him.

It was at the peak of his work at the coke yard and his joy at the diamond that Jake's career broke. Not that he regarded it as anything out of the ordinary. But it was the beginning of a swift ebb in his life. And primitives, powerful and beautiful at the full tide of young strength, break rapidly when the turning comes.

At a decision by the umpire, Jake threw down his glove and rushed to protest. In the hot controversy, he seized a bat and bashed the umpire's head. The police dragged him to the hoosegow and later to the penitentiary, where he served a weary year. He came out and returned to the coke yard. But he had to take work of a more lowly order. A new and younger Italian kept the time. The baseball team had passed to the captaincy of another. Jake drifted on to another camp and worked as plasterer on the oven doors and later as common laborer about the mines. His place was with the aged pensioners. His joys were reduced to sitting before a sunny oven door and regaling younger men with libidinous tales, while still younger and more energetic Italian timekeepers regarded him with the scornful eye of the ambitious.

III

Uncle Jeb was sitting on the fence, when I passed by, gazing vacantly at the body of his mule. High overhead a dozen buzzards circled.

Uncle Jeb had lived in that Louisiana parish as a cotton farmer during all of his seventy-seven years. Four years after the Civil War, when he was seventeen, he had married one of the plump black wenches of fifteen or sixteen with whom the boys giggled in back benches as preachers shouted salvation and hell fire from the pulpit.

From that time on, life for Jeb and Sarah had been a succession of babies, crops, planting, and picking. The babies were not much more than an incident with Sarah. She worked in the fields or around the house until a day or so before they came. Ten days later she took her place, a new baby strapped to her shoulders, and held her own with any field gang picking or hoeing cotton. It would be a hard life for the city girl, but every woman that Sarah knew went through the same routine. 'Sixteen she borned and twelve she reared.' The children were an asset in a country where the size of a tenant's farm was determined by the 'working force' he had at his disposal. As soon as the children were five years old they could help make a crop, and by the time they were ten or twelve they could pick or chop cotton as well as any man.

There was no privation while Jeb and Sarah were strong and the children were growing up about them. Shoes were not needed except for the older ones for church, and a hard, hobnailed yellow pair would last a long time if one took them off gratefully as soon as church was over. No clothes at all were needed for the youngest children, and for the others a pair or so of fifty-cent overalls and a cotton shirt would last the year around. A steady succession of youngsters was always ready for the discarded apparel of the older ones. Food was plentiful about the place, and one could always get extras at the plantation store — a side of bacon, a sack of flour, a bag of meal, a gallon of molasses.

Uncle Jeb and Sarah never bothered about the race problem. Niggers were niggers, and white folks white folks. All those relationships between the races that seem unjust and abnormal to the outsider were a part of the system under which they had always lived. They accepted slights and hurts from the white man and the bites of the mosquitoes along with the sun and the rain. They realized vaguely that they were being cheated, but they did not get excited or think of leaving the plantation. They did not know where to go, and when their children in later years discovered that there were places where one could live by other means than making crops, Jeb and Sarah were too old to start a new life.

The old people did not worry over any of the conditions of their earthly lot. Their concern was for the future world of bliss or damnation. Uncle Jeb had been a deacon in the Baptist Church for forty years. Sarah had shouted her glorified faith down the aisles of that church on innumerable occasions. One by one the children had come through from the mourners' bench to the amen corner, had been baptized in the little creek that passed for the River Jordan, and been led shivering with cold, but with a strange ecstasy, to the mercy seat. Religion to Uncle Jeb and Sarah and their children was no cold philosophy or moral code; it was pageantry, song, a riotous release of spirit. It had little to do with their behavior. The preachers exhorted against dancing and card playing, and men and women were expelled from the church for these offenses; but as often as not they would be welcomed back on the next Sunday after penitential tears and frenzied confessions had softened the hearts of the members. All the moral teachings of their primitive religion were accepted with the resigned humor of a faith discounted from the beginning.

So Uncle Jeb lived his years. His children he taught to be polite to white and black. He went to church and worked hard, from February, when he ploughed over the land, through March and April, when he planted cotton, and through May and June, when he and the children chopped weeds from beneath the rows and loosened the ground around the growing plants. Then came a lull during July and August. This was the time for camp meetings and associations, when for weeks under the shade of some pleasant grove the entire community would gather for days of gorging and preaching and shouting and singing. They were praising God and enjoying themselves mightily.

With September and October came time for picking cotton. Uncle Jeb and his large family soon picked their crop and were then free to help out other farmers. Even in the poorest years one could get fifty cents a hundred for picking cotton, and the methodical arms of Jeb in his prime could account for four or five hundred pounds a day. In the years of low prices Jeb and his family had enough to eat and wear. When cotton went sky-high, Jeb prospered; Sarah bought a tawdry silk dress; the older boys invested in a second- or third-hand Ford or Buick from a shrewd city dealer. The boys would race the car over the country roads for a month or so until its patched tires or defective vitals gave way. Then, with all the money for the crop gone, the car would stand in the yard of the cabin, a mechanical ghost, slowly rusting away. In a few years there might be three or four of these melancholy wrecks sitting before every cabin in the community.

The World War came, and Jeb found his children slipping away one by one. Shreveport was only fifty miles away. Jeb had been there only once; his children would drive there nonchalantly, in the flush of their pride of ownership in a rickety car, in two hours or less. One would get a job on the railroad and settle in Shreveport, and later wander on to St. Louis or Kansas City, and from there to Chicago — the ultimate destination of migrating Negroes from the lower Mississippi Valley. One by one they drifted off, to movies and high wages, to bright lights and the freedom of the North, to crowds of people pressing around some garish corner in the city.

After the war, the plantation went under the hammer. It was taken over by hard-faced men who told Uncle Jeb that he was too old to earn his keep, since there were plenty of young men with large families to chop and pick the cotton. So Uncle Jeb moved on to another plantation where the soil was less fertile, and the difficulty of making a crop with only the aid of Sarah made his fingers even more knotted, his 'j'ints' even more rheumatic.

He managed to keep alive, though, and to hold on to one mule and a plough. Jeb had bought that mule during the flush years of the war, and in the days when it became increasingly difficult for him to rent a farm that mule had meant salvation. Younger men without stock could get a farm on 'halvers.' But no one wanted to take a chance on old Uncle Jeb. It was only because of his mule that he was able to get anything to do at all. And now that mule lay dead at the end of a cotton furrow, and Uncle Jeb sat astride a fence staring with vacant eyes while the buzzards circled aloft.

IV

Two dusky gamins were amusing a crowd on Canal Street on a night of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. That afternoon a Negro had shot and killed 'Tiny' Lawrence, Tulane football star, in a street quarrel. The papers were carrying streamer headlines. The stage was set for a race riot. In any city but mellow, tolerant New Orleans, vicarious sacrifices would probably already have been dangling from trees and telegraph poles. Even here some single incident might start the angry mob on a mad nigger hunt. The Negroes, sensing danger, had simply vanished from the streets. Not one of the hundred thousand Negroes of the city was to be seen anywhere during the whole night, save these two boys who were flaunting themselves on the busiest streets. Their display, oddly enough, while it teetered on the very edge of riot, in effect soothed and diverted racial feeling.

One boy, leaning over a strange contraption made of tin cans, wires, and leather straps attached to a soap box, holding a small harmonica between his teeth, thumping with both hands on the cans and bits of tin attached to the box and pounding with his feet on pedals and odd bits of metal, produced a weird, perversely harmonious cacophony. His companion, feet beating a persuasive tattoo on the pavement, arms revolving furiously, white eyes rolling, teeth flashing in gleaming contrast to the shiny blackness of his face, flapping rags of clothing showing glimpses of smooth black skin, danced — an eccentric, oddly graceful dervish.

The dancer stopped, sweat dropping from his face, lips parted wide in a grateful grin as the ring of spectators broke into applause. The other boy deserted his musical cabinet to circle the crowd with outstretched hat, bowing with impudently exaggerated gratitude as small silver coins dropped into it.

At just that moment a policeman broke through the circle and made a lunge for the boys. In a flash, leaving music box and audience behind, the boys ducked beneath the crowd like practised swimmers and came up safely a block away. The policeman stood before the crowd panting from his sudden exertion. With a kick he crushed the box into splinters and bent the tin accessories beyond use. From the crowd came a clamor of disapproval. A sailor scowled at the officer and grumbled, ‘Aw, let the little niggers alone.’ A young white boy yelped, ‘You big cheese, why don’t you pick on someone your size!’ and dodged giggling from the policeman’s arm. As the crowd dispersed, the officer took a final kick at the box and walked away mopping his brow. Around the corner the two gamins, emerging from the sea of the Mardi Gras crowd, busily counted their money, chortling gleefully.

This music making on the streets is forbidden, and the gamins wage a constant duel with their wits against the powers that be. They can make a new box in an hour or so, and the spontaneous appeal of the jazz tom-tom and clever dancing is sure to gather a few coins before the arrival of the patrolman. Often the police themselves are sympathetic and walk the other way when they hear the music start.

The gamins’ life is as elemental as their music. Their needs are few. For food they can buy or steal one of the long French loaves that last through the day. Down on the wharf or on the railroad sidings, where fruits and foodstuffs are being unloaded, they can always find some defective produce that is theirs for the taking. If the watchman is suspicious and surly, they can steal behind his back. If he is friendly, they feast in peace. Few clothes are needed in the warm New Orleans climate. They make their home where they find it. The back room of a speakeasy or a corner of the street is their bed. They have a brother who is kind when sober, but most of the time he is stupefied by cheap gin and Marihuana cigarettes. Their father has another family out by the airport at Algiers across the river, and they seldom see him.

Both boys have finished what formal schooling they are to receive. The younger, now ten years old, dropped out in the middle of the third grade. The older, twelve, spent a few dismal weeks in the fourth. The teachers were glad to be rid of them, for they were always making trouble in the school yard, singing, dancing, or fighting. The boys feel no compulsion to return to school. And as for the truant officer — he might as well try to handle a couple of young eels.

When the boys have made a good night with their dance and music box, they wander on to a place on Billere Street where one may buy a bottle of gin for thirty or forty cents. If they have money to spare, they may invest in a manly plug of chewing tobacco. They steal intermittently, more as an exercise in ingenuity than from greed. On Rampart Street they stand for hours before a store where sample records drone out the newest blues. Whenever a song-and-dance show comes to one of the Negro theatres, they are among the attentive audience. Here they learn new dance patterns and weave these into their own steps with clever versatility.

No prophecy can possibly state their future. Perhaps it is a smoky cabaret where their artful artlessness will please sophisticates. Maybe it is within the walls and walk-around of the parish jail or the miasmal prison camp at Angola. Possibly it is on a glittering stage where they will strut like peacocks in fantastic costume at the opposite pole from their present rags. Whatever their future, those gamins that night in New Orleans, with their assured and impudent agility, amused the crowd and diverted the minds of common men from hates and prejudice.

V

Thousands of Negroes, North and South, are working in hotels as waiters, elevator men, and bell boys. Langston Hughes, who himself served such an apprenticeship, portrays this life in his poem, 'Brass Spittoons.'

Clean the spittoons, boy.
  Detroit,
  Chicago,
  Atlantic City,
  Palm Beach.
Clean the spittoons.
The steam in hotel kitchens
And the smoke in hotel lobbies,
And the slime in hotel spittoons:
Part of my life.
  Hey, boy!
  A nickel,
  A dime,
  A dollar,
Two dollars a day.
  Hey, boy!
  A nickel,
  A dime,
  A dollar,
  Two dollars
Buys shoes for the baby.
House rent to pay,
Gin on Saturday,
Church on Sunday.
  My God!
Babies and gin and church
and women and Sunday
all mixed with dimes and
dollars and clean spittoons
and house rent to pay
  Hey, boy!
A bright bowl of brass is beautiful to the Lord.
Bright polished brass like the cymbals
Of King David's dancers,
Like the wine cups of Solomon.
  Hey, boy!
A clean spittoon on the altar of the Lord.
A clean bright spittoon all newly polished —
At least I can offer that.
  Com'mere, boy![1]

VI

Such are some of the brown Americans. The Southern field hand and his family represent nearly half the race still holding on to the farm, living in the rural South, economically at the nadir, but not entirely devoid of pleasures and of those qualities that have for ages been praised in the 'sturdy peasant.' The larryman has a good deal in common with the hundreds of thousands of mine workers, factory hands, stockyard employees, — laborers in the 'heavy industries,' — who make up so large a part of the Negroes of the Northern industrial centres. The New Orleans gamins, and the spittoon polisher of Langston Hughes's poem, stand for the army of colored 'boys,' aged ten to fifty, who live from hand to mouth in the cities and towns or are on call for every menial service. The Burrus brothers are, of course, heroes of an earlier age. They are of the very small band who successfully bridged the tremendous chasm, reaching all the way from slavery to economic independence and intellectual attainment.

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[1] Copyright. Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf

The gallery may well close with a portrait of a modern. There is no use pretending that this final portrait is at all typical of the race. In fact the man is superior in every way to the average member of any race in this nation which is a complex of so many races. But he is what any Negro may become if he has a stimulating home environment and a little more than half a chance in the world. He will be wholly unknown to the average white reader, yet he is what tens of thousands of the 'New Negroes' are approaching, if not quite equaling.

VII

Horace Mann Bond is a typical brown American in at least one respect, his blood mixture. His grandfathers on both sides were white men. Both his grandmothers had Indian blood, and one of them was half white. His ancestry therefore is ten-sixteenths white, chiefly Scotch, Irish, and English; three-sixteenths Indian, known to be partly Cherokee; and three-sixteenths African, with no knowledge whatever of which of the great kingdoms of that continent are involved.

His grandmother, Jane Arthur, who lived in one of the very few slave-owning families of the Kentucky mountains, was given as a wedding present to the bride of a plantation owner and followed her mistress to her new home in the blue grass. As lady's maid, she lived in the 'big house,' as was the custom, and she had children by her master, as was also the custom. All the children of the ménage grew up together, eating and playing and quarreling, regardless of color or condition of servitude. They all called the father 'Pa,' and the mistress 'Ma,' and the lady's maid 'Mammy.'

As soon as she could, after emancipation was finally understood and acted upon in this Kentucky plantation, Jane Arthur bundled up her two sons and started back to her people in the mountains of Knox County. There she found her parents and two of her sisters. Another two, Charity and Patience, had been sold to unknown parts and were never heard of again. The mother, whom Jane found in her old home, was an interesting character. She had come years earlier from the tidewater section of Virginia, the daughter of a slave girl by a Cherokee Indian. She had straight black hair which came to her waist, high cheek bones, and a strong lithe body. During her life in Virginia she had absorbed a vocabulary of old English which she held on to until her death — 'ha-penny,' 'tuppence,' 'mought.' She also knew a lot of witchcraft, — how to keep spirits from knotting the horses' manes, and to catch 'hants' in sieves, — which her family supposed came directly from Africa, but which turned out to be simply the Scotch and English superstitions current in early Virginia.

Jane Arthur had returned to the

mountains, but she did not intend her sons to stay there. She had the current faith in the transforming power of learning, and she kept hammering at each of her sons to 'get an education and make a man of himself.' A subscription 'blab' school was organized among the few colored families of the mountain county and taught by 'Aunt America.' Here James Bond, Horace's father, learned the blue-backed speller if nothing else. Before he was ten he could spell 'incompatibility' and 'incomprehensibility.' In a manuscript autobiography, he describes how, knowing only words from the speller, one day while thumbing the family Bible he suddenly discovered he could read.

Driven by his ambitious mother, James finally trudged over the mountains to Berea, where white and colored were accepted on equal terms, into an institution that covered the gamut of learning from *a*, *b*, *c*, to A. B. He entered the second grade of the grammar school, got a job as college bell ringer, and for ten solid years rung his way through to graduation. On a scholarship he went to Oberlin College in Ohio, a kind of foster parent of Berea. There he was graduated in theology and met the girl who became his wife, attracted to her first, perhaps, because her given name was that of his heroic mother. Jane Echols had the conglomerate ancestry common to so many Negroes. Her mother — part Indian and part white, in addition to her Negro blood — had been a free woman, but she had lived as a servant in Virginia and the son of the family had fallen in love with her. The boy wanted to elope with her to the North, but his mother put a stop to that. And after having one child by her, Jane, he was sent off to college. James Bond and Jane Echols were married, and the fifth of their six children was Horace Mann Bond.

Young Horace was born in 1904. He grew up in a family which moved about as the father held pastorates in Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia. During these early years his formal schooling was sketchy. His mother helped out the family income by teaching, and as the older children were all in school, Horace, when he was only three years old, was bundled off with them. There some of the older girls amused themselves by teaching the baby to read. His mother also coached him evenings and Sundays, and an aunt who had graduated from Meharry Medical College taught him by rote whole sections from medical textbooks. Thus, before the time most children would be starting to school, young Bond was by way of becoming a prodigy. He read omnivorously from his father's well-selected library and any other books he could get his hands on. Once a teacher promised to give him as many of the works of Dumas as he would read, and within a month he had the whole set of twenty volumes.

When his father became pastor at Talladega College, the boy had had but few months of schooling, yet he impressed his teachers so much by the general knowledge his wide reading had given him that at nine years of age he was entered in the ninth grade. The boy became interested in writing. Other students got him to compose their themes for them. Some girls in the normal class persuaded him that he was in love with a little girl of the village and got him to write her long, passionate, and flowery love letters, which those spiteful hussies took and, instead of delivering, read in their classes to the great amusement of all and to the shame and embarrassment (probably not unmixed with a little delighted pride) of the author. At any rate, he was started on a career of writing which has carried his work into many of the national magazines.

Later moves of the family sent the boy to Atlanta University and to Lincoln Institute in Kentucky, where at the age of fourteen he was the proud possessor of a diploma stating that he had completed sixteen high-school units and was ready for college. He chose Lincoln University in Pennsylvania. For two years he limped along, easily handling the literary subjects, but completely at a loss in mathematics and science. Then fortunately one of his fellow students taunted him with his low standing. He swore that he would beat that man at everything. He began to study hard and was at the top of his class during his last two years.

He was then given a scholarship at Pennsylvania State College, where he was stimulated by the all-white competition and consoled by finding that many of the students there were as stupid as any he had known among his own race. Then, with intermittent graduate terms at the University of Chicago, from which he received his Master's degree in 1926, he has taught for periods at Lincoln University, the State College for Negroes in Langston, Oklahoma, and Fisk University. Meanwhile he has carried on important research and has published findings from his factual studies as well as sketches from his creative imagination.

Young Bond was raised in a puritan home. Both his parents had studied at Oberlin College, which was a solidly pious institution. His father, while liberal, was after all a preacher. And Negroes who are conservative at all are apt to be even more conservative than white people. The boy grew up with 'don'ts' sprinkled all over the place: 'Don't smoke, don't swear, don't drink, don't play cards, don't be familiar with girls.' Into only one of the prohibited fields did Bond venture to any considerable degree. While in college he had some lucky breaks at cards. Suddenly he found himself with a reputation as a great card shark. The rumor went around the campus that he was a hardened gambler, who wore short trousers and pretended to be young simply to deceive the unwary. He confesses to one other excess. While in Chicago he met some fervid religionists. They persuaded him to meet with them and then to address them. He found he could move audiences easily. By sonorous sentences, eloquent gestures, passionately earnest manner, he could bring shouts or tears, could even produce exaggerated ecstasies. This was fascinating business. He did it a number of times and his fame as an exhorter spread. Suddenly realizing what he was doing and the hold this emotional drug might get on him, he stopped. He says he is n't concerned about most of his youthful acts, but that he is ashamed of his ventures into speaking with tongues. The use of language is his power and his danger.

Bond identifies himself with the South. He is a dark Southerner, it is true, but nevertheless a Southerner. Maybe he has the ability and the patience to see it through, to be among the first of the stepchildren to be accepted heartily as a part of the intellectual and literary wealth of this historic section of the United States. When the South realizes and acts upon the great potential wealth of the brown Americans who make up a third of its population, it may not only greatly increase its productive labor and its purchasing power, but add appreciably to the intellectual and artistic renaissance which is already under way. Bond, with his cosmopolitan blood, his excellent home environment, his modesty and humor, his loyalty to the South, and his unquestioned ability as a student and writer, is one of a small but growing band of whom this section may well be proud.

SONG OF MOTHER EARTH AT EVEN

Cool hands of night, give ease
Unto myself and these
Children of land and seas.
Hushed are they now asleep,
Wakeful I watch and keep,
Close to my heart who weep.

Cool hands of night, assoil
After this day of toil
Us from all sin's despoil.
After day's heat and stress
And from all lusts' duress
Heal us, O night, and bless.

Cool hands of night, who place
Stars' light in countless space,
Touch thou my heart, my face.
That I may see and know
How those I bear shall grow,
Unto what end we go.

Teach their small hearts that they
Shall know the things of day
Fade and must pass away.
That gain may turn to loss,
That gold may turn to dross,
And Love hang on a cross.

Cool peace of night, mine eyes
Search deep your starry skies
That I may counsel wise
All lives who my life share,
In sorrow, joy, or care,
In travail and despair.

Cool hands of night, give ease
Unto myself and these
Children of land and seas.

Arthur E. Lloyd Maunsell

NANTUCKET'S FIRST CUP OF TEA

A Colonial Record

NANTUCKET ISLAND
Sept. 20, 1735

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: —

It seems a very long time since you and my honored father and my ever beloved sisters and brothers started for your new home. But I suppose you have not, at this writing, reached your destination and I think of you every day and all day, marching, following the lonely trail through the interminable forests, and sometimes I am tempted to repine in that my father thought it best to remove to that far-away settlement. But my grandfather tells me that the entertainment of that sentiment would be unworthy of the daughter of a pioneer, and since it was thought best for me to remain behind for a season, I must improve my time to the best advantage. This I try to do with cheerfulness, and Aunt Content is so kind as to say that I am of service to her in our household duties and in spinning and weaving.

Peradventure my letter shall be a puzzle to you. I hasten to say that I endite a paragraph or two at a time upon leisure, and whenever anything comes into my mind that I desire you to know, I straightway go to my uncle's desk and set it down. I do this, dear mother, that you may share in my pleasurable thoughts, and may know of my daily life; also that my brothers and sisters may in a measure partake of my enjoyment.

The principal news I have now to tell is, my cousin Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., has returned to Boston from his late long voyage to China, and is now hourly looked for here. There are divers preparations for his coming. My grandfather walks restlessly up and down the yard with his stout stick, peering anxiously up the roadway by which our traveller must come. Uncle Nathaniel says with pride, 'The boy will have many stories to tell.' Aunt Content flits about the house with a smile on her face, and, anon, tears in her eyes, concocting some favorite dishes of which her son used to be fond, while dear old Grandmother knits and knits because she says, 'Thaniel never yet wore any stockings but of my make, and I must have a supply for him to take on his next voyage.' I, even I, am to have a new blue gown made from Aunt's last web, which is the softest piece of flannel ever made on the Island.

My cousin has come. He is tall and lithe with handsome hair and eyes, but his complexion is bronzed with ocean winds and Eastern suns. He says it seems to him like a fairy tale that I was the same little dumpling of a cousin he used to toss in the air when he was last at home. He is much grieved to find you all gone and is planning a hunting expedition, whose objective point shall be your far-away settlement. The neighbors all congregate around our kitchen fire to hear his wonderful stories and adventures, which he was relating to us all day and far into the night.

For all he has travelled almost all over the world, he is as pleased as a little boy to be at home, on the dear old Nantucket plantation again. We are all happy as we can be with our divided hearts. We all have a frequent thought for our wanderers, and Grandfather remembers you each morning and evening at the throne of Grace. My cousin has brought a great many curiosities and presents for us all. One is a silken, creamy shawl for me, woven and embroidered with beautiful flowers, another is a gown of foamy Canton crape, as white as snow. They are so pretty I am sure I shall never dare to wear them. Grandma says they shall be kept for my wedding day, but Aunt Esther says it is not seemly for such thoughts to be put into a maiden's head. Yet Aunt Content gave me the other day a whole piece of linen from the fall bleach, 'to be kept,' said she, 'for a day of need.' At all events, my foreign finery is packed away in a foreign box, and is not likely to turn any silly maiden's head at present.

Cousin has returned to Boston and yesterday he sent by trusty messenger another sea-chest — in it a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the Island, real Chinese tea, which Nat himself procured from China. It is of a greenish color with little shriveled leaves, and when eaten dry has a pleasant spicy taste. Perhaps, when I have opportunity to send this letter, I can enclose a sample quantity, that you may see what it is like. He has sent by the same hand a letter, saying when he returns to Nantucket the owner of the ship on which he voyaged — Captain Morris — will come with him from Boston to pay us a visit. We are again making preparations for visitors, and if you will believe it, the large parlor, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be used. The floor has been newly waxed and polished, and we have spread down here and there beautiful mats and rugs which Cousin Nat brought from foreign parts, and with the many curious and handsome things which are hung on the walls and spread on the table and mantelpiece, and the huge fire of logs which the sharp weather now renders necessary in the chimney, you have no conception how finely the room appears.

While I was admiring it this morning Aunt Esther rebuked me gravely, saying, 'The bright things of this world are of short duration,' but dear, gentle Grandma observed with a smile that it was natural for the young to admire beauty, at which Aunt Esther seemed displeased. I sometimes think she dislikes me because I am young, but that cannot be, yet I cannot quite understand how, being my own sweet mother's sister, she can be so unlike her. We have just had tidings that Cousin Nat and his friend, Captain Morris, intend to arrive here on the 31st of December. Uncle Nathaniel says he will have a tea party and invite Lieutenant Macy's family and Uncle Edward Starbuck's family, and a few others, to meet our distinguished guests and to sit the old year out and the New Year in.

We cooked a beautiful dinner and our guests all came. I wore my new blue gown with some lace that Grandma gave me in the neck and my own dear mother's gold necklace. I tied back my curls, which Cousin Nat will not allow me to braid, with a blue ribbon which he bought in London. Aunt Esther said, 'Men dislike to see girls so brave,' but Grandpa kissed me, calling me his bonnie bluebell.

Aunt Content has been much pestered in her mind because she knew not how to cook and serve tea, and after our neighbors had assembled she confided to them her perplexity. They all gathered round the tea-chest, smelling and tasting the fragrant herb. Mrs. Lieutenant Macy said she had heard that it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Aunt Edward Starbuck said a lady in Boston, who had drunk tea, told her that it needed a good quantity for steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive. So Aunt Content hung the bright, five gallon bell-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two quart bowl of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire, and Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Macy stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling. While I was laying the table, I heard Lydia Ann say, 'I have heard that when tea is drunk it gives a brilliancy to the eyes, and a youthful freshness to the complexion. I am afraid that thy sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity of leaves.' So Aunt Esther put another bowl full of the tea into the bell-metal kettle.

When the tea had boiled about an hour, my Cousin and Captain Morris appeared. The tea, which had boiled down to about a gallon, was poured into Grandma's large silver tankard and carried to the table, and each guest was provided with one of her silver porringers, also with cream and lumps of sugar. The Captain talked with me before dinner, and I told him, before I knew that I was getting confidential, how you were all off in the wilds. He said enterprise was what the new country needed and that it was not best to have Nantucket peopled with Starbucks, and that I was one of the old stock, it was plain to be seen, if my name was Wentworth, and he looked pleasantly around the circle of Starbucks. I suppose I do resemble them all. I saw Aunt Esther looking at me so sharply that I remembered that she had often told me that it was not seemly to talk with men, and I presently became discreetly silent. But when dinner was announced the Captain took me out and made me sit by him.

After Grandma had asked the blessing on the food, Aunt Content said to her son and his friend, 'I have prepared a dish of tea for you, but am fearful that I have not prepared it as hath need and would like to have your own opinion,' whereupon my cousin and the Captain looked and sniffed at the tea and my cousin made answer, 'As my beloved mother desired my opinion I must needs tell her that a spoonful of this beverage which she has with such hospitable intent prepared for us would nearly kill any one of us here at the table.' The Captain said laughingly that Aunt could keep the concoction for a dye to color the woolens. He further said he would, if she desired, instruct how to draw the tea himself, and 'this young lady,' he continued, turning to me, 'shall make the first dish of the beverage used in Nantucket.'

Dinner being over, they all remained at the table except Captain Morris and myself (for Aunt Content bade me to assist him as he should direct), and we searched for a suitable vessel wherein to draw the tea. At last I saw Uncle Nathaniel's grey stone pitcher, into which our guest instructed me to put as much of the tea as I could hold between my thumb and forefinger for each person and an additional pinch for the pitcher. Then he told me to pour upon it boiling water sufficient for us all and set the pitcher on the coals and let it remain until it comes to a gentle boil. The tea was then poured into the tankard which Aunt Content had made ready and the Captain carried it to the table for me and helped me to pour it into the porringers for the guests. He was so kind as to say it was the best dish of tea he ever drank.

We had a wholesome dinner and an

enjoyable one withal. Cousin Nat told stories and sang songs, in which latter recreation Captain Morris joined, and the Happy New Year greetings took the place of good-byes when our neighbors left for their respective homes.

My cousin's friend still lingers for the shooting and there is not much spinning or weaving done — it takes so much time for the cooking and the eating and the visiting. He is very agreeable and calls Grandfather the Miles Standish of Nantucket. I heard him tell Uncle Nathaniel that we had good blood and that ever since he became acquainted with Cousin Nat he had conceived a great admiration for the Nathaniel Starbucks, and he said something about a wife. Perhaps he remains so long on Aunt Esther's account, but, dear me, she is so prim (I write with all respect, dear Mother) and he is such a jovial gentleman, I do not understand how such a union could be harmonious. If he has regard for her it must be on account of the Starbuck blood. . . .

Oh! my mother! How can I tell you! It is not for the love of Aunt Esther that Captain Morris remains, but me, your own little daughter, and all the Starbucks indeed (saving Aunt Esther, who declares with quiet wrath that I ought to be put back in pinafores) have given their consent that I shall be married and sail away with my husband in my husband's ship to foreign parts, to see for myself the beautiful and wonderful things of which I have heard so much of late. But I will not give my consent until I have that of my father and mother; so there is a company being made up to go with Cousin Nathaniel and the Captain through the winter snows to your far-away home. And so after all it will be this new friend of whom I have written so much who will take this long letter to you. I am sure, dear Mother, that you, who know my heart so well, will not think it unseemly for me, that the Lord will guide your heart and that of my honored father to feel kindly disposed towards the gentleman, for indeed, he is of good repute and is so good as to be fond of me, and I feel that if I can have your consent and that of my honored father, together with your blessings, I shall be very happy and take an honest pride in being his honored wife.

The Captain declared laughingly that I am sending him off on a quest, like a knight of old, to prove his love. I cannot help thinking it strange, his wanting to marry me, and when I said so one day he replied gravely that it was all on account of the tea that had got into his head, and indeed, it may be so, for I was so flighty and hardly closed my eyes to sleep that night, and even dear old Grandmother says she would not answer for the consequences of what she might be led to do were she to make use of it every day. I send along with other small things a quantity of this famous tea and a bit of the white crape which I shall, if it seemeth best in the judgment of my honored father and mother, wear in good time as a wedding gown.

The household all join me in sending loving greetings to you.

I remain now and ever, your dutiful daughter,

Ruth Starbuck Wentworth

THE HARDENED ARTERIES OF BUSINESS

BY GEORGE E. PUTNAM

I

EVER since October 1917 the Western world has been waiting for the Soviet régime to collapse. It has seemed inconceivable to the Western mind that an economic system so thoroughly imbued with communistic philosophy and so definitely committed to a programme of tearing capitalism out by the roots could maintain itself for any considerable period. Yet the fact is that Sovietism has more than survived. It has not only strengthened its hold upon the imagination of the Russian masses, but, since 1921, it has scored notable successes in increasing the production of the nation and in carrying through an ambitious modernization programme. In the face of these successes the Western world has stood agape, wondering whether the 'fight for a cause' — that powerful motivating factor in Soviet achievement — is not, after all, a force to be taken seriously.

The man in the street, the business man, the social worker, the college professor — all have become intensely curious about the world's newest and greatest experiment in communism. While it is obvious, of course, that a great deal of the business man's interest springs from a desire to know more about the potentiality of Russia as a market for his products, his fancy is at once caught by the magnitude of the modernization programme now going forward and by what he hears of the much-heralded 'Five-Year Plan.' The idea of planning carries a natural appeal to the business executive.

There are other points of appeal in the Russian experiment. Under the system of state planning — whereby the state, virtually the sole capitalist, sets a definite goal for the quantity of agricultural and industrial goods to be produced, the quantity to be exported and imported, the number of factories, office buildings, and houses to be constructed, the total money to be expended by the state and the total to be collected — the Soviets have been able to sidestep that incubus of capitalism, the 'trade cycle,' with its alternate periods of prosperity and depression. More than that, they have dealt a decisive blow to the unequal-distribution-of-wealth problem which has never ceased to harass capitalism.

The ability of the Soviets so to plan their lives as to make such problems nonexistent has touched a sympathetic chord both in Western Europe and in the United States. In the light of the difficulties we have been having during the past two years and in the light of the remarkable recovery Russia has made under communism, it has been suggested again and again that something must be inherently wrong with the capitalistic system when it requires periodically that factories be closed, that labor be thrown out of employment through no fault of its own, and that the entire economic organization be disrupted for months on end.

There can be no question but that the Russian experiment has already had a far-reaching influence on the social philosophy of the outside world. Men are asking whether it is not better to be guaranteed a job even at lower wages than to run the risk of being jobless; and the small investors who recently suffered heavy losses in real-estate and stock-market securities are wondering why they should attempt to save when their savings are so easily wiped out as the result of 'overproduction,' 'overspeculation,' 'overbuilding,' and other circumstances over which they have no control. When it is reflected that communism has now extended itself over an area comprising one sixth of the land surface of the world, that this system has forged ahead unmistakably during the past ten years, and that it has succeeded in solving some of the most vexing problems which beset capitalism, can it be expected that capitalism will be unscathed by Soviet influence? Assuming that Sovietism will continue to function successfully over the next two or three decades, will not capitalism have to mend its ways to hold its own?

II

Not the least of the difficulties which capitalism must face in the competition with Sovietism is the overflowing enthusiasm of the Soviet protagonists and of those reformers whose social sympathies have been aroused by the earnest fight that is being made for the cause of the proletariat. It is the habit of these enthusiasts to spotlight the accomplishments of the Soviets over the past decade and to make no mention of, or pass over lightly, the darker side. The result is that the capitalistic world is in danger always of having to compare itself unfairly with a distorted picture of the new order. As a defense measure, it should be the avowed goal of capitalism to make its darkest side compare favorably with the best that Sovietism has to offer.

The advantages of an economic system in which there is a large measure of economic freedom far exceed the disadvantages. Take, for example, the competition that comes from freedom of enterprise. Although competition is often decried on the ground that it gives rise to endless duplication of human effort, duplication of physical plant and equipment, and is socially wasteful, how much more waste would be incurred if the state owned and operated all industry, assigned wage earners to their tasks, and regulated all prices. Human incentive would be shackled, inefficiency would be substituted for efficiency, progress would be impeded, and the product of industry would be diminished. With fewer products to be divided among the members of society, there would be less to eat, less to wear, less to live in, and fewer luxuries to enjoy.

Notwithstanding the progress that Russia has made in supplying increasing quantities of the crude necessities of life and in modernizing her backward industries, no visitor to that country can fail to note the frightful waste of state enterprise — waste in the location of factories, waste in their utilization, and above all, waste in human talent. The thought which keeps haunting the visitor from the West is, What strides the Russians could make in the development of their natural resources and how much more efficiently their efforts would be coördinated under an enlightened form of free enterprise!

It is a commonplace, in the Western world at least, that when men are free to choose their own destinies some will have both the incentive and the ability to forge ahead. Under the system of free enterprise, almost any worker who is thrifty and industrious can aspire to become a salaried employee, a property owner, a small capitalist, economically independent in his declining years. The more valuable he chooses to make himself to his employer, the further he advances on the road to economic independence. It is next to impossible to hold down the man who really wants to get on and is willing to make the effort.

The business man, as distinguished from the wage earner, is exposed to the same urge. Having power and some degree of security, he naturally aspires to more power and more security. And he is impelled by necessity no less than by choice. If he would protect the position he has attained, he cannot afford to stop making progress. The moment he lets down or slackens his pace, some competitor stands ready to take advantage of the situation and win away his trade.

It is this pecuniary incentive under the capitalistic system — an incentive which Sovietism deliberately seeks to destroy — that makes for large production, high wages, and large profits. Experience shows clearly that wages and profits are high where output is high. A man's wages are nothing more than the things he can buy with his weekly pay check. They consist of the food, the shelter, the clothing, the luxuries, and the protection he can provide. These things cannot be secured out of thin air; they can be provided only out of the products resulting from effort.

Wages in the United States are materially higher than in any other country and several times as high as in Italy. Contrary to popular notions on the subject, our high wages are not due to our high protective tariff. Nor can they be explained on the absurd ground that American employers have willed to pay their men high wages. The simple truth about wages is that the American laborer working with the aid of up-to-date machinery in a country having great natural resources can turn out a greater volume of products in eight hours than can the laborer in any other country; and large production per man is translated into high wages by the competitive bidding among employers for labor power.

The profit rewards that remain for business are in many respects like wages. They are high when production is high. They are the inducement which capitalism holds out for those who keep their minds on the job and who are constantly on the lookout for improved and cheaper ways of doing things. It does not follow, however, that business can retain as profit all the savings it is able to effect through the discovery and use of low-cost methods. On the contrary, competition sees to it that more and more of these savings are assigned to the public — to the wage earner, to the producer of raw materials, and to the consumer of finished products. Every class in society shares to some extent in the benefits which flow from the maintenance of the profit incentive.

III

The position of the capitalistic system would be secure for all time if only its brighter side were visible. The trouble is that the darker side of capitalism is more plainly visible to the rank and file. This side has been so conspicuous for its shortcomings during the past one hundred years that various restrictions have been placed by society upon men's freedom of enterprise — the very corner stone of capitalism — as a means of protecting the weak against the strong.

In the early days of the factory system it was customary for employers to hire women and children to tend unguarded machines in their factories. It was found that, in the absence of restrictions on the freedom of employers, men, women, and children would work long hours per day in dangerous and insanitary surroundings. In more recent years it has been found that economic freedom may give rise to all sorts of practices which are 'opposed to the public interest,' such as the adulteration of foods and the use of brand names and advertising to mislead the unwary. Out of these defects in the workings of free enterprise have come the labor legislation of the past century and the more recent legislation against unfair trade practices.

Considering the known weaknesses of human nature and the prevalence of the reform spirit, it is rather surprising that society has made so little effort to curtail the freedom of the individual with a view to protecting him against himself. In all probability the great majority of people need protection of this kind. Although it is commonly assumed that when men are free to forge ahead each will have an incentive to work, to save from his earnings, and to provide for the rainy day, casual observation shows that such an assumption is unfounded. There is only a small minority in society that has the will both to work and to save. Having a job, it is natural for one to assume that the job and the income from it will continue and that saving may be postponed. As a result of this human tendency to discount future possibilities, it invariably happens that when factories close, and work stops, whole strata of workers are taken unawares without the means of self-support because they have not saved.

In 1919 and again in 1929 it was generally believed that we had reached a new economic era. Everyone seemed prosperous. Jobs were fairly plentiful and wages were high. New enterprises were going forward at a vigorous pace. While it was clear to any close observer that there was trouble ahead, the momentum of the pace could not be stopped. Old economic laws were in the discard. Prosperity had become a permanent institution.

It is hardly necessary to recount the events that followed. The stock market, which had mounted by leaps and bounds under the stimulus of 'prosperity' and mass speculation, wavered, and then by degrees virtually collapsed, bringing losses to thousands of investors, large and small. On top of these collapses in speculation came trade depression marked by the closing of factories, the curtailment of practically all business, widespread unemployment, and discontent with an economic system that had turned pleasant dreams into horrible nightmares.

Recent experience clearly brings home the fact that the darkest side of capitalism is, after all, business depression and unemployment. As yet society has done nothing to prevent the recurrence of these depressions and little indeed to alleviate the distress that accompanies them. The problem has not seemed to lend itself to social control. There is, nevertheless, an insistent demand that something *must* be done about it — and justly so. It is a serious reflection on enlightened capitalism that there should be recurring depressions. The argument for the superiority of capitalism over communism is only half-convincing so long as periods of depression are tolerated.

Suppose capitalism should undertake as a matter of self-respect and self-preservation to rid itself of the periodic disease of industrial depression. It would first be confronted with the problem of finding the cause of the disorder; then with the problem of removing it.

IV

Without delving into all the intricacies of the trade cycle or the refined theories that trade-cycle studies have contributed, it is sufficient to note that, whatever the fundamental causes of depression may be, the outstanding difference between periods of prosperity and periods of depression lies in the amount of consumer spending and in the volume of industrial production. These factors are intimately related. When times are prosperous, it will be found that both spending and production are at a high level; and when business is depressed both spending and production are constricted. The close relationship between these factors is due to the controlling position in which the consumer stands — he is the final arbiter as to the kinds and quantities of goods that shall be produced.

Another point to be noted in this connection is the important part played by credit in these spending and production cycles. When consumers are once in the mood to spend, an abundant supply of credit facilitates their spending because it enables them to borrow and buy. Consumer spending, in turn, stimulates producers to borrow money and to expand their operations. The extensive use which consumers and producers make of credit for these purposes eventually leads to a situation where the credit structure, like an inverted pyramid, becomes dangerously topheavy. In the process of getting the volume of credit readjusted to its gold base, it is found that those who have borrowed to buy must save in order to pay. The excesses which have been generated during 'prosperity' by the misuse of credit must be corrected by depression before normal business can be resumed.

Assume, for the sake of illustration, that there arises a good demand for motor cars. Thereupon Mr. A, a manufacturer of cars, borrows money and expands his production. He and other car manufacturers employ more labor and buy more raw materials. Mr. B, a producer of the raw materials used in the manufacture of cars, immediately apprehends a better outlet for his products. He too borrows money, employs more labor, and expands his output. Mr. C, who represents the labor employed in these operations, now finds himself in possession of new income, which he proceeds to utilize. Having satisfied his immediate demands for food, clothing, and shelter, and feeling secure in his job, he buys a radio on the installment plan, paying 'a dollar down and a dollar a week.' The thousands of radios demanded by these C consumers give a much-needed fillip to the business of the radio manufacturers, who respond by borrowing money, buying raw materials, employing more labor, and expanding their output of radios. At length Mr. D, representing the workers in the radio industry, finds his income so improved and his prospects so bright that he buys a motor car on the installment plan.

A whole cycle of spending has now been completed. The original stimulus which the motor-car industry felt has reached out in an ever-widening circle to affect the income and spending power of various classes of workers and has then returned to the source from which it started. Here it gives a fresh stimulus to motor-car manufacture — and another cycle is started on its way.

Thus it is that prosperous business, once started in a few important lines, gains momentum as the effects reach out from one class of producers to another and as producers and laborers expand their buying power with the aid of borrowed money. This process may continue for a long period of time if the credit supply is abundant. Sooner or later, however, the point is reached where the supply of credit begins to run short. As more and more credit is used up, signs of shortage are evidenced by a substantial rise in interest rates. Bankers, scenting danger, investigate more carefully than ever the credit status of their debtors. Many borrowers are unable to renew their loans on favorable terms and are forced to sell something for cash in order to pay off their maturing obligations. Then the trouble begins — for the weak borrower and for others as well.

Credit shortage is the spark that usually ushers in periods of liquidation, falling prices, and depressed business. The disease itself, however, is variously diagnosed. Sometimes it is referred to as 'overproduction.' It could as easily be diagnosed as 'underconsumption.' The point is that when credit shortage has forced weak borrowers to curtail their operations, to reduce their working forces, and to convert goods into cash for the purpose of paying off loans, there is less purchasing power available for consumption purposes — and all the time more and more goods are being offered for sale. A condition of this kind quickly reaches out from the weak borrowers to the strong borrowers until the latter are also forced to curtail their operations because of the restricted outlet for their products. Then follows a period of industrial stagnation, unemployment, low purchasing power, and forced saving. Once started, depression, like prosperity, gains momentum until practically all industry is affected.

The low spending power which characterizes periods of depression is due only in part to unemployment; it is due as much to the debt-paying difficulties in which the C's and D's find themselves. For example, during the period leading up to the present depression it was common practice for the consumer, the workingman, the white-collar employee, and others of greater means to increase their spending power by going into debt — by mortgaging their future earnings. They bought radios, motor cars, washing machines, furniture, and so forth, on the installment plan. In recent months these same individuals have been confronted with the task of maintaining their installment payments out of restricted incomes. They have had less money to spend on new purchases because a large part of their incomes was bespoken by creditors' claims.

The position of the man who borrowed money and bought common stocks for the rise is even worse. When he saw a profit on paper in the stocks he had purchased he jumped to the conclusion that he was a richer man and could raise his scale of living. His expenditures for luxuries increased. His standard of living rose. The unfortunate feature is that he had no more income to spend than he had before stocks went up. The appreciation in the value of his securities did not increase his income in the slightest. It only increased his borrowing power. In order to obtain more spending money with which to satisfy his pent-up desires for luxuries he had to borrow it.

Those who were led astray in this manner — and the number was legion — found themselves in a serious situation when the stock-market boom collapsed. They awoke to discover that they were hopelessly in debt — in debt for greatly depreciated stocks and for a mode of living which they could not maintain. During the past eighteen months these borrowers have had to concentrate on the task of paying off their debts and of recovering from previous spending excesses. Their debt-paying burden has been aggravated by the fact that debts contracted when incomes and prices were high must be liquidated during a period when prices and incomes are on a substantially lower level. Little wonder that the business of the manufacturer, merchant, and wage earner has been depressed when so many consumers have been forced to save in order to take care of excessive debt burdens.

Is there not something that society could do to prevent the recurrence of disorders of this kind? The search for fundamental causes has not been entirely successful. Granting, however, that fundamental causes may yet be found in some combination of human nature, mass psychology, and the modern credit system, are there not immediate causes that could be dealt with effectively? Suppose, for example, that spending could be kept within reasonable bounds when times were prosperous, would there not be less need for periodic depressions, widespread unemployment, and forced saving? The smoothing out of the spending process so that it will be free from the disorders which breed depression is without question the outstanding need of the times. It is the problem which confronts capitalism to-day. What is to be done about it?

V

In a few instances attempts have already been made in an organized way to alleviate some of the distress that comes from industrial depression. In both England and Germany there are now in operation unemployment-insurance schemes for certain classes of wage earners. The general view prevailing at the time these schemes were adopted was that a certain amount of periodic unemployment was inevitable under capitalism, and that if employed persons were required by law to contribute a portion of their wages to an unemployment fund, supplemented by contributions from employers and in some cases from the state also, there could be created a reserve fund of sufficient size during prosperous periods to permit the payment of reasonable out-of-work benefits in time of depression — or whenever men became unemployed through no fault of their own.

In principle a great deal can be said for unemployment insurance as a device for protecting men against their own weaknesses. It is a form of compulsory saving for rainy-day purposes. At the same time it should be recognized that such insurance relies too much upon the financial assistance of the state rather than upon the principle of developing in the individual a determination to help himself. There is an element of real danger here. What was begun both in England and in Germany as unemployment insurance has in each instance, as the result of special and unforeseen conditions, degenerated into a dole system with the finances of the state heavily involved. Perhaps the fairest appraisal of the insurance plan at the moment is that its value as a corrective of the unemployment evil is limited. It does not go to the root of the matter.

A proposal which has gained vogue in high places both in the United States and in other countries during the recent depression is that in periods of business slackness it would be proper for the governing authorities to appropriate public money and engage on a grand scale in the building of roads, in the construction of public buildings, and in the carrying out of various other public projects. The avowed purpose in making these expenditures would be to give employment to the unemployed, to inject new purchasing power into the pockets of the C's and D's, and to lift business out of the slough of depression.

While the proposal is indeed a specious one, it would prove to be a great disappointment in practice. It completely overlooks the fundamental that depression is nothing more than the earmarks of a disease, contracted during a previous period, which must be cured before normal business can be resumed. The injection of new purchasing power into a system which is about to suffer, or is already suffering, from previous spending excesses would only prolong the day of reckoning or aggravate the disorder. It would be like trying to cure a man of indigestion by forcing him to overeat. The proposal, in short, only confuses the issue — it offers no suggestion for removing the cause.

VI

The conclusion seems inevitable that if the problem of depression is to be dealt with seriously, some device must be employed to stimulate greater thrift among the masses during prosperous periods. It is here that the core of the problem lies. Timely thrift would prevent the development of those excesses which breed disorder. The substitution of orderly saving for reckless spending would smooth out, to some extent at least, the ups and downs of the trade cycle, causing prosperity to be less prosperous and depression less serious. While it is hardly to be expected that the practice of thrift during periods of employment would completely remove the cyclical element in business or prevent all unemployment, the thrift habit would strengthen the reserve position of the workingman and so contribute something toward the maintenance of his independence in periods of slack business or whenever jobs became scarce.

In spite of all the thrift evidence revealed in the records of saving deposits, experience shows that the habit of orderly thrift is none too common. In how many families, for example, will one find a savings and expense budget? The stock objection to orderly saving — and one hears this objection from every class whether the family income is $1000, $5000, or $10,000 a year — is that the income is too small to permit saving.

There is need that sentiment of this kind be made unpopular, and that more people be taught to recognize timely thrift not only as a living possibility but also as a definite social obligation. The truth of the matter is that few incomes are so small as to make saving impossible. Where the standard of living is too high to permit saving, there is something wrong with the standard. Barring unforeseen contingencies such as sickness or accident, anyone who is able to pay for food, clothing, and shelter can make definite provision for savings. Failure to make such provision voluntarily is to invite compulsory saving for one's self, and for others as well, at a later period.

Coupled with the programme of popularizing thrift habits during prosperous periods there should be an educational programme in investment matters so that what is saved may be profitably utilized and not dissipated in speculative ventures. How little the masses know at the present time about the investment of savings, and what difficulties confront the small investor! There are countless widows, spinsters, wage earners, and even college professors who have a complex about going to a banker to talk over the matter of investing small savings.

It would be unjust to charge against the banker the failure of the present investment machinery to meet the needs of the small investor. Capitalism itself is at fault. Modern mass-production and mass-distribution methods take small account of the peculiar needs of the minority. There are, of course, bankers who cater directly for small customers, but for the most part their appeal does not reach far enough down into the rank and file.

Our present educational system is also at fault in that it fails to acquaint the younger generation with the atmosphere or machinery of careful investing. Beyond stimulating school children to build up savings accounts, the primary and secondary schools provide nothing in the way of investment atmosphere. Even in the universities there is no organized stimulus or training in the subject except in the Schools of Commerce, where a few students are temporarily exposed to a descriptive study of the various kinds of investments. It is a strange and unfortunate fact that our educational system does not instill into the masses the first principles of orderly thrift or investment — the principles every breadwinner needs to have at hand when he is thrust out into a world of individual responsibility.

Little wonder that small investors periodically suffer such heavy losses. Not having been taught the principles of conservation, they are inclined to subscribe to the notion that anything which smacks of conservatism is out-of-date; that the only road to wealth is via the speculative route rather than through consistent saving. It is sentiment of this kind that causes the small investor to borrow and plunge, to take chances when the odds are heavily against him, to seek more than average returns in the securities he buys, to live extravagantly on the strength of inflated prospects, and, in the end, to suffer substantial losses. Losses, in turn, breed resentment against the capitalist class and discontent with the capitalistic order.

A vast amount of good could be accomplished for the cause of orderly thrift and more orderly business if sound principles on investment matters were disseminated in an organized and authoritative way. As an illustration of one of the principles that should be popularized, take the question of bonds versus stocks. The small investor should be taught to save for the purpose of buying sound bonds before buying stocks of any kind. The small investor cannot afford to take unnecessary risks. His first $500 investment represents bread and butter in an emergency. He needs stability of both principal and income. As his wealth and savings increase he would be justified in purchasing a few carefully selected investment stocks in the interest of yield, diversification, and the power of growth that inheres in first-class common stocks. The time might come when he could conservatively carry a large proportion of investment stocks to bonds. As for speculative stocks, these are only for the well-to-do.

Clearly, there is much educational work to be done in forestalling the depression ailment. The nature of the problem is such that an entirely new type of thrift and investment organization is required to deal with it. The express purpose of this organization would be to popularize conservative investing, to teach and encourage the masses to adopt and follow a consistent programme of saving (particularly during good times), and to advise any small investor free of charge as to suitable investments. Such an organization would have no securities to sell and would earn no profits. Its recommendations, free from all profit motives, would be dispassionate and of a strictly investment character.

To be successful, an organization of this kind would require the support of extensive and continuous advertising. It would be confronted with the task of making itself, its purpose, and its services known to the man in the street. In performing its educational and hortatory functions it would have recourse to the most effective media of advertising known to business, reaching down, with the aid of poster advertising, into every factory and office building. The advisory work of the organization would be carried on under the direction of a staff of practical men, responsible in all matters of investment policy to a board of trustees.

There is a legitimate field here for a new form of philanthropy. We now have hospitals, universities, public libraries, and various foundations to promote the general welfare, but no organization of a corresponding nature to stimulate people to help themselves through saving and conservative investing. It stands to reason that there would be less need for philanthropy if more of our philanthropy were directed along the line of helping people to help themselves in a bread-and-butter way.

There are fundamental reasons why those who favor the capitalistic system should seek to perpetuate it by sponsoring some such programme of self-help. Capitalism is badly in need of repair. If the repairs are not made from within by those who understand what is to be done, they are apt to be made from without by those who know little and care less about the delicacy of the machine. Capitalism needs more capitalists and less unemployment. The best way to strengthen and perpetuate the institution is for capitalists themselves to take a hand in our educational affairs, educating more people to become capitalists, and helping, incidentally, to remove or minimize the blight of industrial depression and unemployment.

VII

Is it visionary to believe that organized influence could be brought to bear upon the thinking and habits of the masses so as to bring about greater stability in business through timely saving and conservative investing? One does not usually think of the aims of a government as visionary when it sets out in time of war to educate its citizens on the things it is fighting for. Nor is it customary for business men to underrate their ability to influence the masses when they have a new idea or a new commodity to sell. Business, no less than government, resorts to advertising on a large scale as a means of educating the public to appreciate its wares — and it usually 'puts over' its programme.

Neither is Sovietism contemptuous of its powers to alter the ways of the masses. One of the most interesting and powerful forces in Russia today is the propaganda — propaganda against alcohol, carelessness, ignorance, religion, and capitalism. And there is no mistaking the fact that Soviet propaganda gets results. The whole world can take lessons from the Soviets in the matter of mass-propaganda methods.

If Sovietism and Soviet propaganda can win millions of converts to communistic doctrine, capitalism, in spite of hardened arteries, can win and hold its hundreds of millions if it mends its ways — if it stops relying upon the superiority of its brighter side to blot out the tragedy of its darker side; if it deviates slightly from the traditional path, abandons its self-complacent attitude, and utilizes Soviet educational methods to rid itself of its chronic disorders. The position of capitalism is not so secure that it can afford to be scornful of taking a lesson or two from its new competitor.

ALL IN THE CONGRESSIONAL FAMILY

BY GEORGE FREDERIC NIEBERG

> YET as the undue attachment to friends or favorites assumes the dangerous forms of favoritism, so does the excessive attachment to the members of one's family become nepotism. — LIEBER, *Political Ethics*

I

DURING the last days of the Seventy-first Congress a sparkling news cocktail was served the jaded Washington correspondents when the Honorable U. S. Stone, Congressman from Oklahoma, introduced H.R.16700. The bill, in part, proposed that all Senators and Representatives be prohibited from appointing relatives to jobs on the Federal pay roll. After a century and a half of *laissez faire*, nepotism had been finally called to account by a 'lame duck' member of the House!

Up in the press gallery, the correspondents leaped upon the story as a gift from the journalistic gods — and wrote sombre, facetious, and ironical requiems for the bill that was doomed to die. On the floor, Congressman Stone's confreres shrugged their shoulders and remained discreetly silent. Undaunted, the Oklahoman pressed for a hearing and supplemented his request to the committee chairman, Congressman William Williamson of South Dakota, with this vigorous assertion:

> I will state for your information that I have received a great many letters which are a reflection on both houses of Congress, and I am certain that the Members accused would be glad to have an opportunity to appear before the Committee and exonerate themselves, and I know those who are not guilty of the practice are only anxious to have their names cleared, as a great deal of publicity has been given this bill.

But Chairman Williamson shook his head: —

> As you know, I was ill all last week with the influenza. . . . As you know, it has been my practice to grant hearings at the earliest practicable date . . . but in view of the hearings already arranged . . . I can see little prospect of reaching your bill in the immediate future.

As predicted by the political illuminati on Capitol Hill, there was no hearing, and H. R. 16700, a delicate piece of legislative dynamite, failed to explode. And so died the first anti-nepotism bill introduced in an American Congress. Once more nepotism had survived the critical onslaught of its enemies, as it has survived all attacks since the beginning of the Republic.

As early as 1803, Thomas Jefferson condemned the practice of placing relatives on the Federal pay roll, and in an arraignment of one flagrant offense he remonstrated: —

> The public will never be made to believe that an appointment of a relative is made on the ground of merit alone, uninfluenced by family views; nor can they ever see, with

approbation, offices the disposal of which they intrust to their President for public purposes, divided out as family property.

Nevertheless, nepotism endured. It emerged unscathed from the Jeffersonian assault, fended off the savage thrusts of Andrew Jackson, and blithely turned a deaf ear to the philippics of lesser statesmen who followed in the wake of the seventh President. It ignored entirely the furtive, desultory attacks of the American press.

The public, inured to these bloodless raids, regarded the business apathetically — until the Stone bill was trumpeted from the headlines. And then it was shocked into action. Indignant voters began to sniff and bay at official heels, while the great dailies thundered a noisy *obbligato*. Overnight, nepotism became a brisk controversial topic in the forty-eight sovereign states. But when the Congressional inquisition failed to materialize, the hue and cry of the citizenry sank to a faint *pianissimo;* the newspapers delivered the conventional salvo of regrets, patted the Oklahoma crusader on the back, and turned to other subjects for editorial material. The storm was over.

II

It is quite likely, however, that nepotism will be dragged again into the spotlight, for its critics cling tenaciously to the belief that it is nothing less than a vicious form of pay-roll racketeering — a shameless exhibition of official greed not to be tolerated. It is possible that the criticism is just. Or it may be grossly unfair. Let us see.

The controversial warfare rages over the old Congressional custom of awarding secretarial positions to the various members of Congressional families. Each year Congress spends in excess of $3,000,000 for clerk hire, and it is charged that an army of Senators' and Representatives' wives, sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, and in-laws collect the major portion of this amount.

In 1929, Congress raised the salaries of its office employees. Previous to July 1 of that year, each Senator received an annual allowance of $8590, distributed among four clerks; while each Representative invariably confined his $4000 allowance to two. Committee chairmen in both houses were granted more substantial allotments, the amount varying with the clerical requirements of the several committees. The new bill provided for an increase of more than half a million dollars and boosted the allowance of each Senate and House member, not a committee chairman, to $10,320 and $5000 respectively. Cynics in Washington still wax facetious over the popularity of that bill, and the speed with which it was passed. In the House, a lone statesman — a new member from Arkansas — made a gallant gesture when he boldly announced that the $4000 allowance was enough. It should be added that while this heretical utterance startled his four hundred and thirty-odd colleagues, it did not change their votes.

No Federal red tape governs Congressional appointments to secretarial positions, barring a single ruling which states that no appointee shall receive a salary in excess of $3900 a year. The determination of personnel is left entirely to the discretion of the Senators and Representatives, and astute political observers estimate that from 60 to 70 per cent of our national lawmakers appoint relatives to these desirable office jobs on Capitol Hill. Incidentally, a survey of the records tends to authenticate that estimate. Congressional appointive activities, however, are not confined to these purely personal nominations. The entire government service is littered with job-holders who owe their snug berths to the direct, or indirect, influence of members of Congress. Nevertheless, public disapproval is voiced chiefly over the personal appointments of the legislators, and the rank favoritism displayed in the distribution of these clerical plums.

To the withering cross fire of its critics, the defenders of nepotism counter sharply with the assertion that the practice is quite legitimate. It is — when the ethics are observed. But its more belligerent champions raise a debatable point when they add that their family appointments are 'nobody's business.' Judging from the tenor of the mail and telegrams which deluged Congressman Stone during the last two weeks of the Seventy-first Congress, it would appear that the constituents back home entertain a diametrically opposite view. Following the introduction of the Stone bill, one South Carolina paper, the Charleston *News and Courier*, rumbled ominously: —

> The appointment of members of their families to places on the government pay roll by Senators and Representatives is not a decent custom.
>
> No one of the nine Senators and Representatives in Congress from South Carolina at this time will dare to say on the stump in 1932 that he expects to see that some of his kin draw salaries from the Federal Government.
>
> Not a man of them, whatever his practices in the past, will dare to say, if asked the question, that he will request the appointment of his cousins or his uncles or his aunts, his wife or his daughter or son, to a secretaryship or clerkship.
>
> This 'nepotism' of which Mr. Stone complains is practised in the dark. Nothing that a Congressman cannot defend in the light is defensible anywhere or at any time. It is only when these things are not mentioned that Congressmen are not punished on account of them, and they know it.
>
> The *News and Courier* has heard of Congressmen who obtained appointments for persons who were seldom in Washington, who performed nominal public duties, but assiduously attended to the private business of the Congressman at home, saving him the expense of paying a private employee out of his own pocket. No incident of that kind in South Carolina has been heard of lately, but there have been such doings and they have been done by persons who advertised themselves as economists and reformers.

In the progressive State of Wisconsin, the *Milwaukee Journal* contributed a sardonic note: —

> Congressman Stone of Oklahoma, who, the more's the pity, retires March 4, has started something down at Washington that ought to be finished. Mr. Stone has a bill to separate the relatives of Congressmen from the government pay rolls. And what a hornet's nest he has stirred up. He himself has been ostracized by the pay-roll pensioners until, no doubt, he will be glad to get back to the Cimarron country. But his work ought to go on.
>
> . . . Here is something for Wisconsin Congressmen—and Senators—to espouse, those that are not working the racket themselves. The other day our own legislature passed a joint resolution declaring it to be the policy of the state that both husband and wife should not be on the state's pay rolls, except at institutions that required the services of a married couple. Here is the same question, almost exactly. If our progressive legislature is against it, our progressive Congressional delegation ought to be. Will Senators Blaine and La Follette, for instance, take up the fallen banner?

III

Apparently this barrage laid down by the American press failed to satisfy the voters. Citizens, hot on the Congressional trail, clamored for more sanguinary warfare and demanded the names of the offending legislators, particularly the Congressmen from their home districts. But if any newspaper in

America checked up the records of the Senators and Representatives from its own state, it neglected to publish its findings — a journalistic anomaly which still remains a puzzle to students of the Fourth Estate. In all fairness, it should be explained that the compilation of a complete list of statesmen with nepotic tendencies is an involved and laborious business. An accurate check of the family ramifications of more than five hundred legislators is, obviously, a job to be sidestepped by any alert Washington correspondent, especially when the investigator knows he will be confronted with a maze of endless red tape, evasions, and downright hostility.

But to any individual who is courageous enough to attempt the task, two government publications will be found invaluable as research aids: the Annual Report of the Clerk of the House of Representatives and the Report of the Secretary of the Senate. It is highly probable that the average citizen will experience some difficulty in obtaining these reports through his Congressman; it is very likely that he will encounter infinitely more difficulty when he essays to analyze them — the House document particularly. But in the statistical jumble of these reports is an authentic, if somewhat obscure, record of the names and salaries of all Congressional appointees in the Senate and House Office Buildings and the Capitol.

In the office of the disbursing clerk of the House, a rigid censorship has been placed on the dissemination of information pertaining to the Congressional pay roll. The writer encountered the official frown when, in an endeavor to ascertain the names of the few Congressmen who do not use their entire $5000 quota for clerk hire, he was advised that orders had been issued prohibiting the release of any information to newspaper men. This dictum was supplemented by the statement that 'the newspapers have made enough trouble for us.' It is possible. The press did raise an infernal din for a week or two, and prominent among the agitators was the *New York World*, which, shortly before its demise, tossed this ironical brickbat into the verbal mêlée:—

> Just think of having private, personal family affairs aired in public! Just what business is it of yours, Mr. Stone, that one Southern gentleman, a member of the House, had his father or grandfather down on the pay roll as a clerk? What if the father or grandfather did draw $16,000 without ever having set foot in Washington? . . . It is of record that one Western representative who was chairman of a committee employed his son at $2240, a daughter at $1440, and a nephew at $2230 a year. It is of record that one Senator had his wife for a secretary, his father-in-law for a clerk, and a son engaged as a page. And one Congressman had his fifteen-year-old daughter down on the pay roll for $940 a year, which helped pay the child's way in school and gave her the pin money that any schoolgirl can use incidental to getting an education.

In some sectors, the criticism assumed a graver tone and sinister charges were hurled into the ranks of the nepotists — of pay-roll 'dummies,' of forced 'drawbacks' from secretarial salary checks, and of hypocrisy in the last Congress over the relief of the unemployed. At the time, violent exception was taken to the performance of the $10,000-a-year statesmen who sympathized profusely with the jobless sufferers — and continued to keep members of their families on the government pay roll, thus augmenting, directly or indirectly, their own personal incomes.

Lately, the 'working secretaries' of Capitol Hill have added their voice to the clamor and strenuously maintain, usually in anonymous communications, that while they are responsible for all the work done in the offices, favored relatives receive the bulk of the salary spoils. A dispassionate investigation discloses that their charges are often backed by irrefutable evidence. Unquestionably, many of the 'preferred' appointees are paid for nebulous services rendered.

An amusing side light is afforded in the case of J. Thomas Heflin, Jr., son of the redoubtable 'Tom-Tom' Heflin who was recently defeated for reëlection to the U. S. Senate. The metropolitan newspaper files attest that on April 9, 1929, young Mr. Heflin arrived in New York from Panama. According to Universal Service, he was in a 'hilarious mood' and appeared to have an 'aggravated case of sea legs.' On June 19, he was arrested in Washington, charged with driving under the influence of drugs. On September 3, he was arrested for drunkenness in Phœnix City, Alabama, and charged with violation of the prohibition law. All of which is merely a recital of stale news of dubious interest except for the fact that during the period Mr. Heflin, Jr., was having his unpleasant experiences with the officers of the law he was also on the government pay roll as a clerk to his father, the Senator from Alabama. The average citizen may wonder how the young man could be in Panama, New York, and Phœnix City, Alabama, and still attend to his clerical duties in Washington. A satisfactory answer does not occur to us — and we pass on.

Even to the casual observer it is apparent that other members of the upper house have been influenced by family blood ties in making their secretarial appointments. At least the Report of the Secretary of the Senate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930 (the latest available pay-roll record of the Seventy-first Congress), reveals an interesting similarity between the names of various Senators and their office employees: —

Senator	*State*	*Clerk*	*Clerk's Salary*
J. G. Townsend, Jr.	Delaware	Paul Townsend	$3,900
Park Trammell	Florida	Lee R. Trammell	2,400
		Daisye L. Trammell	2,220
Walter F. George	Georgia	Heard F. George	2,400
John Thomas	Idaho	Mary E. Thomas	2,220
Smith W. Brookhart	Iowa	Florence Brookhart	2,220
Daniel F. Steck	“	L. O. Steck	2,220
Alben W. Barkley	Kentucky	David M. Barkley	3,900
		L. L. Barkley	1,800
David I. Walsh	Massachusetts	John W. Walsh	2,400
A. H. Vandenberg	Michigan	A. H. Vandenberg, Jr. (until September 15)	2,220
Thomas D. Schall	Minnesota	M. H. Schall	3,900
Hubert D. Stephens	Mississippi	Hubert Stephens, Jr.	2,400
Roscoe C. Patterson	Missouri	R. H. Patterson	1,800
Burton K. Wheeler	Montana	John L. Wheeler	1,800
Lynn J. Frazier	North Dakota	Vernon A. Frazier	1,800
Gerald P. Nye	“	Donald O. Nye	2,880
Simeon D. Fess	Ohio	Dorothy Fess	2,220
Elmer Thomas	Oklahoma	Edith Thomas	3,900
Frederick Steiwer	Oregon	Elisabeth Steiwer	1,800
Felix Hebert	Rhode Island	Marguerite R. Hebert	1,800
Peter Norbeck	South Dakota	Kermit Norbeck	2,400
Kenneth I. McKellar	Tennessee	D. W. McKellar	3,900
William H. King	Utah	Paul B. King	2,220
Reed Smoot	“	E. W. Smoot	2,700
Wesley L. Jones	Washington	Saline W. Jones	2,220

The list is not complete. Research among the multitudinous family affiliations of the Senatorial members discloses a more impressive representation, but the foregoing exhibit may serve as an index to the sentiment which prevails in the greatest deliberative body in the world.

IV

At the other end of the Capitol a majority of the four hundred and thirty-five Representatives have assembled under their office banners an army of wives, sons, daughters, and miscellaneous relatives. Occasionally, alert political opponents point out these family favorites to the citizenry, and it is a matter of record that as a rule the indignant constituents do the rest. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Edgar C. Ellis of Kansas City, who spent ten years in Washington as a Representative from the fifth district of Missouri. In last November's finals, Mr. Ellis, seeking reëlection, was pitted against one Mr. Joseph B. Shannon. As the campaign winged to a stormy close, nepotism became a bitter controversial issue when the Shannon forces announced that Mrs. Ellis was on the Congressional pay roll as a clerk in her husband's office at a salary of $2000 a year. Incidentally, Mrs. Ellis's age — she was past seventy — was dinned into the ears of the amazed Missourians, and when the votes were counted it was discovered that both Congressman and Mrs. Ellis had been retired to private life.

It is interesting to note that while the wives of most American business and professional men rarely become a part of their husbands' office personnel, Congressional wives continue to remain in vogue on the House pay roll. These salaried helpmates, together with the legion of lesser relatives employed on Capitol Hill, form an imposing list with some diverting side lights. For instance, there exists in the lower house, in addition to the more conservative legislators who make but one 'family' appointment, a more radical group of statesmen who keep their entire $5000 allowance within the confines of the family. Official confirmation lies in these informative excerpts from the House report: —

W. P. Lambertson (Kansas)	
Elise Lambertson	$3,000
Floy Lambertson	2,000
Charles I. Sparks (Kansas)	
Charles A. Sparks	3,000
Marjorie Sparks	2,000
Maurice H. Thatcher (Kentucky)	
F. H. Thatcher	3,040
A. B. Thatcher	1,960
James O'Connor (Louisiana)	
Florence O'Connor	3,600
John O'Connor	1,400
Conrad G. Selvig (Minnesota)	
Helen M. Selvig	2,900
Marion W. Selvig	2,100
Thomas Hall (North Dakota)	
Edna Hall	3,300
Ellen J. Hall	1,700
Charles J. Thompson (Ohio)	
Katharine H. Thompson	2,500
Samuel C. Thompson	2,500
John N. Garner (Texas)	
E. R. Garner	3,900
Tully C. Garner	1,100

For some inexplicable reason, legislators hailing from the rural districts of the South and Middle West appear to be particularly susceptible to the nepotic urge. The Eastern states, with a population largely urban, have comparatively few 'family men' representing them in Washington. Further probing among House statistics discloses that the 'regulars' of both parties have an infinitely larger proportion of nepotists in their ranks than the insurgent bloc; that the Drys succumb more readily than the Wets; and that the appointive records of headlined Congressmen often compare unfavorably with those of their unsung compeers.

The following instances may be of

general interest: the name of Fame Cramton appears on the office pay roll of Louis C. Cramton of Michigan, a Republican regular of regulars and militant prohibitionist who was defeated in last November's elections and later awarded the government post of 'dictator' of Boulder City, Nevada. Thomas Alva Yon, Democratic Congressman from Florida, whose oratorical flights have aroused so much facetious comment both off and on the floor of the House, has a secretarial aide at $3200 per annum, listed simply as D. M. Yon. This may or may not be Congressman Yon's wife, Daisy Mullikin Yon. Congressman Jeff Busby, who in a spirited debate over a $306,000 road contract in Dixie divulged the amazing information that more than 20,000 Union soldiers are buried in the national cemetery at Shiloh, has a Joanna M. Busby, at $3300 per year, serving him in a clerical capacity. Congressman William Williamson of South Dakota, committee chairman who frowned upon the Stone bill, has a C. D. Williamson, at $1260, employed in his office. C. D. Williamson has for a co-worker one C. L. Dice, whose salary is $3740. Inasmuch as Mrs. Williamson's maiden name was Clara Dice, it would appear that the Williamson–Dice family alliance has a 100 per cent equity in the monthly pay check. These are only a few high lights in the nepotic parade. It is an endless procession — with both political parties actively represented.

The writer cannot subscribe wholeheartedly to the statement of the Carolina editorial writer that nepotism 'is practised in the dark.' At the same time he will admit there are some instances of political shadow boxing in Congressional circles where nepotism is involved. Interesting examples are offered by Congressman James G. Strong of Blue Rapids, Kansas, and Congressman Charles G. Edwards[1] of Savannah, Georgia. After scrutinizing the biographical sketches in the *Congressional Directory,* — all 'based on information furnished or authorized by the respective Senators and Congressmen,' — we are forced to the conclusion that the Strong and Edwards hagiographies, while probably accurate, are also incomplete.

For instance, we learn that Congressman Strong

> married Frances Erma Coon. . . . They have two children, George E. Strong . . . and Mrs. Paul E. Haworth, whose husband is an ex-service man and is engaged in the real-estate business in Washington, D. C.

The Washington directory confirms the assertion that Paul E. Haworth is in the real-estate business, and the House pay-roll records indicate that he supplements his income from that source with a $3300-a-year job as clerk to the War Claims Committee, of which his father-in-law is chairman.

Congressman Edwards's biography includes the information that he

> married Miss Ora Beach; they have one son, Charles Beach Edwards, a practising attorney at Savannah, Georgia.

The Savannah telephone directory does not list the name, but there is a Charles B. Edwards, $2700-a-year clerk, employed in Congressman Edwards's office in Washington.

In making a study of the extent of nepotism in the lower house, the following list may prove interesting. It is admittedly incomplete, citing as it does only the instances where the names of the clerical aides correspond with those of the statesmen who appointed them. In a single instance, identity of name proves nothing, of course, but the identity of 115 pairs of names seems to indicate something: —

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[1] Congressman Edwards died on July 14, 1931

Representative	*State*	*Clerk*	*Clerk's Salary*
Bankhead	Alabama	Florence Bankhead	$2,000
Jeffers	“	Ruth B. Jeffers	2,000
Patterson	“	Nannie J. Patterson	3,900
Fuller	Arkansas	May Fuller	1,100
Ragon	“	Mattie Ragon	1,100
Wingo	“	Blanche Wingo	2,600
Carter	California	Martha L. Carter	2,000
Englebright	“	Grace Englebright	1,600
Swing	“	Nell C. Swing	2,600
Taylor	Colorado	Etta Taylor	1,500
Freeman	Connecticut	F. B. Freeman	3,800
Cox	Georgia	Grace Cox	1,700
Rutherford	“	Juliette Rutherford	3,000
Tarver	“	Jewell Tarver	2,000
Vinson	“	Mary G. Vinson	1,400
Wright	“	Rosa M. Wright	2,200
Allen	Illinois	John C. Allen, Jr.	1,400
Holaday	“	Helen E. Holaday	2,800
Kunz	“	Stanley H. Kunz, Jr.	3,000
Rainey	“	Ella M. Rainey	2,500
Ramey	“	Lena Ramey	3,900
Reid	“	Jean Reid	1,100
Yates	“	Helen W. Yates	3,500
Greenwood	Indiana	Netty B. Greenwood	1,200
Rowbottom	“	Elizabeth Rowbottom	1,100
Vestal	“	H. M. Vestal	1,736
Dickinson	Iowa	L. Call Dickinson	3,300
Sproul	Kansas	Kathryn Sproul	3,560
Blackburn	Kentucky	Anne Blackburn	3,400
Gregory	“	Noble J. Gregory	2,500
Newhall	“	Nellie G. Newhall	2,400
Walker	“	Ethel Walker	2,300
Aswell[2]	Louisiana	E. S. Aswell	2,000
De Rouen	“	C. I. De Rouen	2,000
Kemp	“	Bolivar E. Kemp, Jr.	2,000
Montet	“	Bonnie J. Montet	1,200
Wilson	“	Riley J. Wilson, Jr.	2,900
Nelson	Maine	John A. Nelson	3,900
Connery	Massachusetts	Lawrence J. Connery	1,440
Foss	“	Ruth H. Foss	1,200
Underhill	“	Phoebe W. Underhill	3,300
Bohn	Michigan	Martena Bohn	1,800
Hooper	“	Gertrude C. Hooper	2,500
Hudson	“	Helen M. Hudson	2,400
Andresen	Minnesota	Julia Andresen	3,000
Christgau	“	Marion Christgau	2,000
Clague	“	Stella Clague	2,600
Goodwin	“	Alden N. Goodwin	2,600
Maas	“	Gene Maas	1,100
Collier	Mississippi	Emma B. Collier	2,260
Collins	“	A. G. Collins	1,900
Hall	“	Edward C. Hall	3,900
Quin	“	Aylett B. C. Quin	1,100
Rankin	“	Annie Laurie Rankin	2,600
Whittington	“	Anna A. Whittington	2,300
Halsey	Missouri	Clara E. Halsey	3,900
Johnston	“	Mildred K. Johnston	2,900

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[2] Congressman Aswell died shortly after the adjournment of the Seventy-first Congress

Representative	*State*	*Clerk*	*Clerk's Salary*
Manlove	Missouri	Alma W. Manlove	$3,500
Milligan	"	Mary K. Milligan	1,200
Palmer	"	Hazel Palmer	3,000
Romjue	"	Lawson R. Romjue	2,500
Evans	Montana	B. P. Evans	1,500
Leavitt	"	Elsie E. Leavitt	1,100
Howard	Nebraska	Elizabeth Howard	1,000
Johnson	"	L. Maude Johnson	1,520
Morehead	"	M. Morehead	1,700
Sears	"	Sigsby S. Sears	1,100
Sloan	"	William M. Sloan	2,500
Arentz	Nevada	Harriet K. Arentz	2,200
Hale	New Hampshire	Alice A. Hale	2,500
Hartley	New Jersey	Henry A. Hartley	1,400
Cooke	New York	Eileene J. Cooke	1,680
Crowther	"	Peggy Y. Crowther	1,900
Griffin	"	Katharine L. Griffin	2,000
Pratt, H. J.	"	Rowena Pratt	1,100
Abernethy	North Carolina	Mary N. Abernethy	2,100
Burtness	North Dakota	Zoe Ensign Burtness	2,500
Sinclair	"	Muriel J. Sinclair	1,100
Brand	Ohio	Vance Brand	3,080
Chalmers	"	Nellie E. Chalmers	3,000
Crosser	"	Justine Crosser	2,500
Speaks	"	Anna Speaks	1,500
Thompson	"	Samuel C. Thompson	2,500
Cartwright	Oklahoma	Carrie Cartwright	2,100
Johnson	"	Beatrice Johnson	2,500
McClintic	"	May McClintic	3,500
O'Connor	"	Larry O'Connor	3,200
Brumm	Pennsylvania	Susan I. Brumm	2,300
Cochran	"	Olive P. Cochran	2,000
Esterly	"	Paul H. Esterly	3,000
Magrady	"	James Magrady	2,200
Menges	"	Mary S. Menges	3,300
Shreve	"	L. C. Shreve	2,000
Temple	"	Edward L. Temple	1,500
Turpin	"	Charles M. Turpin	2,700
Dominick	South Carolina	Harry W. Dominick	1,100
Fulmer	"	Willa E. Fulmer	3,500
Gasque	"	Bessie M. Gasque	2,200
Davis	Tennessee	Carolyn W. Davis	1,400
Eslick	"	Willa B. Eslick	3,200
Reece	"	Lem L. Reece	2,000
Blanton	Texas	Anne L. Blanton	3,000
Box	"	John C. Box, Jr.	2,900
Mansfield	"	Margaret Mansfield	2,500
Sanders	"	Noma Sanders	2,500
Williams	"	Marie Williams	3,800
Colton	Utah	Grace Colton	2,240
Garber	Virginia	Lucy H. Garber	1,200
Whitehead	"	Janie Whitehead	1,250
Hill	Washington	Barbara W. Hill	2,100
Wolverton	West Virginia	Laura V. Wolverton	1,700
Browne	Wisconsin	Tom A. Browne	1,440
Hull	"	Lois M. Hull	3,200
Peavey	"	Ella S. Peavey	2,900
Schafer	"	Elsie W. Schafer	3,500

V

Obviously, the persons most affected by family favoritism on Capitol Hill are the 'working secretaries,' and they are responsible for a bewildering and caustic verbal shellfire — directed chiefly at the non-working relatives. The compulsory return of part of their salaries to the employing Congressmen is also denounced in no uncertain terms. A flood of mail which deluged Congressman Stone's office signalized the beginning of this secretarial rebellion. Full of bitterness and sardonic humor, the letters are a merciless indictment of the vicious system. Unfortunately, most of the missives are anonymous and, in fairness to the legislators accused, cannot be reproduced here. However, to show the iniquitous possibilities, I will quote from a statement by a clerk whose name is of course withheld: —

> I have been a secretary on the House side for over five years. The Member I am secretary for has a member of his family on the pay roll who does not perform any work whatever connected with the office, but is attending school. My name appears on the pay roll for quite a good salary, which would lead the average observer to think I was well paid. The fact, however, is that I am compelled to return to the Member almost half of the amount for which my name appears on the roll. The half which I return is given to his wife. I am receiving $1500 a year and his family the remainder of the $5000 given for clerk hire.
>
> This same Member has educated all his children with the money which was intended for his secretary and clerk. He is a man of considerable means and there is absolutely no justification for this graft at the expense of the laborer who is worthy of his hire.

Although indignant protests against nepotism are the rule throughout the country, most Washingtonians, inured to the practice, are inclined to regard it with an amused tolerance. While America at large grew excited over the Stone bill, a dispassionate calm prevailed on the north bank of the Potomac. In official circles, opinions were discreetly noncommittal. At the White House, President Hoover, while reported to be interested, did not voice his personal views to the gentlemen of the press. In the House, however, there was an undercover hostility from some legislators — a resentment that found expression in an anonymous note which was laid on Congressman Stone's desk. Attached to a newspaper clipping relating to the anti-nepotism bill was the brief and belligerent query: *Just how far are you going with this?*

To the sporadic demand for action from voters in the remote sectors little hope can be offered. Vague rumors indicate a possible reopening of the nepotic controversy, but it is hardly likely that when the Seventy-second Congress convenes in December another statesman will jump into the shoes of the Oklahoma crusader, for it means tampering with highly explosive political dynamite. After all, nepotism is an entirely legal practice, however dubious its ethics may be, and it should be remembered that ethics are defined variously, in Washington as elsewhere. It would be possible, of course, to restrict the business by placing all clerical appointments under the Civil Service, but with no powerful 'people's lobby' in Washington to force a Congressional show-down any unorganized drive in that direction would probably resolve itself into an absurd and futile gesture.

Even the newspapers of America seem to be in a bit of a quandary over the nepotic menace. It is diagnosed by them as a cancerous political growth, but none has yet suggested to its readers the press panacea for all political ills: *Write your Congressman about it!* Obviously the old nostrum won't do. A new prescription is required.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Wasted Years?[1]

Kah-nak-too's long legs swung tirelessly. His broad feet seemed scarcely to touch the snow as he skimmed forward, head low beneath the weight of the branching antlers that it bore. Clouds of steam jetted from his nostrils. His mouth gaped wide. At frequent intervals, without breaking his stride, he turned his head sideways to snatch a cooling bite of snow. He seemed oblivious of the low, flat sled on which I sat, of the guiding line of sealskin leading from his halter to my hand. Not a sound broke the silence save the rhythmic click-click of his flying hoofs and the noisy panting of his breath as he wound swiftly in and out among the azure ice piles of the frozen Arctic.

I closed my eyes. The rush of icy air drove the breath back into my lungs, went tingling through my veins. Bits of snow, flung back by flying hoofs, stung my face. I had the sensation of being hurled alone through space, of being encompassed by infinite isolation.

This isolation expressed itself in a complete absence of color. In the Eskimo village of Wainwright, huddled upon the tundra's rim above the Arctic Ocean, for nine months of the year whiteness was all we saw — a vast, level expanse of white stretching to the north, to the east, and to the south. On the west lay the Arctic. There icebergs upreared their bulk; pinnacles of ice, like scintillating church spires, pierced the sky; pressure ridges, crushed fifty feet in air by the momentum of meeting ice fields, crisscrossed the pack in all directions, rose, a jagged silhouette, against the western sky.

Out from the shore into that chaos wound the trail leading to the Eskimos' larder, the ice fields where hours beside a seal hole might furnish sustenance for another day. From the village the trail was clearly visible, a discolored, twisting thread, hard-packed by the feet of many dogs and men and reindeer, the weight of many loaded sleds. A fresh snowfall alone blotted it out.

In the village itself the same monotone prevailed; from the government schoolhouse, which was my home, to the low mounds huddling about it, all was whiteness. Snow lay everywhere: over the igloos of sod and driftwood; over the tipsy-looking caches, their open platforms piled high with all the household treasures for which there was no space within the crowded quarters of the igloo — snowshoes and sleds, bolts of bright gingham, heaps of deerskins, pelt of polar bear and fox and lynx. Snow lay, too, over the translucent golden oomiaks, upreared on stilts out of the reach of hungry malemutes, awaiting the open water of July and August; over the dogs themselves, huddled thickly upon the snow beside each igloo, dark balls curled caterpillar-wise, sifted over with white.

During three years that white landscape was our world. To the north our nearest 'white' neighbors lived at Point Barrow, one hundred miles across tundra and ice pack. To the south, three hundred trackless miles lay between us and our next-door neighbor. Three times each year an Eskimo mail carrier fought his way northward across hundreds of wind-swept miles, bringing us letters. Each August a revenue cutter ploughed through Arctic ice floes to bring us fleeting contact with the world outside. In thirty months we conversed with five men in our own language, saw no white woman. Sled deer and dog team were our only modes of travel. Newspapers reached us three-months stale. Every drop of water used for cooking, bathing, and laundry was ice, laboriously melted. The drift of snow before the schoolhouse had not yet vanished that first summer before September re-covered the tundra with a fresh sheet of white, the ocean thickened to a whispering mush.

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[1] The Contributors' Club this month is given over to the two papers which have been awarded first prizes in the Atlantic Monthly Essay Contests for 1930–31 — one open to college students, the other to high-school students. In order to encourage sound thinking and good writing on the part of the younger generation, from whose pens will come the literature of to-morrow, the *Atlantic* has conducted similar contests for some years past. This year a greater number of manuscripts were entered in the competition than ever before, and many of them were decidedly above the average, both in maturity of thought and in facility of expression. The winning paper in each contest is here presented upon its own merits. — The Editors

Three years of that, you say. Wasted years! Buried alive! For what? Finances to return to college? Love of adventure satisfied? Yes, both of those. But that was not all. Buried alive, you say. And I ask you, What is your measuring rod for gauging the worth of passing years? For we were cut off from none of the great, fundamental things of life. There were, first of all, the two of us. That meant companionship, duties and pleasures shared, harmony of thought. And beauty was all around us, beauty of primitive nature.

Step out with me under the northern lights. Luminous white serpents are writhing all across the vault of the heavens, ceaselessly coiling, twisting — never for an instant motionless. Suddenly a shimmering iridescence whips across the sky, spanning its arch, a fringe of color, sea green and delicate rose, rippling continuously from right to left as though a Master Hand swept across vibrant strings. Step out again into the silvered moonlight of a December midday — diamond sparkle of crusted snow; chill glitter of broken ice; shimmering reaches, infinitely cold and pure and measureless. Surely you cannot call one bereft of beauty who has the azure glitter of the ice fields, the unearthly splendor of the aurora borealis, the silver glory of December middays.

But perhaps happiness, not beauty, is to you the ultimate goal in life. You picture us lonely and unhappy, watching the slow days drag past. If so, your picture is all wrong. For life was full of happiness, the satisfactions found in work and service. Along the road of progress which our forefathers followed through the ages, we endeavored to hurry a primitive people, prodding their slow steps to greater speed.

We struggled to lighten the inevitable hardships of the Eskimos' lives. We urged the filling of the ice cellars with whale and seal and walrus meat during the flush summer months to tide the people over the lean-hunting seasons of the year. We taught the improvement of the reindeer herds by retaining the best deer for breeding purposes rather than killing the tiny fawns, a few weeks old, because their skins were prettiest then for parkas. We encouraged the mining of coal when weather conditions were favorable, the keeping of a supply on hand against the days of blizzard. Incessantly we toiled to teach these people to rise superior to their environment, to put behind them the old hand-to-mouth existence.

We knew the satisfaction that comes with the relief of suffering. A tiny girl, creeping on the igloo floor, was terribly scalded by a kettle of boiling walrus. 'Maybe he die,' the despairing parents told us. 'Many times before, baby burn like that, he die.' But the baby did not die. It was a long, hard pull, but her life was saved; she was not even badly scarred. That is but one of many cases.

Life was too full to be monotonous. I challenge you to match the thrill that sweeps through one at the first glimpse of the sun after months of lamplit days. It is noon. I climb the twenty-foot drift behind the schoolhouse. In the southeast the sky burns a dull red. It has been red for several days, but to-day it is a deeper, warmer crimson. Breathless I wait, as the crimson deepens and deepens. Then, abruptly there flames on the sky line a leaping fire, dazzling the eyes, warming the heart — the barest segment of a rim of gold. The glorious sun is back again!

As to one shut away in a quiet room the minutest sounds are magnified, so to us, shut away in that isolation, every emotion was intensified. Those days and nights of waiting for the coming of the first ship each summer are like nothing else. Someone on watch day and night in the unending sunlight, sitting astride the ridgepole of the schoolhouse, telescope trained on the southern ice pack. Days of taut nerves, of hearing preternaturally keen, of jumping at each malemute's scream, at each shout in the village. Then at last, upon a morning late in July, the triumphant shout rings out: 'Oomiakpuk! Oomiakpuk!' Pandemonium breaks loose. Men, women, and children run, shout, leap into the air; everyone gone mad — and we no saner than the rest.

Three times each winter the dog-team mail arrived. An excited messenger rushed in, face beaming, shouting, 'Mailman come!' We snatched our parkas from their hooks, pulling them on over our heads as we raced down the hallway, through the outer vestibule, on out through the great outer tunnel of snow blocks. The mail team, thirteen sturdy malemutes, lay stretched upon the snow before the schoolhouse. Kotook had already spread back the stiffly crackling sled cover, was dragging forth bulky, frosted sacks of mail. Eager hands seized them, carried them indoors. We shook hands with Kotook, then hurried after. The natives followed. They expected no mail themselves, but they liked to watch their 'oomaliks' reading theirs. They crowded the doorway while we emptied sack after sack in the centre of the carpet, then dropped beside the heap to sit hour after hour, tearing open a letter, scanning its contents, reaching for another — the latest four months old.

Buried alive, you say. But the dead do not feel. Say, rather, that for three years we dwelt upon a hilltop, life all around us, naked, close at hand; yet vistas, too, spread out before our eyes, humanity seen as a whole, struggling — towards what? It is good to withdraw for a time from the rush and noise and competition of modern civilization, to the eddy beyond the crash of the cataract. One finds quiet there for introspection. Religion becomes an elemental thing. To the Eskimos it is very real. They have a childlike faith in God.

Three seal hunters were caught out upon the ice pack by an offshore wind, carried to sea to almost certain death. The village gathered at the schoolhouse. One after another knelt, prayed earnestly that the wind would change, the men drift safely back to shore. Out on the ice pan the hunters, too, knelt in prayer. And the wind changed. Miraculously it veered, carried the men back to their waiting families. You smile skeptically. Is your doubt more admirable than their faith?

I have seen bared heads bowed above a cup of tea, out upon the frozen ocean, beside the tundra trail while sled deer pawed for moss beneath the snow; and I have felt humbled in spirit. For it might well be that the tea was made with leaves which had been boiled repeatedly for weeks; it might be that salt was added to the kettle in lieu of the precious vanished sugar; it might be that this steaming liquid was the only nourishment these men would know for hours. Yet not a swallow was taken before heads were reverently bowed, thanks returned to 'the Giver of all good things.'

As religion is an elemental thing, stripped to essentials, so with the code of ethics in the Arctic. An Eskimo rises in the morning to an empty larder. He emerges into the village, casts his eye about, and then philosophically directs his mukluks toward that dwelling from which the bluest twist of smoke is winding. For smoke means food in process of preparation, food which he feels free to share. 'Thou shalt not steal.' Month after month the caches stand heaped under the open sky. Nothing ever disappears. Laws are few, essential to the well-being of the community, unwritten — and obeyed. Murder is practically unknown. Death is faced daily, it is true, but it is faced of grim necessity on tundra and on ice pack in the bitter struggle for existence.

Drama is in this struggle, and drama was all about us. Not the drama of cinema and stage, I grant you. But on every hand was the stuff from which novel and drama are woven. The childless wife came begging permission to adopt her neighbor's newborn baby, to carry, a joyous burden, upon her back inside her parka, in emulation of her more fortunate sisters. A young girl passionately devoted to a youth of her own age was married out of hand to a rheumy-eyed old widower, possessor of a commodious igloo and numerous head of reindeer. A mother, making the rounds of her trap lines in the desperate effort to provide food for her children, was caught in a blizzard, found frozen on the tundra.

All around us was material that might have been crystallized into play and story. Must it be written down, interpreted for us, before we are able to appreciate it? Must it, like our prepared foods, be predigested, enclosed in attractive wrappings, before it will make an appeal to our jaded appetites? Should not the raw drama of life — the hungry-hearted mother, young love selfishly bartered, a mother's sacrifice — have the same power to make us thrill and weep when we see these tragedies enacted in the dim and congested igloo as upon the spacious, brilliantly lit stage? If it has not, if we cannot see past the sordidness and dirt, past the unlovely husk to the sweet white kernel of the nut, then our civilization has given us either too much or too little.

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URBANITY AND SOPHISTICATION

THE difference in character between the present time and certain periods in the past is strikingly exemplified by the use nowadays of 'sophistication' instead of 'urbanity' in expressing the earmark of a citizen of the world. 'Sophistication' and 'urbanity' are certainly not interchangeable words, and 'urbanity' has not yet fallen into desuetude; nevertheless, the one word has supplanted the other. I fear the explanation is not simply that styles in words shift as they do in clothes, but that people of the world are merely sophisticated and no longer urbane.

I say I fear it, because, although to become sophisticated is the desire of many adolescents, to prevent them from becoming sophisticated is the anxiety of those parents who are sensible. Now, surely no parent ever grieved to think his son might become urbane. Urbanity was the most delightful attribute of a gentleman, the least often met with, and the clearest indication of gentility. To see it manifesting itself in an offspring was a delight and a joy, for one felt that it was the dividend from a university training, the Grand Tour, and polite society. Sophistication, one is almost induced to feel, is the pitiful return from a zealous patronage of the movies and the poorer magazines. In truth, the difference between sophistication and urbanity is a difference like that between false hair and healthy cheeks, the one being of doubtful advantage and the other of unquestioned value. Sophistication runs the risk that 'all things false fade quickly,' as Cicero said; while urbanity, which has its roots in the soul, is a permanent characteristic, continually bringing forth fruits.

If I were to describe sophistication, I should not liken it to anything deeper than a coat of paint; I believe it is a pose. The outstanding thing about a sophisticated person is his chatter, the revelation of his mentality. He can talk about things that a plainer person is ignorant of, and he can make these trivialities — for trivialities they generally are — seem truly consequential. They appear, in fact, to be consequential not to him (which sounds most astonishing) but to the person who is so abysmally out of touch with the world as to know nothing of them. The sophisticate himself has presumably seen too much, lived too hard, and experienced too many excitements to care longer for them in any but a condescending way. He is burned out, so that one could substitute him for King George IV in that famous description which denied the king any flesh and blood, reducing him to a bundle of clothes, paint, and wig. After all, there is not much to sophistication but a kind of stock knowledge concerning horses, theatres, song hits, dances, hotels, clothes, and other tinsel things. There is, of course, and one must not leave it out, an understanding of the amount of bad manners that can get by in society without causing ostracism. This paltry knowledge is borne as if it were all knowledge, with the implication that any other learning is stodgy and ridiculous. The sophisticate, even though he is weary of life, does get occasional snobbish pleasure from scorning those who do not have this particular information.

One can seldom credit the sophisticated person with being original, for he feels that if he does n't do what all the 'smart set' are doing he will be a little crude. In the matter of following the crowd, however, he is not likely to take Mr. Pickwick's advice and 'shout with the largest' mob, since he credits his narrow group of fellow sophisticates with a point of view that is superior to any that common souls might arrive at. His attitude of superiority is unbearable; it shows in a hint, a smile, a shrug, a stare. There seems to be scarcely any tolerance in his superficial soul; all who are not sophisticated are consigned by him to insignificance and inferiority.

I think the best proof of the worthlessness of sophistication is the fact that anyone who chooses to learn the ropes may become sophisticated, for the only persons who do not have it in them to cover their characters with sophistication's veneer are the ones who would never wish to anyway.

Urbanity is different. It is not just a surface icing. One cannot, for instance, bring it before one's eyes as one can bring sophistication by picturing a cocktail shaker, a pair of pearl-gray gloves, and a theatre lobby. One does not think of anything material in considering urbanity, since urbanity is abstract and grows up in one as an enduring love might grow. An urbane person may have the same knowledge of places and things that a sophisticate has, but this knowledge is incidental to his sense of proportion, which is the *sine qua non* of urbanity. He could not so confuse the importance of things as to ridicule a group of people because their accent was not exactly like his, or quarrel with his landlady over the length of time he might leave his electric lights burning, or scorn a Virginia farmer because he had never heard Paderewski play — things which I think a sophisticated person might do without feeling that he had stepped out of character. I'll wager that if one placed in a small Wisconsin village of limited horizon a sophisticate from Broadway and an urbane gentleman from wherever he could be found the sophisticate would grow irritated, scornful, and unhappy, but the urbane man would adapt himself to his environment and make himself admired by his less polished neighbors. Toleration for individual idiosyncrasies and local customs has always been characteristic of urbanity, which is essentially courteous and suave. Sophistication, however, has not enough body to it to survive any but its own rarefied atmosphere. One would expect an urbane man who had retired to the country to remain urbane, but one knows that two or three years of seclusion would take the sophistication from anyone. Sophistication, therefore, out of self-defense, is forced to be narrow. Urbanity, because it is no artificial attitude, but is completely interwoven with the character, is liberal. One might measure the relative depths of these two by reflecting that it is possible, and not infrequent, for a child to be sophisticated, but that mature persons alone can be urbane.

Urbanity affects a man's whole outlook on life. It is a sort of philosophy of toleration and courtesy which makes a person possessing it at ease in any society. In essence, it is a delightful blend of intelligence, dignity, experience, education, and sufferance. I feel strongly that the prevalence of sophistication over it is a serious criticism of our times, and that if we were to produce a few urbane gentlemen like Sir Thomas More we should be far better off than we are with our myriads of foppish pretenders, who are no more citizens of the world than are the wax figures in Madame Tussaud's galleries.

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FINCH'S FORTUNE

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

XXVIII

Finch was back in his own room. It was unbelievable. He had passed through terrific things and was home again — back in the very room where he had dressed for his birthday party a year ago. He had landed at St. John from a steamer armored in ice; he had rumbled through days and nights on the train; Piers had met him at the station in style, driving the new car. When they had turned into the side road at Weddels', what drifts, what ruts there had been! All the trees along the drive drooped their branches under the weight of snow. On each side of the porch rough mounds of it had been shoveled from the steps, but on the lawn it lay virgin white and unbroken.

The first greetings were over and he had run up to see his room before dinner. It was all ready for him, clean counterpane and pillowcases — why, the curtains were freshly laundered and a new rug had been laid on the worn spot before the chest of drawers! He could scarcely believe in his room or in himself. The room seemed to turn about — and he turn in it — as the snowflakes floated and turned outside the window. There was the very chair he had sat in, wrapped in his quilt, waiting for the moment of his birthday dinner! There was the table, ink-stained and shabby, at which he had swotted for his exams! There were the shelves with his books! Lord, there was the stain on the ceiling where the roof leaked, and there was the basin on the floor waiting for the next drops!

He opened the door of the clothes cupboard and looked in. There were the clothes that had been too old to take away with him! They would come in very well now that he was home again. Why, there was the brand-new sweater that Uncle Ernest had not allowed him to take because it was too loud for England! He had forgotten all about it. How he wished that he had bought a new supply of clothes in London! What a dud he was! The fellows would be sure to ask him what new clothes he had got.

The gong sounded for dinner. He felt so natural descending the attic stairs that all the past year seemed suddenly a dream. Yet he realized that it was no dream when Mooey appeared outside his mother's door grown almost half a head taller. And there was Pheasant, — he had only seen her for a moment, — how terribly different she looked! Her little face looked tired and white and her body so heavy that movement seemed painful. Poor young Pheasant! She had looked like a boy in her tweed coat and cropped head the day he left.

'Hello,' he said to Mooey, 'do you remember me? I'm Uncle Finch.'

'What did you b'ing me? Mummy says Unca Finch will b'ing p'esents.'

Finch almost staggered in his dismay. He had been in such a hurry to get home that the thought of presents had never once crossed his mind. What a blasted fool he was! The first day he had been in London he had stared in shop windows choosing imaginary presents for each one, and then, when the time came for buying them, he had forgot! He gave a sickly smile at Mooey.

Mooey took a threatening step forward. 'I want my p'esent,' he demanded.

'Why, look here,' stuttered Finch, 'look here, the presents are n't unpacked yet.'

'Unpack them, then,' commanded the child.

'Mooey,' called Pheasant's voice from within the room, 'you must not ask for your present till after dinner!'

Finch skulked down the next flight of stairs to the hall. The family were already in the dining room. He stood hesitating, knitting his brow, as he tried to think what to do about presents. He would just have to say that the bag they were packed in had gone astray. At the first opportunity he would go into town, ostensibly to inquire about it, and buy presents all round. He must make sure that each was marked with the name of an English firm. It would be terrible to be caught in so callous a deception.

He stood for a moment in the hall, absorbing the feeling of home. Old Benny and the two spaniels lay beside the round stove, which glowed, almost red-hot. He thought of the cellar-like atmosphere of the hall at Lyming. And not a dog in the house — not even a cat. He remembered the dining room — he and his aunt facing each other across the not too well laden board. It needed long absence and experience abroad to make one appreciate home.

The Vaughans had come to dinner. Finch sat between Piers and Wakefield. On his left, Wake's narrow, olive-tinted hands. On his right, those of Piers, whitened by the long winter, broad, strong, the sight of them bringing recollections of rough handling, of hearty thumps. How often Finch had felt helpless in the grasp of those hands!

Across the table was Meggie smiling at him, looking even plumper than before, but rather pale.

'Just the tiniest bit of beef, Renny! No — not a scrap of the fat! Perhaps — when spring comes — I shall get my appetite back!'

Renny scowled as he watched her help herself to a morsel of cauliflower from the dish Rags held. He said, 'You are not eating enough for a baby. You will never get your strength back at this rate. Does she go on like this at home, Maurice?'

'Just the same,' returned Maurice.

'Well, you should force her to eat.'

Alayne gave an impatient movement and began to talk to Ernest on her left.

Meg said, 'The doctor insists that what I need is a change. He suggests a month in Florida. Fancy suggesting Florida to me, when he knows it has almost ruined us to pay for my operation!'

'Oh, no! Not quite,' objected Maurice, somewhat embarrassed. 'But certainly a trip to Florida is out of the question.'

Rags ostentatiously proffered a dish of buttered turnips to the convalescent.

'No, no, Rags! But how nice they look! I only wish I could!'

Renny asked Maurice in an undertone, 'Does she have many little lunches at home?'

But Meg overheard. She replied for her husband.

'I have nothing else. I have never had a real meal since . . .' She did not need to finish the sentence. She put her elbow on the table and rested her head in her hand. She smiled, but her smile was pensive.

Finch remembered a letter in his pocket, and said, 'Oh, Meggie, I have a letter for you from Aunt Augusta!' He pushed it across the table to her.

It had the desired effect. Meg must peep into the letter to see what Augusta had written.

Finch said, 'Look here, I've just discovered that a suitcase is missing. The worst of it is that it was the one that had the presents in it. I must go to town and see about it.'

'Are you sure you're not bluffing?' asked Piers.

Finch flushed angrily. 'Of course I'm not!'

'What did you bring me?' demanded Wakefield.

'Wait and see.'

'May I guess?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'I see that you're as great a nuisance as ever.'

'Tell him what you have brought him,' said Renny. 'He'll like to be thinking about it.'

'Very well. . . . I brought you a camera!'

Wake shouted, 'One of the sort you can take moving pictures with?'

'Yes.'

'Good! Good! Oh, splendid! Oh, thank you, Finch!'

The family was genuinely impressed. Each speculated pleasurably on what Finch had brought him.

Finch was the last to leave the dining room. Rags said, with an ingratiating smile, 'I do 'ope as 'ow the little purse you were kind enough to accept on your birthday 'as been of use, sir.'

Finch muttered that he did not know how he should have got along without the purse. Outside he thought, 'Lord, he expects something, too!'

Renny and Piers were standing by the stove in the hall. They were smoking, and Renny was pulling the ears of his spaniels, which had reared themselves against him. Both brothers turned toward the traveler, their faces expressing amused friendliness. Here he was, young Finch, back in their midst with the varied experiences of a year behind him. They wondered what he had been up to during that year. At that moment he felt very much the man of the world, almost patronizing toward these stay-at-home brothers. Piers offered him a cigarette and looked him over.

'I can't say that you've improved,' he said. 'You look half starved as always. Have n't you any new clothes? That's the suit you went away in.'

'I bought a few things. But I have n't unpacked them yet.'

'Perhaps they're in the suitcase with the presents.'

Finch colored. What a shrewd devil Piers was! It was plain that he suspected something.

'Just what did you buy in the way of clothes?' asked Renny. 'They're so much cheaper over there that I hope you got a good supply.'

'Not as many as I should, I'm afraid. You see, I was in the country almost all the time.'

His brothers stared.

'How long were you in London?'

'A fortnight,' he answered heavily.

They could scarcely believe him.

'And Paris. How long were you there?'

'I did n't get across to Paris.'

Good God! He had n't got across to Paris!

Had he seen the Derby? Had he been to Newmarket? Any boat races? Polo? What shows had he seen?

As they questioned and he answered, he felt that his stock had irrevocably gone down so far as they were concerned. He thought what either of them would have done with a year in England. He could not tell them all his real experiences. He mumbled his negations, avoiding their eyes.

'By Judas!' exclaimed Renny. 'You are the limit! I send you off when you are twenty-one to see the world. You take two aged uncles with you and spend ten months in the house with an aged aunt! You've seen nothing — done nothing so far as I can see but mope about a village green, passing the time of day with the village idiot. Did you keep up your music?'

A shiver ran across Finch's nerves. He began to feel that this questioning was too much for him. He was relieved to see Maurice emerge at that moment from the coat room behind the stairs, where he had been in search of his pipe. He came up to them, filling it from the pouch which he held in his disabled hand.

'Come and join the wonderstruck circle,' said Piers. 'Hear what this bright young man is telling us poor yokels about his trip abroad.'

Maurice grinned expectantly. 'Well, the girls are out of the way. Let's have the dregs! I have n't been shocked for a dog's age.'

'Well, I am shocked,' said Renny. 'What do you suppose Finch has just told us? He spent a fortnight in London — that was with the uncles when he first arrived — and the rest of the year he never left his auntie's side! What do you make of it, Maurice?'

'He's telling you just what is good for you to know, are n't you, Finch? Meg and I have said all along that you must be having a devil of a time, since you never put pen to paper.' He lighted his pipe with a sly look at Finch.

Renny said, 'No, Maurice. You're wrong. He has n't been having a devil of a time. I've never known anyone so absolutely incapable of enjoying himself. Set him down in the middle of a harem and he'd have all the houris and himself in tears inside of the hour.'

'The point is,' returned Maurice, 'that he's too subtle for you. He has ways of enjoying himself that you know nothing of.'

'You've hit it!' ejaculated Piers. 'Why did n't we think of that? He has spent the whole year in sucking up to Aunt Augusta. He's after her money! Gran's was n't enough. He wants to be lord of the manor at Lyming!'

Although Piers was laughing as he talked, it was clear that he was half convinced of what he said. The other two looked suddenly serious. Through the tobacco smoke that enveloped them, they stared at Finch with misgiving.

'Lord, I had n't thought of that!' said Renny.

'You'll think of it,' said Piers, 'when Auntie's will is read and you find yourself, with all your charms, left out in the cold.'

'Don't be an ass!' growled Finch. 'If you think I want another legacy, you're mistaken. I went through too much with the last one.' He searched his mind for something to say that would astonish them, something that would show himself in a quite different light from their stupid imaginings.

He burst out, 'Well, I'll tell you one thing I did. I went on a honeymoon — not my own, either — a whole month by the sea.'

'Whose honeymoon?' asked Piers, unbelievingly.

'Arthur's and — Sarah's.'

He cursed himself instantly for having told of it. There was a roar of laughter.

Piers said, 'Well, you certainly must have been a death's head at the feast! However, I can believe anything of that sissy Leigh.'

Renny made a ribald remark in the vein of his grandmother, and Finch, furious with himself, as with them, turned away and went into the drawing-room.

XXIX

He stood in the doorway a moment quieting his nerves with the peaceful, reassuring scene.

Ernest had got his magnifying glass and was showing Wakefield, who perched on the arm of his chair, the texture of the skin on the back of his hand. 'Oh, Uncle Ernest, you're just like a lovely pink hippopotamus!' Nicholas, his gouty leg stuck out stiffly, was on the piano seat, thoughtfully strumming one of the frothy melodies of his youth. Alayne sat near by on the sofa. She held a book, but was gazing appreciatively at Nicholas's massive gray head silhouetted against a window. Meg had unearthed an old photograph album and sat by the fire, in a low comfortable chair, turning its pages with an expression of pensive sweetness. Finch went across to her and sat down on an ottoman embroidered in beadwork in the design of an angel carrying a sheaf of lilies.

'I have been looking at old photographs,' she said. 'Is n't this an adorable one of the uncles and our father in braided velvet dresses? Do you think Patty is like Papa?'

'A bit. But she is like Maurice, too.' He lifted her hand from the album and raised it to his cheek. 'Meggie,' he whispered, 'I can't bear to see you ill. You must go to Florida. I'll foot the bill.'

She beamed at him. 'That would be lovely! And I could take Wake with me. The change would do him so much good. And, as he often says, the child has been nowhere.'

'Right you are. I'd intended doing something for each one of you and this will be your treat and Wake's.'

The three men entered from the hall. Renny went straight to Alayne and sat down by her side. He picked up the book she was reading, looked at the title, and laid it down with a grimace. Maurice turned toward Ernest and Wakefield, putting his fingers inside the boy's collar. Piers joined Meg and Finch. He regarded Finch with animated interest, having convinced himself that Finch was a subtle devil well worth watching.

Nicholas continued to play half-forgotten fragments. The dogs also had come in and stretched themselves, with intermingled bodies, on the hearthrug.

Rags entered, carrying the coffee, which was taken in the drawing-room on festive occasions such as this.

From above, the laughter and pattering feet of the children could be heard.

Meg raised her voice. 'What do you suppose Finch has done? He has promised to send me South for my health. And I'm to take Wake with me.'

'By George, that's good of you, Finch!' said Maurice warmly. He was glad he had not joined in ragging Finch in the hall.

Wake uttered three staccato yells of triumph.

Nicholas stopped playing to demand, 'What's the to-do?'

'It's Finch,' answered Meg. 'He's going to send Wake and me South for our health.'

'Well, I call that handsome of him. If you two enjoy your trip as much as Ernest and I enjoyed ours, it will certainly be a success.'

Renny said, looking at his boots, 'I can't let you take the kid away on a long trip like that without me.'

'Not let me take him! You must be crazy, Renny! Do you think I can't look after him properly?'

'You'd let him over-exert and eat too many sweets. The last time he visited you he came home and had a bilious bout.'

'Rubbish! As though you watched him all the time!'

'I do.'

'Then a change from so much coddling would be good for him. I hope I can look after my own little brother!'

Wakefield sat, his bright eyes flashing from one face to another, while his fate was being discussed. Even while he had shouted in triumph he had not really believed that the adventure would come to pass. It was too stupendous. Such things were not for him.

Everyone was against Renny in the matter with the exception of Alayne, who had not spoken. Meg turned to her and said, 'Surely you agree that Renny is being very perverse, Alayne!'

Alayne thought he was, but she said, 'I think Renny understands Wake as no one else does.'

'Well, I suppose he must decide, but it seems rather hard that the child should be deprived of such a change.'

Nicholas rose from the piano seat. He said, 'Give me an arm, Piers. My gout is very bad to-day.'

Piers went to him and assisted him to an easy-chair. He sat down beside his uncle.

'I suppose,' he said, with his prominent eyes on Finch, 'that you have all heard of Finch's honeymoon.'

'I have not heard of Finch's honeymoon,' returned Meg with solemnity. 'But I have heard other things about Finch that have upset me terribly.' She took a deep breath, drew in her chin, and looked accusingly at Renny. He had offended her.

Finch gave her an agonized look. What was she going to say? To what new torture was he to be subjected? Involuntarily he drew away from her, but she laid her arm about his shoulders, her hand with fingers outspread, in a gesture at once pliant and commanding — such a gesture as that with which a cat draws her kitten to her.

Renny did not like the look or the gesture. He stared aggressively at her.

'Finch has brought me,' she proceeded, 'a letter from Aunt Augusta. I have managed to keep what she says to myself until dinner was over.' Finch writhed under her arm.

'What the devil does she say?' asked Renny.

Meg answered, 'I need not read you all her letter. Just the bits of it that I think you should hear.' She had it ready in her free hand and held it close to her eyes, for she was shortsighted. She read: —

'"I have been observing Finch closely."' Meg turned from the letter to observe him closely herself. All the family observed him closely. Then she went on: —

'"He has been in a state of melancholy brooding."'

'Brooding on his honeymoon, I suppose,' said Piers.

'Sh-h!' exclaimed his sister furiously. 'This is not a matter for joking.'

'Look here,' exclaimed Finch, 'I don't know what this is all about, but you're not to read that letter!'

'I must read it!' she continued. '"No wonder he broods, poor boy. It is terrible for him to think that he has been the *victim* of *mercenary* relatives. I feel that I must speak out to you, Meggie, so that you may use your influence to prevent my mother's money from being scattered to the four winds. I should write this to his guardian, Renny, but I find from careful questioning of Finch that Renny has *utterly failed* in his duties as a *guardian.* He has given him not *one word* of advice regarding investments. He has allowed this inexperienced boy to lend his money (to *give* it, one might better say) to *any* and *every* one who importuned him. I shrink from the disclosure I am about to make, but I feel it is my *duty.* I have discovered that a certain Rosamund Trent of New York —"'

Ernest interrupted in a shaking voice: 'I will not have Miss Trent brought into this!'

Nicholas gave vent to subterranean chuckles.

Ernest turned on him with an air of outrage. 'Nick, this is your doing!'

'I never mentioned Miss Trent's name to Gussie,' answered his brother.

'Finch, then it was you!'

Finch answered heavily, 'I only told Auntie that I had lent money to Miss Trent and that she had lost everything in the Wall Street crash. I did n't mind a bit lending it. You must know that, Uncle Ernest.'

Nicholas exclaimed, 'You lent her money! This is the first I've heard of that. Ha, the hussy! So she was just making a dupe of you, Ernie! She got at Finch's money through you, eh?'

Ernest was too affronted for speech. He sat making faces, his fingers twisted together.

Meg could be almost heard to purr. She never released her protective hold on Finch. She said, 'I think Miss Trent is your friend, is n't she, Alayne?'

Alayne answered in a controlled voice, 'Yes. She met Finch through me. No one can regret more than I do that Finch lent her money. I honestly believe that she will pay it back.'

Renny, with hands deep in his pockets, continued to stare at his boots.

'What's this,' asked Piers, 'about Uncle Ernest and Miss Trent?'

Nicholas answered, his voice indistinct with mirth, 'Why, Finch and I were almost frightened to death on shipboard! We thought he was going to propose to her. You should have seen them clutched at the fancy-dress ball — she in a pink domino, he in a mauve.'

Ernest's face went a violent pink. 'I'll not forgive you this in a hurry!' he snarled.

Nicholas ignored him. 'Why, he toddled all over England after her, ransacking the country for antiques for her shop!'

The color in Ernest's face subsided as quickly as it had risen. He said, 'Miss Trent is a charming woman. It was a pleasure to me to have her company on shipboard. I enjoyed going about with her a little in England. I did not know that I was making myself ridiculous.'

Piers said, 'Well, Miss Trent evidently has a gathering eye. How much did you lend her, Finch?'

'Ten thousand.'

'It's perfidious,' said Nicholas, 'that my mother's money should be thrown about like this.'

'Miss Trent will pay it back, never fear!' exclaimed Ernest.

Meg said, 'Now I will read a little more of the letter. "I do not know whether you are aware of it, but Finch borrowed money before he attained his majority in order to maintain Eden in France while he worked on his new book. Arthur Leigh, from whom he borrowed it, told me this as an evidence of Finch's magnanimity. Finch himself told me that he gave (why should I trouble to say *lend!*) another thousand to Eden before his return to France in December. Eden *must* be looked after until his health is regained or he has become famous, but why should Renny shift the responsibility of this to Finch's young shoulders?"'

'I sent him a thousand in the summer!' put in Renny hotly.

To two of those present the bringing in of Eden's name was almost unbearable. The others were conscious of this, so the loan to him was allowed to pass with no more than a faint sputter of exclamation.

Meg was obliged to remove her arm from Finch's shoulder in order to find the next part of the closely written letter. He straightened himself, and a certain mordant pleasure in the scene took possession of him. Well, let her go through with it! Let them see what he had done with the money they had made such a howl about his inheriting!

'Here endeth the first lesson,' said Vaughan, jocularly. 'Now for the second.'

'The second,' said his wife with her eye on Piers, 'is the piggery.'

'I'd like to know what anyone has to say against the piggery!' exclaimed Piers.

Meg replied by reading from the letter. '"If Mamma had wished to build an expensive piggery, she would have built one long ago."'

'Yes, indeed,' agreed Ernest, glad of the introduction of a subject so far removed from himself. 'She detested piggeries.'

Meg read on: '"If Mamma had wished her money to be spent on an expensive motor car, she would have bought one long ago. The one motor ride she had was the one which conveyed her to her grave. She would turn over in that grave, I am sure, if she knew of all that has been going on."' And Meg added briskly, 'I quite agree.'

Piers eyed her truculently. 'I suppose you do. But what about the mortgage?'

'What mortgage?' she asked, in a shocked tone.

'Why, your own mortgage. The one you chivied young Finch into taking over. I'll wager that you've never paid the interest on that yet!'

Meg's glance was benign as she turned to Finch. 'Tell him, Finch.'

'She paid me this morning. As soon as she came over.'

'Before she'd read that letter?'

'Yes.'

Piers shouted with laughter. 'You've managed to save your face, Meggie!'

'Nothing but extreme necessity because of my operation delayed the payment,' she returned.

'I like the new motor car,' said Wakefield.

'Of course you do,' Piers answered. 'And you're not the only one that likes it. Everyone here seems willing to make use of it. You jumped at the chance of being driven to the hospital in it, Meg.'

Meg folded her short plump arms and surveyed Piers with sisterly disapproval. 'You are far too critical, Piers, for a young man who has had no more experience of life than you have. Where have you been? As far west as Niagara Falls. As far east as Montreal. Think of it! Yet no one in the family is so aggressive as you!'

'Where have you been yourself?' he flared.

'I leave shortly for Florida.'

'That's still in the future. In the past, all you've done is to move across the ravine just in the nick of time to have a baby!'

'Maurice!' shouted Meg. 'Are you going to let him insult me?'

Maurice made himself heard above the general laughter. 'You let my wife alone!' He scowled, as he knew Meggie expected him to scowl, at the brother-in-law who was also his son-in-law.

Piers, unabashed, continued, 'As for the piggery, it's not mine at all. It simply adds to the value of Jalna. It belongs to Renny.'

'The hell it does!' said Renny. 'I won't have it!'

Piers turned to Finch. 'Whom does the piggery belong to?'

'Jalna,' answered Finch. Gradually, from being most unhappy, he had become rather pleased with himself. Here he was, the centre of a row, yet no one was blaming him. He took Meggie's hand and replaced it on his shoulder. She gave him a tender smile. 'What this poor boy has suffered!' she exclaimed.

Nicholas said, 'The great mistake was to allow him absolute control of the money at twenty-one. I should have been made his trustee.'

Renny shot him a look. 'You! I was his guardian.'

'A lot you've guarded him,' retorted Nicholas. 'You've allowed him to follow every whim.'

'I wanted to keep out of the affair.'

'But why? It was your business more than anyone's, as you say.'

'It would have been very different,' said Ernest, 'if Mamma had given me control over the money.'

'Hmph!' growled his brother. 'Out of the frying pan into the fire, I should say.'

'What I have never been able to understand,' said Meg, 'is this. Why did Granny leave me nothing but her watch and chain, and that old Indian shawl? No one carries such a watch now. And she thought so little of the shawl that she used to let

Boney make a nest in it. And then to give Pheasant that gorgeous ruby ring!'

'For God's sake, forget about that ring!' ejaculated Piers. 'When Gran's things were divided you got two rings.'

'Neither of them could compare with the ruby! And how can I forget it when Pheasant is so ostentatious with it? Why, she's taken to wearing it on her forefinger!'

'She'll wear it on her nose if she chooses!'

Maurice scowled without any urging from Meg. He refilled his pipe and lighted it with a coal from the fire.

'All I got was her bed,' said Renny.

Meg curled her short upper lip in a sneer. 'A pity about you, truly! When you have the whole estate!'

'Yes,' grunted Nicholas. 'Jalna thrown in!'

Ernest added, 'He did not think Jalna worth considering!'

The face of the master of Jalna became as red as his hair. 'Gran had nothing to do with my getting Jalna! I got it through my father.'

Another silence ensued, in which each seemed to be searching his own mind for a weapon to turn against the others. Alayne refilled the coffee cups. The pot was emptied. She thought, 'I cannot endure to stay here. I must leave them to have their row out in their own way.' But she did not go. Since her return the life at Jalna had become her life, as never before. If she left the room she would be tacitly acknowledging that she was of weaker fibre than they. She would stay, no matter how her head ached, no matter how she inwardly shrank from the things they said.

Wakefield's clear voice was heard. 'Was there anything more in the letter, Meggie?'

'Yes. There is more in the letter.' There was an increased tension as she read: '"Are you aware that Finch invested thirty thousand dollars in New York stocks and lost it? He informed me of this without *visible* emotion. But he was never the same again. He seemed *sunk* in apathy. As for me, no words can express my pain at seeing the fortune, so many years *hoarded* by my mother, come to such a queer, *unnatural* end. Writing without violence, I may say that I consider Renny's *callous* neglect to be at the bottom of the disaster."'

A smile flickered across Finch's pale face. Now what would they make of this? He clasped his knee in his hands, and his eyes, in which the large pupils were unusually bright, took in the scene before him without moving.

Nicholas's voice came from a long way off. 'You have lost thirty thousand dollars in stocks! What stocks?'

Finch answered, in a low, hurried voice, 'I bought on margin. Fifty thousand each in Universal Autos, Upstate Utility Corporation, and Cereal Foods. . . . I put up a twenty per cent margin. My broker cabled me, when the crash came, that I must put up the eighty per cent balance if possible — if I was to save my holdings. . . . I refused.'

'You refused!' shouted Piers. 'You blithering young ass!'

'You let the money go!' said Maurice. 'My God! But why?'

'I was sick of the business. I was n't going to throw good money after bad.'

Alayne cried, 'Oh, Finch! And I cabled you, too! Oh, why did n't you hold on? I never dreamed that you would let it go!'

Ernest turned on her. 'So you were in it, too, Alayne! I'm astonished at you. This is terrible.' He took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

Piers asked of her, 'Did you hold on? Finch told me that you had invested.'

'Yes, I am holding on.'

'You're lucky. They'll be rising again.'

Meggie spoke. 'Alayne Archer, it is your fault that my brother has lost all this money. You excited him by your own speculations. The decent thing for you to do is to make up his loss to him out of what your aunt left you. He is only a poor misguided boy!'

'She'll do nothing of the sort,' said Renny emphatically.

Nicholas said, 'You evidently knew of the investment, Piers, and you told us nothing. It's a damnable shame!'

'He told me in confidence.'

'It was your duty to speak. You were the only one who knew.'

'You are greatly to blame, Piers,' said Ernest.

Maurice and Meg, who had both approved the investment, kept silent.

'Let us calculate,' said Nicholas. 'There is this absolute loss of thirty thousand. There is the ten thousand to the Trent woman — '

'He will get that back,' interjected Ernest.

'Don't be a fool!' rejoined his brother, and continued, 'That's forty thousand. Then, we'll say five thousand for Eden. Another five for the motor car and that accursed piggery —'

Piers put in, 'Don't forget your trip abroad, Uncle Nick!'

Nicholas went on imperturbably. 'Well, add another five thousand for that. Then, there's the fifteen thousand mortgage for the Vaughans — '

'Merciful heaven!' cried Meggie. 'You're not counting that as a loss, are you?'

Nicholas regarded her skeptically. 'That remains to be seen. Now, my friends, this lad has about thirty or forty thousand dollars left of Mamma's bequest to him. And by the time he has paid for this visit to Florida he will have still less. Interesting, is n't it, to see how rapidly money can be dispersed?' He tugged at his gray moustache and smiled bitterly at his kinsmen.

'Renny, Renny,' said Ernest, 'you are greatly to blame for this! You treated Finch as a child till he was twenty-one and then you threw him out from the nest to do what he willed.'

'It's true enough,' said Piers. 'Several times, in my hearing, Finch asked Renny's advice about his affairs and Renny simply turned away and left him.'

'His pigeons will come home to roost,' said Meggie.

'A fat lot they will,' said Piers. 'Here's his wife with a fresh fortune left her.'

They all looked at Alayne. She had probably never felt quite so embarrassed in her life. To add to her embarrassment, Renny began sulkily to play with her fingers. For the first time in her life she could think of nothing to say. She opened her mouth and shut it. Her mind floundered among the wreckage of argument and complaint that had been cast upon this sea of dissension. They did not wait long for her to speak; they were all talking at once. The talk surged about her and Renny, who also was silent. Finch, hedged around with Meggie's solicitude, sat clasping his knee, an enigmatic smile on his face, now and then replying to a question in the same untroubled tone.

XXX

At last Piers rose, stretched himself, and went to the dining room. He returned with a decanter of whiskey, a siphon, and some glasses.

'How about something to light up the old innards, Uncle Nick?' he said. 'Have a spot, medicinally, Uncle Ernie.'

Finch drifted to the piano. He could not understand why it was, but he wanted to play to the family. All the tremors of the past months had left his nerves. He felt strong and free and, for some subtle reason, rather proud. They had been waiting for, watching Gran's money since before he was born. He had suffered obloquy because it had been left to him. Now two thirds of it had melted and they were still talking, but blaming each other now rather than him. His music had come back to him, flowing through his veins like wine. The past year was not wasted. He had loved and he had suffered. He was home again in his own place. He would work hard and become a great musician yet. He would spend every cent of what he had left on his music. He felt his heart go out with longing toward Renny.

He played Chopin to them. He pictured himself as sweeping them along with him on those deep masculine waves of melody. Through Brahms and the faint sounds of Debussy he led them to the tolerance and tranquillity of Mozart. He played for an hour. Then he looked round with an almost mystic curiosity to see the effect of his spell.

Nicholas, Maurice, and Piers formed a group around the siphon. From them came a rumble of talk that was apparently agreeable, for it was broken by low laughter. Wakefield now sat on the ottoman beside Meggie. Finch could hear them discussing means of transportation to Florida, and whether or not, in the event of his going, Wake should take his fishing tackle. Ernest was on the sofa beside Alayne. They were apparently discussing him. They smiled at him and Ernest said, 'Splendid, Finch!

I've never heard you play so well!' Alayne said nothing, but there was a glowing look in her eyes that meant more than words.

Rags brought in the tea. There was a fruit cake which Finch particularly liked and small cakes filled with custard and covered with cocoanut icing. He was ravenous.

Alayne asked Meg to pour the tea, and said, 'Run and find Renny, Wake, please! I do hope he has not gone to the stables.' She wondered if he had been very angry when he had left the room. His expression had been gloomy, and no wonder, after so much combined criticism. She herself felt tired out. There had been a time when she would not have been able to eat a morsel after such a wrangle, but now she found herself eagerly devouring bread and jam like the rest of them. A lock of hair had loosened and hung into her eyes. She looked pale and wan.

Meg began talking to her in the most friendly way, asking her advice about clothes for the South. Alayne waited impatiently for Wakefield's return.

He came running in and instantly snatched up a piece of bread. 'I can't find him anywhere,' he said, with his mouth full. 'I've been up to his room and down to the kitchen. Wright had just come in and he said Renny was n't at the stables. His hat is hanging on the rack and his dogs are lying in the hall.'

'I should think he would hide his head,' observed his sister. 'I think he has taken Aunt Augusta's letter very much to heart. He realizes, too, that we all blame him in this matter.'

'He'd be deaf as a post if he did n't,' said Piers.

'He has found,' said Ernest, 'that such high-handedness only reacts against himself.'

Nicholas growled, 'Renny has inherited all the worst traits of the Courts and the Whiteoaks combined.'

'And yet,' cried Meg, 'I have heard him boast that he had inherited the best from each family! What was that he said to us, Maurice, just the other day?'

'He said, "From my English forbears I got my love of horses. From my Irish the instinct for selling horses. And from my Scotch my horse sense."'

'That was it!' cried Meg delightedly. 'Did you ever hear of such conceit?'

Piers said, 'I'd forgotten that Renny's mother was Scotch.'

'She was Scotch,' affirmed Meg, 'and of an excellent family. Very different from —' She did not finish the sentence.

'Just the same,' said Piers, 'I think the poor old chap should have his tea. I'll have a look for him myself.'

'Oh, I wish you would!' breathed Alayne.

Piers left the room and before long returned with a puzzled expression on his candid face.

'He's gone to bed.'

'To bed!' they echoed, in one voice.

'But I was in his room,' said Wakefield. 'He was n't in bed then.'

Piers answered, 'He's not in his own bed.'

Once more the family turned and looked at Alayne. She felt her face tingling with the blood that had rushed to it. Like Ernest, earlier in the afternoon, she could utter no sound, only make grimaces.

Ernest laid his hand on hers. 'Never mind, dear girl,' he said soothingly. 'It's only natural.'

Finch gave a loud guffaw and his eyes sought those of Piers, which beamed back full of laughter.

Piers said, 'He's not where you think he is. He's in Gran's bed — the old painted bed he inherited from her.'

Food which was being masticated lay undisturbed in the mouths of the Whiteoaks, or was hastily bolted. It was as though old Adeline herself had walked into their midst, her velvet tea gown trailing, her cap with the purple ribbons set for their subjection, her rings, which had been divided among them, again flashing on her long fingers. 'Renny in my bed? Well, why not? I left it to him! I bore his father there. Renny is bone of my bone. . . . Let him rest his red head on my pillow and cool his hot temper in my bed. It's his own place.'

Nicholas got himself with difficulty out of his chair. He hobbled toward the door, and, after a moment's wavering, all the others rose and followed him. They went down the hall, where the late sunlight diffused through the stained-glass window cast bright splotches of color upon them.

Rags had built a great fire in the stove. Its sides were red and the smell of overheated pipes made the air heavy.

Nicholas opens the door of his mother's room and looks in. There, propped on two pillows, lies the master of Jalna. His eyes closed, his thin muscular hands clasped on the coverlet, he appears to be lying in state. Boney, on his perch by the head of the bed, his plumage less bright than the plumage of the painted birds on the headboard, lifts his wings in a rage at the intrusion. He is moulting, and with the flapping of his wings bright feathers are thrown from him and drift on to the bed.

'Shaitan! Shaitan ka batka! Iflatoon! Chore! Chore!' He pours forth a volley of horrible Hindu oaths. All the curses that have lain simmering in his drowsy brain, without utterance for the past three years, now come hurtling through his beak. His eyes revolve like the lamps in a lighthouse. At one moment he turns them, full of ire, on the family collected about the bed. At the next they beam, full of possessive affection, on the occupant of the bed.

'Is he ill, do you think?' whispers Ernest.

'I don't like it at all. He has gone too far,' growls Nicholas.

'To think that Boney should talk again — after all these years!' says Meg. She goes to the bed and lays her hand on her brother's forehead. 'Speak, Renny. Are you ill? Or is it just that your feelings are hurt?'

'Oh, their glorious lack of self-consciousness!' thinks Alayne. 'How I wish that I could so grandly let myself go! That I could be so magnificently a fool!'

'Bring Wakefield! He will notice the child,' says Meg.

Piers, his teeth gleaming, pushes the boy forward.

Wakefield has been sadly overwrought. He bursts into tears and wrings his slender hands. 'Renny, you're not dying, are you?'

Renny opens his eyes. They look black in the dim light.

'Somebody —'

Nicholas interrupts him. 'You are not to say that! That's carrying things too far!'

'Somebody fetch me a cup of tea.'

'Go and fetch him tea, Piers!' cries Meg 'Oh, Renny dear, whatever is the matter?'

He turns and hides his face in the crook of his arm. 'Everyone is against me. . . . No one has ever understood me but Gran.'

XXXI

It was Finch's first Sunday at home. Sitting in church, he thought of all that had happened to him since he last sat in that seat, and it seemed unbelievable. His brothers had jeered at him for sticking in one spot while away, but he wondered whether, if he had toured the whole of Europe, he could have had deeper and more varied experience. He had left in Nymet Crews a part of himself that could never be regained. He had brought away something within himself that would not die. The mood of hope and purpose that had risen in him the day before had not failed. He still felt that he would do great things with his life.

He left the church with Renny and Wakefield in the old car.

'I'm driving round by the fox farm,' observed Renny. 'I must see Mrs. Lebraux for a moment on business.'

As the car stopped before the fox farm Wakefield asked, 'Are you going to let me go to Florida, Renny?'

Renny gave him a rough caress in passing. 'You will stay with me,' he said.

When he had gone Wake threw himself back in the car, exclaiming, 'I might have known! It was too good to be true! Yet — I shall always look on you as my benefactor, Finch, even though I don't go!'

'Don't be a young ass,' admonished Finch. He added, 'Tell me about Mrs. Lebraux and Pauline. How have they been getting on?'

'Not very well. You see, they have no man about the place.'

'I can't see what good Lebraux was to them.'

'Well, he made them a widow and an orphan. Women cannot be even those without a man having been about.'

Finch laughed and looked curiously at his young brother. He noticed his growing length of limb, the new curves of mouth and nostril. Whom was he going to be like? There was something of Eden about the lips, something of Gran in the eyes. A strange combination. One for poetry, passion, and pride.

'Finch, will you be my friend?'

'Of course I will.'

'Will you shake hands on it?'

'Rather.'

Finch grasped the slender hand in his and they smiled into each other's eyes.

They saw Pauline Lebraux approaching along the empty white road. Her movements were uneven as she walked over the deep ruts in the snow. The sun had the warmth of approaching spring in it and the snow was becoming soft and wet. As she drew near, Finch saw that she still wore no touch of color, but that her face, under the black beret, was flushed delicately pink by the exertion. She wore goloshes, above which her black-stockinged legs showed long and thin.

He opened the door of the car and sprang out, but when he was face to face with her he did not know what to say. He just stood smiling inanely, noticing the worn little prayer book and rosary she held in her hand.

Wakefield was out beside him. He said, in the patronizing tone Finch found so irritating, 'Pauline, do you remember my brother Finch?'

She smiled and gave Finch her hand. Again he saw that shadow of pain in her smile. It was purely physical, — the sensitive curling of the lip, — but it moved him to a strange compassion toward her. In spite of the hardships which he knew she must undergo in her life, he thought of it as an idyllic one. He thought of her as a lovely young wilding, untouched by common things.

'I am glad you are back,' she said.

Did she really mean that, or was it just politeness?

'Won't you come and see our foxes?' she asked Finch.

She led the way, and as the boys followed her Wakefield whispered, 'Her education is being neglected. She knows almost nothing — except French. Renny tried to make Alayne read French with her, but Alayne refused. We had a terrible time.'

'I feel very sorry for her. Think of her walking almost four miles to Mass! I think we ought to send a car for her.'

'I might go with her. I think it would suit me very well to be a Catholic.'

They found Mrs. Lebraux and Renny standing in deep snow by the enclosures. Mrs. Lebraux wore a heavy jersey that had been her husband's, breeches tucked into gray woolen stockings, and moccasins. She stood leaning on a snow shovel and smoking a cigarette. She was bareheaded, and her hair, with its unusual shadings of brown and tow color, stood out about her face in short thick locks. Finch's eyes moved from mother to daughter. He was disturbed by the sharp contrast between them.

Renny put his arm about Pauline and drew her to his side. 'Are you feeling better?' he asked. 'Have you got over the tragedy?'

Mrs. Lebraux explained to Finch: 'Pauline has been inconsolable. One of the vixens got out of her own pen into the next one and the foxes there attacked her. They tore off a leg and she had to be killed.'

'It was not the pet fox, I hope.'

'No, but one of her favorites. She is far too tender-hearted. Life is going to be hard for her.'

Finch felt angry with Mrs. Lebraux. Why should she be dressed as a man, shoveling snow, sending her child to church alone? Yet, though he felt angry, he could not help liking her.

The snow in the pens was indented by many little footprints, but most of the foxes had hidden themselves in their kennels at the approach of strangers. However, the old dog fox stood at a distance surveying them, his clear-cut shadow bluish on the snow. Pauline had run into an outhouse to bring fox biscuit to tempt them from their dens. She had put her prayer book and rosary into Finch's hand to hold for her. Clara Lebraux glanced at them, then into his eyes, and said, 'Poor child!'

What did she mean by that, he wondered. There was something mysterious about her. He felt a troubling, exquisite intimacy in holding these things belonging to Pauline.

She came back running, and threw biscuits into one pen after another. The foxes, surprised at being fed at this unusual hour, crept out timorously, snatched the biscuits, and fled with them to their kennels. But her pet fox ran to her, bounding about her like a dog. She went into the run and brought him out in her arms, displaying him proudly to Finch and Wakefield. Her face showed lively above his long fur that was electric with health and the keen air.

On the way home Finch said, 'Wake tells me that they are having rather a hard time of it.'

Renny sent the car over a drift that almost threw the boys from their seats. 'Yes. Things are rough for them. But they will make a success of it yet. Clara Lebraux is one woman in a thousand and that little Pauline is wonderful with the foxes. She has a stove in the outhouse. Cooks meat for them. Makes all their mashes herself. The worst is that they must sell some of their best stock this spring just for lack of capital.'

Finch asked hesitatingly, 'How much would it take to tide them over?'

'A few thousand would do wonders for them. Practically save the situation.' Finch was sitting in the front seat with him and Renny had lowered his voice so that Wakefield might not hear. 'I let them have a thousand myself — last year. But this spring — I simply had n't got it. They'll have to get along as best they can.' He sighed.

'I'd love to help them — if you think they would n't mind,' said Finch in a low tone.

Renny shot him a quick, grateful look. 'Oh, would you? That would be splendid. There would be no risk, but she could not pay a high interest.'

As they turned into the drive he muttered, 'Don't say anything of this to the family. They are down on Mrs. Lebraux.'

Finch was elated. He was hand in glove with Renny. Between them they were going to look after Pauline. . . .

What of Pauline? He could not put the thought of her out of his head. That sweet face, delicately flushed by the long walk through the snow, was between him and all he saw. A bright stream flowed between Jalna and the fox farm. Along it his spirit moved in exaltation, like a ship with all sails spread in full moonlight. That other face, clear, remote, with its close-set mouth, was as a distant promontory, veiled by clouds.

XXXII

Pheasant had her mind set on one thing. That was that her baby should be born on Finch's birthday.

In the first place, it would be a remarkable coincidence. A double birthday in the family would be an event of great importance. In the second place, she thought the date a lucky one. Finch was talented, and he had inherited a fortune. In the third place, if the baby was born on Finch's birthday, Finch would, in all probability, take a keen interest in it, feel a personal pride in its advancement.

Now here it was five o'clock in the afternoon on the first day of March, and no baby! The doctor had been to see her and was coming back in a few hours. Her time was drawing near. Yet so was midnight, and the second day of March. She had had a cup of tea, but she could not eat anything. She sat by the window in her dressing gown, her face flushed, her eyes feverish, her short brown hair in damp tags on her forehead. Piers was walking about the room. He fidgeted with things on the dressing table, played with the tassel on the blind. He had a reassuring smile ready for her when their eyes met, but when he looked at her unobserved his face wore an expression of acute anxiety.

Above the treetops, in the translucent green sky, he saw the pale curve of the new moon.

'There's the new moon, little one! It's a good omen!'

'Oh, oh!' she said. 'I must wish on it! But don't let me see it through glass! Open the window.'

He opened it and the cold air came in on her. There had been a fresh fall of snow; every twig bore its fragile burden of whiteness. She placed herself sideways in the window. 'I must see it over my right shoulder!' He took her head in his hands and turned it so that she faced the new moon across her shoulder. He pressed his fingers against her head, and a well of tenderness rising in him constricted his throat, blinded his eyes with tears. She opened hers.

'Now,' he urged, 'wish quickly! I must not let you take cold.'

She fixed her eyes on the moon that looked no more than the paring from a silver apple, and murmured to herself, 'Oh, let it come soon — before midnight, please, moon!'

Piers put down the sash.

'There,' she sighed, 'perhaps that will help! But I don't feel as much like it as I did two hours ago.'

'I wish you had n't set your mind on such an idiotic thing,' he said. But in spite of himself he was influenced by her. Then there was the anxiety to have it all over. He counted the hours till midnight. 'Try to eat something, to please me!' He brought a plate on which was a thin piece of bread and butter. He cut it into small bits and fed them to her. She held up her mouth like a young bird for the morsels. As he put the bits of bread into her mouth and saw the confiding look in her eyes he thought, 'I did n't feel like this when Mooey was born. . . . She must be going to die.'

They could hear Mooey and Patience laughing and running in the passage. Patience had been brought to spend the day with her small cousin.

'Do those kids annoy you?' asked Piers. 'Where the dickens is that Alma Patch? She ought to be minding them.'

'Bring them in here for a moment. I'd love to see them.'

He opened the door of the bedroom and the two came running in side by side, with the air of having intended to do this particular thing at this particular moment. They had been having their tea in the kitchen, and they wore their bibs, on which were buttery crumbs of toast. Patience carried a toasting fork.

'I made toas'!' she cried. 'I made my own toas'! And Mooey's.'

Mooey went to his mother and stood gravely by her knee. She laid her fingers among the soft rings of his hair. 'Darling, would you like a baby sister?'

'Yes!' He spoke emphatically, softly thumping on her knee with his shut fist. 'She could fall downstairs.'

'Oh, but she would n't! You'd take care of her, would n't you?'

'Yes. I'd pick her up and put her in a bastick.'

'Patty, would you like a baby cousin, this very night?'

Patience made her eyes enormous. 'Oh, the darling! I'll wide her on my pony!' She looked about the room. 'Where is she? Patty wants to see her!'

Pheasant said, 'Open the window, Piers, and let the children wish on the new moon.'

'Don't be silly!' He patted her back. 'It will only let in the cold and it will do no good — if that's what you're thinking of.'

'One can never tell. Why, I've heard tell how, in the War, Kitchener or some other great general said, when he heard a battle had been won, "Somebody must have been praying!" Just think of that! A great general and a battle! And this just the matter of a different birthday for my baby! Surely it might help!'

To please her he opened the window. She turned the two little faces up toward the moon. 'Now say after me, "I wish that the new baby may come before to-morrow."' Obediently they lisped the words after her.

'I don't see anything religious in that,' observed Piers. 'It's purely pagan.'

'I am tolerant,' she said sagely, 'of all religions.'

'Not only tolerant. You believe in them all.'

Patience stabbed her toasting fork in the direction of the moon. 'Patty wants the moon!' she cried. 'Come down, moon, and be toasted!'

'I'm not f'ightened,' said Mooey.

Piers shut the window. Already the lower point of the moon had touched the treetops. She was fast sinking. Pheasant looked at Piers with a strange stare in her eyes. Then she uttered a cry.

'Take them away! Oh, take them away from here!'

Piers caught a child in each hand and hurried them from the room.

But five hours later, when he and his brothers and uncles were waiting below, the birth had not taken place. Pheasant had asked for an egg and was eating it. . . .

Finch stood by the window looking into the starless night while the others played a half-hearted game of bridge. How could Piers play cards when his girl lay in dreadful anticipation in a room above! He pictured himself in Piers's position. He would not be able to endure it. His spirit would bear every pang. . . . He shrank from the thought that any woman should go through that because of him. No, let him go childless to his grave rather than that. Even though it were possible to bring his child into the world without pain, better far that no child should inherit the torment of his nerves. Had he ever been really happy? He could not remember it, even in childhood. There had always been that haunting of fear, that moving shadow of the unknown.

He could discover just one pale star. The soul, perhaps, of this new Whiteoak waiting to descend, when the moment came, into the troubled body.

Nicholas was dealing and he said: 'I remember well twenty-two years ago to-night. We sat at this very table playing cribbage — Ernest and I — your father walking the floor. We were waiting for young Finch to arrive. And he was tardy enough about it.'

'Philip was very nervous,' said Ernest. 'I remember that when we gave him a glass of rum and water, to quiet him, the glass rattled in a quite alarming manner against his teeth. Poor Mary was suffering greatly.'

Piers held his hand above the table. 'Look at that. Steady enough, eh?'

'Yes,' agreed Ernest, 'but all is not over upstairs.'

'Pheasant will be all right,' said Renny. 'The doctor is with her. And Mrs. Patch. Meg and Alayne in the next room.'

Piers was examining his cards. 'Alayne ought to be having this baby. It's her turn,' he muttered.

'We don't all of us have families,' replied Renny. 'I've responsibility enough as it is.'

They played out the hand.

Piers looked at his watch. Half-past ten.

'A year ago to-night,' observed Ernest, as he dealt, 'we were in the midst of your birthday party, Finch.'

Finch turned from the window. 'It was a very different birthday from this. It seems years ago.'

'You made a good speech that night,' said Renny. 'You had everybody laughing.'

Finch looked pleased. 'I forget what I said. It was awful rot, I guess.'

'No. It was very good. By the way, I met Mrs. Leigh and Ada in town to-day. They're expecting Leigh and his wife next month. But you did n't like her, did you?'

'No, I did n't like her.'

'Play!' said Nicholas. His tone was testy because of the delay.

Finch turned again to the window. Why had Sarah been mentioned to-night? Why had that pale face, with its indrawn mouth, been introduced into his thoughts? It was there, outside the pane, looking in at him, mocking, beseeching, by turn. It was of the figment of night. Of pale starlight. Of shadow darker than darkness. And from it issued that voice which would always trouble his soul, that voice sweeter than the sweetness of her violin.

From above came a piercing cry. Piers threw down his cards and ran up the stairs.

At twenty minutes to twelve the new Whiteoak came weeping into the world. Meg brought the news down to them.

She put her arms about Piers and kissed him. 'A little son, Piers! Quite strong and well. And on your birthday, Finch!' She kissed him, too. 'Many happy returns to you both, darling boys!'

Piers said, 'He did it, by the skin of his gums!'

'Did what?'

'Arrived on Finch's birthday. Pheasant had her heart set on that.' His face was contorted. He was between laughter and tears.

Nicholas hobbled up and down the room. 'Well, well, this is good news! Another boy, eh? And on your birthday, Finch! A new Whiteoak. I remember how a year ago to-night we sat up till dawn in this room celebrating.' And he began singing, in an undertone, —

'Sumer is icumen in.
Loudly sing, cuckoo.'

Piers's head was hidden in the long maroon window curtain. His shoulders were shaken by sobs.

XXXIII

The next day was Sunday. Just as breakfast was over, Wright brought a package addressed to Finch which he had got from the post office the night before. Wakefield carried it, with an important air, to Finch.

'Wright is awfully sorry that he forgot this last night. Whatever do you suppose it is?'

He stood by expectantly while Finch undid it. It was a book, fresh from the press. Poetry, by the look of it. Wake read the title — '*New France*, by Eden Whiteoak.' He wanted to take it in his hands, but Finch held him off. 'No — let me see first.'

He took off the jacket. The cover was green with gold lettering, and there was a design of lilies. How well Eden's name looked in the gilt letters! How jolly nice of him to have sent this to Finch for his birthday! Finch had not known it was published yet. He raised the cover and looked inside. On the dedication page he read, 'For Brother Finch.'

Wakefield read it, too. They looked at each other, stunned by the magnificence of it. Eden had dedicated his new long poem, which had taken him a year to write, to Finch! Finch was overcome. What had he done to deserve being singled out for such an honor? Eden . . . *New France* . . . for Brother Finch! God, life was terrific!

He carried it to the dining room to show it to his uncles and Renny, who were still at the breakfast table. They were duly impressed. Rags, with a tray in his hands, bent his inquisitive gaze upon it.

'I'm sure we're all proud of both you and Mr. Eden, sir,' he said. 'You've both on you turned out better than we could 'ave 'oped.'

Wakefield had rushed back to the sitting room at the sound of a plaintive cry there. Now he hastened back to the dining room, exclaiming, 'Come quick! Piers has something to show you!'

Nicholas made his table napkin into a ball. Renny heaved him to his feet. Nip, who had been on Nick's knee, circled about the table yapping joyously. One of Renny's spaniels reared itself beside the table and licked the toast crumbs from his plate. Ernest surreptitiously took an indigestion tablet. All these excitements tended to discourage the gastric juices. . . .

In the wintry sunlight Piers was holding something on a pillow. In his eyes was pride, and on his lips a deprecating tenderness.

They gathered about the newcomer, staring at him ruthlessly, while his weak eyes shrank from the light and he made a shamefaced grimace as though he would ask nothing better than the opportunity to obliterate himself. Young as he was, he had been put into clothes. Bands, napkins, safety pins, hampered him. His tender arms had been thrust into sleeves by Mrs. Patch. He had been washed, the faint down on his head had been brushed. His nose had been wiped. He was ready for life.

Renny caught sight of Mooey in the hall. From a disorganized household the tiny boy had escaped to the coal cellar and was smudged from head to foot. With a stride Renny was on him. He snatched him up and carried him to join the circle.

'Mooey, you sweep!' he shouted. 'Mooey, you miserable tripe! Come and see your baby brother!'

Mooey, with a sooty forefinger in his pink mouth, stared long and dubiously at the newcomer. Then — 'Oh, hell! I'm not f'ightened!' he said.

His uncles and great-uncles agreed that, while not handsome, the infant showed unmistakable signs of having the Court nose.

Piers fixed his prominent blue eyes on Finch's face. He had got an idea. 'Why, look here,' he said, 'this kid's got a long nose, a long, melancholy face — he's a depressed-looking cuss! By George, we'll call him Finch!'

'Not after me?' cried Finch, incredulously.

'Yes. Why not? Pheasant was awfully keen to have him born on your birthday. Thought he might shine in your reflected rays. I believe he's going to take after you. I'd like damned well to call him Finch — if you don't mind!'

'Good idea!' said Nicholas.

'Splendid!' said Ernest.

'He might do worse than take after his uncle Finch,' said Renny.

'Do you mind?' reiterated Piers.

'Mind!' Finch was touched to the heart. His features broke into a tender smile. He took the tiny pink hand in his large bony one. 'Mind! Why, it's the most beautiful thing I've ever had done for me in all my life!' His voice trembled with emotion.

(*The End*)

Lieut. Governor Lehman on Business and Politics

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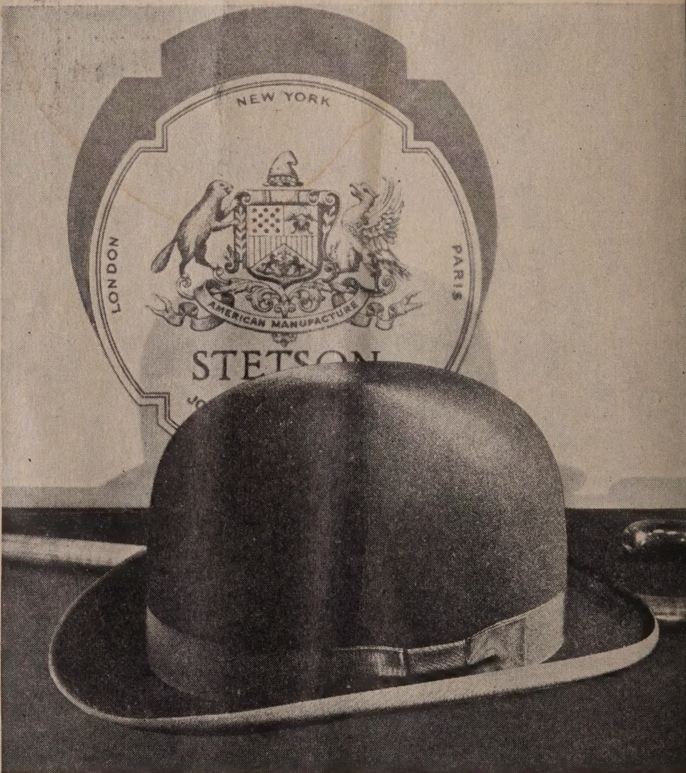

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The
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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A WORD TO WOMEN

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

A long time ago — all of three years, perhaps longer — I saw a floating item in a periodical to the effect that 41 per cent of our national wealth is controlled by women, and that the percentage is rising. Curiously, this bit of news did not make much of an impression on me at the time, but the recollection of it kept coming back to me afterward, and more frequently as time went on. After being pestered in this way for three years or more, I bethought myself of an acquaintance who has facilities for looking up data on such matters, and asked him to get chapter and verse for me, which he very kindly did.

It appears that a firm of investment bankers operating in Chicago and New York had made an investigation into the division of our national wealth between the sexes. They did this purely in the way of business, of course, to determine the amount of stress that could profitably be laid on female clientage. The general conclusion was that at the time the survey was made, say four years ago, nearly half our national wealth was controlled by women, and that the proportion was tending to increase steadily and rather rapidly.

Some of the incidental findings turned up by the investigation are interesting. It found that ninety-five billion dollars' worth of life-insurance policies were in force in this country, and that 80 per cent of their beneficiaries were women. This alone would considerably help along the rising proportion of female control unless there were somewhere some offset which the survey did not show. An even more interesting finding is that by wills probated in New York City, over a given period, fifty estates out of seventy were left by men to women, and forty-four out of sixty-nine were left by women to women. It found that women were taxed on three and a quarter billion dollars of income annually; men, on four and three quarters. One hundred and thirty-nine women paid taxes on incomes in excess of a half million, as against one hundred and twenty-three men; while forty-four women paid on net incomes in excess of

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a million, as against forty-two men. Women were found to be majority or almost majority shareholders in some of our largest corporations, for instance the Pennsylvania Railway, American Telephone and Telegraph, United States Steel, Westinghouse Air Brake, and National Biscuit Company.

It should be remembered, too, that American women have a good deal more purchasing power than this survey shows, because many of those who legally own nothing are on fairly liberal allowances from male members of their families, and many more are wage earners who spend their wages as they please. Women's collective virtual control is thus considerably larger than their legal ownership indicates. This surplus of petty wage earning and of what might be called delegated control is not a matter of interest to investment bankers, so the survey did not attempt to take account of it; yet its aggregate must be quite large. There seems little ground for doubt that, taking virtual control with legal control, our women now have more purchasing power than our men have. Four years ago they were within 9 per cent of equality in legal control, and quite rapidly on the rise; and surely the amount of delegated control which they exercise, plus their wage earnings, would be enough to carry the sum of their purchasing power well over the mark of 50 per cent.

II

In Europe one notices a general prevalence of the notion that our country is a paradise for womankind. Europeans think we operate our institutions greatly to the advantage of the female sex. Some years ago a highly placed English dignitary — I think it was the present Dean of St. Paul's — spoke of the United States as 'an ice-water-drinking gynecocracy.' The popular idea on the Continent appears to be that our women do as they please without let or hindrance, and that they have reduced our men to the Levitical status of hewers of wood and drawers of water, if not to that of mere skulkers upon the face of the earth. Continental women — those, at least, with whom I am acquainted — indulge this notion with interested curiosity, in which one sometimes discerns a touch of envy. A more conservative opinion is that, while our women have managed to gain an unshakable ascendancy, they have also managed to establish a roughly satisfactory relation of live-and-let-live with their male entourage, mostly by way of concession, which is not as a rule too onerous and not perhaps utterly degrading;a relation, however, which, with all the good will in the world, a male European would find hard and repugnant.

The wonderment is how the American woman has done it. This more than anything, I think, is what has always made our women an object of special interest to the European mind. I never saw anything to make me suspect that Europeans of either sex like our womenfolk or admire them especially or even much respect them, but they have always showed great curiosity about them, somewhat like our curiosity about the habits of the sea bear or the peculiarities of the lemming, or the traits in other creatures whose main interest for us is that they keep us wondering how they accomplish what they do, and do it apparently with no great fuss or effort, nor any consciousness that they are doing something unusual and striking.

One sees Europeans regarding casual specimens of our petticoated produce, more often than not pretty poor specimens, and wondering what on earth they have in them to have worked themselves into their highly privileged status, and to have got this status accepted without objection or complaint. The European would say that such a notable collective manœuvre betokens first-rate ability somewhere, and he cannot see that they have it; his own womenfolk, by and large, seem much abler, wiser, more mature of mind. Cleverness will not answer; he acknowledges that American women are very clever, but no one can be *that* clever. Nor can such a piece of strategy be put through nation-wide on the strength of feminine fascinations, even granting that American women are endowed with these beyond all other women, which he thinks highly doubtful. All the horde of foreign 'observers,' novelists, dramatists, journalists, lecturers and the like, who beset our shores, usually with some sort of axe to grind, always show that this problem is in the forefront of their minds. They treat it with gingerly deftness, as a rule, and hence their observations are seldom valuable, but they always exhibit a lively curiosity about it.

The best that European opinion has done with this problem, as far as I know, amounts to saying more or less kindly that our women are shockingly spoiled and that our men spoil them. In its view the American man of family appears, by his serious side, as a kind of composite of Silas Lapham and Mr. Potiphar. By his lighter side, he appears when on parade with his frolicsome daughter (or wife or sister, as the case may be) much as he does in Mr. Georges Lauwerijns's utterly delightful ballet called *Hopjes and Hopjes*, which anyone going to Brussels should time his visit to see and hear. European opinion holds what it regards as our men's weakness, their easy-going good nature, their sense of essential inferiority, responsible for letting themselves be choused out of their natural and Scriptural rights over the women of their households.

There is something in this, of course, and there was formerly much more in it than there is now. Mr. Potiphar and Silas Lapham are real enough, but they belong to an earlier day. Mr. Lauwerijns's figures are modern and not greatly exaggerated — the simple-hearted and likable old boy who never learned how to play, out on a lark with his gay daughter who is rather fond of him in her careless fashion, is on good terms with him, and exploits him scandalously. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has perhaps a little over-vulgarized a somewhat similar pair, in his excellent portrait of Mr. Lowell Schmaltz and his daughter Delmerine. But there is no longer any point in discussing the distribution of responsibility. In citing the American man's traditional easiness with women, European opinion may have had everything on its side in the days of Daisy Miller, and may still have something on its side. What it has or has not, however, is no longer of more than academic interest, because a new factor has come into the situation since Silas Lapham's and Daisy Miller's day — the factor of economic control. It may be said, no doubt, that men were culpably shortsighted not to foresee this factor's coming in and to take measures against it; but that is little to the point now, because the mischief, if mischief it be, is done, and there is no help for it.

The thing now, I take it, is to measure the strength of this new factor, and to observe some of its bearings. I venture to suggest this because no one, as far as I know, has ever taken the American woman's proportion of ownership and her probable preponderance of purchasing power into account as affecting her freedom of action, and as in consequence putting certain definite marks upon our society which do not appear on any other. I am no such hidebound disciple of the Manchester school as to pretend that the American woman's position is to be accounted for in economic terms alone. I say only that her economic status has a great deal to do with defining and establishing her social status, her social privileges and immunities, and that in this relation her economic status has never, as far as I am aware, been competently considered by any critic, native or foreign; and since one magazine article will hardly go around the whole subject, it may properly devote itself to this single aspect of it, even at the risk of appearing limited and partial.

III

To-day processes the refractory raw material of yesterday's heresy into the standard tissue of orthodoxy; and to-morrow re-processes its remnants into the shoddy of commonplace. Side by side with this procedure, and apparently related to it, go odd changes of fashion concerning delicacy and indelicacy of speech. A dozen years ago, it was most indecorous to say anything suggesting the doctrine that those who own rule, and rule because they own. We all knew that the doctrine was sound, but, like a sound doctrine of certain biological functions, there was a convention against speaking of it, above all against letting anything about it appear in print. The correct thing was to say that those who vote rule, and rule because they vote — standard eighteenth-century political theory. The fashion has changed now, and everybody speaks quite freely of the relation between ownership and rulership. Even our more progressive institutions of learning no longer make any difficulties about the fact that actual rulership of a population rests finally in the control of its means of livelihood, and that this is vested in ownership.

Our government 'buys,' we say, an island from a foreign government. One flag is hauled down, another is hauled up; one set of officeholders decamps, another comes in. But the island is actually owned by three men, and the same three men who owned it under the foreign government continue to own it under ours. They are the actual rulers of the island's population, because they can make it do what they please, — which is the essence of rulership, — since they control the source of its livelihood. Some years ago a Greenbacker or free-silverite, I forget which, discussing private land monopoly with Henry George, said, 'Give me all the money in the world, and you may have all the land.' 'Very well,' said George, 'but suppose I told you to give me all your money or get off — what then?'

Ownership means the ability to make people obey your will under the implicit menace of shutting off their supplies, or what we call in war time an economic blockade. I do not suggest this as an academic definition, but we all know that it is what ownership comes to. It seems clear, therefore, that the distinctive character of a preponderating ownership would be pretty faithfully reflected by the society in which that ownership was exercised. Hence, when Europeans see our society as deeply effeminized and wonder why it should be so, the most competent answer, surely, is found in the amount of economic control that is in our women's hands. How it got there is of no present consequence; it is there, and apparently there to stay. How is it possible for a society not to be effeminized when its women have so large a power of imposing upon it their collective will, of impressing upon it the distinctive mark of their collective character, their criteria of intelligence, taste, and style?

I suspect that the extent to which women direct our national development in the realm of the spirit is quite imperfectly realized. Putting it bluntly, they control education, they control the church, the forum, publishing, drama, music, painting, sculpture. That is to say, in the United States the musical director, preacher, publisher, lecturer, editor, playwright, schoolmaster, always instinctively addresses himself to the quality and character of interest peculiar to the female portion of his constituency. In Europe he is under no pressure to do so. In fact, this is the most noticeable difference between the practice of these activities here and in Europe, and I think the most significant as well. It is surely more than a coincidence that the increase of women's control of our practice has gone on in a fairly direct ratio to their increase in purchasing power. A study of woman's rise to her present position discloses too many such coincidences for us to take stock in the presumption of coincidence. Her demand for political equality, for instance, was pushed hard and earnestly for nearly a century, but one observes with interest that nothing came of it until the time, almost to the day, that she arrived at equality in purchasing power; and then she got what she wanted with relatively little effort.

Now, in any society, the status of the pursuits I have just mentioned, the status of what goes on in the realm of the spirit, is the measure of that society's actual civilization. Exercise of the instinct of workmanship alone, no matter how energetic, is not civilizing; there must go on with it a balanced and harmonious exercise of the instinct of intellect and knowledge, of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. A society may be very rich, it may have any number of industries, railways, hygiene establishments, sport centres, banks, newspapers, telephones, finance companies and the like, and remain quite uncivilized. These things are in a sense the apparatus of civilization, because under proper direction they make for a diffused material well-being, and civilization can get on better if it has this as a basis; but they do not in themselves constitute civilization or even make directly and immediately toward it.

IV

My main design in writing this article is to address a word of exhortation to our feminists. Modern feminism has contented itself with asserting the thesis of women's ability and right to do everything that men can do. Perhaps some of our more thoughtful feminists have looked beyond this thesis, but I know of none, from the days of Fanny Wright and Susan B. Anthony on to the present, who has done so. Feminism has been content with demanding the right to vote, to practise politics and hold public office, as men do, and to enter commerce, finance, the learned professions, and the trades, on equal terms with men, and to share men's social privileges and immunities on equal terms. Its contention is that women are able to do as well with all these activities as men can do, and that the opportunity to engage in them is theirs by natural right.

This thesis is wholly sound. Every objection I ever heard raised against it has impressed me as *ex parte* and specious — in a word, as disingenuous. There is no doubt whatever that women can do everything that men can do: they have always done it. In the thirteenth century, women were not only studying and practising, but also lecturing, in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Salerno. Joan of Arc made no special impression on the people of France as a military figure; they were quite used to seeing women under arms in the mediæval wars. As late as the sixteenth century, Louise Labé got a bit bored with the routine life of a well-to-do merchant's daughter at Lyon, so she reached down the gun, sallied forth in men's dress, and fought through the siege of Perpignan. Then, having had her little fling at an active outdoor life, she went back to Lyon, married, and made her home the centre of a brilliant literary society, and wrote some of the most beautiful verse ever done in the French language, or, for that matter, in any language. She also wrote an excellent manual of housekeeping in a practical and sententious style rather reminding one of Cato's treatise; which seems to show that she was quite as handy with the broom and the rolling-pin as she was with the pen and the smooth-bore.

Then, as a type of the first-class executive and diplomat, there was Saint Radegonde, in the sixth century. Our feminists ought to look her up as the patron saint of feminism, and I say no more about her in the hope that they will do so; she will be a rich find for them. In the realm of public affairs, the women of the French and Italian Renaissance are too well known to need mention. Even the gun-moll, generally supposed to be a product peculiar to our time and country, has a very early prototype. In the sixth century two spirited hussies, mere youngsters, princesses named Chrodhilde and Basine, pranced out of Saint Radegonde's convent at Poitiers in dudgeon against the management, gathered a band of cutthroats around them, and shot the town to rags. The streets of Poitiers ran red with blood, and the forces of law and order had a frightful time putting down the riot. Indeed, the two princesses never were put down. They rode off somewhere beyond the reach of extradition — some mediæval Miami, probably — and lived to a green old age, full of ginger, and wearing the halo of popular renown. That was many centuries ago, but even to this day the Nuns' War is mentioned with uneasy respect throughout the Poitou.

At any period in history, I think, one may find women 'living their own lives' in the feminists' sense, about as satisfactorily as men were living theirs; doing, if they chose, just what men did, and doing it just about as well. One must observe, however, that these women were relatively few, they were always exceptional, and — here is, I think, the important thing — they were all marked by one sole invariable differentiation: they were economically independent. I say 'all' rather inadvisedly, perhaps, for I have not looked into the pocketbooks of all the notable women in the world, from Semiramis down; but out of curiosity I have lately examined the circumstances of a great many, here and there, and have found but one exception, Joan of Arc. She was a poor girl; but her enterprise was of a very special kind, not likely to be affected by her economic status, though if she had been well-to-do she might not, quite probably would not, have lost her life in the way she did. Given a certain amount of resolution, women who were economically independent seem never to have had much trouble about 'living their own lives'; nor, apparently, do they now.

It may therefore be said, I think, that the efforts of feminism have never been, strictly speaking, in behalf of the rights of women, but in behalf of the rights of poor women; and all the greater honor to feminism that this is so! Those who were not poor or dependent seem always to have been able pretty well to do as they liked with themselves, and, as our expressive slang goes, 'to get away with it.' It must be remarked that, for our present purposes, the wage-earning woman is not to be classed as economically independent, for she holds her place on sufferance of an employer. By economically independent I mean those who are fixed quite securely in the owning class, as were the eminent women of the Renaissance, for instance.

It would appear, however, that feminism in America has not many more fish to fry in the way of its historic contention. If our women of the owning class very much want anything, they are able to concentrate upon it an amount of purchasing power which constitutes an economic demand hardly to be resisted; and their getting it would be likely to accrue to the benefit, if it were a benefit, of the dependent members of their sex as well. A rather trivial instance of this is seen in the latter-day style of dress. We remember that when women took to the wholesome fashion of wearing almost no clothes at all, especially on our beaches in summer, all the institutional voices of our society spoke out against them. The police and our prurient and officious local Dogberrys made trouble for them, and employers held a blanket threat of dismissal over the head of girls who would not conform to more conservative notions of propriety in dress. But there was enough purchasing power concentrated on the style to hold it in force and to bring all objectors to terms; and the poor and dependent women profited accordingly. Putting it broadly, Fourteenth Street could not have held up the style, but Park Avenue could and did, and Fourteenth Street shared the benefit.

Hence feminism can no longer get up an argument on the thesis that women can do anything that men can do. All interest in that contention has died out; everybody has stopped thinking in those terms, and our militant feminists are reduced to pushing minor issues, to smoothing out relatively petty inequalities of legal status, and the like. This is important and should be done; but I suggest that while it is being done the more progressive and thoughtful spirits among our feminists should consider the thesis that women can do something which men cannot do.

V

Women can civilize a society, and men cannot. There is, at least, no record that men have ever succeeded in civilizing a society, or even that they have made a strong collective endeavor in this direction; and this raises a considerable presumption upon their inability to do either. They can create the apparatus of a civilization, the mechanics of that diffused material well-being upon which a civilization is founded. Men are good at that; they are first-rate at founding industries, building railways, starting banks, getting out newspapers, and all that sort of thing. But there is no record of their handiness at employing this apparatus for a distinctly civilizing purpose. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether, left strictly to themselves, they would employ the greater part of it, the part that bears on what we call the amenities of life, for any purpose; they would incline to let it drop out of use. The standard cartoons and jokes on the subject all tend to show that when the missus goes away for the summer, the gent lapses contentedly into squalor and glories in his shame; and these may be taken as an allegory reflecting matters of larger consequence.

In the greater concerns of life it is the absence of the impulse toward civilization that justifies women in their complaint that men are forever children. Men feel no more natural, unprompted sense of responsibility than children feel for the work of civilizing the society in which they find themselves;

hence in respect of all life's concerns, even its very greatest, women have been figuratively cuffing and coaxing this sense into their heads, figuratively overhauling them, not so much for unwashed ears and unblown noses as for the persistent *tendency* toward these, the indefeasible disposition to accept a general régime of unwashed ears as normal and congenial, and to regard any complaint of it as exorbitant.

A while ago I took occasion to write something which bore on this point, and it elicited a very tart letter from a lady, asking me what I meant by 'civilizing a society.' I have no notion that the letter was written in good faith; still, the question is a fair one. Words, as Homer says, 'may tend this way or that way,' and nothing is ever lost by making sure that one's use of terms is always perfectly clear. We have already mentioned mankind's five fundamental social instincts — the instinct of workmanship, of intellect and knowledge, of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. A civilized society is one which organizes a full collective expression of all these instincts, and which so regulates this expression as to permit no predominance of one or more of them at the expense of the rest; in short, one which keeps this expression in continual harmony and balance.

To civilize a society, then, means that when this harmony is imperfect, when the expression of one or more of these instincts is over-stressed, the civilizing force should throw its weight in favor of the under-expressed instincts and steadily check the over-stress on the others, until a general balance is restored. Social development under these conditions is, properly speaking, a civilized development; and a civilized person is one who manages the expression of his individual five instincts in just this way, and directs himself into just this course of orderly individual development.

Men have, of course, managed this individual development in themselves; though even here, unfortunately, it is seldom clear what part a distinctly feminine influence has played in its direction. Men apparently, however, have neither the ability nor the aptitude to organize and direct a collective development of the kind; and women seem to have both. Men's collective influence has never, that I can discover, even tended significantly in this direction; women's often has. It would therefore appear as certain as any generalization can be that, while women can do everything that men can do, they can also do this one thing that men cannot do: they can civilize a society.

The correspondent whom I mentioned a moment ago intimated that in my interest in this matter I was entertaining myself with a mere logomachy, and that my reflections upon it were all moonshine. In a personal view, one does not mind this; one should be always glad of criticism, just or unjust. But the personal view is unimportant. The important thing is to observe that in the long course of human experience, whenever a society has gone on the rocks, as sooner or later all have done, it was invariably the collective over-stress on one or more of these fundamental instincts that turned it out of its course and wrecked it. One may look back upon any of these societies, — England of the Commonwealth, France of the *Grand Siècle*, any you please, — identify at once the over-stressed and the neglected instincts, and follow through the record of progressive over-stress and progressive repression, running directly on to final disaster. Similarly, one may work out the prospects of an existing society with almost actuarial exactness by observation of these symptoms, as critics have often done. Hence one is concerned with the degree of civilization attained by the society in which one lives, not on such grounds as my correspondent might regard as more or less fanciful, but upon the solid ground of security. An uncivilized society has in it the seeds of dissolution, it is insecure; and the lower the degree of its civilization, as measured by the means I have indicated, the greater its insecurity. The race is always instinctively in pursuit of perfection, always looking beyond an imperfect society, putting up with it perhaps for a long time, but in the long run invariably becoming dissatisfied with it, letting it disintegrate, and beginning anew with another.

Our American society, mainly on account of its wealth and material prosperity, has always come in for an uncommon amount of observation and criticism. Every complaint of it on the part of both native and foreign critics, as far as I am aware, is reducible to the simple thesis that it is not a civilized society. These critics do not use this precise formula, — not all of them, at least; some of them do, — but it is the sum of what they have to say, and this is as true of our most kindly critics as well as the most unkindly. It is the sum of Mrs. Trollope's observations at one end of the long array, and of Mr. Dreiser's and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's at the other. There is a complete consensus that our society leaves the claims of too many fundamental instincts unsatisfied; in fact, that we are trying to force the whole current of our being through the narrow channel set by one instinct only, the instinct of workmanship; and hence our society exhibits an extremely imperfect type of intellect and knowledge, an extremely imperfect type of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners.

I am not concerned, at the moment, to comment on the soundness of this criticism; I say only that this is the sum of every criticism that has been passed on our society. Try this formula on any observer, native or foreign, and you will find, I think, that it covers the content of his opinion.

VI

Thus one is led rather seriously to wonder whether, in encouraging our women to do only the things that men can do, our feminists have not been encouraging them to take quite the wrong way with themselves. For my own part, I suspect it may be so. One may easily see how our society, if it had to, might get on without women lawyers, physicians, stockbrokers, aviators, preachers, telephone operators, hijackers, buyers, cooks, dressmakers, bus conductors, architects. I do not say we *should* get on without them; that is another matter entirely. I say only that we *could* get on. We *cannot* get on, however, without woman as a civilizing force. We cannot get on — at least, I see no way whereby we can get on — unless women apply the faculty which they have, and which men apparently have not, to the task of civilizing our society.

In encouraging women to do only what men can do, our feminists have encouraged them to put still greater stress on the instinct of workmanship, the one instinct which all critics say is already over-stressed to the breaking point; and this virtually decreases the stress on those which are already intolerably under-stressed. It causes a still more violent disturbance of balance between the claim of workmanship and the claims of intellect and knowledge, religion and morals, beauty and poetry, social life and manners. Considering the available indexes of these several claims, it would appear that our critics (I venture, after all, to give my opinion in the matter) have a good deal on their side. The development of a sense of spiritual activity as *social*, as something popular and common, in which everybody may and everyone naturally does take some sort of hand — this development seems really not to have got very far.

There is, for example, a great deal of music in America; yet compare the development of our sense of music as a social expression with that which you perceive at work naturally and spontaneously in almost any German village! Similar observations may be made with regard to our literature. We all remember Mr. Duffus's examination of the state of the book market, and we are all aware of the extremely exiguous and fear-ridden existence of anything like a serious periodical literature among us; well, compare this state of things with what one finds in France, or indeed in any Continental country, for I believe our rating is reckoned lower than any of them — as I remember, we stand eighteenth on the list of nations in this particular, though I am not sure of the exact figure; it is, at any rate, shockingly low. So one may go on, through the whole roster of spiritual activities. It appears, then, that further stress on the over-stressed instinct, and further repression on the others, are not what will do us any good.

Here, I think, comes in the point that feminism is in a position not only to direct *interest*, but, for the first time in the world's history, to direct as much purchasing power as men have, or perhaps somewhat more. We have already seen that, in a commercial sense, women's interest controls all our organized expressions of spiritual activity. Take the advertising matter in any newspaper or magazine, and consider the proportion of it that is aimed directly at women's purchasing power, and you can see at once how far publishing policy must reflect specifically feminine views of life. Consider the proportion of woman's purchasing power represented on the boards of our orchestras, in the contributions to churches, in the maintenance of schools, forums, lectureships, and you will see at once the direction that their policies must take. It is a commonplace of the theatre that the verdict of women will instantly make or break any production, instantly establish any general mode or tendency, instantly reverse one already established. Test the question of women's commercial control of organized expression anywhere in the realm of ethics, manners, art, anywhere in the realm of general culture, and your findings will be the same.

Hence it would seem that there is here a great social force out of which our society is at present getting but little good. I believe it is a much greater force than our feminism has any idea of; and this is my justification for suggesting so directly to feminism that it should recognize and measure this force, and then do everything possible to give it a better direction. Our society cannot be civilized through women's attainment of the ends that feminism has hitherto set before them, laudable and excellent as those are. It can be civilized by giving an intelligent direction to the interest and the purchasing power of women. At present these are exercised very irresponsibly and casually in the direction of civilization, largely because women have been over-preoccupied with the idea of doing what men can do. Modern feminism has unquestionably encouraged and abetted them in this preoccupation; and hence it seems competent to suggest that feminism should henceforth concern itself with recommending a higher and much more rational ideal of social usefulness.

A BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT POLITICS

BY HERBERT H. LEHMAN

I

BEFORE I began to write this article, I had never thought very objectively about the 'business man in politics.' Possibly during the past three years I had been too busy to do so. It may be, too, that I just took my immediate work, with its responsibilities and possibilities, too much as a matter of course to analyze it critically.

There are, however, certain things of which my experience has made me very confident: —

That all over the world there is a quickening of interest in government and a better understanding of its problems.

That no citizen can afford to stand aloof from government or fail to shoulder his share of civic responsibility.

That, generally speaking, the standard of government is improving.

And that the improvement, in turn, is due to the ever-increasing number of men and women who are interesting themselves in, and studying and watching, public affairs.

I firmly believe that we are on the threshold of a widening interest in political life and government which will undoubtedly lead to a better structure.

Of recent years I have frequently been asked the question: 'Should business men go into public life, and can they be as effective in government as in their own undertakings?' My answer to this question is emphatically 'Yes' — provided the business man has certain very necessary qualifications apart from his purely business training and experience. These qualifications I will discuss later on in this article.

Before moving to Albany, I, like many other business men, thought that government and business were things entirely apart. I believed that the cleavage between government administration and business administration was a very sharp one, and that at times the two were almost antagonistic. I have found that point of view by no means accurate.

II

Within the last two decades there has come a very great change in the philosophy both of government and of business. Greater ease of communication, better and more sympathetic understanding between races and nationalities, the growth of governmental activities everywhere, and the ever-increasing social consciousness of people the world over have developed many problems which have brought business and professional men into close association with government administrators and executives. Responsibility of industry to labor, and the relations of government to both, have become more and more generally understood. No longer is sectional or national trade isolation possible. The prosperity of each section of a nation is dependent on the prosperity of all other sections. The prosperity of each nation is, to a large extent, dependent on world prosperity.

Economic considerations, therefore, must necessarily play a large part to-day in public relations and in diplomatic relations.

It is my experience that substantially every undertaking of government must be considered from three angles: the economic, the technical, and the social. These three points of view are closely related to each other and must be brought into perfect alignment if a permanently good government administration is to be maintained. Nearly every bureau and department in the federal and state governments, save those of a purely technical character, could well be administered by sound and broad-visioned business men. Their problems are largely those of administration and organization. Whatever technical skill and experience may be required can be obtained in the same way and in the same degree as in our large industrial organizations.

Because of the increased burdens imposed on executives and on legislative bodies alike, there has within recent years been invoked, in an increasing degree, the aid of temporary or permanent commissions in the Federal Government and in many of the state governments. This is a new development, but one that is likely to be enlarged as the complexities of government increase. In the State of New York there were created last year ten or a dozen temporary commissions, covering a wide range of activities. In substantially all of these the problems to be studied, or the activities to be undertaken, were to a very large extent economic in character, wherein the coöperation and participation of business men are valuable.

Even those undertakings which appear at first glance to be purely social in character are closely related to the economic life of the community. Institutions such as prisons, hospitals, reformatories, and the like, require trained technical social skill. But they all touch questions of business administration.

The construction of public works — buildings, roads, bridges, grade crossings — requires engineering skill and experience, but that engineer will be most effective who in addition to his technical knowledge has business experience. The administration of the Banking and Insurance Departments and kindred governmental supervisory activities again requires technical skill, but the important questions that arise must ordinarily be resolved through business judgment. The making of a budget requires a very wide knowledge of the activities covered by the particular governmental unit concerned, but it also requires business skill of a high order, because it relates not only to economical administration of departments, but to the methods and means to be employed in the raising of revenues.

The writing of a tariff schedule is no longer a cut-and-dried affair alone affecting the country which creates it. Economic and social questions of vast importance must necessarily enter into its formulation. No section of a country operates apart from the other sections. No industry is independent of other industries. No nation can afford to disregard the welfare of, or its relations to, other nations. These are neither technical nor diplomatic questions. They cover, in a marked degree, economic considerations of vast importance, frequently involving world-wide problems.

For instance, I sincerely believe that the prosperity of the world, to a considerable extent, during the next few decades will depend on the speed and completeness with which the older manufacturing countries can secure markets in non-industrial territory of the Near East, Far East, India, and certain parts of South America. New markets can be secured only through intelligent coöperation between our business leaders and our government officials. It is safe to say that to-day the State Department in our Federal Government is as much concerned with, and engaged in, economic questions as with those which formerly were looked upon as purely diplomatic.

III

Since the war the relations between the nations of the world have become increasingly interdependent. This fact has been brought home to us forcefully in the last few months through the unquestioned importance of the developments abroad in respect of international fiscal relations and the handling of war debts and reparations. Nothing is of greater importance to the peace and prosperity of the world than the intelligent solution of these intricate and delicate problems, which I am afraid will be with us for many years to come. It is my belief that diplomats, effective as they may be, will not alone be able to achieve full success in this difficult field.

All thinking men now agree that there is such a close interrelation between business and diplomacy that, in the handling of many international questions, business training may well be joined advantageously to diplomatic skill. The fact that the solution of almost all of these very important international politico-economic questions has been in recent years entrusted to business leaders such as Owen D. Young, Charles G. Dawes, Parker Gilbert, and Albert H. Wiggin is evidence that there is already a widespread recognition of the fact that, to an outstanding degree, they can best be solved in coöperation with intelligent, sympathetic, and farsighted business leadership.

In recent years, too, many problems have arisen which were quite unknown to our fathers — among others the question of public utility regulation, the development and control of hydraulic power, the care of the dependent aged, unemployment insurance, the relation of government to labor and industry, the protection of women and minors in industry. These are only a few of the many problems of comparatively recent development which require careful economic thought and study in their formulation and operation.

All of the problems I have mentioned, and many others, are directing the attention of the successful and progressive business man and professional man to matters which twenty or even ten years ago probably would have been entirely out of the sphere of his interest. They have broadened his point of view and have brought to him the realization that both a knowledge of and an interest in governmental administration and legislation — local, state, federal, and international — are necessary for his welfare. He now realizes that he owes it to himself and to the community to participate in them.

As a result, many men in business or professional life are to-day taking an active part in helping to solve the problems of the state and nation. I regret that the number is still relatively small, but it is ever increasing and I am hopeful that before long a very much larger number of men will devote their ability and energy to matters of government. This must inevitably be the case, since business men and professional men are continually coming into closer relationship with government.

This does not mean, as some suppose, that government is interfering, or should interfere, in business. On the contrary, there is a growing sentiment that government at all times should interfere in business just as little as is practicable. On the other hand, business and professional men in many instances now feel that they cannot hold themselves wholly apart from government, critical, indifferent, and suspicious. At least some of them are growing to feel that their assistance and advice are wanted, that they actually can be of help, and through their efforts can raise the standard of government.

It is my experience that few problems of government are without their counterpart in business and industry, and that almost every problem of business and of industry is duplicated by a similar problem in government. Public relations, fiscal policies, commerce, communications, labor and social problems, are equally part of the body politic and of business. The keen, progressive business man, therefore, in interesting himself in politics will tread no unknown ground, nor will he face many unfamiliar problems. The very training he has had in business better equips him to take an active and definite part in government.

IV

At the beginning of this article I stated that I believed that business men, under certain conditions, can be as effective in government as in their own undertakings. I made the reservation, however, that they must have certain very necessary qualifications apart from a purely business training and experience. It is, of course, unprofitable to generalize about anything, even about business men. Obviously not every business man of great reputation will succeed in public life. I am acquainted with a substantial number of business men of high position and great reputation whose ability and efficiency unfortunately do not measure up to their reputation. Men who trade largely on their reputation without having actual ability to back up that reputation will not succeed in public life.

Then, too, there are those men who have become inflexible, or who have held themselves so much aloof in business that they have lost direct personal and immediate contact with their fellows and with the affairs of the day. These will also probably not succeed when thrown into a new environment. Men of this type are almost bound to become bureaucrats.

Nothing is more essential in public life than real understanding, flexibility, and adaptability. Without these qualities no one can understand the ever-changing conditions in government or the social ideals and aspirations of the people who, in the end, are the real source of government. The public official, to be really effective, must understand the problems of the smallest home as well as of the greatest business corporation.

The business man also must be able rapidly to adapt himself to the requirements of public life. I have previously stated that the business man entering politics will tread no unknown ground, nor will he face many problems unfamiliar to him. That is literally true. It is equally a fact, however, that frequently the method of handling these problems is vastly different in public life than in private enterprise.

A government official rarely has the freedom of action he obtains, as a matter of course, in private business. He is, and always must be, controlled to a considerable extent by statutes, regulations, and public opinion. These limitations are frequently very irksome to the business man who enters public life.

For instance, in private enterprise a man desiring to erect an office building would ordinarily go to an architect with whose work he was familiar and in whom he had confidence, and direct the architect to draw plans. He would then give the contract to a good, experienced, trustworthy contractor at an agreed price. The work would usually be done as a whole by one contractor. Specifications would be made as flexible as desirable. Inspection would be as rigid or as elastic as the contractor, architect, and owner agreed upon. Substitutions in materials could be made after negotiations and through mutual agreement.

The situation in public work is different. Necessarily it must be so, because of conditions inherent in government. In the State of New York, and in most other governmental units, the law requires that the contract be awarded on public tender to the lowest responsible bidder. What legally constitutes responsibility, however, is unfortunately difficult to define. It sometimes happens, therefore, that the contract must be given to a bidder of little actual financial responsibility or ability, with the result that delay in completion ensues. The state is protected against financial loss through its surety bond. It cannot, however, protect itself against delay. There have been a number of unfortunate and embarrassing situations of this kind within my knowledge.

In spite of occasional disadvantage, however, the statute or regulation that requires the award of a contract for government work on public tender to the lowest bidder, save in exceptional circumstances, is essentially sound, and any substantial deviation from it would lead to gross favoritism and frequently to the exertion of great political or other pressure. The state, unlike the private owner, must adhere closely to specifications and rigid inspection. The necessity of doing so undoubtedly increases the cost of construction work and occasionally causes annoying delay.

Nevertheless, my experience has convinced me that strict adherence to specifications and rigid inspection, while not at all necessary in private enterprise, is essential in public work if we are to be free of gross fraud and corruption.

I have mentioned only a few of the many statutes and regulations controlling the progress of public work. There are others whose genesis or purpose is difficult to explain or justify. On the whole, however, I believe that most of the regulations are calculated to protect the public against exploitation, and to give an absolutely equal opportunity to all desiring to do business with the state.

The business man, faced with limitations and restrictions, will undoubtedly chafe because he realizes that sometimes they increase the cost and retard the work. If, however, he is active, aggressive, and resourceful, he can do much, in spite of restrictions, to speed up public work and to overcome many of the limitations which, if accepted in a supine spirit, are very costly in money and time. Some of the unnecessary and unreasonable statutory limitations, as well as a certain amount of usual red tape, can undoubtedly in time be removed. There can be no doubt, however, that, because of the necessity of operating in a more formal and technical manner, public construction work is more costly and less expeditious than private. I am afraid that this will continue to be the case until we can operate under government with the same freedom as in private undertakings. This seems difficult if not impossible of accomplishment in the near future.

V

The business man in public life, too, will resent the restriction imposed upon him by civil service regulations. He is used to hiring and firing and promoting and demoting at will. That cannot be done in public life. In the State of New York probably 90 per cent of the positions, exclusive of laborers, come under the provisions of the civil service.

As a business man I appreciate the fact that civil service is as yet by no means ideal. It certainly is not a panacea. Nevertheless, as a public official, I favor the operation of civil service because I realize that it provides conditions that are infinitely better than those we should have were it eliminated. If there were no civil service we should return to the old principle of 'To the victor belong the spoils.' With every change in administration there would undoubtedly come an almost complete change in departmental personnel. We should, obviously, have a purely political government rather than one based upon efficiency and permanent organization. It would lead to corruption. It would be unfair to a great body of loyal and hard-working public servants, and it would inevitably break down morale and efficiency. The business man in public life, as I have said, will unquestionably be restless under those restrictions, but to be effective he must adapt himself to them.

Again, it is necessary for the business man in public life to combine with his business training and experience a broad social outlook. There are few undertakings of government which are exclusively economic or administrative in character. Substantially every undertaking deals not only with problems of administration, but also with those of safeguarding, interpreting, and caring for the social needs and ideals of the people of the state. The state is unquestionably concerned as much with human relationships as with efficient business administration, and the two functions must operate simultaneously if the highest degree of success is to be obtained. They must almost invariably go hand in hand and carry, substantially, equal weight in the consideration of the problems of government.

Every project, to be permanently successful and to gain the support of intelligent public opinion, must justify itself both economically and socially. Education, the building of roads, the development of parks and recreational centres, the construction and humane administration of hospitals and prisons, old-age assistance, sound labor laws, all contain in almost equal degree economic and social problems. No public official, if he hopes to be of true service, can measure his problems or duties exclusively with a profit-and-loss yardstick, or alone by the standards of the social worker. He must strike a fine and accurate balance between the considerations of business and the requirements of social problems.

VI

Finally, the public official must realize the importance of public opinion and frequently invoke its power. I have often had occasion to say in my speeches and elsewhere that intelligent public opinion sufficiently aroused can move mountains. It is my firm belief that, regardless of opposition, no fair and sound undertaking can permanently fail if it has the support of an aroused public opinion, while no vicious proposal can succeed, except temporarily, in the face of adverse public opinion.

The average business man looks on public opinion as something intangible. He has, of course, been taught the value of the good will of his limited consuming public, but he seldom appreciates the overwhelming power and force of intelligent public opinion. Sometimes it is difficult to arouse public opinion in matters far removed from the daily lives of the people, but that it can be aroused in behalf of constructive and sound undertakings I have no doubt. Those of us who have been in public life for some years have found it not only practicable, but frequently essential, to go to the people and ask their support for measures or undertakings believed to be in the common interest.

The essentials for arousing public opinion are a fundamentally sound cause and an ability to bring the facts to the attention of people in a simple and direct way so that they can be widely understood. In my experience I have known few instances where such efforts have failed. Governor Roosevelt and his distinguished predecessor, Governor Smith, have time and time again gone directly to the people and gained their support for sound measures.

The wonderful park and playground system of the State of New York, which is one of the greatest social developments with which I am familiar, and which will give enjoyment and health to countless generations, would have failed because of political opposition had not the weight of public opinion been enlisted in its support. The water power resources of the state would long since have been diverted to private interests had public opinion not been aroused in opposition. The modernization of our hospitals and prisons, and the more humane treatment of the wards of the state, were made possible only through the enlistment of public opinion. The adoption of workmen's compensation, laws for the protection of women in industry, adequate factory inspection, old-age assistance, and laws protecting minors are only a few of the humane and economically sound measures that at first met with strong opposition from small, selfish, but very powerful groups, which was overcome only through the force of public opinion.

The business man entering public life must be sufficiently adaptable to appreciate the force of public opinion and be ready and able to enlist its overwhelming influence. To do otherwise means impotence.

VII

If it is true, as I believe it is, that business men can render a distinct service to government and are often well equipped to do so, the question logically arises, 'Why are they so frequently unwilling to enter public life?' Undoubtedly, in many instances, this reluctance is because of the unavoidable personal and financial sacrifice involved.

And it will be obvious that sacrifice is unavoidable. In few instances do public offices, even those important in character, provide the same compensation as can be obtained easily through substantially less effort in private business. The demands of public life are so great that oftentimes a previously successful business man finds it impossible to give any time or attention even to his private affairs. In addition to the financial sacrifice, which is usually a very great one, he is forced to give up much of his independence and frequently to suffer temporary separation from his family, friends, and home.

All of these things are very real hardships, the effect of which cannot be minimized. Yet I do not believe that they provide the real answer to my question.

There are, in my opinion, a large number of men who would be willing to make a substantial sacrifice affecting themselves and their families if they were confident that their efforts would be productive of public good and that they would be accorded reasonable and intelligent understanding. The average business man has, unfortunately, grown up with a distrust and prejudice against politics, which are only a reflection of a widespread existing public attitude. He holds the belief, which for generations has been shared by a large part of our population, that politics are 'dirty,' and that no one goes into politics without an ulterior or sinister motive. I believe that this distrust and suspicion should not too greatly influence the public-spirited business man.

That corruption exists in American political life cannot be doubted, nor is it by any means confined to any one locality or to any particular political party. The records speak for themselves and show that in many governmental units, federal, state, and local, corruption and graft have unfortunately been of not infrequent occurrence in the past. Notwithstanding this, I feel that the common belief of general and widespread corruption in public life is an exaggerated one. Some men will always prove unworthy of their trust, and these must be expelled from public life and be punished. We must not, however, overlook the fact that the number of unscrupulous or corrupt officials forms only a very small percentage of that great army of public servants who, as a matter of course, constantly carry on honestly, efficiently, and in the public interest, and who abhor corruption as militantly as do other classes in our population.

Nor do I believe that by any means all corruption that surrounds politics is due to politics itself. It frequently springs from powerful social forces which we are not able as yet to control. It comes from deeply hidden roots, and sometimes touches politics as an easy and convenient point of contact, just as it unfortunately does many of the other activities of our daily lives. I firmly believe that, in spite of present discouragement, politics are becoming cleaner, and that, with a further awakening of social conscience and a better understanding of government by the people, progress may within a reasonable time become rapid.

Certainly, whatever the situation may be, no person of good standing or character is justified in standing aloof or in refusing to accept his share in the responsibilities of government. He should at least make an honest effort to improve conditions. I have no high regard for the man who sits on the side lines and does nothing but criticize the players who are taking the hard knocks of the game. After all, nothing worth while is ever attained without substantial sacrifice. If people want good government they can have it — by working and sacrificing for it. It will not come for the mere asking, or through clamor or eloquence. Like any other business or profession, government must be conducted by men and women of character, ability, and ideals. It is only through the participation in government of increasing numbers of well-qualified men and women that improvement can be had in a substantial degree. Were the attitude of critical aloofness to continue, progress in government would indeed be slow and the outlook would be overpoweringly discouraging.

VIII

There is no doubt, too, that the business man fears that his motives and actions in public life may be misunderstood and misinterpreted. Unfortunately, one must confess that this fear is by no means groundless. I have frequently seen a sinister interpretation placed on motives which were inspired by the highest public spirit, vision, and courage. That is bewildering and discouraging to the honest public official. Dishonest, or at best disingenuous, misrepresentation is largely due to the attitude of opposing political parties, which tends at times to place temporary political advantage above constructive effort for the public good.

I cannot deny that any man in public life may occasionally be subjected to misunderstanding, to unfair attack, and to misrepresentation. These are penalties which, I am afraid, come with democracy, particularly under our party system. Anyone in public life must accept them with the best grace possible as part of a situation for which compensation may be found in other directions. If he desires to be of real service and give the best that is in him, he must not be too sensitive to criticism.

He must above all things not expect, except in rare instances, the public recognition to which he may think his efforts entitle him. I am afraid that the public official can safely expect little immediate recognition. If he does, he will be disappointed and embittered. The public memory is short and frequently fickle. The only real compensation he can hope for is the satisfaction that comes from a task well done. With the ever-growing interest in and understanding of public questions and politics on the part of the people, I feel confident that there will come a greater appreciation of the motives and accomplishments of loyal, honest, and efficient public servants.

A more intelligent estimate on the part of the public of the aims and accomplishments of its officials can be hastened through a complete nonpartisanship in the editorial policy of our press. There is no doubt that already in many definitely partisan newspapers one finds a growing tendency to give to the public, through their news columns, an absolutely honest and fair picture of what is happening in government. I think that of late years there has come a great change in this respect, particularly in the press of our large centres. In most instances there is a very real effort to lay facts honestly and fairly before the public through the news columns. The spirit which now actuates most great newspapers, of ‘printing the news’ regardless of any other considerations, is a fine development. I hope it will rapidly progress.

Newspapers are naturally and properly desirous of securing higher standards in all departments of government. In this desire and sentiment they merely represent the people of the community. Nothing, in my opinion, will raise the standard of government more or develop a greater spirit of independence on the part of public officials than a really independent press, which through both its editorial pages and its news columns will seek to develop an intelligent and reasonable public opinion removed from partisan or opportunist interests.

IX

The business man, too, fears that he will be less effective in public life than in private enterprise. He has acquired the idea that the central drive behind a man's efforts is the profit motive: 'What can I get out of it?' And that if this motive is removed, his efforts will be less effective. If I agreed with his premises, I should, of course, agree with his conclusions. I do not, however, believe that in most instances the central drive behind a man's efforts is the profit motive.

Someone has recently said, 'Business comes first with Americans, but not money.' I think that is true. American business men, I am confident, are not mere money-makers, but builders. While they are in business they build with tangible materials, and their success, logically enough, is usually measured in terms of financial gain. Many of them, however, are endowed with a fine idealism, and with the ambition for accomplishment rather than acquisition. The yardstick of success is different in public life and in business, but certainly the satisfaction that comes with success in the one is no less than that which is derived from the other.

The number of business men who are taking an active part in politics is still relatively small, but I feel sure that the group is destined to increase. I am hopeful, too, that business men generally, even though they may not have the time or the opportunity or the inclination to devote themselves actively to politics, will more and more concern themselves deeply with matters of governmental policy and governmental administration. Government cannot be good government if left exclusively to the judgment of a mere handful of men, no matter how painstaking, conscientious, or honest they may be.

Government, administrative and legislative alike, requires, if it is to obtain the best results, the interest, adherence, and frequently the criticism of the widest possible constituency. After all, public opinion based upon intelligent understanding of current problems is the ground upon which sound administration and legislative action must stand.

SATAN WALKS IN THE GARDEN

BY FRIEDRICH RITTER

I

In my first article[1] I told you how Dore and I came to the desert island of Floreana in the Galapagos, having resolved to turn our backs forever upon civilization and establish for ourselves a solitude in the far Pacific. This spot is ideally suited to our purposes. We enjoy a tropical climate which is warm enough to enable us to go entirely without clothes, like the original Adam and Eve in the first earthly paradise, and at the same time cool enough, because of the constant trade winds, to keep us from becoming sluggish and enervated. We are living in the crater of an extinct volcano that lies high up on the side of a mountain overlooking the ocean. Here we built a temporary shelter to serve as our base of operations while we set about clearing the ground for planting our vegetable garden.

All about us lies a desolate waste land of brown thorn bushes, the only plants hardy enough to exist upon the dry and rocky hillsides, but our little valley is a veritable oasis in the midst of this desert. A large spring bubbles up in the centre of it to nourish a lush growth of tropical trees and fruits. We have christened the place Friedo, our Garden of Peace, and it would indeed be a garden of perfect peace if it were not for our only neighbors — some animals that were abandoned here by earlier colonists. There are cows, hogs, asses, dogs, and cats, at one time domesticated; in the long absence of man they have grown wild and now range like savage beasts over the whole island. To protect ourselves against them, one of our first tasks was to erect a fence about our domain.

We had been here only a few months when a friend in Germany sent us a clipping from a Berlin newspaper which had somehow got wind of our experiment and had published a long article about it.

The editor, with the omniscience that is characteristic of certain members of his profession, did not hesitate to analyze the motives which had prompted us in our strange flight from civilization. Said he: —

> Surely Dr. Ritter must have something of the adventurer in him, something which only the bizarre and sensational could satisfy. His experiment seems to be another way of escaping from the cares and dilemmas of the everyday world — a philosopher's way out. And it is a better way than that which many others have adopted — those who suddenly disappear from their accustomed haunts to roam the streets of distant cities, and finally turn up in a sanitarium or go insane or commit suicide, as so frequently happens nowadays. This Dr. Ritter is just another example of a restless thinker who, not content with life and lacking the strength of will to adjust himself to it, is helpless to face the battle of reality and gives up the struggle. But in his case he seems to have found a new one.

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[1] Published in the October *Atlantic*. — Editor

No doubt many people will share this opinion, and it will probably be a waste of time for me to attempt to correct it. Besides, it matters very little to us what others may think; by coming here we have freed ourselves from the fear of hostile opinion. Just the same, if the reader is to understand the real meaning of our adventure, he must resist the natural temptation to dismiss us as two hysterical people who have gone into 'the blue' to find surcease from the struggle with reality. We have not at all withdrawn from life; we have merely withdrawn from a certain kind of life — the too highly mechanized existence of modern society.

Here in our tropical island we are living more fully, more vitally, than ever, and are not praying to material gods. It seems to us now that the outside world is altogether too poor for us ever to think of returning to it. We are in a new land which has something new to offer us — something which civilization has not. I feel that I am born again, that I have awakened to a new birth. The tyranny of dull routine, of established schedules and programmes, is over for us. Instead, we are now able to live just as we please.

And nothing could be further from the truth than to say that we have sought to escape from reality. In clearing this wilderness to make of it a suitable dwelling place, we are grappling every hour of the day with a primitive, dynamic reality which civilized man in his cities and towns has all but forgotten. Of our own free will we have taken on a burden of work that keeps us strenuously occupied from morning till night. Surely no romantic dreamer would knowingly take refuge in an 'ivory tower' such as this!

I often ask myself why I labor so hard, and what, specifically, is the satisfaction that I get out of it, for I am well aware that the work is intensely satisfying. My answer is that I find in this life an inward consciousness of an urgent duty performed. It makes of the hardest toil a joy. It is a kind of quiet happiness that springs from self-directed endeavor and endures long after each task is finished.

II

To illustrate the nature of our difficulties, let me describe briefly some of the conditions with which we have had to deal. At one time our Friedo was sea ground, and a fatty white clay collected on the rocky lava. Little by little the land rose out of the sea, and in the process the breakers washed lava fragments of all forms and sizes into the soft mud. Then one day a raging crater split the shore in two and spouted liquid fire high into the glowing air. This rain of melted stone fell hissing into the boiling sea, breaking into gravel and fine sand which covered the clay and the boulders several yards deep. With the passage of time the gravel bed hardened into a layer of natural cement. Titanic powers pushed the island higher and higher above the ocean level, then rain gradually permitted the first pioneers of the flora to gain a foothold. Through the centuries the plants overlaid the gravel bed with the vegetable loam of their dead bodies. This is now exceedingly rich soil, but it is not very deep.

Impatient man, however, cannot wait until the soil is deep enough for his pretentious cultivated plants. He must forcibly distribute Mother Earth to suit his arbitrary purposes. Here he levels down, there he fills up, for his foot demands a comfortable plain to walk on as he labors. Thus, after the trees and shrubs were cleared, we had to remove lava slabs and great boulders, then cart soil from dawn till sunset to level off the surface and make it ready for planting. Months were consumed in this back-breaking toil.

When we had so carefully laid in our provisions before leaving Germany it had never occurred to us that we should need a wheelbarrow, so we had to do a great part of our landscape gardening with mere shovels and buckets. Later we were lucky enough to obtain a wheelbarrow from a passing ship; then the work went much faster. The ship which did us this service was the *Mizpah.* It was not really a ship, but a pleasure yacht from Chicago, commanded by Commodore Eugene F. McDonald, Jr. He and some of his guests took the trouble to pay us a visit while his vessel lay at anchor in Post Office Bay. They expressed great surprise when they saw how much of the dense jungle we had already subdued with the limited means at our disposal, and the Commodore readily volunteered the wheelbarrow when I mentioned our need of one.

At my urgent insistence he was also prevailed upon to leave us a quantity of dynamite, together with detonator caps for setting it off. I wanted it to use in blasting out stumps; without it I had only my axe, and the job seemed almost hopeless. The Commodore was troubled by this request, apparently fearing that we should blow ourselves to bits along with the stumps. In the end, however, I overcame his caution by explaining to him that I was not only a student of chemistry but had had practical experience with dynamite, having handled large quantities of it during the war.

Every day for months, while we were occupied in clearing the ground and leveling it off, our feet had to remain in wet shoes. We could not work in bare feet because there were too many small, sharp stones in the mud. The bed of a tiny brooklet served us quite successfully as a track for our wheelbarrow. In this fashion the damp earth of Friedo was dug out of the swamp around the spring and distributed where we wanted it. As for the blocks of lava, they had to be prized up and carried off. I should never have thought it possible that two weak human beings could move such stones with nothing to aid them but patience and a crowbar. When we actually did it, not once but countless times, I understood the exclamation of an ancient Greek physicist, 'Give me a firm point and I will lift the earth from its hinges!'

All along it had been my fixed idea to lay out our garden in an orderly manner, not being content merely to plant seeds hit or miss wherever nature had chanced to provide soil deep enough for them to take root. The plan was exceedingly difficult to execute. Just in the middle of the choicest spots the surly old earth spirits, with their inveterate hatred of any geometric design, seemed to have rolled the largest chunks of lava. Ours was the drudgery of putting their confusion to rights in a more or less intelligent way.

I know well enough that no other man would have been so stupid as to attempt to correct the bungling of nature. In fact, nature herself seemed to be aware that she had found a foolish one, for she kept whispering in my ear, 'The removal of this or that boulder is all that is lacking to make this a paradise' — and I was donkey enough to believe her. But who shall say that she cheated me, now that I have done her bidding and corrected her faults? We cannot expect to find a paradise anywhere unless we are willing to create it.

III

Too often people with ambitious plans attempt not only to correct nature but also to defy her, and only learn by sad experience that natural laws cannot be altered to suit the whims of men. I wished to avoid this mistake by imitating the Chinese, who set out their plants and trees where they can grow in their most appropriate environment. To provide a space for our vegetable garden I had to transplant many of the native fruit trees which I was loath to destroy outright. But even when I sought for them more congenial surroundings than they originally enjoyed, it seemed strange how often my benevolent intentions were thwarted. For example, I would set a tree here, only to have it react in a way which told me as plainly as words, 'No, I can't settle my roots deep enough; this subsoil is too stony.' Another would say, 'This earth is too wet; my roots rot.' A third would demand dry, porous soil.

The bananas and papayas had to be placed within the limited tract that was watered by the spring. To this end heavy rocks had to be dug out to make a place for them, and the pit had to be charged with good earth. Even then our toil was often in vain. We sometimes discovered after the work was done that the spot we had chosen remained mysteriously dry, while there was plenty of moisture two yards farther off; for the drainage all depends on the slopes and contours of the underlying bed of clay. And so it went. Practical experience taught me much that I did not know, for nature herself became my teacher.

We laid out two pathways to run the entire length of our garden, one leading down to the eastern coast, the other to the pass over our mountain and thence to Post Office Bay. The garden itself slopes gently toward the open end of the horseshoe-like enclosure of the crater rim, which greatly simplifies our irrigation problems. Around the spring are palms. The water flows from their roots in two parallel streams to enclose our vegetable plot; then the brooklets come together again, and from this point we shall eventually pipe the water into our house. By opening the ditches that run between the rows we can easily regulate the flow.

In a deep recess of the crater walls we erected an enclosure for our chickens. We chose this spot because it adjoined the rocky ledge, which saved us the trouble of building a fence on that side. At first we had let the chickens roam at will, but this proved disastrous; several of them were devoured by the hungry wild dogs and cats that prowl all about us. Then, too, the chickens themselves began to show signs of running wild. Nature has given them no sense of order and organization; they seemed to delight in laying their eggs all over the place.

When our plans had taken form to this extent, it was a comparatively easy matter to plant the seeds which we had brought with us from Germany. We had been in no great hurry to get this done, because our supply of food was still ample and the native fruits had been a welcome addition to our stores. It would be several more months before we should actually have to call upon our own vegetables to help us sustain life. And in this warm climate things would grow rapidly once they got started.

In the end our garden was born with all the pains of motherhood. Just as it is the goal and purpose of all living to give life and reproduce, even so have we given new life to Friedo.

IV

The native part of the garden contains bananas, papayas, oranges, coconuts, guavas, lemons, and pineapples, as well as a species of yam which grows very large, often finding it necessary to force its way quite out of the shallow soil, where the huge roots lie half exposed on the surface. The wild swine are particularly fond of these yams. This is one of the reasons why they break through our fence so often, and, once in, they inflict wanton damage upon our other crops.

In the cultivated section we have planted all the common varieties of vegetables, including beans, tomatoes, cabbages, peas, beets, potatoes, radishes, cauliflowers, onions, celery, and spinach. To provide ourselves with sugar we planted sugar cane. Since Dore and I are both vegetarians, we also had to see to it that we should have a sufficiency of vegetable oils and fats. The native coconut is excellent for this purpose, but for variety we also put in a crop of peanuts and planted some almonds and hazelnuts.

The first planting was a stupendous success. The warm sun and the plentiful supply of water from the spring acted in combination like some powerful magic. We could actually measure growth from day to day. Before many weeks the tomato plants had reached a height of more than six feet, so that when I walked between the rows their leaves waved above me just as if I were in a thicket of small trees. And they bore fruit in proportion, the average tomato being as large as a baby's head. Most of the other things did almost as well.

Amid the general fecundity there were only a few notable exceptions. For some reason the almonds and hazelnuts failed to germinate. We did not get a single sprout from them. The radishes, too, were a disappointment. The plants grew magnificently, but the tubers were wormy and often burst before attaining full size. On the whole, however, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the success of our agriculture. We thought we could look forward to an abundance of vegetables for all time.

The second planting soon revealed the fallacy of this idea. Everything seemed to grow much less well than at first and each plant seemed loath to adapt itself to its new environment. Subsequent plantings have never equaled that first burst of vigor. It was just as if the perpetual sunshine had caused the first crop to dissipate all its strength in growing, leaving not enough vitality for the seeds; when those seeds were planted in their own turn they appeared to get off to a poor start, like sickly children. Now that we have been here eighteen months, long enough to watch several generations of our garden come and go, we begin to realize some of the difficulties of trying to grow Northern vegetables in this clime.

Moreover, all our later plantings have been attended by misfortunes which our first garden miraculously escaped. These misfortunes were of three separate kinds — wind, insects, and the wild animals, chiefly the pigs and the asses. I have never been able to arrive at a wholly satisfactory explanation of our almost complete immunity from these scourges in the beginning and our perpetual trouble thereafter. The wind just bothered us once, it is true, but it did a thorough job while it was about it. It blew down most of our sugar cane and uprooted several of our banana trees. Banana trees have very short roots, which makes it impossible for the top-heavy trunks to stand up before a strong gale. Fortunately for us, the trade winds that blow over the Galapagos are gentle and even-tempered most of the time. Since we have been here they have displayed their full fury only this once, and then it was all over in a few minutes.

As for the animals, it may be that

they were afraid of us at first and only gradually learned that they could break through our fence and trespass upon us with impunity. The same reasoning will not account for the strange behavior of the insects, but the fact remains that, like the animals, they left us pretty much alone in the beginning and have tormented us incessantly ever since.

V

The tender shoots of our second planting had hardly peeped through the ground when the insect hordes descended upon them like one of the plagues of ancient Egypt. Huge black cockroaches, brilliantly colored beetles, long fuzzy caterpillars, several varieties of plant lice, and two rival armies of ants — great black ones and smaller red ones — marshaled their forces and advanced upon us in platoons and regiments. They concentrated upon our garden as a feeding ground, seeming to prefer the exotic taste of our cultivated vegetables to the monotonous diet of native plants and trees on which they had been bred.

The bugs are at their worst during the rainy season and the month that follows, when the ground is thoroughly moist. So for half the year we have to contend with these ravaging pests. Anyone familiar with the tropics will understand how we were transported from the joys of heaven to the uttermost depths of hell by such ruthless destroyers. In Northern countries the frosts serve a most beneficent purpose by killing the vermin; here nothing avails to check their overwhelming numbers. We have found it a very serious problem to combat them without chemical aids.

The best we can do is to catch the insects with our hands and burn them. It is easy enough to collect them by the bucketful, but it is an endless job. No sooner do we wipe out one army than the enemy brings up its reserves, which are inexhaustible — and it all has to be done over again. In this perpetual battle there is no such thing as victory for us; the best we can hope for is a few days' truce, which lasts barely long enough for us to recover our strength for the next encounter.

Worst of all are the insufferable ants. They cover the green leaves in such numbers that the green disappears completely beneath the black or red of their bodies. They carry with them their aphids, and start colonies of these lice, their 'milk cattle,' on every plant. Even the tropical banana is not immune from them. And they work quite as effectively underground as they do in the sunlight. With remarkable perverseness they soon discovered that our potato patch and our peanut hills were the best places in all the island for building their nests. Though we pour boiling water down their holes and kill them by the thousands, new settlements spring up overnight. It is a wonder that we can get anything to grow, so frequently have we been compelled in self-defense to soak the earth in scalding water.

Not at all daunted by our ceaseless warfare against them in the field, they make bold to attack us in our very house. Nothing can keep them out. They swarm all over the place, and with a sure instinct make straight for our food supplies. If they can get at our delicacies in no other way, they will chew holes in the heavy cardboard cartons in which, for lack of anything better, we have had to store a large part of our provisions. They make daring raids upon our sugar, which tempts them more than anything else. We have tried every imaginable expedient to hide it where they cannot get at it, but to no avail. When we suspend it from the rafters, they come down the cords; when we block this route by greasing the cords, they will climb up a spider's web, using it as the bridge of their desires.

At night we sometimes awake to find our bedclothes alive with them. Even the large black ants will push their way through the meshes of mosquito netting that surround us, or, if this is too much trouble, their strong jaws will clip the threads and make larger holes. Once in, they attack us savagely, and their bites are exceedingly painful. I can only shudder when I think of what would happen to us if we should become ill and too weak to resist them — by morning our bones would be picked as clean as if they had been boiled. Living so close to them, we don't waste any sympathy on them for their wonderfully organized social system. They are an inexorable enemy, and we deal with them accordingly.

Even in the garden we need a night watchman. In addition to the tireless ants there are myriads of moths and night butterflies that turn the hours of darkness into hours of destructive work. Though we see much less of them, they do almost as much damage as the other pests. With their long, sharp drills they bore into our fruit, laying eggs from which fat worms will hatch.

We have certain allies in our war against the insects — the birds and lizards, of which there are great numbers, but not nearly enough to deplete the ranks of our common enemy. Certain of the tropical flowers have developed a poison of their own for dealing with the moths and bugs, but the domesticated plants are helpless. The struggle to keep alive is almost too much for them. Without our constant help in fighting their battles, they would perish in short order.

VI

In times past, parties of sportsmen from Ecuador used occasionally to come to this island expressly to hunt the wild cattle. Perhaps it is for this reason that these have given us much less trouble than the other animals. The cows remain very shy, rarely coming near our enclosure except under cover of darkness. The other beasts, however, do not seem to share their fears. Our chicken yard tempts the ravenous dogs and cats, and now and then a fowl will be stolen in spite of all our precautions. The dogs find it easy enough to jump the fence, and of course any fence is a broad highway to a cat.

In dealing with all these animal intruders I am handicapped in two directions. First, ever since childhood it has caused me intense mental anguish to kill any living creature. The fierce struggle to survive in this wilderness has enabled me to overcome these feelings to some degree, but even now I prefer to exhaust all other measures before resorting to bloodshed. Second, I have nothing but low-calibre rifles, fit only for hunting birds and other small game. When I selected this place for our experiment in natural living, I was led by all the books and authorities to believe that no large animals existed on the island; hence it seemed superfluous to bring along powerful guns. In spite of this handicap, we are not left altogether defenseless. The prowling dogs and cats made themselves such a nuisance that I had to do something about it. By persistent efforts I have succeeded in killing many of them with my rifle, inadequate as it is.

The worst offenders, however, are the asses and the hogs, and upon them my weapons have no effect whatever. The asses are a mouse gray in color, gracefully built and somewhat longer in body than their domesticated type. They can climb the rocks and crags of these volcanic hills with extreme ease and sureness of foot, but in general they prefer to keep to the network of old tortoise trails that interlace over the whole island. They thrive on a diet of thorn bushes, which grow abundantly on the dry slopes where no other green thing can live. The asses travel about in family groups. During the heat of the day they usually stay in some shady place, but the setting sun is their signal to be up and doing. As they venture forth to feed and make love, they shatter the stillness of the night with their trumpet-like brayings.

Often, in an excess of animal spirits, they will start a stampede — apparently just for the fun of it. We can hear them galloping madly in droves of a dozen or more, their hoofs ringing a loud tattoo upon the stones. Then it is that they may come dashing at full speed down the mountain side to crash through our fence in the darkness. Such stupid beasts I have never seen. As often as they have repeated this manœuvre, they have never learned that the fence is there. Just the same, once they find themselves inside the garden they have sense enough to discover that there *are* other delicacies in the world besides thorns. The only thing I can do to save our precious work from utter ruin is to rush forth clad in a sheet, yelling to frighten them away. But they always come back — if not to-night, then to-morrow night.

The pranks of the asses are so typically asinine that we can hardly find it in our hearts to condemn them. They are our comedians — practical jokers, to be sure, but still comedians; and they have given us many a hearty laugh. Not so the swine; they are ruthless destroyers and villains at heart. I sometimes regret that I am a vegetarian; though I dislike the taste of meat, I could find a very real satisfaction of another sort in killing and eating some of this wild pork.

These Galapagos hogs are coal black, which is doubly fitting since their color matches both the lava rocks of their surroundings and their own diabolical dispositions. In their wild state they have developed formidable tusks. They carry sand flies between their cloven hoofs, and during the dry months, when we pass a place where hogs have chanced to rest, swarms of the plaguish flies fall upon our naked bodies and sting us until the blood flows. Though these wild hogs of ours may differ from their tamer brothers in some respects, they retain that characteristic smell which proclaims a hog a hog the world over. Whenever they chance to pass up the wind from us, one would think our paradise adjoined a stockyard.

The pigs squeeze through the smallest apertures of our fence and root up everything in sight. For a long time this was almost a nightly occurrence. We were often awakened by the loud smacking noises they make in eating — my cue to go forth and do battle with them. Many times I tried my rifle on them, but though I hit them often enough, as I could tell by their squeals, I never succeeded in killing me a pig.

VII

Early one morning, just as the sun was peeping above the horizon, Dore went into the garden and was surprised to see what, in the gray shadows of the dawn, she mistook to be a calf browsing in the potato patch. But it was not a calf; it was a huge black boar, the leader of this band of swinish pirates. In a spirit of wanton destruction he had rooted up many of the plants, leaving the growing potatoes exposed on the surface. Apparently he had not been eating them; he was just having a good time.

At sight of Dore the vandal made for the hole in the fence through which he had entered, and disappeared in the woods. Night after night following this incident he repeated his visits. Sometimes I would hear him and go forth to chase him off. Then he would withdraw to a thicket where I did not dare pursue him in the dark. Grunting ominously, he behaved like a hostile dog which, driven from his dinner, only waits his opportunity to return to it. Again we would sleep through the night without being disturbed, but the destruction that met our eyes in the morning showed only too plainly that the great hog had paid us his customary visit.

It soon became evident that I should have to resort to violent measures to rid us of this unwelcome guest. I judged that if I could put him out of the way, that would be the most effective means of discouraging other members of his family as well. Again and again I tried my rifle upon the giant boar, but it was of no use. The noise sent him off in a panic, but the shots rebounded from his thick hide without hurting him. He learned that I was all bark and no bite, and with that he grew still bolder. He no longer waited for darkness, but began a series of daylight raids.

I attempted to kill him with poisoned bananas, but he must have detected the odor of the deadly concoction, for he refused to touch them. Next I made some large pear-shaped pellets of flour and oil, with which I mixed another poison, and left them overnight where he was wont to feed. The following morning some of the pills were missing. I computed that enough had been devoured to kill two hogs outright. But lo! before the day was over the brute was back again, none the worse for his new diet. Dore thought this a huge joke and improvised a song for the occasion, which she sang to the tune of an old nursery jingle. The double insult was too much; I really could n't permit it. I had to bethink myself of new plans to destroy the impudent ravager. I decided to trap him.

Accordingly I erected a figure-four trap and baited it with choice food. The device was quite ingenious. It was so arranged that when the robber entered he would not only ensnare himself, but at the same moment release a heavy log which, suspended above the bait, would deal him a crushing blow. I experimented and tried it out until it worked perfectly. Everything was now set to catch the marauder. At last we were to be rid of him. It seemed almost too good to be true. As the sun went down I placed the bait very carefully and retired to the house to await results.

I awakened repeatedly during the course of the night and listened intently for the slightest noise. I strained my ears, expecting every moment to hear the drop of the log and the squeal of my victim. No sound disturbed the silence of the tropical night. At break of day I hastily went to see what had happened. The device had functioned — functioned perfectly. The trap was sprung and the log had fallen. The thing had worked while I slept. But when I looked inside there was no hog! He was n't in the snare, nor had he been crushed by the heavy timber. He had sneaked through and with devilish cunning had stolen the bait, sprung the trap without doing himself any damage, and then — brazenly, defiantly — had rooted up part of the mechanism and trampled upon it.

I was angry, chagrined. It did n't help matters when Dore repeated her taunting song, and I reflected that the boar was probably lurking in the nearby thickets waiting to repeat his tricks.

VIII

Then a new idea occurred to me. 'I shall have to employ hellish instruments against this hellish beast,' I said, and set about it forthwith. I still had several sticks of dynamite and three electric detonator caps left over from clearing the stumps. I resolved to blow the hog to bits. I dug a hole, buried two sticks of dynamite, imbedding a detonator in each, and adjusted my wires. At nightfall I placed some tempting food over the explosives and withdrew into a thicket to be ready when the boar appeared.

Sure enough, he came. I restrained myself until I heard him smacking away with great gusto as he devoured the bait, then I crossed the wires. Nothing happened. Again I crossed them, and a third time. Still there was no explosion. I could not understand it. The dynamite had always worked before. With a lantern I approached the spot to find out what was wrong. The bait was gone and the ground was rooted up all about the spot where it had lain. On the surface I found the dynamite — that is, what was left of it. The omnivorous hog had eaten up half of one stick!

I listened. I could hear the boar breaking through the thorn thickets as he made his escape. I felt helpless, inconsolable. I ran my fingers through my hair, I racked my brain; it was all useless. My enemy led a charmed life. I could arrive at no plan shrewd enough to outwit him. I wished that I could somehow place a detonator cap in the beast's stomach to set off the dynamite he had consumed and was now carrying in his belly, but that would be a more delicate undertaking than that of the mice who wanted to hang a bell on the cat. It was imperative to do something. The garden could n't last much longer if these raids continued.

Finally, as a last resort, I determined to fight cunning with cunning. I began to leave food for the hog during the middle of the day, and before long he was coming for it regularly. In the course of a few weeks he would even tolerate my presence, although he watched me constantly out of the corner of his evil red eyes and would never let me approach too close. After he had grown thoroughly accustomed to this routine I again buried some dynamite under his regular feeding place. This time I wanted to finish the job completely, so I planted four sticks, together with a quantity of black powder, and took great pains to see that the percussion caps were properly inserted. Over the dynamite I placed a number of stones as big as a man's fist, so that when the explosion occurred they would assist in the complete annihilation of the hog.

When all was ready, I set out the food on top of the pile and moved just far enough away to be able to see and yet be out of danger. At his usual time the boar approached without any hesitation and began to eat. Now it was daylight and I could make sure that he would not again root up the explosives before my very eyes. 'The last meal for you, my pig,' I muttered under my breath, 'so you had better make the most of it.' Then I crossed the wires.

Wham! The roar shook the earth. Thick black smoke rolled heavenward and rocks rained down everywhere. Not waiting for the smoke to clear, I ran forward to examine the results. What was that scuttling away through the thickets? It was our hog making his escape, apparently unscathed. We who had envisioned hams and sausages hanging from the trees found only a great hole in the ground, while the pungent smell of saltpeter stung our nostrils.

Truly, we concluded, this creature must be of the Devil. We are powerless to harm him. He is bewitched. To justify our impotence against him we named him Mephistopheles, King of the Devil Pigs.

The explosion, however, must have done him more damage than we first thought, for he has never returned to invade our garden again. But from time to time we have seen him in the woods. He still lives. He must have taught his family that we are more dangerous than we look, for the pigs have given us much less trouble ever since.

IX

From this series of incidents one can see how the most insignificant trifles become for us problems of great proportions. A hunter would have dispatched the giant boar with one shot. A pioneer would have had a faithful dog to help him. An ordinary settler would have used steel traps or a pit. For us it remained a problem to tax our utmost ingenuity. We do not have a heavy gun, we have no dog or any traps, we lack the implements to dig in this hard, cement-like subsoil a pit large enough to hold Mephistopheles.

Thus it goes with us in the abandoned solitudes of this remote island. We must live by our wits, matching them constantly against new and unexpected difficulties. By this time it ought to be manifest to the reader that in describing our experiment I have not yielded to the temptation to make it seem a bed of roses. We did not expect that it would be, and we have not been disappointed. Still we are amply content. We know at last those solid satisfactions that come to man from patient, honest, self-directed toil.

We cannot find it in our hearts to pity Adam and Eve for being thrust from their Paradise of slothful ease and forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Though Genesis suggests the opposite, we suspect that they discovered before very long that they were the gainers by the change. Like us, perhaps they learned that there is another Paradise, with joys more enduring, from which one who has attained it cannot be ousted — the Paradise of contentment through work, of mental peace, of love. Truly this is the genuine lesson to be learned from that old folk story about the fall of man.

We have now been here a year and a half. In this warm clime, where the pulse of life beats quick and fast, the battle to survive becomes an unending state of war between man and the wilder forces of nature. Each passing day convinces us anew that there are lasting satisfactions to be derived from this natural strife, which for us has taken the place of the sordid and unnatural struggle between man and man that marks so-called civilization. Each day provides us with some thrilling drama to save us from the blighting curse which the mechanization of life has inflicted upon the human race — the infinite boredom of monotony.

To prove this point I shall send you a final article next month. In it I shall keep my promise to have you as our guest in Friedo for just one day, so that you may see with your own eyes how we live. I shall carry you through our new and permanent house, which is now nearing completion. And I shall invite you to laugh with us at the tricks we have had to play upon several queer people who, hearing of our experiment, have come here thinking they were conferring upon us the greatest imaginable favor by attempting to join our little settlement. None of them has stayed very long, I can assure you.

Auf Wiedersehen!

(*In December: Said Eve to Adam, 'Let's call it a day!'*)

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES—1931

BY CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

I

In all this great southwestern plains country the pale gold of the ripened wheat fields has day by day been changing to the duller brown of the cut-over stubble. Early and late, from all directions, has resounded the hum of tractors and combines. Trucks have been hasting over the roads, carrying piled-up loads of bright, hard, full-kerneled wheat to granaries or elevators. Toward nightfall in the sunset glow the air has been luminous with the incandescent dust rising in a cloud about each moving combine. I have never seen a more beautiful harvest.

Our own crew would seem at first thought hopelessly inadequate for our heavy task — a man and woman just past middle age and a young girl just graduated from a Middle-Western university. Yet, with the help of a small tractor and a twelve-foot combine, in a little less than four weeks we have harvested for ourselves or for other people six hundred and twenty-five acres of wheat and twenty acres of barley.

As I think back to childhood days in a Northern state, when we spent as much time laboriously harvesting our small fields of wheat, oats, and barley, I realize anew that we are indeed living in a different age. I well remember the fascination for us children of our old McCormick binder, the marvel of the tightly knotted bands, the knife that stood ready to cut the twine, the long sheaves heavy with the precious grain. Father was an old-fashioned farmer of Canadian training, and all the grain had to be set up in shocks built according to a definite pattern. After curing in the shock, the bundles were stacked in beehive-shaped stacks. Father was a good stacker and always did that work himself, kneeling on each separate bundle as it was placed in position. The slackness of stacking grain with a pitchfork was exceeded in his mind only by that of the farmer who threshed his grain from the shock. It was the tradition that wheat must 'go through the sweat' in the stack if it was to keep in storage.

What would my father think of our temerity in driving around our fields cutting and threshing all at one operation? Certainly he would expect retribution, and perhaps — in a sense — he would be right.

In our harvest crew the man was the only one able to shovel wheat into the granaries. The girl was already somewhat accustomed to handling the tractor, so it fell to me to manage the combine.

I might say, in the words of the old hymn, 'Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast' of any mechanical ability. No mature person could well have less. But I could tell if the combine motor for any reason began to play a different tune. I could see when a chain dropped, or a shaft stopped rolling, or the straw spreader ceased to whirl out its cloud of straw and chaff. I could hear the tremendous clatter, if by any chance we picked up a wire yoke dropped by some nonchalant cow that had pastured earlier on the green wheat. I could shout 'Whoa!' to the tractor girl, throw out the gear lever, and wait for expert aid if the trouble proved beyond feminine adjustment. Fortunately the little combine seemed as nearly foolproof as one could possibly expect, and such occurrences were not common. Most of my actual labor was spent in shifting the lever to raise or lower the sickle according to the height and thickness of the standing grain.

Before the harvest was over, I realized that more of each day's weariness came from the constant need of alertness and from the heat and jar and deafening noise than from the physical work required. I felt a new sympathy for those whose daily toil involves the mere watching and tending of the swiftly moving mechanical servants of our modern industrial life.

II

The morning work was not unpleasant. We were up early, often eating breakfast by lamplight, and were in the field by six o'clock, fueling and oiling the machinery for the forenoon work. Sometimes when everything was quite ready we had to wait for the early morning dampness to pass away, since the wheat must be rattling dry if it is to beat out clean as the heads pass through the cylinder. It was always a real relief when at last we were started, and the sickle was flashing back and forth, shearing off smoothly the tall grain bending beneath the revolving reel.

When all was running well, it proved difficult for me in my inexperience to fix my attention upon the various chains and rollers which it was needful to watch. In spite of myself my mind would wander away into harvest fields of distant ages and places. I seemed to feel the kinship of a common task with the people of ancient Egypt gathering wheat to feed the Roman multitudes. I remembered the bent figures of Millet's *Gleaners* and seemed to share the pride of Ruth, the Moabite maiden, as she beat out her measure of grain gleaned from the barley fields of Boaz. I could in some degree feel the elation of Russian peasants now beginning to straighten their bent backs, 'bowed with the weight of centuries,' and enter consciously into the world's affairs.

My own people have for generations earned their bread from the soil. In our little family treasure box is a heavy bronze medal bearing my grandfather's name. Away back in the time of the Crystal Palace Exposition he sent wheat from the island of Montreal to London as a part of that display of the products of the Empire. The medal, with its fine workmanship and symbolic figures of the far places of the earth bringing their offerings to the mother country, was sent to him across the stormy Atlantic — so much wider then than now — in recognition of the excellence of his wheat.

As I fancied his pride in the results of his effort and thought of his small fields tilled with painstaking care, of the grain cut with the cradle and beaten out on the barn floor with the flail, as I watched the little stream of our own high-quality wheat falling steadily from the elevator spout into the grain bin, something racial and primitive of pride and thankfulness stirred within me: —

> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

From such reveries a sudden jolt or unwonted sound would rouse me into more active consciousness of my task, and I would find myself grateful for the strength in chains and bolts and keys that had kept everything moving while my mind had been wool-gathering.

When the grain bin was full, the man's hard work began. Hurrying with the old truck to the granary, he scooped the hot wheat in the hot sun through the high windows into the bins.

Often I wondered about the man and girl. What were they thinking about as the little tractor panted along over the sun-bright stubble, or the truck bumped over the rough road with the beautiful wheat? Of only two things could I feel very sure: first, that near as we have been together through more than a score of years, their 'streams of consciousness' would not be like my own; and second, that as the shadows pointed more nearly straight north everybody would be growing more and more fiercely hungry, and more eager for the rest and relaxation that come with even plain food thankfully shared.

III

The afternoon work was much more trying than that of the morning. With temperatures ranging above 100 day after day, the platforms of tractor and combine burned our feet. Every bit of metal was too hot to handle comfortably, and the heat and odor from the exhaust pipes grew almost intolerable.

There were some blessed days when the wind blew at such an angle as to carry the dust past us and away. On other days there seemed no chance to escape the irritation of the prickly chaff and dust which surrounded us in a moving cloud and adhered to our clothing and sweat-damp skin. On such days all one could do was just to endure, to long for nightfall and the evening coolness, to reflect with sympathy upon Rupert Brooke's expression, 'the benison of hot water,' and eagerly to anticipate that benison at the close of the long day.

One afternoon just before sunset I was faint with heat and weariness, when all at once this extreme fatigue was lightened by a sight so unusual as to create an entirely new interest. At one edge of the field there suddenly appeared, as if from nowhere, a group of five almost fully grown skunks, out for an evening ramble. They paid us not the least attention, but went on playing 'follow the leader,' moving through or over the high stubble, a succession of black waves rising and falling, a bit of free wild life, untroubled by the fear of the morrow or the price of wheat.

So the days passed, full of effort, each adding to our accumulating weariness, even though we made the most of each diversion; enjoyed to the full the beauty of the pink bush morning-glories growing here and there among the wheat; appreciated the pungent odor as we cut through an occasional patch of mountain sage; loved the small rabbits hopping away to safety, and the pair of little mourning doves which I saved from destruction when, warned by their mother's quick flight, I climbed down from the combine and held them for an instant, pin-feathered and hot in my hand, while the combine roared over the tiny hollow which was their home.

When the last day came, the nervous tension increased and the anxiety grew deeper lest some oversight or accident should cause delay and prevent the completion of our task. But all went well. The loads moved regularly to the barn loft where we were storing the last of our crop. The patch of uncut wheat in the centre of the field grew steadily smaller and narrowed to a thin wedge, and, as we made the last turn and cut back toward home, disappeared entirely. Our harvest was over.

IV

I was relieved to see that the tractor girl in her blue overalls had enough excess energy left to turn a few handsprings in celebration of the event. The man shoveled the last load into the loft while I brought a broom and swept up the scatterings for chicken feed.

It certainly seemed that 'something attempted, something done' ought to have earned at least 'a night's repose.' Yet repose is just about the last thing any of us has gained from one of the best wheat crops this country has ever produced in our twenty-four years of farming, beginning with the early days of homesteading.

Bewilderment, distraction, despair, would come nearer to suggesting the common state of mind as people are forced into selling their most important means of livelihood for less than the cost of production. Wheat has been going out of our community by the trainload, 162 carloads in two days from a little siding on our new railroad, at around 25 cents a bushel. It has been as low as 21 cents, is to-day 24. One neighbor, whose wheat did n't test out quite sixty pounds to the bushel, had to take 19 cents!

It is safest to talk of what one actually knows, and our own crop will do for an example, though in some respects our report is too favorable to be thoroughly typical. We were farming our own land, were free from indebtedness on land or machinery, used home-grown seed, hired no outside help, and were fortunate enough to produce a crop somewhat above the average — 4500 bushels from 294 acres. I believe the ten-year average for wheat in our state is a little over twelve bushels to the acre.

Yet, with these advantages, the report of our year's work reminds one of the boy's stone bruise. We are too big to cry about it and it hurts us too much to laugh.

Allowing 6 per cent on the value of the actual wheat acreage, figuring in the value of the seed wheat at 50 cents a bushel, and adding the actual cash outlay for fuel and oil for preparing the ground, drilling the wheat, and harvesting and marketing the crop, if, like many others, we had been forced to sell our wheat at 21 cents, we should have had, out of our 4500 bushels, a margin of $130 to pay for everybody's time and work, to say nothing of the depreciation of machinery or the wear and tear of bones and nerves and muscles.

Of course we hope to pull through somehow, though we hate to think about taxes, which will be around $200 this year. We are grinding our own wheat for breakfast cereal; sifting out the finest meal for muffins and brown bread; trying to keep our grocery bills within the limits of our weekly case of eggs at 7 or 8 cents a dozen; buying nothing that we can do without and still maintain any sort of standard of health and decency.

Yet some things we must buy or go out of business, and here is where we suffer. For example, we had to have repairs on our plough. Three little oil cups and an axle as long as my arm and thick as my wrist cost us yesterday $12.60 — fifty-two bushels of wheat. Apparently the infant industries are receiving the usual tender care and solicitous protection.

We shall, I think, keep on some way.

But what of the people who are paying rent, who are in debt for legitimate expenditures, who have the expense of illness or larger families to provide for and educate? How is the man to keep on who has no important reserve, who must sell his wheat for 25 cents or less to pay his harvest expenses, and has n't enough left to take care of the inevitably increasing taxes?

It might perhaps be easier for us all to take our bitter medicine if we felt that we had been guilty of fault or folly, if we knew that there was really too much wheat to satisfy the world's hunger and sow the fields again. We should n't mourn over the losses of a man who persisted in establishing hairpin factories in a bobbed-haired world. But we can't see the wheat situation that way, no matter what we hear or read about it. We can't be condemned for producing the one crop which is by all means best adapted to our own climatic conditions, while at the same time maintaining a reasonable diversity with cattle, poultry, and feed crops.

People naturally react to such a wholesale calamity according to their own understanding and disposition. There is unquestionably much bitterness, a feeling that farming interests have been willfully sacrificed. It is not reassuring to remember that four times in as many weeks, here in our quiet neighborhood, I have heard talk of war, — of all tragic things! — a war of the poor against the rich, suggested as a remedy for present conditions.

Surely there must be some better way than this to realize the ideal of contented, productive effort — the ideal which was so well put by one in olden times: 'And to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God.'

ARMS AND THE MIND

BY LEONARD ORMEROD

I

THE inquiring finger of Science is poking into every field of human experience. Printers, paper makers, and ink manufacturers are working overtime to put the results into the hands of the reading public, and whether it is the stars we see, the thoughts we think, the foods we eat, or the atoms that make up the tissue of our being, a new book about it has just come off the press and another will be offered us before the apple trees blossom again. In all this welter of scientific exploration nothing is attracting more expert or popular interest than the habits and vagaries of the human mind. Psychiatrists, psychologists, neurologists, are peeping into our inner consciousness. Hopes, dreams, fears, actions, and reactions are coming under their insatiable scrutiny. But with all that has been done and is being done, one field has been consistently overlooked — a field that might yield something of lasting importance in reaching a fuller understanding of human psychology. For want of a better phrase we may term it 'the psychology of the soldier.'

I say it is a new field so far as present studies go, for the man taken out of civil life and catapulted into a military career is at once subjected to mental strains, emotions, and situations that have no counterpart in times of peace. The physical wounds of the World War gave the surgeon a rare opportunity to add to his knowledge and experience. The filth incident to that conflict did the same thing for the epidemiologist. The emotions of the Great War might have opened such a door to the psychiatrist, but if he has taken full advantage of it, the fact has not been made apparent to those outside his profession. I do not discount the very able work that is being done for the mental patients in our veterans' hospitals, or the valuable data that are being drawn from this work. I am thinking now of the normal cases that survived the war with no obvious mental maladjustment, and of what might be learned from a proper study of them.

II

Let us consider a more or less typical case history, and, that we may be sure of our facts, we will take my own. The only peculiar thing about it is that I was thirty-four years old when I enlisted, considerably above the average age of enlistment; but that may give us the advantage of a more mature observation of the phenomena we are to study. Denied admission to the officers' training camp because of color blindness, I enlisted in the field artillery of the regular army. I was married, but had no children. We lived in Washington, D. C., and my wife took the Civil Service examination and worked in the War Department while I was away.

For the moment we will pass over the emotional strain of the days leading up to my enlistment, with my wife bursting into tears when she first heard me clumping up the stairs in my heavy field shoes. Let us turn rather to the routine of military life which I had to learn at once, and which was lived under the Grim Terror of the conflict we were preparing to enter. If it was my love of national freedom that impelled me to enlist, my first contribution to the cause was the surrender of all personal freedom. I had no voice in the selection of my wearing apparel. I was told when to wear an overcoat and when to leave it off. I was rebuked for leaving a pocket flap unbuttoned. I had no choice in what I ate or when I ate, and I was bound to the rigid and awe-inspiring wheel of 'military courtesy.' We are not here concerned with whether this routine was necessary or efficient or silly. What is important is that it made a peculiar and lasting impress on the mental structure of the average young man, who had in his past experience nothing that approached it.

Then came the last farewells, pride striving to conceal fear, and the relief when that emotional peak was passed. The embarkation camp, the rumors and counter-rumors, the frills, the discipline, the embarkation, the shouted curses and whispered prayers, the beauty and terror of the ocean, the debarkation, the strange new land, the discipline, the imminence of action, the long, long ride on the creeping train of funny cars, more drills — and then the grim and dirty business of destruction. No man who lived through such experiences came through them untouched. I do not say he is worse or better because of them, but at least he is different. In fact, there were some instances (I knew personally of only one) where by the time the soldier was ready to go into action he was totally incapacitated by his fears.

Extreme cases of this sort were labeled 'shell shock.' I heard a prominent neurologist and member of a university faculty say not long ago that shell shock was the result of a man's rebellion against the horror of killing his fellow beings. If that is indicative of the understanding of our experts, it is striking evidence of the need for a further look into the psychoses of the soldier. Having heard my full share of shells and suffered my quota of fears, I do not hesitate to say that the learned doctor was wrong. If he were right, there would have been more cases of shell shock in the Civil War than in the World War, for there was more individual combat, more of seeing one's enemy fall dead by one's own hand, in the 1860's than in 1918. I even venture to say that hand-to-hand conflicts will seldom or never produce shell shock, for action is the best possible antidote for paralyzing fear.

I have a very distinct recollection of lying under enemy shellfire and feeling that I could almost welcome a machine gun or rifle bullet that would 'kill me clean,' in preference to a shell that would absolutely obliterate me if it made a direct hit. The great agency of destruction in the World War was the high-explosive shell. Its scream as it arched into the earth, the bone-shaking crash as it exploded, the whir of the jagged fragments as they ripped through everything in their path, the yawning crater of death that marked where the shell had struck — all these built up the terror in the overwrought mind until the point of collapse was reached and passed. Sometimes a morbid imagination carried the victim beyond the breaking point even before he was under fire. My opinion is that most cases of shell shock were caused by the natural horror of total obliteration.

Fear is an emotion associated with shell shock, but something else is necessary besides fear to produce a genuine case of shell shock. I came out of the war with the impression that a man has a definite capacity for fear — that he can get just so scared, and after that, no matter what happens, nothing can scare him any further. If his capacity for fear is below his breaking point, he can carry on no matter what happens. I do not mean to say, however, that this 'fear capacity' is constant in any individual. Undue fatigue or strain will sometimes cause a brave man to 'crack.'

Fear is, of course, contagious, but so is courage. In fact, courage seems to be the more 'catching' because we all like to think that we are brave, and even the meanest will struggle to imitate the man of stout heart. During the war I was associated with a number of officers and men whose calm demeanor in danger filled my shaking soul with reverent awe, and when things were hottest I was glad to be near such staunch characters.

There were other emotions than fear that surged within our cootie-bitten breasts overseas. I recall the fatigue more vividly than the fear. Long nights of plodding over muddy roads weighted down with a pack that carried all you had in the world — a suit of underwear, a greasy mess kit, socks, an extra pair of shoes (perhaps), a bundle of letters you had n't the heart to destroy, a dull razor, a sewing outfit made by loving hands, a pad of Y.M.C.A. paper and some envelopes (soiled), a can of beans, and a souvenir Iron Cross. After you had carried these *lares et penates* countless weary kilometres, had packed and unpacked them in numerous stables and dugouts, and had used them as a pillow while sleeping in the rain, they seemed to become as much a part of you as your toes and teeth — and all a part of the dirty, dreary, crazy, hopeless life that it seemed always had been and always would be.

Oh, yes, we had our moments. Sometimes the sun would shine warm against a white wall where we could drag away at a cigarette, relaxed in mind and body. There were infrequent pay days and universal gambling, because, when we were up on the line, there was little else to do with our paltry salaries (that is, 'salt allowance' of the Roman legionnaires). There were always old stories to tell and new songs to sing, most of them of doubtful morality and humor.

Looking back on it, I am convinced that during these moments we were kidding ourselves; that our conscious actions were prompted by our 'defensive mechanism,' in a clever effort to keep our subconscious from discovering to us the sick fear that slept in every soul; not the fear of death itself, but the fear of the suffering each death must entail — a mother bereaved, a wife left widowed, a sweetheart broken-hearted. For we lived in the certain knowledge that the next engagement, and the next and the next, would take their toll of us. We did not dwell on these things, but the subconscious kept them ever at the threshold of our consciousness, and I think all of us who had 'contact with the enemy' came out of it a little 'queer.'

III

It was an incident that happened more than six months after I had heard my last shell and all the agony of fighting was over that showed me how deeply the grisly lessons of the war had been etched into my nervous system. I had spent several months in the Army of Occupation, and shortly after I returned home my wife and I were guests of some very dear friends.

'They say you soldiers do not want to talk about the war,' said our hostess after dinner, 'but I wish you would make an exception of us. Joe and I read so many different things and hear so many conflicting stories that we don't know what to believe. Won't you make an exception of us and tell us something about what you saw?'

'Of course I will,' I answered. 'I can't understand all this stuff about soldiers not talking. Certainly there is nothing that I want to keep dark, nor did I have any particularly horrible experience that I am afraid to tell about. This was not much of a war for looks. We never saw long lines of bayonets flashing in the sun, or squadrons of cavalry leading a charge. But here goes.' Anxious to give my two friends a true picture of the war, I warmed up to a description of the opening of one of the major offensives — the night marches, the rain-drenched camps in the woods, the last letter home, the eve of the attack, the final preparations, the opening of the barrage, and —

As suddenly as if you had hit me with an axe I went all to pieces! Tears coursed down my cheeks, I was shaking from head to foot; in short, I went completely 'blah.' Like a great tidal wave the thought swept over me that I was at home, that the days of weariness and the nights of terror were forever gone, that my wife was again in my arms, that life once more was sweet. And it was more than I could stand. The hostess was all apologies, but I outdid her. Discovering myself in such an emotional mess, I was more surprised and embarrassed than I should have been if I had found myself standing in that living room in my shirt tail. For I certainly had not gone through the war weeping. I swore occasionally on the other side, prayed a little, and cried not at all. But when I ruthlessly tore open the deep recesses of my subconscious, the result was an explosion.

Almost thirteen years have passed since I last heard the whine of hostile bullets and the scream of shells, yet to-day I watch myself when I talk of the war, for I have learned from several subsequent experiences that if I probe too deeply I shall find hysteria. Why? It is, I think, because the stern habits of life at the front were so deeply burned into us and were associated inseparably with our full 'capacity for fear.'

You may recall that Remarque in *All Quiet on the Western Front* tells how the veterans practised the trick of conserving themselves, while the rookies, who had not learned their grim lessons, died in greater numbers. The first trick you learn at the front is that of throwing yourself flat on the ground the instant (a full second is too long to wait) you hear a shell that will strike near you. Now a shell can be heard a long distance, and the great majority of shells we soldiers heard caused us no apparent alarm, for we could tell that they were going away over our heads, were falling very much short of our position, or were too far to the right or left. Yet I was to learn later that the subconscious mind of each one of us was listening all the time for that shrill scream that told us to fall on our faces instanter, and such constant unconscious alertness may have resulted in peculiarities that still linger with us.

Six days after the Armistice we started the long hard march into Germany. We knew that the war was over and the danger of shells was past. But I saw men cringe and all but flop into the mud on that march when a pebble caught between a brake shoe and the steel tire of a gun carriage and split the air with a screech. Incidentally, this occurrence did not raise the laugh that one would expect. Instead, it seemed to fill us with a momentary rage — a fact which I think would interest the psychiatrist.

Some time after my return to Washington I was watching a sham battle in Maryland, standing on a hillside amid a large crowd and observing a realistic battle scene across the road. Suddenly someone out of sight at the bottom of the hill opened the throttle of his small automobile and the wail of the racing engine rose in a shrill crescendo. I was halfway to the ground before I caught myself, and as I straightened up somewhat sheepishly I saw a stranger near me in the same attitude.

'You must have heard something like that before,' I called.

'I've heard plenty like that,' he said with a grin, 'and I certainly thought I was back in the war.'

The point I make is that no one else in the crowd heard that engine race. What a profound impression the veteran carries with him, in what a bitter school he must have been trained, are made evident by such instances.

These emotions, common to all who saw combatant service, have no counterpart in civil life. Most men live and die without ever knowing the capacity of their fear or the fibre of their courage. Behind it all is the question: Why does a man go to war? The Second Division, of which my regiment was a unit, went to Europe with some 28,000 men, all of whom had voluntarily entered the service. Why did we do it? What were the motivating influences that prompted each individual to seek out the recruiting officer? I used to cast a speculative eye at my fellow soldiers and ask myself: 'Why did that man leave his workbench, that one his plough, that one his engine, that one his desk? Why am I here?'

Called on to testify, each one of us would have said something about 'patriotism,' 'love of freedom,' or 'duty,' but the same reasons to-day will probably not hold us in a line thirty minutes to vote on election day, or prevent us from 'knocking down' two dollars on our income-tax return.

Do not misunderstand me. I am glad that I left my home to serve under my flag, no matter what the consequences may be or might have been. Furthermore, I will do it again if the need is ever as great and I am able to go. But my action was prompted by some fundamental urge too deep for me to recognize; and my common service as a common soldier left me with peculiarities too involved for me to analyze. I wish a Dr. Menninger or a Dr. Dorsey or a Dr. Sadler would tell me something about myself.

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

BY A. W. SMITH

I

When Baz Khan, on the voyage to India in the *Domena*, told the story of his feud with Faiz Ullah, there was little enough hope that I should hear the end of it, for in Bombay Baz Khan disappeared into the maze of streets and gullies off Sandhurst Road. One thing, however, was quite certain, and that was that Baz Khan, following the tradition of the Indian Northwest Frontier, would never give up his search for Faiz Ullah. The feud had started, of course, when they were both serving in the Fortieth Cavalry, a fine regiment which was known throughout the Indian Army by the name of 'Mukwan Ki Risala.' 'Mukwan' was the Indian troopers' translation of the name of Captain Macklewhane, who had raised the regiment in Mutiny days.

Bound by the unwritten law of the Pathan, Faiz Ullah was safe while they both served in the regiment, and Baz Khan had to wait patiently for the Great War to end to deal quietly and efficiently with Faiz Ullah after the fashion of the Border. They both came from the village of Al'Stupr, and Baz Khan always hoped that some day he would be given the chance to shoot it out with Faiz Ullah in some red-hot cleft between the bare brown hills of the Tochi Valley.

Throughout the war Baz Khan nursed Faiz Ullah with most painstaking and tender care. When Faiz Ullah was wounded he gave him his own field dressing and even carried him out under fire. Faiz Ullah was his meat and no German artilleryman or machine gunner was going to be allowed to have the pleasure of doing what Baz Khan had reserved for himself.

Faiz Ullah, however, gave Baz Khan the slip. He deserted the regiment and shipped to sea as a fireman. Baz Khan, as soon as he could, took his discharge and followed. He hunted Faiz Ullah relentlessly over the Seven Seas. On the face of it his task was hopeless, but always eventually Faiz Ullah had to return to Bombay, and from Bombay Baz Khan could sometimes get news of him. On one occasion he missed Faiz Ullah by only a day in the Indian Seamen's Home in the East India Dock Road in London, and in Penang Baz Khan would have caught up with him but for the fact that the southwest monsoon was blowing and his ship was delayed for sixteen hours off Acheen Head. Some day, however, Baz Khan was bound to find Faiz Ullah, and then so much the worse for Faiz Ullah.

All this came from Baz Khan himself. He told it a bit at a time when he came up for air between watches in the grilling and airless heat of the Red Sea.

In the natural course of events we parted in Bombay. I never really expected to hear of him again, but one Sunday after Church Parade in Peshawar an old Pathan came to my bungalow selling carpets. He spread his wares over the verandah and we dickered idly over rugs that I did not want. He showed me one piece — a strip of glowing Kermanshah carpet — and he smiled patronizingly at an offer.

'I have others,' he said, and called to the youth who was with him to bring up another bale which lay under a tree in the garden.

'I have others,' he said, 'at the Sahib's price —' he looked cautiously round — 'at the Sahib's price. And one whom he knows has returned to his village of Al'Stupr. *Insh' Allah* — if it is God's wish — another of whom the Sahib has heard will return there. And then —' His lips drew back, showing the gaps in his teeth in a wicked smile and he clicked his tongue significantly. 'And this carpet the Sahib would buy,' he went on smoothly as his lad returned, 'see the weave and the dyes —'

No other word but that. He went with my check for the rug in his pocket.

And so Baz Khan was back, presumably to wait for the return of Faiz Ullah, and Baz Khan had not forgotten me and my interest. He was waiting — waiting for the unfortunate Faiz Ullah to put in an appearance. Either he had got word that Faiz Ullah was likely to return, or he was suffering from nostalgia for his hills and he knew that sooner or later Faiz Ullah would be afflicted in the same manner.

It was, however, Dallas, of all people, who was able to fill in the gaps of the story. Dallas was in the Archæological Survey and he was an expert on Alexander the Great. He used to spend all the time he could knocking round in the hills, hunting down traces of the Macedonian, talking with the hillmen and piecing legend on to fact; for somewhere up in the tangle of hills which now form the Border lay the Rock of Aornos. For some reason Dallas had the ambition to establish the site of the Rock, which in the days of Alexander had been an almost impregnable fortress. It is said that even Hercules failed to take it, and then came the great Alexander. He stormed it with comparative ease, as one may read in the pages of Callisthenes.

The hill people let Dallas come and go more or less as he would. It is possible that his enthusiasm for Alexander won their confidence, for Sikander Khan, as they call him, has become a Pathan legend, and his name is venerated to-day as a saintly but ruthless destroyer of idols — as a man after the heart of the hills.

Some authorities contended that the Rock of Aornos lay up in the Pir Sar, but Dallas had his own ideas on the subject. He was determined that the site was somewhere in the valley at the head of which lay Baz Khan's village of Al'Stupr, and one day he returned from his wanderings excitedly exclaiming that he had found the true Rock. Possibly he had — but he brought back also the end of the tale of Faiz Ullah and Baz Khan.

II

Dallas, hot on the trail of Alexander the Great, was three days out from the last of the police posts on the Kurram River. He was making toward Safed Koh, — the White Hill, — for he was sure that there at last success was to be granted to him. With him was Zaffer Khan, an elderly ruffian who had been with him on these expeditions for years. One gathers that Zaffer Khan cared nothing for Alexander and his Aornos, but some queer bond of loyalty bound him strongly to Dallas. Dallas was unarmed; Zaffer Khan, however, had no illusions about his fellow tribesmen. Through bitter experience he was more cynical about their natures, and he carried his weapons, rifle and knife, beautifully oiled and ready for immediate action.

This is not, of course, the way Dallas told the story. His account was too incoherent, bound up as it was with the technical details of his search. It is rather a piecing together of the information and a filling in of details.

They were walking up the valley of the Kurram, Dallas in front and Zaffer Khan behind. It was early afternoon and Zaffer Khan was cursing himself for a fool for letting Dallas be out even as late as this, for the frontier with dusk approaching was not his idea of the safest place in the world. He grunted as he picked his way among the sharp rocks of the river bed.

It was hot, too, for it was the month of May — a stupid time of year to choose to go hunting round the Safed Koh for traces of men long dead and gone. Zaffer Khan grunted as he wiped the sweat from his eyes. He had an uneasy feeling that something might be going to happen, and he surreptitiously eased the rifle slung over his shoulder and drew back the bolt to see that it was properly loaded.

He watched the valley walls suspiciously. This was just the kind of place for someone to be waiting for someone else to come up the Kurram Valley. A hundred and fifty yards ahead a dead bush lay beside the path. He eyed it with dislike. It was too much like a ranging mark for the waiting someone sitting safely behind a rock in the wall of the valley. Such a one would curl his finger round the warm metal of the trigger, and, knowing the range to a yard, nothing more would be needed than a rock to steady the rifle, a wait until fore sight and back sight came into line, a gentle pressure of the trigger — and he who came would never know a thing as he lay coughing blood under the spiny branches of the little dead bush.

'Wait, Sahib,' said Zaffer Khan. 'Let us go round a little. That dead bush is there for a purpose. Let us go round.'

'Nonsense,' Dallas replied. He had had experience with that kind of nervousness before, and nothing ever happened.

They passed the bush in safety, little thrills running down Zaffer Khan's spine. A hundred yards up the valley Dallas sat down on a rock and pulled out his pipe.

'Ho, Zaffer Khan,' he said, 'go on ahead and tell the folk at Al'Stupr that I am coming. I'm going up that hill to see the country. I may see the Rock from there.'

'But, Sahib,' said Zaffer Khan, 'it is not good to be alone and unarmed in these hills.'

'It is an order,' Dallas said indifferently, and, lighting his pipe, he turned up the hillside. Zaffer Khan knew him too well to argue, so, looking after him for a moment, he toiled on up the hot sun-baked valley. His thoughts soon turned to cool water drawn from the well and poured into cupped hands from a goatskin — to the cool dusk of the village fort of Al'Stupr, whose thick stone walls could keep out any heat. He looked forward to gossip in the dark, when the sun had set and the women cooked the evening meal over a twinkling fire in the courtyard, where the goats, shut in for safety, stamped and shuffled, noisily chewing the cud.

Dallas found the hill weary work. It was very hot. The sun in his face sent the sweat trickling into his eyes, and he hoped that he might find some little breeze on the rocky hilltop to ease the stifling heat of the airless valley. He halted for a moment in his arduous climb, and as he did so he heard the rattle of a dislodged stone. He wheeled round to find himself looking down a rifle barrel held by a man who sat crouched behind a rock.

Dallas stood still and said nothing. He wondered what was going to happen next. He glanced up the valley. Zaffer Khan was out of sight. He was conscious of annoyance at the interruption of his day's work.

The man spoke, gently and quietly. 'Will the Sahib please drop behind the rock? I have no wish to injure him, but there are reasons.'

Dallas dropped. There was nothing else for it. As he did so he was amazed at the wonderful command the place gave of the valley. He could see it winding away, with here and there the gleam of water in the bottom where the Kurram lay very small among the dry rocks. The valley unwound away to the south, and beneath him he could see the path which he had followed so laboriously with Zaffer Khan.

'I see the Sahib is unarmed,' the man said. 'I am sorry, but I must ask him to stay here hidden awhile. I wait for one who comes, and I am afraid of scaring the game.'

Dallas said nothing, but did as he was told, and presently the man spoke again.

'I am Baz Khan, lately Sergeant Major of Mukwan Ki Risala, the Fortieth Cavalry. I wait for Faiz Ullah, who was once my friend and also in Mukwan Ki Risala. I have waited for fifteen years for this, Sahib. I watched you and your man come up the valley, and I thought that perhaps Faiz Ullah had tied himself to you to return for a time to our village of Al'Stupr. Faiz Ullah thinks I am far away, but he is not a fool to take risks. As your man passed that bush, which is my ranging mark, I saw that it was not he. I had my sights on his chest, and if I had not seen in time, the Sahib would have continued his journey alone.'

Dallas still said nothing, for he had nothing to say. He realized that he had stumbled into an affair of gentlemen and that Baz Khan would best be left alone to right his own wrongs.

'This is no place for a Sahib alone, or for anyone who is not one of us,' Baz Khan went on. 'Nor is it safe sometimes for those who are of us. What does the Sahib do here? We may talk now, and when my work is done we can go to Al'Stupr and I will send men to see the Sahib safely on his way.'

'I search for the Rock of Sikander Khan,' said Dallas simply.

'Of Sikander Khan? Well, Sikander Khan is long dead and such work is harmless, but you have a long search. Who knows where Sikander Khan set foot? We are both men with a search. You for one long dead and I — and I for one who lives, but, *insh'Allah*, who will soon be as dead as Sikander himself.'

There was another long pause before Baz Khan spoke again. '*Ya Allah*, my man is coming. This is the second time I have waited long in the heat.'

III

Dallas looked round the corner of the rock. He could make out a figure crawling up the valley.

Baz Khan watched him over the sights of his rifle. 'Six hundred paces,' he said. 'Too far. Five hundred now. At that bush it will be three hundred.'

Faiz Ullah was moving cautiously. He peered at every rock and bush. In his mind Dallas formed a plan. Before Faiz Ullah reached the bush he would leap to his feet and shout to him to take cover. He could not see a man slaughtered in cold blood. He braced himself as, craning round his rock, he saw Faiz Ullah stop to make sure that the coast was clear. As he did so there was a rattle of shots from the other side of the valley, the sharp crack of rifles mingling with the heavy soft plop of a muzzle loader. Faiz Ullah dropped.

'*Shaitan!*' snapped Baz Khan angrily. 'There are others who have stolen my game from under my nose.'

There was the crack of a rifle from the bottom of the valley. Faiz Ullah, apparently unhit, was firing on his own account. He had wriggled in under cover of a stone and, hidden from the other side, lay in full view of Dallas and Baz Khan.

'He is spared for me,' sighed Baz Khan in relief. He sighted on Faiz Ullah, but, thinking better of it, turned his attention to the honey-colored rocks of the far hillside lit by the lowering rays of the sun. It could hardly be expected that any reluctance to shoot Faiz Ullah in the back had drawn off his attention. Rather he must have known that those who would attack Faiz Ullah, probably for his precious rifle, which on the Border was worth its weight in silver, would be equally ready to shoot at him. They were both of the Orakzai, and raids from neighboring clans were what gave the hills their unsavory reputation.

Dallas marveled at his own escape. This new turn of affairs seemed to have come about at some time since he was made to crouch beside Baz Khan. He pulled out and lit his pipe. There was nothing he could do except watch Baz Khan search the opposite side of the valley.

'Afridi raiders,' said Baz Khan as he pressed the trigger. A man appeared from a cleft and stood up, his arms widespread. He walked giddily a few paces down the hillside until his hands went up and he fell in a loose heap.

'Good,' said Baz Khan thoughtfully as he reloaded. There was a soft plop, and a puff of white smoke showed for a moment as a bullet from the muzzle loader bumbled leisurely overhead. Baz Khan laughed.

'He is a bold man who uses black powder and a jezail on the Border to-day. Some youth, perhaps, who has borrowed a gun and begged to be allowed to come. Well, well, children must be taught manners,' he said as he pressed the trigger again.

For an hour they watched across the valley while the heat haze made the hills dance and shimmer. Stones appeared like rocks and bushes like forest trees.

A figure on the far side leaped from cover and made for the hilltop. He was followed by another and another. Below them Faiz Ullah fired, and the bullet kicked up a spurt of dust and, singing, ricocheted off into space. Baz Khan clicked his tongue and forebore to press the trigger himself. He hated to see good ammunition thrown away with cartridges at a rupee apiece. The distance and the speed of the moving figures were too great for certain aim.

IV

For half an hour more they lay, and then Baz Khan raised himself cautiously until he stood in full view. There was no movement from the other side.

'Come, Sahib,' he said, 'they have gone. Let us go. It is just possible that we can get to Al'Stupr after dark. If we are not quick they will try to cut us off from home. But first let us call Faiz Ullah — we may need him.'

Dallas looked hard at Baz Khan.

'No, Sahib,' Baz Khan laughed. 'Faiz Ullah is safe — until you are safe — as he was when we were in Mukwan Ki Risala. They say do not trust a Pathan, but I swear by Allah, by the Koran, by my life, that Faiz Ullah is safe — until you are safe. When this is settled — then at last I shall have Faiz Ullah to myself. Now we may have need of him, but he will not come for me. Stand up and call him by name. If we are to get to Al'Stupr, we shall need him.'

Below them Faiz Ullah lay prone behind his rock watching the hillside, unaware of what went on behind him.

'Ai! Faiz Ullah!' Dallas shouted. The man whipped round at the cry, rifle ready.

'Ai! Faiz Ullah — all is now safe! Come up here and we will go together to Al'Stupr!'

Dallas watched Faiz Ullah clamber up the hill. He came cautiously, with constant glances to his rear. He reached the rock, and of a sudden Baz Khan stood up, his rifle aimed at Faiz Ullah. For a moment Dallas thought that Baz Khan would break his oath, and some idea entered his head of stepping between them.

Faiz Ullah's hand flew to his rifle.

'Stay, my brother,' said Baz Khan in tones of sweetness. 'Stay, my brother. For fifteen years I have waited for you, and now you are denied me as if we were in barracks at Risalpur with the regiment. We have the Sahib here — until he is safe, you are safe from me. I have sworn it. After that — who knows? Do you swear, as I have sworn, that until then I am safe from you?'

'I swear it,' said Faiz Ullah, and Dallas saw his face change like that of a man reprieved at the foot of the gallows. Baz Khan lowered his rifle.

'Let us go, then,' he said. 'We have no time to waste if we are to reach Al'Stupr. It is possible that our brethren from over the valley have already got across our line, but if we hurry, with God's help we shall be home to-night.'

He led the way up the hill, making use of every fold in the ground and every scrap of cover. Baz Khan went first, Dallas followed, and Faiz Ullah brought up the rear. The pace was killing, for it was the long swing of the true hillman. At the top Baz Khan reconnoitred carefully and they cleared the crest, slipping on hands and knees from rock to rock over the sky line.

If the pace was cruel going up, it was worse going down. Anyone can climb, but few can descend. And Dallas had to cry out for a slower pace as his pumping lungs and aching knees became torture unbearable.

Below them there was a gleam of water.

'The Darafshan River,' said Baz Khan. 'It is said that where the stream divides, your Sikander Khan found a great fort and took it.'

'Aornos!' exclaimed Dallas, and the mere idea, however vague, gave him fresh energy.

The sun's rays were level and the shadows lengthening as they dropped down to the water. They drank deeply of the cool, busy river rippling over the stones. They were about to cross when a bullet struck a stone at their feet and ricocheted off into space.

'Run, Sahib!' shouted Baz Khan, and they splashed through the stream to the far side.

'We are under cover here,' said Baz Khan, 'but they have cut us off. Well, well — we will make for the top of this rock. We can spend the night up there and we may see a way out at dawn.'

Ahead of them rose a sheer rock cliff with no apparent way to the top.

'We must go to where the waters divide to find a way up,' put in Faiz Ullah, and, hugging the cliff, they felt their way upstream.

It was almost dark in the river bottom when they reached the point where the Darafshan divided. It was cleft by a spur of boulders above which the cliff rose to what was apparently a flat top. Dallas stopped. The great flat-topped Rock of Aornos was before him, looking just as he had expected.

He forgot his surroundings, he forgot the urgency of their danger. His years of search were at an end.

'"And so they came to the Rock of Aornos,"' Dallas quoted. He knew the sentences from Callisthenes by heart. Sheer rock walls — surrounded by the river, flat-topped — an impregnable fortress until Alexander came and took it. Of course it was the Rock for which he searched; here Alexander had led his men in the assault up the only accessible path.

'Come, Sahib, hurry,' said Baz Khan. 'We must reach the top before dark.'

The blue shadows were high up the hillside, only the very tops of the hills were lit by the setting sun, but Dallas did not move. It was a little cooler, and a small hot breeze from the north made his sweat-soaked shirt sticking to his skin feel cold and clammy.

It is about all this part that Dallas became vague. For him the thing was over. He was able to set foot on Aornos and that was all he cared about. Anything that interfered with his enjoyment of the discovery was more annoyance.

'Come, hurry, Sahib,' Baz Khan repeated urgently,and to give point to his words a bullet whipped into the water and the report of a rifle was thrown back and forth by the echoes in the hills. They ran for the path and scrambled up.

'We must build a sangar of stone,' said Baz Khan when they reached the top.

He chose a place on the very edge of the cliff, where it came to a V above the division of the river. It commanded the one path up which they had come.

For an hour they bent their backs in the dark to collecting stones, and Baz Khan took care to inspect the erection for holes through which a bullet might come. He had bitter recollections of the carelessly built, bullet-spattered sangars on the Black Mountain. They left the top uneven in a rough crenelation of boulder, so that a man might raise his head and fire with less chance of being seen.

Baz Khan appointed the watches. He had taken command — the veteran Sergeant Major — and they accepted his orders without question.

Once during the night they heard a noise at the river and the rattle of stones on the path. They fired a shot, and after that there was silence.

V

Dawn came, slowly ripening the sky from pale lemon to scarlet, and with the first rays of sun the heat became unbearable. At that hour the air was still and stifling. By eleven they might expect the wind from the southeast to add to the torture, searing hot and gritty with dust as it would be.

Faiz Ullah exposed himself incautiously and a bullet sent a shower of rock splinters flying. Those on the far hillside were still watching. They could do nothing but lie and pant, getting what shade they could from their sangar walls. Baz Khan showed Dallas how to ease the pain of hunger by lying on a round flat stone, and Dallas told them the story of Sikander Khan and his taking of the Rock on which they lay grilling.

'*Shabash*' (Well done), said Baz Khan gravely at the end, as he peered cautiously at the far hillside, jagged black and yellow in the contrasts of sunshine and shadow.

Dallas grew dizzy with heat. His tongue filled his mouth and the sound of the river below was torture. Faiz Ullah kept watch with red-rimmed, burning eyes, his turban wound over his mouth to keep out the dust, and

Baz Khan slept or pretended to sleep in the full sun glare.

They did not speak, and over them the bitter, burning wind blew, carrying with it all the dust of India. The dust devils danced and swirled and the rocks of the sangar were too hot to touch. Opposite them the rocky range of hills took queer distorted shapes in the heat.

Dallas concentrated on Aornos. In the bubble of the Darafshan he heard the beat of marching feet as Alexander's hoplites manœuvred down the valley. Sikander Khan himself, in a brazen helmet and breastplate that reflected the sun, led his clattering hosts up the path. The shouts of the attackers beat in Dallas's brain and he struggled to his feet wildly waving his arms. The world was filled with sounds.

Baz Khan caught his leg and pulled him under cover. Bullets spattered on the rocks, the cough of the old muzzle-loader joining in the more urgent crack of the rifles. The heavy ball moaned overhead and Faiz Ullah fired at a white puff of black powder smoke which hung for a moment over a rock on the hillside five hundred yards away.

'It's the sun,' said Baz Khan tersely as he listened to Dallas babbling of Alexander and his Greeks. He rigged some sort of shade with his turban and made Dallas get under it, but in doing so he must have shown himself, for again bullets smacked on the rocks.

'*Shaitan!*' he said. 'They are closing on us, — the swine, — and we must have water for the Sahib or he will die.'

Faiz Ullah said nothing, but fired again at a fancied movement and then turned and looked at Baz Khan with bloodshot eyes.

'We must all have water,' he said thickly, and he passed his swollen tongue over his cracked lips. 'We are fools to stay here. If we wait we die of the sun, or they will come in the dawn when we are too weak to move. If we go we die. The Sahib will die anyhow. Let's go for water — at least we may drink before we die. I have only six rounds left.'

'At dusk they will come, so that we cannot get water. I have nine rounds left,' Baz Khan replied. A splinter of rock had cut his cheek. The blood had run down and dried in a black streak on his face.

Faiz Ullah fired again.

'Do not waste your ammunition, Faiz Ullah,' said Baz Khan.

The long afternoon dragged through. The sun began to dip toward the west and the hot wind died away, and full consciousness returned to Dallas. The wish for food had left the men and their minds seemed to work with amazing clarity. It was only clogging thirst which made them less than supermen.

As the sun came level with the hilltops Baz Khan spoke. 'Let us be ready. We must have water as soon as it is dark, for they will be there at the river as soon as they can be. We must reach it first.'

Dusk came, and with it the valley filled with shadow. The air seemed cool after the burning day.

'Come,' said Baz Khan. 'Let us go. Take my rifle, Sahib. I will take the knife' — and he felt the double edges of the long blade. Sitting on his heels, he whetted it gently on a stone, sucking the air between his teeth as he did so.

'Have yours in hand, Faiz Ullah. Are you ready? Let us go,' he whispered.

They crept over the wall of the sangar and down the hill. They moved a few yards at a time and waited to listen. At last they reached the river. They lay in it. They lapped it. They let the friendly water wash over them. It filled their stomachs and still they were thirsty.

'Let us go back,' said Baz Khan,

'but first fill your *kulla*, Faiz Ullah, that we may have water through the night.'

They prepared to go, and as they did so the Afridi rose as if out of the ground between them and their path. There were flashes and shots as they stood for a moment dazed.

'*Shaitan*, charge the swine!' shouted Baz Khan. 'Mukwan — Allah!' This last was the regiment's old war cry.

'Mukwan!' echoed Faiz Ullah. '*Yi hai!* This is the way to do it!' he cried, and his long knife soughed as he withdrew it.

Dallas said nothing. He beat instinctively about him with his rifle. Somehow they kept together. Steel clashed on steel, and there was a soggy sound as Baz Khan too got home with the knife.

'We are through — Mukwan Allah!' he shouted. 'Make for the sangar,' and they started up the hill. There were shots behind them, and as they neared the top Baz Khan grunted and staggered. Dallas threw his arm round him and somehow they got him over the wall. Faiz Ullah dropped behind the breastwork and fired into the flashes below merely by way of warning that they were safely home.

Dallas turned Baz Khan over. He was hit through the lung. His breath came short and fast with a catch in it as he tried to get air. He moaned for water. Dallas wiped his lips with his shirt, which was still wet.

Through the long night they watched, one with Baz Khan and one at the sangar wall. At intervals Baz Khan asked for water.

Dawn came, slowly lightening the east again, and with it Baz Khan recovered consciousness.

'I am dying, Sahib,' he said. 'You have come to the end of your search, Sahib, and you may live. I have come to the end of mine and I shall die.'

He sank back against the sangar wall.

There was silence until, as the first level rays of the sun lit the hilltops, there was the sound of shots from the north. Dallas seized Baz Khan's rifle and lay beside Faiz Ullah at the wall. Behind them they could hear Baz Khan gasping as he fought for air.

The firing became more general and Faiz Ullah turned to Dallas, his eyes red-rimmed with dust and watching. '*Ya Allah!*' he said. 'It is those from Al'Stupr.' As he spoke he fired at a man slipping from rock to rock. The bullet sent up a spurt of dust at his feet.

'Faiz Ullah — Faiz Ullah,' whispered Baz Khan. Faiz Ullah went to him. Dallas stayed watching the far hillside.

'Faiz Ullah, my brother,' said Baz Khan. 'Come near. I cannot see — I am dying. I must say good-bye to you.'

He took Faiz Ullah's right hand in his left.

'Faiz Ullah — the Sahib and I have each found something. You have found nothing but this.'

The long knife flashed once, and Faiz Ullah fell forward coughing.

'God's curse on you, Faiz Ullah — my brother,' said Baz Khan.

WALTER SCOTT
AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

THE *London Observer* of March 15, 1931, propounded, by way of competition, the question, 'Which of the immortals would you choose as companion for half an hour's walk?' The six candidates who headed the poll were Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Socrates, Sir Walter Scott, Julius Cæsar. If all the competitors, before recording their votes, had reread Washington Irving's charming description of his visit to Abbotsford and his walks with the 'Shirra' in 1817, it is possible that Scott might have headed the list. 'It was,' says the American essayist, 'as if I were admitted to a social communion with Shakespeare, for it was with one of a kindred, if not equal genius. . . . The play of his genius was so easy that he was unconscious of its mighty power. . . . I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.' In fact, to quote the same authority, a 'golden-hearted man.'

It is rather the fashion just now with the illiterate and the immature to depreciate Scott. He is, says a manufacturer of shockers, unreadable. A contemporary lady novelist records her horror at having been suspected of reading Dickens, explaining that she felt almost as distressed as though she had been accused of reading Scott. It is a pity she did not add Shakespeare, so as to include in one condemnation the three greatest creators of character in English literature, perhaps even in the literature of the world. The result of the *Observer* election, recording the opinion of the most educated newspaper 'constituency' in the British Isles, would seem to indicate that, for the lettered, Scott is far from being a back number.

The recent publication of two new lives of Walter Scott is a reminder that 1932 is the centenary of that great man's death. We may no doubt look forward to a considerable literary output of Scottiana in the immediate future, but the object of this modest article is to call attention to Scott's contribution to the vocabulary and phraseology of modern English, and to suggest that some student of language should handle the subject with the fullness for which the present writer has not the necessary leisure. It will, I think, be found that next to Shakespeare, whose influence on English is a phenomenon unique in the history of language, Scott has been our greatest verbal benefactor.

He is not one of the very quotable poets. Leaving out Shakespeare, who stands alone, it may be said that the greatest poets are often not the most quotable. Each of the immortals has given us a few phrases which have become an integral part of the English vocabulary, but from all the magnificent poetry of the nineteenth century cannot be drawn a supply of quotations to compare with that furnished in the eighteenth century by Pope alone, the neat and sententious. To Scott's vigorous and galloping verse we owe such effective phrases as 'Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,' 'Caledonia! stern and wild,' 'to beard the lion in his den,' 'foemen worthy of their steel'; and, although he was a landsman, he is our first literary authority for the phrase 'to nail the colours to the mast,' which occurs in the Introduction to 'Marmion,' an example overlooked by the Oxford Dictionary. This may not seem a very large contribution to English phraseology, but it is probably as great as that of any other nineteenth-century poet. The 'crowded hour of glorious life,' which is attributed to him in some anthologies of quotations, is really a quotation from a poem by T. O. Mordaunt, used by Scott as an epigraph to a chapter of *Old Mortality*.

It is to the prose works that we must go to estimate Scott's importance as a word maker and phrase maker. The Waverley Novels fall into two groups. We have the romantic mediæval tales that delighted our boyhood, and which the modern consumer of thrillers finds long-winded and dull. Such are *Ivanhoe, The Talisman*, and *Quentin Durward*, the greatest of these being *Ivanhoe*. Then there are the immortal stories dealing with periods not too remote from the author's own times, with the scene laid upon his 'native heath' (his own phrase), the Border country and the Lowlands, regions so rich in that legendary lore which Scott began to absorb in childhood and in which he never ceased to revel. It is to these — *Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, The Heart of Midlothian, Rob Roy*, and the like — that we turn in our mature years, when the perusal of some 'courageous' modern novel impels us to seek the disinfecting society of Dandie Dinmont, Mr. Oldbuck, Davie Deans, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the rest of a society of characters and oddities unequaled outside Shakespeare's works, except perhaps by Dickens. In these two groups of novels Scott speaks two separate languages. In the first group we have the conventional and unreal language of imaginative romance, in the second the natural pithy speech, racy of the soil, which he had heard all his life from the Lowland burgess and peasant.

II

To write a realistic historical novel of the Middle Ages is, from the language point of view, an obvious impossibility. In *Ivanhoe*, for instance, one half of the characters would have to talk late Anglo-Saxon, and the other half old Norman-French. To give an archaic atmosphere to the setting, the author goes in for what Stevenson called 'tushery,' and the result is, to the philological reader, an artificial absurdity. Even in the 'props' the most conscientious romance writer may go hopelessly wrong. To take a simple example: In *Ivanhoe* Wamba says to the Black Knight, 'I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morrion from amongst the green leaves.' In 'Marmion' Fitz-Eustace speaks of his 'basnet.' A morrion, the brimmed helmet of late Tudor times, is as impossible in the days of Cœur-de-Lion as a basnet, the basin-helmet of the early mediæval warrior, at Flodden Field. This may seem pernickety criticism, but I doubt whether a laborious consulter of sources like Charles Reade was ever guilty of any such trifling blunder in *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

When we come to the question of

language, the incongruities often become ludicrous. Conan Doyle's *White Company* is a rather good yarn, but the speech of the characters is often laughable. For instance, the epithet 'young rooster' applied by a veteran to a prentice warrior is a transplantation to fourteenth-century English of an Americanism not recorded before 1820. Leslie Stephen has somewhere likened *Ivanhoe* to the plaster and stucco imitations of ancient carved oak and stonework with which Scott adorned Abbotsford, but all this artificiality does not prevent it from being one of the most picturesque stories ever written. We can be thrilled by the picture of Ivanhoe and the Templar rushing from the opposite ends of the lists 'with the speed of lightning' and meeting 'with the shock of a thunderbolt,' though we know that, in point of fact, they lumbered awkwardly up against each other on dray horses and jabbed away clumsily with their barge-pole implements till one of them overbalanced and rolled off.

It was Spenser who first, inspired by admiration for Chaucer, set the example of adorning romantic narrative with archaic or pseudo-archaic language. Naturally he committed some howlers, the most famous of which is 'derring-do,' which he uses repeatedly in the sense of 'manhood and chivalry.' It is really a misunderstanding of Chaucer. Some of us may be able to recall the thrill which we got from this mouth-filling word in Scott's description of the assault on the castle of Torquilstone, in *Ivanhoe*. Just as Scott lifted the ghost word 'derring-do' from Spenser, so he borrowed the unexplained 'arm-gaunt' from Shakespeare. Nobody knows what is meant by Antony's 'arm-gaunt steed,' nor did any other writer use the word till Scott introduced an 'arm-gaunt charger' into *Old Mortality*. Occasionally, falling into a trap like Spenser, he made a new word. He is rather fond of 'bartizan,' supposed to mean an outwork of a mediæval castle. It first occurs in 'Marmion,' and is apparently due to his misunderstanding of 'bartisene,' an illiterate early Scotch spelling of 'bratticing,' from 'brattice,' timber work. It is described by the Oxford Dictionary as a sham antique.

A word of which the modern currency is entirely due to Scott is 'henchman.' A 'henchman,' originally a horse groom, was in Tudor times a kind of page. The 'royal henchmen,' also called 'enfants d'honneur,' were in the service of the crown till the corps was dissolved in 1565, after which the word dropped out of use. One of its last records is its solitary occurrence in Shakespeare, who uses it of the subject of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania: —

> Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
> I do but beg a little changeling boy
> To be my henchman.

Early in the eighteenth century the word made a mysterious reappearance in the Scottish Highlands, being recorded and explained in Edward Burt's *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland*. It would appear that Burt blundered somewhere, but Scott, always eager for picturesque words, pounced on this apparent Shakespearean survival and used it in 'The Lady of the Lake,' repeating, in one of his notes, Burt's very dubious explanation of the term. Like many other words rescued by Scott, 'henchman' is now very much alive. It has acquired in America a sense unknown in England — namely, that of an unscrupulous political adherent.

'Henchman' may or may not be a blunder, but Scott's misuse of 'warison' is on a par with Spenser's 'derring-do.' 'Warison' is an obsolete word with a variety of meanings, such as wealth, possession, reward. In the last of these senses it occurs in the old ballad on the Battle of Otterburn (or Chevy Chase), printed in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765): —

> Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
> And well quyt it shal bee.

Scott, who, like all the Romantics, was an eager student of the *Reliques*, apparently misinterpreted the lines and understood a 'warison' to be the signal for the onset, in fact, a 'warry sound'! Hence we find in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel': —

> Either receive within thy towers
> Two hundred of my master's powers,
> Or straight they sound their warison,
> And storm and spoil thy garrison.

'Warison' has not had the fortunate fate of some other sham antiques, though Byron, in 'Don Juan,' uses it playfully in his rhyming gymnastics: —

> Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
> Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
> And, as my friend Scott says, 'I sound my warison';
> Scott, the superlative of my comparative —
> Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,
> Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none would share it, if
> There had not been one Shakespeare. . . .

Some of our author's coinages are so like genuine antiques that they have not only been accepted as such, but have proved to be useful additions to the figurative material of the language. It is difficult to think of 'free-lance' journalism by any other name, and the free-lance journalist would certainly prefer that description to the old label of 'penny-a-liner'; but the term is no older than *Ivanhoe*, in which it is de Bracy's description of his company of mercenaries. It is thus purely Scott's invention. Old Scottish law contains allusions to murderers taken 'with the red hand,' but it was Scott who, in the same novel, put the adjective 'redhanded' into the mouth of Front-de-Bœuf. Whenever things get lively in Parliament, we are sure to read in our morning papers of a 'passage of arms' between Mr. X and Mr. Y. This name for a tournament or jousting encounter did not exist in English till Scott wrote of 'the gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby,' which is one of the two set pieces of *Ivanhoe*. The word 'Norseman' seems the natural alternative for Viking, but does not occur before Scott used it in 'Harold the Dauntless,' the last of the long poems he composed before, eclipsed by the meteoric fame of Byron, he turned from poetry to his true vocation.

III

If Scott had no other title to our gratitude, he would deserve it for the number of Shakespearean words and phrases he revived. The eighteenth century knew something about Shakespeare, but, under French and Johnsonian influence, had come to regard his language as part of a rugged and uncouth past. Scott was saturated in Tudor literature, and to him, more than to any of his brother Romantics, is due the salving of many of the most expressive words and phrases in the language. Shakespeare himself was apparently the 'only begetter' of the word 'fitful,' which he used once only, though in one of his most perfect lines: —

> Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Scott revived it in the opening lines of 'The Lady of the Lake,' thus adding a most expressive word to our vocabulary. There is no literary record of a 'towering passion' between *Hamlet* and

Rob Roy, nor of 'coign of vantage' between *Macbeth* and *The Heart of Midlothian*. It may sound hyperbolical but is nevertheless true that, if Shakespeare had never lived, the English language would be, from the point of view of forceful expression, quite other than it is; but it is equally true that, but for Scott, part of this inestimable element in the language would have been missing. Another of Scott's revivals is 'yeoman's service,' first used by Hamlet in describing good and faithful service such as may be expected from a trusty adherent.

Even more important, or at any rate more natural, is the enrichment of English by words from the Border dialects with which Scott was familiar from childhood, and of which he knew the more archaic forms from traditional balladry, from Barbour's 'Bruce' and Blind Harry's 'Wallace.' The very word 'Borderer,' with its implication of lawless 'moss-trooping' (another Scott revival), is not found between Shakespeare and Scott. Shakespeare, in *Henry V*, refers to the 'pilfering borderers' who will 'make road' upon the north during the King's absence in France, and the Oxford Dictionary has no further record before Scott's application of the term to that 'stark, moss-trooping Scott,' William of Deloraine. What should we call that pleasing accompaniment of modern warfare known as an 'air raid' if Scott had not, in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' revived 'raid,' the Scottish form of 'road' (that is, inroad, foray), which had not made its appearance since Lindesay of Pitscottie's *Chronicle of Scotland* was written toward the end of the sixteenth century? 'Blackmail,' an inseparable concomitant of our civilization, originally the tribute levied by Highland freebooters on the landowners of the Lowlands, was an obsolescent Scottish term, when it was used, with a long explanatory note and Rose Bradwardine's classic definition, in *Waverley*. Macaulay was perhaps the first to give it a figurative sense, but its modern currency and meaning appear to have started in America about 1870.

It was Macaulay also who first used 'slogan' of a political rallying cry, but I am not sure which side of the Atlantic is responsible for the contemporary and idiotic use of this 'vogue-word,' as Mr. Fowler would call it. Among my cuttings I find: —

> JUDGE. 'What do you mean by a slogan?'
>
> BARRISTER. 'It is an American advertising term, my lord.'
>
> JUDGE. 'Really! I thought it was the war cry of a Highland clan.'

The judge is right, as a judge should be. 'Slogan' is a Gaelic word meaning army yell. Adopted by the Lowlands, it became 'sloggorn,' a corrupted form which led Chatterton to include it in his pseudo-antique vocabulary as the name of a trumpet ('slug-horn'), an absurdity copied by Browning. It was Scott who made the word familiar: —

> To heaven the Border slogan rung,
> 'St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!'

And, greatly as I admire Scott, I almost wish he had left 'slogan' to sleep undisturbed.

Another of his picturesque revivals is the 'fiery cross,' the cross burnt at one end and dipped in blood at the other, which was passed from hand to hand to assemble the clansmen for war. It is not recorded after 1641, when it is found, oddly enough, in Milton, until the famous description in 'The Lady of the Lake.'

It must be remembered that Scott was only the culmination of a great poetic renaissance in Scotland. As early as 1826 there was published at Königsberg a small dictionary intended 'to promote the understanding of the works of Sir Walter Scott, Rob. Burns, Allan Ramsay, etc.,' for German readers, so that the credit for the introduction into English of many expressive Scotticisms may have to be shared. Still, it must be remembered that, where Burns had one English reader, Scott had a hundred; hence, whether we find the first record of a new word in his works or elsewhere, its actual adoption is mostly to be ascribed to him. If not the reviver, he was at least the popularizer of 'canny' and 'uncanny.' The first has been the southron's natural epithet for Scott's fellow countrymen since Edie Ochiltree, in *The Antiquary*, answered an awkward question 'with the caution of a canny Scotchman.' 'Uncanny,' now an indispensable word, dates from Dandie Dinmont's impression of Meg Merrilies, in *Guy Mannering*. The somewhat kindred adjective 'gruesome' was also unknown in literary English before the vogue of the Waverley Novels.

Few words convey more of poetic suggestion than 'glamour.' It has that *obscurité indispensable* which Baudelaire regarded as a chief element in the poetic. 'Glamour' is the same word as 'grammar,' its change of meaning reflecting the mediæval conviction that the learning of the clerk bordered on the magical. Burns actually rhymes 'glamour' with 'hell's black grammar.' In the eighteenth century it was used in Scottish vernacular literature of a magic spell, in the phrase 'to cast the glamour.' Its occurrence in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' made it familiar to English readers. It must be remembered that this famous poem, published in 1805, had with the limited reading public of the day a success which is now attained only by the lucky thriller or pornographic novel. Other Scottish writers had used 'glamour' before Scott, but he is solely responsible for reviving its older form 'gramarye,' unrecorded between the fifteenth century and the 'Lay.' No doubt he found it in Percy's *Reliques*. Unlike 'glamour,' now an everyday word, 'gramarye' is restricted to the vocabulary of 'tushery.' It is curious to compare with these romantic words the commonplace and bookish 'vituperate,' which fell into disuse in the seventeenth century to be reintroduced by Scott in his novels.

IV

It is possible for the authority of a great writer to give to a word a new shade of meaning which gradually replaces the original. This has happened to 'gloom,' formerly used of a lowering, sullen aspect. The current sense of darkness dates only from Milton, for whom the association between the two ideas was naturally very close. What Shakespeare has done in this way is almost beyond computation. As we have seen, Scott occasionally misunderstood the meaning of an archaic word. 'Thew,' which we scarcely use except in the plural, originally meant habit, quality, feature. By Shakespeare's time it had come to be used of the general physique or 'habit of body.' Scott revived it in a mistaken sense and, by regularly linking it with 'sinews,' gave it the muscular connotation which has prevailed over its true sense. The adjective 'bluff' now suggests a combination of the frank, the hearty, and the burly. In *Ivanhoe* the epithet is applied to Friar Tuck. Up to the eighteenth century it meant arrogant, blustering. Horace Walpole speaks of Henry VIII's 'bluff haughtiness.' This may have suggested Scott's 'bluff King Hal,' the phrase from which the change of meaning apparently dates.

From about 1600 to 1800 our ancestors had to do without the adjective 'stalwart.' It was a very common epithet in Middle English ('stalworth') and early Scottish ('stalwart'), with an original sense of steadfast, unshakable, but used also as a vague intensive epithet. For example, it could be applied to a castle, a fight, or a tempest, as well as to a man. Scott either found it in the old romantic literature in which he delighted or picked it up orally as a dialect survival, and it became one of his favorite epithets, its first occurrence being in his description of Marmion, 'a stalworth knight, and keen.' It is now one of the few English adjectives that can be used as nouns. A 'stalwart' is an uncompromising adherent or admirer, a sense which, according to the Oxford Dictionary, quoting the *New York Nation*, was first used by Mr. Blaine in 1877 to designate those Republicans who were unwilling to give up hostility and distrust of the South as a political motive. Of 'smouldering' Dr. Johnson says, 'This word seems a participle, but I know not whether the verb "smoulder" be in use.' The records of the Oxford Dictionary show that the Doctor's doubts were justified. The verb was practically obsolete by about 1600, but Scott revived it in 'The Lady of the Lake,' giving it especially the figurative sense in which it is now most familiar: —

> Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
> Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud.

Mr. John Buchan, in *No-Man's Land*, speaks of a young gentleman who had 'spent his substance too freely at Oxford' and was now 'dreeing his weird' in the backwoods. In the eighteenth century this would have been unintelligible, except perhaps to a North-Country peasant. 'Dree,' to perform, endure, still lingers in the Border counties of England and Scotland, though a few more years of 'education' will probably expel it from country speech. It is in this one phrase, reintroduced into literature by Scott after a lapse of three or four centuries, that 'weird' preserves its original sense of fate, destiny, its conversion into a modern adjective having taken place via the 'weird sisters,' the Fates, introduced by Shakespeare into *Macbeth*.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1930 describes a class of school children as a 'sea of faces.' The phrase 'sea of upturned faces' perhaps owes its American vogue to a speech delivered by Daniel Webster in 1842. It is one of the clichés pilloried by Mr. Cabell in his *Something about Eve*. But, if we turn to *Rob Roy*, we find a Presbyterian congregation described as a 'sea of upturned faces which bent their eyes on the pulpit as a common centre.' The figure is so natural that it may not necessarily be of Scott's invention, but at any rate his is the earliest record.

THE HARVEST

In the cornfield
At the foot of the mesa they stood in the morning.
Red and yellow
Like the tassels of corn were their war bonnets waving;
Such a harvest
Never grew in the field at the foot of the mesa.

Hark to their war cries;
Their songs of derision:
'Come down to the harvest!
Come down from the mesa!
The red corn is waving,
Waiting for harvest!
Come down to the harvest!
Come down from the mesa!'

In the evening
When the hunters return from the day in the desert,
Who will warn them
Of the ambush that waits them below in the cornfield?
Who will save them
From the harvest of death at the foot of the mesa?

'Come down from the mesa!
Come down to the harvest!
Where are your maidens
To carry our baskets?
Where are your old men,
Your squaws and your children?
The harvest is waiting;
Come down from the mesa!'

Come, my daughter,
They are calling the women to help in the harvest:
Down the pathway
In the notch of the cliff overhanging the cornfield
All alone
I will go with my basket to help in the reaping.

Go not, my mother!
Can you not hear them?
Their cries of derision;
Their mocking and laughter?

Here on the mesa
We may defy them —
Or, if you will go
I will go with you.

Yes, my daughter,
You shall help in the harvest that waits in the cornfield;
You will hasten
By the trail that descends at the top of the valley.
Warn the hunters
They must hasten: the harvest is ripe for the reapers.

Ah me, my mother!
Does not the pathway
Lead past the cornfield?
Close to the cornfield?
There is no sagebrush:
Nothing to hide me!
Will they not see me?
Will they not take me?

Go, my daughter!
Let your foot be as light as the snow on the desert.
If they see you
They will think that the ghost of a cloud has gone by them;
If they hear you
They will think that the west wind is stirring the corn leaves.

'Here comes a woman
To help in the harvest!
Here comes a basket
To carry the red ears!
Come down from the mesa,
Faded squash blossom!
The red corn is ripening!
Come down from the mesa!'

'Dogs and rabbits!
Have you come from the desert to beg for your breakfast?
Snakes and lizards!
Are you starving for frogs that you creep to our cornfields?
Rats and gophers!
Are your holes choked with sand that you crawl to our mesa?'

'Is there no warrior
To bring down this woman?
Down from the mesa —
This mother of hornets!

Her tongue is like cactus!
Like sand in the eyeball!
Is there no warrior
To bring down this woman?'

'Carrion eaters!
Pickers-up of the bones in the camp of the hunters!'
(Will they see her?
Like a shadow she flies at the edge of the cornfield!
Will they hear her?
Like the whisper of rain on the sand are her footsteps!)

'Hear what she calls us!
Snakes, rats, and lizards!
Dogs and coyotes!
Rabbits and gophers!
Capture her! Take her!
Climb up the pathway!
Is there no warrior
To bring down this woman?'

In the distance
Where the hand of the sun stretches over the valley,
Come the hunters,
Where the shimmer of heat trembles over the sagebrush.
They are coming
Like the whirlwind that spins in the grey of the desert!

'Dogs of Apaches!
Look down below you!
See, they are waiting
To gather the harvest!
Nay, do not stumble!
The pathway is narrow!
This is no trail
For the dogs of the desert!'

By the pathway
At the foot of the mesa the hunters were waiting.
In the cornfield
Sharp and keen as the frost were the blades of the reapers.
Such a harvest
Never grew in the field at the foot of the mesa.

DERRICK N. LEHMER

MEASURING THE DIVINE SPARK

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

Physics, someone has said, is the Aaron's rod that is swallowing up all the other sciences. A survey of recent trends suggests that something of the kind is taking place. Certainly many of the specialized sciences are drawing increasingly upon physics to explore and explain their phenomena, and to that degree they are becoming departments of physics. Chemistry, in its fundamentals, has become *physical* chemistry — and it would take a clever balancer of fine points to say where physics leaves off and chemistry begins. Astrophysics is now the main concern of astronomers. Geophysics is more and more encroaching upon the preserves of the geologist. Oceanographers are finding in the physics of the sea a new approach to problems formerly regarded as biological. And biologists, peering into the living mystery of protoplasm, are asking whether its processes, too, may not be resolved into the ultrascopic mechanics of electrified particles, excited ions, speeding electrons — the action of forces wholly physical.

Of all these expansions of physics, perhaps the one that seems least credible is its suggested embracement of biology. One finds difficulty in thinking of the living cell, in which may be wrapped the brain of Newton or the hand of Raphael, as just another atomic mechanism. But since Wöhler's synthesis of the organic product urea, the old idea of a 'vital force' as an ingredient of living matter has weakened — fighting a losing battle under different guises as one organic substance after another, heretofore thought of as producible only by the action of living cells, has been made in the test tube by the action of inorganic elements. The recent synthesis in the laboratory of artificial 'cells' which enlarge, divide, and exhibit other limited behavior characteristic of living cells, lends encouragement to the prediction of a prominent physicist that the time is not far off when life will be generated in the laboratory.

To explain the life process has become the great quest. The sphinx has changed its riddle. We know now — only too well — who it is that goes on four legs in the morning, on two legs at midday, and on three legs in the evening. But we don't know why he does this. Why do we grow old? Why do we die? Perhaps the beginning of the answer will be found only when we have solved the more fundamental problem: Why do we live?

This fundamental problem may be broken up into any number of more detailed inquiries. Indeed, it is only by subdividing the riddle into its simpler constituents that Œdipus can make any progress at all in science. For example, why does a living cell divide? Answer that, and you begin to know why it lives.

Another of these detailed questions

which lie at the root of life, and one which has long had the attention of biologists, may be indicated by the following experiment: Take a fertilized sea-urchin egg which has experienced normal growth through the first step, that of dividing into two cells. Separate the cells. Each of the two will then develop into a complete individual. You may wait until the egg has further subdivided into four cells, or even until its growth has attained eight cells; by separating them you will get eight sea urchins, whereas by leaving the group undisturbed you will get only one.

Why is this? If each cell can develop into a whole animal after it is separated, why did it not do so when it was a member of the group? What is the mechanism by which a separated cell knows that the whole burden of perpetuating its life now devolves upon it?

The same principle of correlation may be observed in plants. Cut off the tip of a fir tree. Soon one of the lateral branches will straighten up and assume the apical position. The colony of cells which constitute the tree act as if they simply must have a vertical tip; and in so doing they are exhibiting one of the fundamental characteristics of living things — that of structural polarity. But why must a tree be a polar structure? And what determines which branch shall substitute for the missing apex? What prevents it from straightening its posture when the apex is there? How does it know when the apex is gone? Neither the fir tree nor the germinating sea-urchin egg has any nerves. What is the means of communication?

Cell correlation is an old problem, one of the most familiar and mysterious in the whole field of biology. It has lured many a researcher into a long quest. Its challenge was the beginning of the discoveries to be related in this paper.

II

Dr. E. J. Lund, now research professor of biology at the University of Texas, was working in the zoölogical laboratory of Johns Hopkins University in 1914. He was experimenting with Bursaria, an almost microscopic animal which floats about in water, continually beating the hairy cilia which cover its body, and regularly beating all cilia in a uniform direction to stir up a circulation of water toward its mouth — a familiar device among protozoa to bring food particles their way. In these animals, which embody in one cell all the functions of the individual, Dr. Lund studied many curious abnormalities.

He found instances in which the cell generated a mouth at its tail end, changed the beat of cilia along that half of its body, and thus began to feed at both ends. Gradually the halves differentiated into two individuals which separated and floated away to independent existences. But in some instances one of the halves, after it had developed individuality but before separation, slowly diminished in size and was absorbed by the other half. In the latter case it was as though one individual had overpowered the other.

In trying to account for these changes in correlation, — why a tail should develop into a head, and why one unit should dominate and appropriate to itself another, — Dr. Lund recalled the strange response of another unicellular animal to electrical energy.

This creature, called Paramecium, is even more primitive than Bursaria — a tiny cigar-shaped cell covered with minute hairs which persistently beat to promote food circulation mouthward. It had been shown earlier by other experimenters that if an electric current was passed through the water in which Paramecium was floating, an immediate effect would be noticeable in the action of the cilia. The effect varied with the direction of the electric current. If the electricity flowed in such a way that it entered the head of the animal first, the tail half immediately began to beat its cilia in an opposite direction from that of the head half. It acted as though orders had been given it to stir up a circulation and bring food particles tailward. That is, it acted as the Bursaria did after growing a mouth at its posterior end. But when the electric current was reversed, with the flow from tail to head, then the beat of the cilia also reversed in both halves and the Paramecium acted as though both its ends were tails.

Through numerous experiments with many different creatures, Dr. Lund verified this strange influence of electric energy upon growing cells. He found it possible to inhibit growth, to delay growth, to reverse the direction of growth. In the case of the germinating eggs of a certain seaweed, he found it possible to dictate the orientation of the plant. Left to themselves, the globular eggs sprouted in a variety of directions, one to the right, another to the left, the next somewhere between, apparently with no rhyme or reason; but when put in the path of an electric current a remarkable orderliness appeared, and it was the side of the globule exposed to the positive electrode that developed the root.

Since this energy from outside was able to exert so controlling an influence upon the living thing, it seemed reasonable to ask if the same kind of energy might not be a factor in normal growth. Might not the organism itself be a generator of electrical energy? If so, might not its electricity influence its growth in somewhat the same way that the outside currents imposed in the laboratory influenced the cells in the experiments? Might not the organism's own inner electrical output be responsible for determining its structural polarity — its differentiation into head and tail, into apex and root, into the universal symmetry that we find in living things?

It has long been known that muscles and nerves have electrical properties, since their action is accompanied by a release of electricity. So too with the sensitive plant and with the electric organ of some eels and fishes — under the stimulus of touch they discharge a flash of electricity. The discharges occur intermittently, like a bolt of lightning, accompanying the muscular or nervous action, and then quickly drop to zero. Since the time of Galvani and his experiment with recently killed frogs, the existence of these discontinuous currents of 'animal electricity' has been known, and they have formed a fascinating field for investigation — though their origin and nature remain unexplained.

In 1854 a German experimenter, Buff, discovered a different kind of electrical phenomenon in living things. He found that there was a *continuous* flow of current between the root tip and upper parts of a plant. This experiment was repeated by Müller-Hettlingen and confirmed by later investigators, including E. J. Matthews, who worked on the stems of hydroids and thus carried the research into the animal kingdom. Lund now began an exploration of the continuous currents, studying both plants and animals; and after more than a dozen years of concentrated work in laboratories of the University of Minnesota, the Puget Sound Biological Station, and the University of Texas, he has accumulated a wealth of evidence which seems to establish these conclusions: —

1. Continuous electrical currents exist in plants and animals, suggesting that a flow of electricity is an indispensable accompaniment of life.

2. These currents are generated by the living cells of the organism, each cell being in effect a miniature electric battery.

3. The cells vary in their capacity to generate electricity, the flow of current being strongest from young cells, weakest from old cells, and absent in dead cells.

4. The currents normally generated by living cells are of magnitudes equal to that of the artificial currents used in the experiments to control growth — thus suggesting that the cell uses its own electrical energy for the same purpose.

5. This capacity for continuous generation of electricity is a general property of living matter.

Are life and growth, then, conditioned by the electrical output of the living cell? Are aging and death the result or accompaniment of a waning of this output, a running down of the battery as its electrodes are consumed and its chemicals lose their electromotive properties? These are questions, not assertions; but certainly some of the recent experimental results lead to such questioning.

III

One brilliant result is the discovery that the apex of a living thing is electropositive, in the external part of the circuit, to more basal regions of the organism. This is a detail of great significance. For in any generator of electricity the flow of electrons in the external part of the circuit is from the negative pole to the positive — that is, from the region of high electron pressure to the region of low electron pressure. On the hypothesis that growth follows the flow of the positive electric current, this arrangement is as it should be. In every variety of living cell that has been tested, the structural polarity of the organism accords with this principle.

Thus, the tip of a tree is more active, more growing, younger, than the trunk; its cells are rapidly dividing and pushing the structure upward and outward. The galvanometer shows that the positive electricity generated by the tree is normally flowing through the wood of each branch upward and outward — from the more basal regions of the trunk into the more apical regions of the tip. The direction of growth coincides with the direction of the electrical current.

A similar statement applies to the root system. Here is another apex: the cells at the root tip are rapidly dividing and pushing the structure downward and outward. And here, too, when the galvanometer is applied, the electrical currents of this part of the tree are found to be flowing from the basal tissue above down into the root tip.

Suppose the electrical current flows against the direction of growth; what will happen then? The small hydroid Obelia, which normally grows a polyp at one end of its stem and a root-like holdfast at the other, was the subject of this experiment. If you cut a section of Obelia stem and drop it in water, regeneration will occur within twenty or thirty hours; and the end that was toward the polyp in the mother organism will invariably show the first sign of growth by sprouting a new polyp of its own. Later the basal end will develop, but in hundreds of tests it was the apical or polyp end that developed first — showing unmistakably an inherent polarity of the organism, a persistent tendency to grow in that direction.

The question was, Can this persistent tendency be overcome? Can we shut the door on growth? Can we open another door, and make growth take that direction? A number of Obelia stems were cross-sectioned, and these sections were fastened in water.

An electric current was then passed through the water in such a way that it entered certain of the sections by their apical ends.

In every one of these cases, growth was inhibited! In some instances it was delayed by as much as twenty hours. In other instances, where the electromotive force was increased, the order of growth was reversed so that a polyp sprouted from the basal end and a holdfast from the apical end — something that had never been observed in nature.

In other experiments the currents generated by the Obelia stem itself were measured, and in every instance it was found that the electrical polarity was positive at the apical end and negative at the basal. Thus, the normal flow of its own electrical output is from base to apex, which is also the normal direction of growth. But when the electrical output of the organism was overpowered by an opposing current of greater electromotive force imposed from outside, then the natural polarity of the tissue was reversed — its electric flow was reversed — and its direction of growth was reversed. Of necessity, the tissue grew backward. At least, such appears to be a reasonable explanation of the result.

May not this same result occur naturally? May not one living cell — or group of cells — develop such high electrical potential as to inhibit or reverse the potential of a sister cell, and thus exercise control over the latter? Dr. Lund thinks so, and by his unique experiments with the Douglas fir he has found evidence that the higher potentials generated in certain regions of the tree actually dominate the electrical output of other regions of the tree.

This suggests a possible key to the problem of cell correlation. Through the trunk and branches there is a continuous flow of current upward in the wood and downward in the cortex or living strata of the bark. The apical cortex, moreover, shows a higher electromotive force than the wood, and it has been demonstrated that the stronger currents generated in the cortex cells affect the less electrically active wood cells.

The apical tip of the tree is found to be electropositive to the tip of each branch. Also, the tip of each branch is electropositive to the tip of any branch below it. Thus the apex is unmistakably marked as the region of the highest electrical potential, and the cortex as the highest within the apex. When the apex is cut off, the branch which possesses the next highest potential — it would seem — is selected by its own electrical capacity to serve as the new apex. The current surging up into it from the wood below dominates it, determines its function, and the process of growth lifts the new apex to a vertical position. This is the picture suggested by the evidence. And it is important to remember that an electrical generator must of necessity be a polar structure.

Moreover, the flow of food materials within the tree conforms in general to the flow of the self-generated electrical currents. The sap flows upward in the wood as a water stream bearing inorganic nutrients in solution; some of these nutritive substances pass radially to the branches and leaves, others flow downward in the cortex.

To test the possible influence of an electric current upon sap transport, Dr. Lund placed the root end of a small plant in a water solution of red dye. The water rose in the plant uniformly, and the dye gave the wood in the plant a pinkish tinge. Then the experimenter took a fresh plant, selected two opposite branches, and attached an electrode to the tip of each branch. When these were connected in an electric circuit and a current was sent through in such a way that the electricity entered the plant by its right branch and passed out at its left branch, a marked difference appeared in the staining of the wood. The water rose scarcely at all in the right branch, but in the left, through which the electric current had its outlet, the staining was complete. Apparently the electric flow is able to inhibit transport as well as growth.

In this experiment the electrical current which, when thus artificially imposed, affected the normal flow of sap in the plant was about ten microamperes. The currents used in the experiments to orient growth in Obelia stems were of the same order of magnitude; and to inhibit and reverse the direction of growth the currents were about ten times greater. The electrical pressures used were measured in thousandths of a volt. Larger outputs of energy have been measured in the growing things themselves; the electromotive force of a Douglas fir registered as high as one tenth of a volt in a ten-year-old tree.

A tenth of a volt is not much electrical pressure in our commercial power systems — though it would be quite sufficient to support a local telephone conversation, provided the current were of the alternating type necessary for telephony. But it would n't furnish much illumination; even the low-voltage incandescent lamp circuit ordinarily used for automobile headlights requires six volts. So the newspaper reporter who came bustling up with an original idea — 'Can't we have a story about wiring a Christmas tree so that it will be made to light its own bulbs?' — was doomed to disappointment. There is little likelihood that trees or forests may ever be hooked up as generators to supply electricity for cities, farms, and other dependent outsiders. It seems more certain that they need and use all their own energy output in the process of living. And when they cease living, they cease generating electricity.

IV

How does a living thing generate electricity? There are, in general, two ways of producing current: by pumping electrons, as with a dynamo; and by damming up electrons to a higher level of pressure, as with a chemical battery. The protoplasmic cell uses the second method, and Dr. Lund finds it to be of that particular type known as an oxidation-reduction battery. A familiar example in everyday use is the storage battery of the Ford automobile. Indeed, almost all makes of automobile now use this type of battery.

I have suggested that a battery is, in effect, an electric dam. It is a chemical arrangement so constructed that on one side of the reaction are atoms and molecules with a surplus of electrons, and, on the other, atoms and molecules with a deficiency. Whenever the sluice in the dam is open — that is, whenever the two poles of the battery are joined in a circuit — these electric particles (or, as the newest physics would have it, these wavelets) flow like water from the region of surplus, or high electron pressure, to the region of deficiency, or low electron pressure. They continue to flow until the electrical level on both sides is equal.

The difference in electrical level is obtained, in the first place, by selecting chemicals which are electromotively active with respect to one another. In an oxidation-reduction battery this means that there must be a substance with a tendency to oxidize, or remove electrons from, another; and there must also be this latter substance which will reduce, or contribute electrons to the other. In the case of the automobile battery, the electromotively active substances are lead metal, lead oxide, and sulphuric acid diluted with water.

In the living cell it has been found that under normal conditions there is a continuous process of oxidation-reduction, and that the electrical output of the cell varies with the velocity of oxidation. Shut out oxygen — as was done experimentally in many instances — and the cell ceases to produce a current. Present in every living cell is glutathione, a carbon compound with a hydrogen-sulphur group, an electromotively active substance. It would be possible to put two metal electrodes into a suitable vessel of glutathione and draw off an electric current — though such a suggestion will bring a smile to the laboratory man who finds it difficult to accumulate a gram. Dr. Lund feels confident that there are other electromotively active substances in the living cell yet to be identified. It is believed that, in the simplest case, opposite faces of the protoplasmic membrane which lines the cell perhaps serve as the two electrodes and poles of this living battery. The recent discovery, by means of X-rays, that protoplasm has a crystalline structure helps this supposition, since an electrode of necessity must be an oriented surface.

In engineering practice electric batteries are generally of several units connected together, and two systems of grouping are common. They may be connected in series, with the negative pole of one battery wired to the positive pole of its neighbor; or they may be connected in parallel arrangement, with all positive poles linked together and all negative poles linked together. Each arrangement has its advantages and its disadvantages, and the choice is determined by the circumstances.

Dr. Lund and his colleagues find that the living plant or animal connects up its battery cells in these same two ways. There are cells in which the flow of current from cell to cell is as though the units were wired in series, as in the automobile battery; in other instances the current shows that the batteries are connected in parallel. The materials which serve to connect or 'wire' the cells are the layers of the cell wall and the liquid which bathes all units in a film of fluid.

Thus we arrive at a biological picture which reveals living tissue as made of millions of chemical batteries, each adjusted to its process of oxidation reduction, each producing its continuous current of electrical energy, and all connected in multiple hook-ups that are a prototype of the wiring systems which we in our experimenting and engineering practice have achieved only within the last century. Ever since the first protoplasmic cell emerged from the inanimate clod and began its bold experiment of respiration, there has been this model of the electric battery. Volta, groping for the explanation of his mysterious voltaic pile, could not know that the thing was before his eyes — indeed, within his body, duplicated millions upon millions of times in living clay. Are any of man's proud patents valid? The eardrum was the first microphone, the eye pupil the first photo-electric tube, and the protoplasmic cell now appears to be the first electric battery.

The automobile battery exhausts its energy after a period of operation. It 'runs down,' and we run its potential up again by recharging — a process of pumping electrons back on one side of the dam so that the electrical pressure is restored to something like its former level. Nature has invented a process of recharging its protoplasmic batteries continually, — by the food stream which serves each cell, — so that even while the electrical current is flowing through the sluice, new reserves of energy are being stored behind the dam to maintain a difference in electrical level.

Nature has not attained perpetual motion, however. The speed of the earth in its orbit is slowing down, the mass of the sun is diminishing by two hundred and fifty million tons a minute, the stars are consuming themselves in radiation; even the stellar system itself appears to be in a process of expansion, exploding, scattering itself afar, while its excited atoms waste their substance in riotous radiation. The whole physical world, from electron to universe, is running down like a clock that has lost its key, caught in the inexorable drift of the second law of thermodynamics which decrees that eventually all dams must be leveled, all streams of energy must flow downhill into a tideless cosmic sea of inaction. It is true that Dr. R. A. Millikan and others interpret the cosmic rays as evidence of a reversible process in nature, but their surmises await proof. So far as we can see, there is no exception to this resistless principle of energy degradation. The higher organism appears to be in the same boat with the inorganic radium atom.

V

The radium disintegrates with age, and the organism dies with age, and the latter process is no more inexplicable than the former. Death is something that happens to living matter, just as disintegration is something that happens to radioactive matter, and loss of magnetism is something that happens to magnetic matter. Why an iron bar loses its magnetism we do not know, any more than we know why it acquired magnetism in the first place, or what magnetism is, to go even further into the inscrutable.

Magnetism is associated with iron, nickel, cobalt, and occurs in no other element. Life is associated with carbon, is found in no compound from which carbon is absent; we may say that life is an attribute of carbon, or a characteristic of carbon combinations. Just as magnetic iron may be demagnetized by heating, so may a living carbon compound be devitalized by shutting off oxygen, for example, or by admitting cyanide of potassium or some other paralyzing agent. But suppose the supply of oxygen and of all other conditions favorable to life is maintained uniformly, and suppose all unfavorable agents are kept away — what then? Would carbon continue without cessation to exhibit its characteristic phenomenon of life? Would old age be checked, and death be postponed, while the sheltered, protected organism lived on indefinitely?

Twenty years ago Dr. Alexis Carrel took some cells from the heart of a chick embryo, put them in favorable culture conditions, and they are living yet. The average life of a chicken is five years. Cancer cells have been transplanted to other individuals through several successive generations of mice, the cancer cells outliving the average mouse many times over. It will be remembered that Leo Loeb many years ago pointed to this fact, and suggested that cancer cells may be called immortal. So too with bacteria, algæ, and other unicellular organisms which reproduce by dividing into two, each half then growing to full size and dividing, repeating the process *ad infinitum*. Professor Woodruff of Yale has demonstrated that there need be no termination, no limit, to the continued existence of pure-line protozoa. But this continued existence, it must be observed, is not confined to the original cell, but is distributed among the innumerable cells formed through the repeated divisions. If Cell A divides and becomes two cells which we may name Cells B, and these in turn divide into four Cells C, one finds it rather difficult to identify individual A with the 33,554,432 individuals Z which represent the life of the original bacterium at the end of twenty-five successive divisions. This multiplication and distribution of individuality and personality would hardly satisfy man's yearnings for immortality. And yet nothing died in the long chain of changes which transformed the one Bacterium A into the millions of Bacteria Z.

We come to higher organisms. Here there are specialized parts of the carbon compounds, and the well-being of the organism is complicated by the necessity of perfect teamwork among organs, tissues, cells. Several years ago Jacques Loeb and J. H. Northrop began a series of experiments to see if the life of a complicated individual can be prolonged by surrounding it with conditions ideal for the functioning of organs, tissues, cells. They selected fruit flies as the subject for study, and, by sterilizing the newly laid eggs of the flies, obtained a few individuals free from all microörganisms. These were housed in sterilized bottles, fed aseptic yeast, surrounded with every known favorable condition and isolated from every known unfavorable condition, and — the death rate did not change, though the experiment was continued through eighty-seven generations. Death, it would seem, is inherent in the organism, and not dependent upon accident or disease.

Dr. Loeb then tried a further experiment. He separated his stock of diseaseless flies into several groups, and again placed them under ideal protected conditions. One condition only he changed — the temperature. One group of flies were allowed to live in a tropical temperature of 30° C., another group in 25°, another in 20°, a fourth in 15°, while the final group were put in the near-arctic climate represented by 10°. After a few generations the life-expectancy curve of the flies varied widely. Those in the temperate zone of 20° lived on the average more than twice as long as those in the torrid 30° zone, and the arctic colony at 10° lived more than eight times as long. By lowering the temperature 20 degrees, the average length of life was extended by more than 800 per cent.

These results were explained on the theory that duration of life is the time required to produce a chemical reaction, or series of reactions, the termination of the reaction being death. It is well known that temperature affects the velocity of chemical change, an increase of temperature speeding up the reaction, while a decrease slows it.

A discovery made by Dr. Lund in his experiments with the Douglas fir is a relationship between the electrical output of the tree and the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. He found that when a record of the electrical potentials of the tree was plotted for a period of days, the curve showed a daily rhythmic fluctuation. The potentials mounted highest at midday, then gradually fell to their lowest value at midnight. Were these differences an effect of sunlight? A hut was built over the tree, so arranged that it would shut out every ray of light. The rhythm of the curve continued as before; light was not the answer. The experiment was changed to test the influence of atmospheric moisture; again the result was negative.

Then Dr. Lund transplanted a tree to a tub and brought it into the laboratory, where he maintained an approximately constant temperature. At once the curve straightened out, and in general such slight fluctuations as occurred within the room temperature were reflected by corresponding changes in the electromotive force of the tree. Other experiments demonstrated that a rise of 10 degrees in temperature would be followed by an increase of from 50 to 100 per cent in the electrical output of the trunk of the tree.

Thus, increase in temperature such as shortened the life of the fruit fly by half is accompanied by an increase in the tree's electrical potential. A connection between heightened electroactivity and shortened longevity seems suggested — a relationship between the increased production of current by the protoplasmic battery and the duration of life in the battery.

Certainly electrical potential is indicated as a criterion of aliveness. We do not know fundamentally why protoplasm divides, why it grows, why it ages and dies; but we observe that the cells which divide and grow most rapidly are the regions of the organism which develop the maximum electrical outputs. We observe also that these cells have the highest velocity of oxidation of any in the organism. Going back still further into causes, we observe that these young growing cells have the highest concentration of the electromotively active substance glutathione.

VI

A whole chapter might be written on glutathione. Found in all living cells, more of it is present in apical (young) cells than in basal (old) cells. Recent studies show that, in the individual cell itself, glutathione is more concentrated in the apical (growing) end than in the basal. Young embryos contain more glutathione than old animals, proportionate to weight. It is a stuff of youth, of aliveness, of energy transfers; as age advances, the glutathione grows less, becomes dilute, electromotively weaker, approaches a dead level of chemical quiescence.

This raises the interesting question whether the living cell is wound up at the beginning of its existence and then runs down. If so, how does it get wound up? How is it that the germ cell, the protoplasmic spark with which each life begins, can regain or retain its high content of free energy?

The quantity of free energy corresponds to thermodynamic potential, one of the most fundamental concepts in physics. It means potential power. A weight suspended at the top of the ceiling has free energy — and it has more of it than one that is already halfway down to the floor. The germ cell seems to have a greater fall of energy than any other cell — more thermodynamic potential, more aliveness, more youth. From the moment when the germ cell first divides and begins to grow, it begins also to age. This is another way of saying that from the moment the weight begins to fall from the ceiling it begins to lose its store of energy. Not only that, but an organism ages more rapidly in youth than in maturity and senescence. When its free-energy content is gone, the cell has spent its power — the weight has hit the floor — it is dead.

Questions of rejuvenescence therefore, according to this electric theory of life, resolve into questions of energy recovery. If electrical polarity and electrical potential are the measure of youth, then the problem is how to recover to the cell its original potential difference. Solve that, and you will have solved the problem of deferring old age, of rejuvenating those already grown old, of death control.

But if one accepts the electric view of life one may doubt whether the problem is solvable in a physical world ruled by the second law of thermodynamics. 'I must increase,' saith Entropy to every form of energy; 'you must decrease.' And there appeareth no reason why the physical energy of protoplasm can escape the universal law.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

You must have noticed the opening of our new village aquarium. It was an occasion of the greatest interest. We all felt instinctively that history was being made. Our village doctor, though retired from practice these fifteen years, became so concerned about the manatee, who was not feeling very well, that he on the spot bestowed upon the creature medical advice worth fully a thousand dollars at his ordinary rates, and thus became our first ichthyiatrist.

My own concern for the fish, though no less deep than his, took another form. I was led to reflect upon the fortunate condition in which they now find themselves: sheltered in a magnificent marble temple, reminiscent of Phidias and Pericles; protected from unseasonable changes of temperature and weather; ensured ample, wholesome, and regular meals, and safe from the attacks of their natural enemies — kingfishers, otters, and the Izaak Walton League. They are, in short, in the full enjoyment of what is generally understood as Prosperity, and of course, incidentally, that degree of Publicity that usually goes with it. Security, Prosperity, Publicity — all these are theirs. Who could ask more?

They are also as never before in a position to profit by the inestimable benefits of Modern Science. The water in which they live is in perpetual motion, and is constantly filtered and aerated. Anyone who knows the conditions under which the ordinary self-supporting fish exists — the miserable dirty water he has to live in, full of weeds, snags, polliwogs, and algæ — will realize what an agreeable change this must be for any decent fish. It is like being elected a life member of a good hotel.

Now consider the condition of one of them if these benefits were suddenly withdrawn. Suppose him plunged once more, after a short railway journey, in the murky depths of his native lake, all his security, prosperity, and publicity taken from him, and himself thrown once more upon his own resources. The extraordinary thing is that most people would consider him happy! All the real benefits he has lost — æsthetic and scientific surroundings, good living conditions, regular meals, and expert medical attendance — they would think of no importance compared to what he has gained, which really amounts only to this: he has got to go to work.

There is a fearful moment in most English novels when the hero, foully defrauded of his rightful inheritance, faces, though perhaps only for a moment, the unbearable prospect of having to go to work. This, next to death, or at least to living out of London, the author most fears for him. That is not quite the American mood. Our present apprehension certainly is rather, Can we hold our job?

II

For the first time in the lives of any of us, there has been creeping into our thoughts of late a doubt upon what is unquestionably the fundamental axiom of American life — that our best minds are occupied in business. Is it after all barely possible that they are not? I do not say so; I have no desire to prostrate a tottering market. But cross'd as I am with adversity (to adapt the noble Shakespeare), I cannot wholly escape that suspicion. And yet no one would be happier than I to be convinced that it is groundless.

Meanwhile, what of adversity? It is a fine art. Whether prosperity is one may be doubted, but there is no doubt about adversity. How to take reduction in wealth, influence, prestige — this is a problem to tax the artist within us to the utmost. Observe a man who has never known it and you feel the lack at once. The responsibilities of wealth are much discussed; but what are they to the responsibilities of adversity? Indeed these latter are so great as to overwhelm most of those who experience them. One trouble with us is that we have forgotten these responsibilities and simply capitulated at once, under the impression that adversity can mean nothing but defeat.

Adversity is also a medicine. Sitting in the crowded restaurant of a great and gay resort, where people do little but sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play, one feels that a few years more of unbroken 'prosperity' would have been the ruin of us.

Adversity is also the most social force in the world. Nothing brings people together like it. In its presence men stand shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy. Prosperity divides us; that is the bane of it. Adversity unites us; that is the glory of it. The market is crashing; your brother comes over. He has been hit too, but he is more concerned about you. Can't he let you have a check? You pooh-pooh the idea; still, on second thoughts you perceive that you might as well take the check. It was not prosperity that sent him to you.

A certain glorious house where you were once lavishly entertained has passed out of the family, you hear; and that charming girl whose wedding you saw celebrated amid such magnificence has gone to work. Well, you admire her all the more, and know that she works with as much zest and spirit as she played with before. You perceive that everybody is cutting down his budget, just as you are cutting yours, and a fellow feeling steals over you for people you never really took much stock in before.

It is a great help to realize that you are not especially singled out for calamity; without wishing anybody any bad luck, it is nevertheless comforting to think that lots of other people are in the same boat. This is not an unsocial attitude; quite the contrary. The one thing you dread about adversity is that it will cut you off from your kind, and if they are all going along with you, evidently that is not going to happen. You are not going to be isolated; in fact you are going to be less isolated than ever. Your friends will still be about you, to comfort and annoy. In fact adversity may bring you closer to them than you have ever been.

And never in a long and eventful married life have you been so heartily commended by your consort as when in a recent hour of economic stress you compassed an unexpected fifty dollars with your bare pen. Never have you been so uplifted as by her unmistakably sincere refrain, muttered at intervals through that memorable morning, 'You're a smart man! You're a smart man!' Only a husband of some standing, whose wife may be supposed to have fully explored and perhaps somewhat discounted his powers, can appreciate the full force of such a tribute after more than twenty years of matrimony. You can only say that, as far as you are concerned, that morning fully made up for the so-called depression. You had astonished your wife! Could you have done so in normal and supposedly happier times?

Cautious friends ask you if a certain stock now at 12½ is 'good.' You reply that you thought so at 25, and still do. You only regret that you perceived its worth so soon. But such is ever the fate of men in advance of their times. Others, wise beyond their day, saw that it was good at 38 and still others at 50. What a mistake it is to seek to rise above the common herd! Let us rather troop unreflectingly along with them, seeking no personal advantage from our superior intelligence. Let us even, in these days of stress, descend into the basements of the marts of trade and there mingle freely with the common herd aforesaid. It seems to know a thing or two after all.

III

A young friend who is engaged in the manufacture of door and window screens has been feeling the decline in the market for such luxuries. But he also makes a few washboards on the side, and of a sudden a tremendous demand for these appliances has developed. Explain it as you will; the despised washboard, which has been dwindling toward extinction in our modern electrified life, now sells by the hundred dozen. Why? Imagination grapples with the problem. Perhaps people can no longer meet the monthly payments and so are losing their washing machines. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and whatever the depression in the screen factory, the washboard plant is for the present a scene of feverish activity. So probably are the washboards.

Such is your own desolation that you resolve to buy something for the country from your favorite mail-order house on the installment plan. How fortunate that such arrangements can be made, and how advantageous they now appear! The bill is about $100, and it seems you can pay it off quite painlessly at only $8.00 a month! The thing is almost incredible, it is so simple. It shows how easy it is to be poor.

The only thing in the world they require is that they be allowed to add $8.50 to the total, which seems reasonable enough. Though, when you come to foot it up, they are really lending you $8.00 for seventy-eight months, running more or less concurrently; or, to put it another way, they lend you $624 for one month, or $52 for one year; and all for $8.50, or the modest rate of roughly 16½ per cent per annum. But never mind; why be cold-blooded and bankerish about it? It's worth it in these troubled times. Anyway, you order about the cheapest bathtub in the whole catalogue, and imagine your satisfaction at receiving at once a long letter in reply, with this cheering statement: —

> You have made an excellent selection in these furnishings, for they are made of very high-quality material, by expert workmen, and assure you long, satisfactory service.

Now, of a surety, fine words and smooth speeches are not for the rich alone; the installment buyer is not without his proper meed.

A most enjoyable questionnaire, it seems, is to be filled out to accompany your order. Who is your present employer? A certain university. How long have you worked for your present employer? Thirty-two years. What is your weekly pay? It does not come weekly, alas, but it is easily figured. From what source do you expect to make these payments? (This is getting easier and easier.) Name two reputable citizens as references. . . .

This really is embarrassing. How can you stop at two? If you mention two, are there not others just as reputable who would wonder, if it came to their attention, that you had made such a list and had not included them? It would really have been easier if the blank had asked for ten. Suppose you meet one of the Trustees, for example, and he has seen the list: he will naturally think, though he may not feel like mentioning it, that of the first two reputable citizens of your acquaintance to come to your mind he should have been one. A most invidious question, truly, and if the questionnaire has a flaw, I should find it here. The idea that a list of two would exhaust the number of reputable citizens you know and would take positive pride in referring to is a reflection not so much upon you as upon your fellow citizens. In fact, it seems to imply that reputable citizens are few, and that it will tax you to name two. Two hundred would be more like it. Why don't these people give you a chance to tell them who it is you know? You are half inclined to send in a couple of hundred names just of those you simply don't see how you can leave out, but perhaps that would look too much like a list of honorary pallbearers.

Your wife inquires why you bother to fill in all these details. You reply that you enjoy puzzling out the answers and jotting them down. This is, in fact, the very pleasantest part of the installment plan. Paying cash has no such pleasurable social aspects. You perceive that the company is getting personally interested in you. Here is a specially good one: 'How far do you live from the railroad?' What solicitude! They seem to fear that you are going to disappear in the wilderness and lose touch. You have been living up there for thirty-five years, but you have never figured the thing out before. You decide that you live about a mile from the railroad, most of the distance being water. If they mean to look you up, you hope they will not try to walk.

IV

Flowers have been costing a good deal, it seems. Let us then get out that admirable cluster of artificial flowers cunningly wrought of beads, and sent us by our sister in California in years gone by. What a pleasing centrepiece they make upon the dinner table, not overloading the air with a too heavy fragrance, and gratefully reminding us of the substantial economy we are hourly making by the simple and pleasurable expedient of their use. Thus, if nature prove too costly for us, does man resort to art.

Then there is all that stationery, now slightly outmoded, it is true, of a certain society of which you were last year an officer. Why not fling away ambition, as someone has suggested, and use it up, first candidly obliterating your name in the once proper place? Better men than you have done the like before now.

And have you not illustrious precedent in a certain club you lunch at, where the dining-room slips are all conveniently dated 192– unto this day? But do you despise this frugality on the part of the Council and House Committee? No! With a right good will you change the 2 to a 3 as you have been doing for some two years, and silently register approval for officers so mindful of the public good. '*O si sic omnia!*' you murmur, in city, county, sanitary district, state, and nation.

Then the neighbors would not be in rebellion against the tax bills, and everybody might breathe a bit easier.

One no longer takes pains to tie his necktie so as to conceal the worn spots. Quite the contrary. Why seek to separate ourselves from the common lot of man? Poverty, we now perceive, is honorable in all. There is something almost indecent now about the gay new raiment wherewith we were wont to greet the spring and match her bravery. Let us rather, like our fellows and companions, resume the clothes of yesteryear. What, after all, is dearer than the old hat, the old shoes? Are not these the very symbols of comfort and ease?

The old car, too! No one shall take it from us. On this subject the telephone ringeth but in vain. We will not this spring slow down almost to a stop before a certain show window in Automobile Row and then find a few minutes after reaching home that our number was taken, ourselves looked up at the city hall, and the salesman set upon our track! From such perils we are for the present free. No dallying with stylish models by Fisher or Fleetwood. Let the world go by — though as a matter of fact it does n't seem at all inclined to do so, but rather seems, if we read the signs of the times aright, to feel in the main just as we do.

V

The hardest thing to retrench in is books. You recall with pain the days when you could not buy the new books you wanted; you had to borrow them or go without. Must these days return? Well, for a while you can get on with the books you have. There used to be such things as 'standard' authors; they must be somewhere about the house. Why not rediscover the values supposed to reside in them? Perhaps the depression may turn out a good thing for our literary tastes and habits, as well as our figures.

For the djinn who lurked in jars and bottles, ready to obey Sindbad and Aladdin, were nothing to those you have, shut up in books, behind the glass doors of your library. What heroines of enchantment are there, what paladins of romance and adventure, what villains of perfidy and guile! — all cheerfully and amiably ready to emerge and appear whenever you want them. Was there ever such a galaxy? Charlie Chan and the Count of Monte Cristo, Robinson Crusoe and Dr. Thorndike, Sherlock Holmes and the Knight of Ivanhoe, Jeeves and Father Brown. And the ladies! those queens of our hearts — Lossie and Lorna Doone and Miss Dalton and Little Nell. There are villains, too, but their names do not come back to me. (Strange how easily we forget the villains!)

And how approachable and obliging they all are — willing at a moment's notice to emerge from their seclusion and join you for a solitary luncheon, or an evening hour! Myself, I should fear to state how many luncheons I have had, for example, with the Count of Monte Cristo. What inimitable conversations one can thus enjoy, and delectable thrills and shudders, alarms, hopes, fears, vicissitudes.

And then how simple — relatively — to shut them all up again in the glass-fronted bookcase, for a month or a year, or ten years, until you really crave their company again, when out they troop once more, untouched by time, as fascinating and companionable as ever. Though some of them, you must admit, are not so easy to get rid of, once you have let them out, but hang around for an hour or two, or even all the afternoon perhaps. And even then you cram them back into the bookcase with something like a pang.

As a matter of fact, a penetrating intelligence does not live so long with a literary masterpiece like the *Count of Monte Cristo* without discerning in it a deep, almost occult, significance. For is not the Count the college student? The Château d'If — that is, of course, the Castle of If — is college (and was ever a college better named? 'If College!' This is something that even the new educators have never thought of); the course is thirteen years; the Abbé Busoni is the faculty; the governor is the president, and the guards are the deans. We escape or are flung forth at the end of our sentence into the sea of life, weighted with a frightful handicap (the 'bullet' at our feet) and shrouded in our professor's sack; unless we have the address to rid ourselves of it at once and strike out for shore. Which if we reach, and can once get to our treasure island, we shall find what our old professor told us immensely useful for the purposes we have been forming all these long, weary years, whether foul or fair.

HIS CHILDREN

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

He loved strong things —
Great oaks and elms,
Hawk wings
Soaring against the sky. . . .

There is no strength here,
Only the thistle dust and shriveled down,
Winged and foolish seeds that fell —
Strangely enough —
On fertile ground.

REMEDIES FOR THE THIRD DEGREE

BY ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

I

THE third degree is the infliction of physical or mental suffering to obtain a confession or other information about a crime. It is illegal, unconstitutional, inhumane, yet its use by police and other law-enforcing officials is widespread over the United States. This is shown in a recent report of the Wickersham Commission, and many of the facts are discussed in the September *Atlantic Monthly* by Ernest J. Hopkins, in 'The Lawless Arm of the Law.' An intensive investigation found the third degree prevalent in New York, Buffalo, Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle. Appellate courts, in sixty-seven decisions during the past decade, have held that confessions were extorted by brutal practices, not only in several of the cities named, but also in Richmond, Miami, Louisville, Washington, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, and many other places, covering over half the states. Nor is this just an urban problem. More than one third of the judicially reported cases since 1920 occurred in communities of less than ten thousand inhabitants. Consequently, the third degree may fairly be called a nation-wide evil.

The mildest form is questioning prolonged until the prisoner's energies are spent and his powers of resistance overcome. When the questioners become worn out, they are replaced by a fresh relay of detectives, but there is no such relief for the suspect. He is kept under interrogation for many hours, day and night, without rest or sleep or perhaps even a chance to sit down. In many cases he is threatened with blows or with delivery to a mob. And the actual use of physical brutality is extensive — especially beating with the fists, a whip, or a piece of rubber hose. Not all the victims of these abuses are guilty; there are strong reasons for believing that a substantial proportion of them are innocent.

Allowances must be made for the difficulties of the officials who are trying to run down clever, well-organized criminals, and believe that the only way to do it is by using these illegal practices. Yet the English police detect a high percentage of crimes while keeping strictly within the law. And in such large American cities as Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia the police are now strongly opposed to the third degree and declare that they can get as good results, or better, by lawful methods like friendly questioning and a vigorous search for outside evidence.

Thus the third degree is unnecessary for putting down crime. It ought to be abolished, not merely because it is illegal, but because of the serious evils it causes. It involves the danger of wholly or partially false confessions. It impairs the efficiency of the police by accustoming them to trying to prove most cases by extorted confessions instead of looking for witnesses and facts. Finally, such habitual gross lawlessness brutalizes the police, hardens the prisoner against society, and lowers the esteem in which the administration of justice is held by the public.

Our problem is, How to get rid of the third degree? This cannot be accomplished by denunciations of the police. What we need are remedies which will influence them to abandon it and put down crime as effectively, or more so, by legal means. Many suggestions have been put forward for this purpose. Unfortunately there are strong reasons for believing that most of them would be unsuccessful.

A discussion of the various proposals, many of which call for constitutional amendments or new statutes, will be easier to understand if it is preceded by a brief description of the existing law and the way it operates.

II

The Constitution of the United States and those of nearly all the individual states provide that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself in a criminal case. An accused person has the absolute right to remain silent when questioned, either in the courtroom at his trial or in the police station or elsewhere after his arrest. Also it is law everywhere that a confession obtained by coercion cannot be given to the jury as evidence. Thus one penalty for the use of the third degree is that if it is proved at the trial the confession will be kept out of the case and in consequence the prisoner may be acquitted.

A second penalty is that the official inflicting the third degree may be held guilty of a crime. This is true everywhere if he used violent methods. In some states special statutes have made other forms of the third degree criminal, and imposed severe punishment. In Kentucky, for example, prolonged questioning is the crime of 'sweating.'

Both kinds of penalty often fail to prevent the extortion of information from a suspect. The reasons for this failure will be given later. The circumstances which afford an opportunity for the extortion must now be explained.

The danger period, when the third degree is ordinarily administered, begins with arrest and ends when the police bring their prisoner before a police judge or other magistrate. Except for petty offenses like drunkenness, which the magistrate tries himself, his function is to conduct a preliminary examination to see whether the evidence justifies binding over the prisoner for the grand jury (or other action by the district attorney). If so, the accused, unless released on bail, is taken from the police and committed to the county jail in the custody of the sheriff, who is less apt to allow the third degree, since he lacks strong motives for getting convictions. Thus, whether the accused is bailed or jailed, the danger period is usually over at this point. Consequently the police know that they must get in their work before the suspect appears in the magistrate's court. The law in all states requires him to be brought in by the police within a short time after arrest, but it is often disobeyed. In order to prolong the opportunities for questioning and the use of coercion, the police may keep him out of court for days and even weeks. They resort to such devices as making no record of the arrest, refusing admission to his lawyer, hiding him in remote stations, so that friends and lawyers do not know where he is. These events after arrest are the vital spots of the third degree.

To cure the third-degree evil, many changes in the law and procedure just outlined have been proposed, such as more criminal statutes, stiffer restrictions on the admissibility of confessions, legal schemes to get more information from the prisoner either at his trial or at the preliminary hearing, novel laboratory devices for extracting the truth from suspects. In the following discussion of these proposals and of several alternative suggestions, they will be grouped so as to develop five general principles, which, I believe, should govern the search for successful remedies.

III

Little or no further legislation is needed.

The first natural reaction to shocking instances of the third degree is to demand more laws against it, especially statutes imposing severe punishments on its perpetrators. Yet there are enough laws now to stop the third degree, if words would only operate of themselves. The trouble is the lack of any power behind them sufficient to hold back the officials who are about to give a suspect 'the works.'

In particular, criminal statutes have no appreciable tendency to check these abuses. It is useless to multiply punishments when very few get punished. Occasional convictions of brutal policemen for assault and battery appear in the press — this is under the general criminal law. The special statutes against the third degree, like the Kentucky 'anti-sweating act,' have not resulted in a single prosecution which is reported in any judicial decision during the past decade. Illinois, California, and Washington have stringent legislation against the third degree, but it was found to be prevalent in Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle.

Prosecutions of the police are an unsuccessful remedy for several reasons. Evidence of brutality is hard to obtain. Other policemen will rally to their accused associates and deny any application of the third degree. Jurymen are likely to be lenient toward the police, whom they regard as protecting society, even if they do it illegally. Unless convictions are obtained, a prosecution is worse than useless — the officials will feel safer than ever in continuing brutal methods. And a prosecuting attorney who has himself participated in administering the third degree or knowingly profited from its results will not be zealous about punishing the policemen who helped him.

Consequently, new criminal statutes would only mean more law to be violated by officials, if so inclined. As one police commissioner remarked, law is really what the human factor makes it; legal changes would make no difference in what the police found necessary or could 'get away with.'

Proposals for stiffening the restrictions on the admissibility of confessions at the trial are also no more likely to be enforced than the existing law. Under this, extorted confessions are excluded by the courts when the coercion is proved — but proof is difficult. The prisoner tells his story of brutality; the police deny it. Nobody backs him up — the interrogation was secret. And disreputable lawyers have trumped up third-degree allegations so often that this defense is readily disbelieved even when true. Finally, the risk of losing the confession in court appears, at the time of arrest months earlier, too distant and slight to deter the police from using illegal pressure on their prisoner, especially as they hope to extract clues from him which can be utilized immediately for tracking down an accomplice, hidden loot and weapons, or other valuable facts. These facts will perhaps assure a conviction even if the confession should be shut out. Thus that remote penalty operates very imperfectly to make the police obey the law during the danger period.

Why should added restrictions work any better, when they impose the same penalty? Some suggestions of this sort are worth mentioning for their useless ingenuity and the bitter opposition they have aroused. An Illinois legislative bill requiring that when the police questioned a suspect a notary public and a minister of the gospel should be present was denounced as 'an anarchistic attempt to make the way of the transgressor easy. It clothes the thug in purple and fine linen, draws a sacred circle around him, and defies the officers of the law to approach him except with unctuous civility and dumb deference.' A California measure insisted on the presence of the prisoner's lawyer and a magistrate; this was described by a police chief as an open invitation to the criminal elements of the world to migrate to California.

A better objection to all such paper restrictions is that the police would easily brush them aside. The same criticism applies to the proposal of two distinguished sociologists that after the police had questioned a suspect for three hours they should give him an hour's rest.

In short, the policemen and prosecutors who use the third degree are the very persons who substantially control the enforcement of the laws against it. So long as these officials believe in these illegal methods, they can hardly be expected to prosecute each other for employing them, or to insist on rigid observance of regulations directed against such methods.

One of two courses of action is therefore necessary — perhaps both: (1) to produce a different mental attitude in the officials; (2) to find independent persons who will set the legal machinery in motion against lawbreaking policemen and district attorneys. In either event, no new laws are needed.

IV

The third degree is primarily a police problem; and remedies, to be effective, must influence the conduct of the police during the time the suspect is in their hands.

Remedies come too late when they operate mainly at the jury trial, long after the expiration of the danger period of the third degree. That is one weakness, as we have already seen, of the rule excluding coerced confessions. It would affect even more seriously the remedy next to be considered.

This is a proposal which hopes to displace the third degree by making it easier to get information from the prisoner at his trial. Under the present law, except in New Jersey, Ohio, and South Dakota, if he refuses to take the stand, nobody can point out to the jury that this silence in the face of damaging charges is some indication of guilt. Suppose the law were changed so that the district attorney or the trial judge could say, 'If the prisoner is innocent, why does n't he tell us where he was on the night of the murder?' Several writers have argued that if such unfavorable inferences were made permissible the prisoner would be less likely to keep off the stand; and, they continue, if prosecutors and policemen knew they would thus have more chance of getting the accused to tell his story at the trial, then they might not be tempted to extort it from him by blows before the trial.

The trouble is that this delicate logic has no real relation to the minds of policemen who have just arrested a suspect. Of what use to them are facts that may possibly be learned at the trial, months later? They must start building up their case against the prisoner at once. They want to get immediate clues from him if they can. Also he may be induced to plead guilty — then what he might say on the stand is not worth bothering about. So they go ahead and apply the third degree, if that is their practice.

The proposed remedy has long been operating in New Jersey, but no informed person has been found who thought it had any effect in lessening the third degree there. The Newark police are regularly operating a carefully elaborated routine for getting confessions with frequent use of the less brutal forms of coercion. Most of the policemen are said not to realize that New Jersey law differs from that of other states, so this fact does not influence them; instead, they are affected by police methods used in large cities generally. A Newark police official says he would employ the methods he now finds satisfactory wherever he was working, regardless of differences in court procedure. Thus the Newark situation furnishes no indication that the adoption of the New Jersey rule in other states would drive out the third degree.

With this belated and remote remedy, contrast the factors discussed under the next heading, which operate successfully in Boston during the danger period.

V

Remedies should conform as closely as possible to existing lawful police practices and to the present organization of criminal justice.

Any remedy which involves a very wide departure from the lawful procedure to which officials are accustomed is likely to meet with prolonged opposition on their part. Its adoption will be delayed, it may not receive their loyal support if adopted, and it may create new and unforeseen obstacles to justice. Big jumps in policy may be unattainable or undesirable. Bad as the third degree is, we should be very cautious about disrupting the police department and the courts in the hope of abolishing it.

Let us begin by considering two simple remedies which are free from the foregoing objections.

The first is to shorten this danger period by obtaining the prompt production of the prisoner before a magistrate, after which he should be out of the hands of the police. This is the situation in Boston, and appears to contribute to the virtual nonexistence of the third degree in that city. The police know that they have only a short time for investigation; consequently they begin legitimate questioning and the search for outside facts with immediate energy. There is no opportunity for protracted interrogations lasting over several days and nights, which are common in cities where production in court is illegally delayed. Violence is less probable when scars will not have time to heal before the magistrate sees the prisoner next day. This remedy involves no new law; practically all states require prompt production in court. It introduces no startling innovation in police methods, but merely hastens an act which the police are accustomed to perform. Of course, enforcement of this law will not always be an easy matter. The same motives which cause the police in many cities to investigate brutally also lead them to prolong the time of investigation illegally. However, excessive length of confinement is an offense which the judges can discover and correct more easily than secret coercion, and if necessary they can be readily assisted by the special law-enforcing agencies which will be proposed later in this article.

Secondly, official records should be kept of the exact time of arrest and of detention; of the transfers of prisoners and the places to which they are taken; of interviews by the police with prisoners and the time interrogations begin and end; and (as in Boston) of injuries to prisoners found visible during a daily examination. Facts of this nature fit naturally into the records customarily kept in police stations and jails. Some omissions and falsifications may occur for the purpose of concealing illegal practices, but the publicity of the records and a moderate amount of oversight can be made to minimize such a possibility; and the regularity of written records has a psychological tendency to produce accuracy. Nobody likes keeping false books.

The importance of such records is plain. A chief cause of the third degree is its secrecy, which makes it difficult to prove its existence. Before a community can carry out its will to end the third degree and illegal detentions, it must know when and where and how and to what extent abuses are perpetrated. For this purpose the facts as to the detention and treatment of prisoners must be made available to lawyers and judges, the press and the public.

The two remedies just recommended have the advantage of forming a natural part of the existing routine of police stations and magistrates' courts. Let us turn to several proposals which lack this advantage.

1. In England, the police are forbidden to interrogate a suspect after his arrest or involuntary detention; thus there is no danger of their using brutality or other pressure to obtain the desired answers. Consequently the third degree is nonexistent and would not be tolerated by the police force. However, it is doubtful if this remedy could be successfully transferred to the United States, at least in the near future. It involves a tremendous change in our methods of investigation. In England it has the moral backing of the police. It succeeds because they want it to succeed, are ready to go far to avoid the third degree, and have long been accustomed to build up a case from witnesses and objective facts rather than relying on what the suspect may say. American police officials, on the other hand, attach extreme importance to the questioning of arrested persons. They would consider the adoption of the English rule a serious crippling of their activities, and until they feel otherwise it would only be one more law which they would be tempted to violate. How could they be forced to obey it? It is hard enough to prevent policemen from using physical violence on suspects; it would be far harder to prevent them from asking a few questions. We had better get rid of the rubber hose and twenty-four-hour grillings before we undertake to compel or persuade the police to give up questioning altogether.

2. Another drastic change in the law aims to replace all secret inquisitions on the part of police and prosecutors by an examination of the suspect before a magistrate, at which the prisoner's lawyer would be present. This plan involves a constitutional amendment, so that the suspect could lawfully be compelled to answer questions about the crime, even if he wished to remain silent. Such an amendment is recommended by the members of the Wickersham Commission, who say this compulsory questioning at the preliminary hearing 'would do away with the motive for unlawful extra-legal examina-

tions.' It is assumed that, as soon as a suspect is arrested, the police and prosecutors could force him to tell what he knows at the preliminary hearing in court, so that they would no longer care to use the third degree.

Since it would take years to get the proposed amendment adopted by all the states where the third degree now exists, other remedies ought to be tried first. And if the plan ever comes within the range of practical politics, several difficulties will have to be considered.

In the first place, how is the proposed compulsion to be exerted to make the suspect answer questions? Suppose a man disappeared months ago while in the company of the prisoner, but no body has been found. Murder is strongly suspected, and the magistrate asks, 'What happened while you two men were together? Where is he? Where is his body?' The prisoner preserves a determined silence. What shall the magistrate do next? Commit the suspect to jail for contempt? What is the use? He is in jail already. So the magistrate adjourns court for the day to think the matter over, and the police take the suspect out. Unless some other remedy for the third degree has been discovered, this would be a tempting moment to try it.

Secondly, unless the police bring every prisoner into court immediately after arrest, they will have the same opportunity as now to get clues from him which they would like to run down before the magistrate sees him. Here again the motive for the third degree arises. Or they may give him an advance beating-up to make him tell the magistrate what they desire. When the suspect sees in the courtroom the same burly detectives who have maltreated him all night, or knows that they will be waiting for him on his way out, the third degree is virtually operating on him despite the magistrate's presence.

An additional objection is that the Commission's plan shifts much of the labor of investigating crime from police and prosecutors to magistrates, who are already overburdened with other work and who have never been trained for a task resembling that of the French *juge d'instruction*. Such a change would seem unwise unless the magistrates were men of high calibre. Yet damaging criticisms of the personnel of the magistrates' courts have been expressed by the Wickersham Commission; and in New York City these courts have been under heavy fire from the Seabury Investigation. Consequently there is grave danger that many of these courts would not perform well the considerable new work with which they are to be saddled. If so, prosecutors and police would probably be tempted to supplement the deficiencies of the judges by continuing their own independent investigations with the help of the third degree.

3. A more picturesque plan proposes to encourage policemen and prosecutors to get information from a suspect by using, as a substitute for brutality, certain novel devices which have been evolved in criminological laboratories. Two of these devices have received especial attention: the truth serum and the lie detector.

The truth serum, or scopolamine, is related to the drug which has been used to produce twilight sleep during childbirth. Its advocates say it anæsthetizes the higher cortical centres, which are those employed in telling a deliberate lie. Laboratory experts say that they have experimented with it in questioning each other. 'It is just impossible to lie, for you cannot invent. Also it seems impossible to resist answering any question that is asked. Afterward one does not remember a thing he has said.' Prosecutors in several cities are said to have used it successfully. The method described is to have a physician look over the suspect, who is later told by the district attorney that he has an incurable disease, but will be given a 'shot' that will help him. A man then enters and injects scopolamine hypodermically. The drug is said to be painless, without after effects. Its advocates think that if it is possible to use it legally, without affronting public sentiment, it will be an extraordinarily accurate way of getting the truth out of suspects.

However, in the Mayer murder case in Seattle, where the prosecutor was trying to find the victim's body under circumstances like those described in a previous paragraph, one suspect merely went sound asleep after receiving the injections, and the answers of the other drugged witness were excluded at the trial. An injunction was issued against further injections. And one prisoner alleged that force was used to make her submit to the drug. The *Lancet*, a well-known English medical journal, tells of a Japanese youth in Hawaii who confessed to a murder while under the influence of the truth serum; shortly afterward the real murderer was discovered elsewhere. The *Lancet* concludes, 'To dope a man into confession would be as distasteful as to extract evidence by torture.'

The lie detector is a machine which is attached to the suspect's arm and chest, and makes a continuous record of his blood pressure, respiration, and any deliberate flexing of the biceps muscle. Questions are then put to him, and his emotional reactions are recorded in curves on the paper, which are said to show marked characteristics when a question arouses consciousness of guilt. Banks and department stores are reported to have used the lie detector successfully to detect petty pilferers among their employees. Police are less ready to employ it. When a Chicago police official was asked to try it out, he doubled up his fist and said, 'Here's the best lie detector.' However, leading authorities on crime, like August Vollmer and Dean Wigmore, believe it will be a potent aid for investigation, especially for furnishing clues to objective facts.

No encouragement for this view is furnished by the use of the lie detector in the Mayer murder case. Instead of being an alternative to the third degree, the machine was made the occasion for repeated all-night sessions of interrogation. The suspect objected to the machine, and smashed it with his fist. The missing body was never found. But the advocates of the device think its failure due to special adverse conditions. The legality of its use was not decided by the courts.

Whether or not these two devices can accurately determine the guilt of a suspect is a fact not yet established before any judge or legislature. Even so, it is difficult to reconcile their application to an unwilling suspect with his personal liberty and privilege against self-incrimination. Drugging a man by pretext or force is never likely to be tolerated. The lie detector is less objectionable if the questioning is not unduly prolonged. Satisfactory experimentation may lead to its lawful adoption, but it will be a long time before the police are persuaded to use such an unfamiliar device instead of their present methods. And care must be taken lest these devices be employed in such a way as to prove, not substitutes for the third degree, but rather new forms of it.

VI

The third degree is largely a local problem, which each community and its police department must solve for themselves.

In different cities of the same state, all under one law, the extent and forms of the third degree may show wide variations. It is a product of local conditions, and can be cured only by remedies of a nature to work naturally and energetically in the particular community and the particular police department.

The best solution must come from within the police department itself. Such is the experience of American cities where the third degree has disappeared. Some able official, like Stephen O'Meara in Boston, has built up a tradition of efficient law-abiding methods of investigation — has made his subordinates want to use them and able to use them.

By and large, the third degree appears to be interwoven with mediocre police efficiency in dealing with serious crimes. An official in India observed: 'There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence.' And a former New York prosecutor said that if the police 'could not get their results by brawn they were helpless.'

The relation between the third degree and police efficiency is somewhat peculiar. At the lower end of the scale, abuses may be absent because the police are too incompetent or too closely allied with the criminals to exert themselves to get convictions by any deliberate methods of investigation. The third degree seems likely to occur in departments which are anxious to be active against crime, but which are not trained or willing to make laborious searches for objective facts, preferring to rely on the easier but less satisfactory plan of getting their evidence from suspects as best they can. At the upper end of the scale the third degree disappears, because a well-organized police department with long-established traditions of legitimate skillful methods will be accustomed to get results without it. The London police are the outstanding example of this, but illustrations are furnished by several American cities.

In other words, we cannot get rid of the third degree without putting something better in its place. The great possibilities of scientific crime detection are illustrated by the work at the police laboratory in Lyon, France, as described by its director, Edmond Locard, in his *L'Enquête criminelle et les méthodes scientifiques.* The criminological laboratory connected with Northwestern University in Chicago, the police laboratories in several other cities, the general use of fingerprints, which are preserved for nationwide consultation in the Bureau of Identification in Washington — these are steps toward reliance on objective evidence rather than extorted confessions. Of late, public attention has been increasingly directed to questions of police organization, personnel, and efficiency; and observers in many cities have noted encouraging factors. All this leads to the belief that the use of law-abiding methods of investigation will be more frequent and more successful as time goes on.

Meanwhile, the community must play its part in obtaining the diminution of the third degree, not only by granting money, political independence, and other essentials for efficient lawful police investigation, but also by specific action.

First, it can form and encourage agencies which will bring pressure on police and prosecutors to make them observe the existing laws against the third degree. No startling innovations are necessary. One feasible agency is a Public Defender, supported either by the city or by private charity. Besides defending indigent prisoners in court, he can see them soon after arrest, so that they are not friendless in the hands of the police. He can visit them in their cells, observe visible injuries, ascertain the existence of illegal detentions, and see that any third-degree defense is honestly but adequately presented at the trial. Finally, the Voluntary Defenders Committee in New York obtains information as to police brutality from its clients, verifies its accuracy, and makes a systematic record of all cases of brutality, on the basis of which annual studies have been published of much value. Knowledge of the facts about the third degree in any city is the first step toward its cure. A different kind of counteractive force is the Constitutional Rights Committee of the Los Angeles Bar Association, which is available to hear any complaint of official lawlessness, investigates it thoroughly, and, if it is well-founded, causes disciplinary proceedings before a police trial board, or a prosecution, to be instituted. Although no such case has yet succeeded, the Committee feels: 'We have made it easier for the police to refrain from beating them up.'

Secondly, the community can insist on getting the facts about the third degree. The press can be of great assistance, by publishing authenticated instances of brutality and editorials condemning it. It may be desirable to hold public hearings, with power to subpœna witnesses. The police will then have a chance to present their views of proposed alternative methods of investigation, and to ask for changes in any existing legal restrictions upon their work which they think unreasonably narrow.

The third degree cannot thrive under publicity. The police need and desire the approval of their community; and few communities can be proud of men who habitually use the rubber hose.

VII

There is no single remedy for the third degree.

A combination of several factors, as in Boston, is apparently necessary. Simultaneously operating remedies strengthen each other. The law-abiding police tradition promotes prompt production of the suspect in court, and vice versa. A watchful Public Defender or Bar Association can check illegal detentions and encourage accurate records. Consequently success requires a union of some or all of the remedies recommended in this article, as conforming with the various principles set forth: —

1. Observance of the rule for prompt production of the suspect before a magistrate.
2. A public and accurate record of the period of detention, transfers of prisoners, interrogations, and visible injuries.
3. Steady improvement in the efficiency, organization, and equipment of police departments, so that evidence may be better obtained by objective investigation.
4. A fearless, untrammeled body, not subject to political control, to which complaints of brutality can be made and by which such complaints will be energetically investigated.
5. Publicity as to the conditions in each community, through the press and public hearings.

These remedies require no constitutional amendments and no legislation, so that their adoption involves no long delay. But immediate success must not be expected. The third degree is deeply rooted in official habits in many cities, and is not likely to disappear entirely until the officials have been persuaded that it is bad and unnecessary.

TWO INSURGENTS

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

'YES,' said Mrs. Branders, acridly, 'it's all right for me to do the washing, but you! Oh my — you! You're too good to put the boiler on the stove and fill it with water! That's all right for me, just like it's all right for me to board Sadie Harris. Nobody round here can stand the sight of her, but *I*'ve got to have her in my own house. Now you go put that boiler on the stove!'

The door slammed, and for a moment it looked very much as if Mrs. Branders might die of apoplexy. Then she jerked herself out of her chair and started noisily for the kitchen, jerked again and turned into the bedroom. There she lifted a quart bottle from a case of alcohol — stored there because Mr. Branders professed himself too cautious to entrust it to the vault in the office, or to the school hospital, where it rightfully belonged — and carried it to the kitchen, first assuring herself, however, that there was no small nick in the cork, because such a mark would indicate that the bottle already had been emptied and then refilled with water. She poured a liberal quantity of the alcohol into a capacious glass, added sundry concoctions which she kept in her pantry for just such emergencies, and, having partaken of this potation, instantly became more cheerful, and went out and got the boiler. But when she went to lift it to the top of the stove she suddenly remembered she was the wife of the superintendent of the Park River Indian Agency, and was n't it a fine thing when the superintendent's wife could not get one single Indian woman out of an entire reservation to come and wash for her! She let the boiler fall with a bang and went to the telephone.

Mr. Henty, the chief clerk, was not in the office, and Sadie Harris was in the waiting room scolding an Indian. Sadie made a dash for the main office when she heard the telephone ring, but Miss Lane was already answering it.

'No, Mrs. Branders, your husband has n't come in yet,' Miss Lane was saying. 'No, Mr. Henty is in Traymore. To fill your boiler? Oh! . . . Well, I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Branders, but the policemen are all busy this morning.'

'*I* answer the telephone when the chief clerk is out,' Mrs. Harris said angrily.

Miss Lane hung up the receiver and turned serenely to the property clerk. 'Teddy, you'd better hurry with that cleaning you're supposed to do in the warehouse. Those two policemen have been waiting for you all morning.' The property clerk went out grinning. 'I believe I've got an infected tooth,' Miss Lane informed the staff. 'I did n't sleep all night. How, Chief!' she caroled, as a tall, lean, very straight old Indian came in.

'How!' said Chief Bear Ghost, his dazzling seventy-year-old teeth flashing a rebuke to Miss Lane's aching young jaw.

'Look at that head! Is n't he the most beautiful thing you ever saw? I'm just crazy about him,' Miss Lane confided to little Elaine Somers, who had the desk next to hers.

Superintendent Branders came in and, seeing the Indian, called January Skunk, the interpreter. 'January, ask Bear Ghost here if his wife will come and wash for Mrs. Branders.'

January Skunk's eyebrows wriggled nervously. 'Bear Ghost won't speak to anybody that wears a police uniform,' he said. 'He hates 'em.'

Miss Lane spoke in Sioux, then translated Bear Ghost's answer: 'He says his wife is too old to go out and work.'

'Too old.' Mr. Branders pondered. 'Say, has n't he got two wives? Sure! Tell him to send the young one.'

'Bear Ghost says his young wife is not strong enough,' Miss Lane again translated.

The superintendent's face grew red. 'One wife is too old and the other is too weak. Yeh. And he himself is too lazy. But he don't mind coming here to beg for money. I'll bet anything he's here to ask for money.'

'This is the day when we usually pay him his allowance,' said Miss Lane.

'Well, he's not going to get it,' said Mr. Branders, curtly. Miss Lane told Bear Ghost Mr. Branders was sorry, but that he could pay him no money just then.

Going out, Bear Ghost almost collided with a little man who appeared to be in a great hurry.

'My name's Gensler, an' I want to see the what-you-may-call-him superintendent,' the little man told everybody the moment he stepped inside the door. Sadie Harris led him ceremoniously to the door of Mr. Branders's office. 'My name's Gensler, an' I want to buy some beadwork,' repeated the little man. Mr. Branders said he did not sell beadwork. 'Yeh, I know,' said Mr. Gensler. 'I been buyin' from the Indians, but now they say I got to come here to the office. I want to buy some watch fobs.'

The ubiquitous Miss Lane came forward. 'I dare say Bear Ghost's wife sent him here. I told her I would attend to —'

'I want three dozen, perhaps six, maybe just one. It depends. How much are they?' said Mr. Gensler.

'One dollar each,' said Miss Lane.

Mr. Gensler clutched at his breast as if he had been stabbed. 'Oh, my God!' he moaned. 'I been buyin' 'em for thirty-five cents!'

'That does n't pay for the beads,' said Miss Lane, severely.

'Well, I can't buy watch fobs at a dollar apiece.'

Miss Lane said she was so glad, because all the watch fobs were sold and Mrs. Bear Ghost had all the orders she could take care of for the next six months at least. Mr. Gensler looked nonplused. 'Maybe you have somebody else that makes watch fobs, eh?' he ventured tentatively.

When she had taken his order and speeded him on his way, Miss Lane turned to Mr. Branders excitedly. 'Do you know, Mr. Branders, I have the most marvelous scheme! The Indian women are crazy to earn a little money. Suppose we were to get a room somewhere, a sort of showroom, you know, and I was to direct the women's activities and get a market for their goods. Oh, not on government time! I'd do it after office hours. I've talked it over with the women, and they're just wild to begin work. Say what you will about the men, but certainly the women are anything but lazy. Why, they're just crazy to work!'

'Yah,' said Mr. Branders, bitterly, 'I noticed it when I asked Bear Ghost if his wife would come and work for us. Now let me tell you something, Miss Lane — you're paid to work in the office, see? And you do that. And don't go butting into anything else. I've got enough troubles without getting all mixed up with social welfare work.'

'But I'll take care of it. They're so darn poor, and the Indian Office says we should —' Mr. Branders wheeled on her. 'Um,' she groaned, holding her jaw. 'Mr. Branders, would it be all right for me to go to Traymore and get this tooth attended to? It's killing me.'

A few hours later she stood on the sidewalk in front of a dentist's office in Traymore looking up and down the street for a taxi, and fighting an almost irresistible impulse to lie down on the curb. After all, she reflected, there was another bus to the Indian agency in two hours. She hurried to the hotel on the corner and took a room.

As she stepped out of the elevator on the seventh floor a door across the hall opened and Mr. Snitz, the agency farmer, and Mrs. Felkesen, the school principal's wife, came out. Mr. Snitz carried two suitcases. 'Oh, dear,' thought Miss Lane, weaving dizzily down the hall after the bell boy, 'here is something I should n't have seen. I must be sure to forget it.'

'Helga,' said Mr. Snitz to Mrs. Felkesen in the taxi, 'did you see that man who was waiting in the hall when we came out?' Mrs. Felkesen said there had n't been anybody in the hall. 'There was,' said Mr. Snitz, definitely. 'It was Jack Henty.'

'August! You're crazy!' said Mrs. Felkesen. 'There was n't anybody there, I tell you! I know, because I looked before I stepped out o' the room.' She lowered her voice: 'D' y' s'pose Betsey Lane saw us?'

'She ain't blind that I know of,' said Mr. Snitz, dryly.

Mrs. Felkesen said, 'Oh, August!' and got out her handkerchief.

'Don't worry, sweetheart,' Mr. Snitz comforted her. 'I can fix it. Miss Lane was there to meet Jack Henty, see?'

Mrs. Felkesen stared, round-eyed: 'Miss Lane? Why, August Snitz, you oughta be ashamed o' yourself!'

'Don't be a sap,' Mr. Snitz recommended affectionately. 'I'm gonna make a hit with Branders. Y' see, if Henty should have to be fired, then Branders could make Sadie Harris his chief clerk maybe. See?'

Mrs. Felkesen considered this somewhat bewilderedly at first, then with growing appreciation. Suddenly she giggled, exclaiming in a crescendo of admiration, 'Well, August Snitz! Well, if you are n't the worst!'

'That's just in case I got to defend us,' Mr. Snitz told her.

In the meantime Mrs. Branders brooded over her grievances. She had a great many, but Mr. Branders's failure to procure a washerwoman for her — at twenty cents an hour with time off without pay while the water got hot — was her favorite, and every time Mr. Branders came into the house she reminded him of it. They quarreled indefatigably, except in the evening, when, after the second or third glass of Mrs. Branders's potent beverage in the pantry, they usually became reconciled.

Knowing well that outside the service he would find no one willing to employ him in any capacity whatever, Mr. Branders appreciated the importance of keeping Mrs. Branders at least reasonably satisfied, for as long as Mrs. Branders could be induced to keep Sadie Harris in her house the Indians and employees might talk as much as they wanted, and what they said would have little weight as evidence should the situation ever come to the attention of an inspector. But keeping Mrs. Branders thus placated was a strain on

Mr. Branders, and by and by he took to visiting the pantry during the day.

'You'd better go easy on that stuff,' Mrs. Sadie Harris warned astutely. 'Jack Henty's always had his eye on your job, remember.'

It was that most unpropitious of days which Bear Ghost chose for his second call at the office about his allowance.

'And what're you doin', talkin' for this Indian?' Mr. Branders snarled at Miss Lane, who, as usual, was laboriously interpreting for Bear Ghost. 'We've got an interpreter, have n't we? January Skunk, come here!' January Skunk came rolling in on his bowed legs. 'You tell Bear Ghost he can't have any money this month,' Mr. Branders said. January's eyebrows scrambled about distractedly. 'Go on, tell him!'

The chief clerk came forward. 'Mr. Branders, I'm sorry I was n't here the other day when Bear Ghost called. I could have told you we had not yet paid him his money for this month. But I have the check ready.'

The telephone rang. 'Hello!' Mr. Branders shouted into it. Mrs. Branders wanted a washwoman. Mr. Branders swore and slammed the receiver down. 'Bear Ghost's got two wives,' he said vindictively. 'He knows that's against the law. When he's sent one of 'em away he can come an' get his check.'

'Why is it,' Bear Ghost asked, 'that when I come for the money which the government says it owes me I have to do something for the superintendent before I can get it? Maybe my wife has to come and work for his wife. Maybe I have to work. One time I had to vote for a man the superintendent liked before I could get my check. And my brother had to do the same thing to get a blanket. That does not look honest.'

Miss Lane dived into a drawer in her desk, only to bob up in a panic when she heard January Skunk actually beginning a literal translation of Bear Ghost's speech. 'He says his wife is very sick,' she interposed breathlessly.

Mr. Branders fixed a pair of congested eyes on January. 'Go on, you.'

January went on.

'Has that Indian got the nerve to stand there and tell me to my face that I tried to buy his vote?' Mr. Branders asked in a squeaky voice.

'Not you,' January interpreted unctuously. 'There ain't been no election since you come.'

A suppressed titter went around the room; Jack Henty laughed outright. But Miss Lane, who was watching Mr. Branders's face, turned somewhat sick. 'He's just joking!' she explained weakly.

'He'll get his money when he's sent one wife away and been legally married to the other,' said Mr. Branders, and went into his office and closed the door.

'One of my wives is very old. The other has children. She coughs. What can I do?' said Bear Ghost.

'January,' Mr. Branders shouted through the door, 'you go to my house 'n' take that case of alcohol to the doctor at the hospital.'

II

Mr. Snitz was continuing his visits to Traymore. Sometimes he went to see about selling some pigs, sometimes to see about selling some cows, but most often he went to see the veterinary. Indeed he went so often to see the veterinary that it amused Mrs. Snitz. 'Those cows must have every disease in the world,' she told the dairyman's wife.

The dairyman's wife was concerned, and that night she asked her husband about it. 'Yah,' said the dairyman, 'sure. Every time Mrs. Felkesen goes to Traymore to see her sick aunt the cows get the pip or something. Funny, is n't it?'

His wife thought it so funny that she repeated the joke all around, and Mr. Snitz judged the moment opportune for some information of his own. Walking home from the post office one evening with Mrs. Sadie Harris, he jerked his head in the direction of Betsey Lane and Jack Henty, who were on their way to the store, and said he thought they were going too far. Mrs. Harris naturally asked too far with what? And Mr. Snitz told her.

A few days later Mr. Felkesen tiptoed into Mr. Branders's office and closed the door carefully behind him. 'Mr. Branders,' he said in a cautious undertone, 'I haf some bad news for you.'

'Don't tell it,' Mr. Branders growled. 'I've got enough troubles.'

'It is about my vife,' Mr. Felkesen said encouragingly. 'She vas alvays going to town vit your farmer, dat Snitz.'

'I don't care,' said Mr. Branders.

Mr. Felkesen brought his pale, thin face close to Mr. Branders's fleshy deep red countenance and whispered earnestly, then sat back. 'Vat do you tink of dat?' he asked with satisfaction.

'Me?' asked Mr. Branders.

'Sure. Dat vas your farmer, eh?'

'Yes, and that was your wife. How about that?'

Mr. Felkesen frowned; in his excitement he had overlooked this disquieting angle of his problem. 'I vill write to Vashington!' he announced triumphantly.

'You'll do nothing of the kind!' said Mr. Branders. 'I'm not going to have any nitwit inspector snooping around my business.'

'I vill write to Vashington,' said Mr. Felkesen, and went out.

'Hey, wait a minute!' Mr. Branders hollered. But Mr. Felkesen kept on going. Mr. Branders was a large man, not much given to running, but he had about decided to make an exception of this occasion when the door of his office opened again and the doctor stalked in. 'Say! What d' y' mean,' the doctor asked truculently, 'sending me a case of alcohol that turns out to be all water?'

Mr. Branders dropped back in his chair, apparently overcome. The doctor looked unimpressed. Mr. Branders clenched his hands and rapped his head with his knuckles. What could he have been thinking about, trusting an Indian with a whole case of alcohol? 'January Skunk,' he shouted, 'come here! I'll fire the damn thief!' He rocked with despair. 'As if that would bring back our stuff!'

That evening January Skunk, sitting on the counter in the trader's store, related the incident to the other Indians who were loafing away the evening there. 'An' there I was a-pushin' that ol' wheelbarrow like it carried a load of eggs or something. I bet I never hit a stone that was bigger'n a bean all the way to the hospital.'

The Indians laughed, and one of them explained the joke to Bear Ghost, who was asking the trader to charge a can of peaches for his sick wife on his already overdue account.

'All day I've been looking for somebody that might a seen me goin' from the superintendent's house to the hospital so I could prove I did n't stop anywhere long enough to drink twelve quarts of alcohol, but it looks like everybody stayed in bed all day to-day,' January recounted with relish, and this second joke also was reported to Bear Ghost.

'If you had ten witnesses,' Bear Ghost said, 'it would not help you.'

One day Mr. Branders received a

letter from the Indian Office, enclosing a communication from Mr. Axel Felkesen, 'the principal at your agency,' and instructing Mr. Branders to make a report on the same. Mr. Branders did, — after consulting with Mr. Snitz, — and Mr. John B. Henty and Miss Elizabeth B. Lane were immediately transferred to different jurisdictions.

'What's the row?' queried Miss Lane of Mr. Henty. 'I've been working like a horse ever since I came here. Besides, do they think I'm going to abandon my Indian women just when they're beginning to get somewhere? They come to my room in the evening and I teach them how to make hooked rugs, using Indian designs. We sold two this morning for thirty-three dollars and fifty cents each. And the materials for both cost twenty-one dollars. The women are hysterical. They thought when they made something and then sold it they were supposed to lose money on it!'

'You have too many enthusiasms, Betsey,' said Henty. 'That's why you're in trouble.'

'How about you? M'm. Suppose we look around, eh?'

They looked around, and the next day Henty went out and thrashed Mr. Snitz soundly, then resigned in disgust. Miss Lane wrote to Washington, protesting vehemently. Her transfer was suspended until an investigation could be made.

When Mr. Branders heard an investigation was due, he took to his bed and remained there three days. 'An' all this time,' January Skunk commented from his perch on the counter, 'I been wondering how two people could a got away with all that alcohol! Just like as if you could n't take something from some bottles and pour it in some other bottles and save it for the next time when you don't feel good.'

Sadie Harris was temporarily placed in the chief clerk's position, pending the permanent appointment which Mr. Branders recommended. The Indians met in council and talked. The employees met at each other's houses and not only talked, but quarreled. Mr. Ulysses S. Grant McIntosh, the inspector, arrived. The charges multiplied and bred countercharges. When Miss Lane was made to testify about what she had seen at the hotel in Traymore, Mr. Snitz retaliated by accusing her of fabricating the whole story in order to discredit his statement that he had seen her and Henty there. Whereupon the Indians stepped into the fray to assure the inspector that Miss Lane was 'a fine lady' and that Mr. Henty was 'all right,' but that Superintendent Branders and Mrs. Sadie Harris were 'all wrong.' Then, of course, Mr. Branders wanted to kill all the Indians on the reservation and as many of the employees as agreed with them, which was practically everybody at the agency except Mr. Snitz, Sadie Harris, and her friend the nurse, who came forward to testify that Mr. Henty had always coveted Mr. Branders's position. This so upset little Elaine Somers that she broke down and said everybody in the office knew Mr. Branders wanted Mr. Henty's position for Sadie Harris. And they all knew Mrs. Harris was not a — well, not a nice person. And yet there were Sadie Harris and Mrs. Branders taking long walks every evening with their arms affectionately around each other.

Mr. Branders, between letters to Senators and Congressmen and governors, and to friends who also had Senators, Congressmen, and governors to appeal to, enlivened matters still further by dashing about the reservation in the government car, compelling the Indians to farm. Resentfully, bewilderedly, derisively, as the case might be, the Indians took off their bead necklaces and, with the paint from the last powwow still fresh on their faces, hitched their piebald ponies to their rusty ploughs, looped up their braids, manfully grasped the plough handles, and went careering jerkily up and down the hills, marking zigzag scratches between the rocks. And thus with his own eyes Inspector McIntosh saw Mr. Branders's Indians being self-supporting. That Inspector McIntosh might also have the opportunity of observing Mr. Branders's extreme abhorrence of any deviation from the very strict code of morals laid down by Mr. Branders himself for the conduct of his subjects, Mr. Branders sent for Bear Ghost.

A policeman went out to Bear Ghost's home, a small mud-plastered log house beneath a cottonwood tree beside the river. The two wives sat under another tree making watch fobs. The old wife was talking in a low voice, and now and then the young wife laughed. When she laughed she coughed. The old wife picked up a little tin pail from the ground beside her, poured some of its contents into a tin cup, and gave the cup to the young wife, who drank it between fits of coughing. 'Branders wants him,' the policeman told the old wife, pointing to Bear Ghost, who sat near the cabin.

An hour later Bear Ghost walked into the office. 'Tell him,' Mr. Branders said to the policeman, 'he's got to send one of his wives away and get decently married to the other.'

'He says he don't —' began the policeman.

Miss Lane had risen. 'He says his wife is very old.'

'Miss Lane!' The superintendent's face was unpleasantly mottled. 'Now, Charlie, you tell me word for word what that old scoundrel said.'

'Well,' said Charlie, unhappily, 'he says — I guess people's been talkin' or something, an' he says — well, he says he don't —' Charlie put his hands in his pockets and looked at the floor.

Miss Lane took a step forward. 'He says —'

Mr. Branders swore. Charlie took his hands from his pockets, tossed his hair back with a jerk of his head, and looked at the ceiling. 'He says — well, he says he don't understand the white man's way. He says here you tell him it's wrong to have two wives, then you go take two wives yourself, he says.'

Mrs. Harris stood up. Miss Lane backed to her chair and sat down.

'Put him in jail and keep him there until he has sent away one wife!' Mr. Branders ordered the policeman, forgetting, in his fury, Inspector McIntosh and the exhibition planned for his edification.

Miss Lane jumped to her feet. 'Mr. Branders, you can't do that! You can't put an Indian in jail for a thing like that! He's one of the old-time Indians; we're supposed to be lenient with them. He'll die if you put him in jail! He simply can't stand jails and policemen and things like that! You know —'

Mr. Branders swore.

'Oh, Mr. McIntosh,' Miss Lane gasped, grinning idiotically at the space over Mr. Branders's shoulder, 'come and meet one of the chiefs of the tribe.' Bear Ghost and the inspector shook hands. 'The chief's been wanting to see you, Mr. McIntosh,' Miss Lane rattled on, 'privately. I'll interpret for him because he does n't like policemen and we have no other interpreter just now.'

Mr. Branders swallowed. 'Tell Bear Ghost to come some other day. I have business with Mr. McIntosh myself now.'

Miss Lane clung to her set grin. 'Well, I suppose that will be all right. Bear Ghost really came to get his allowance, and if he can have that, why, I dare say he won't mind coming again to see the inspector.'

Mr. Branders became coy. 'Now, now, now! Listen, Miss Lane — let him take his old wife to some relative where she will be properly cared for, get decently married to the other one, and then come back for his check.' He turned to the inspector, gently harried. 'I'm trying to get these Indians civilized, and so far the results have been really gratifying. Bear Ghost remains my one insurgent. Unless,' an indulgent smile caressed the girl and the old Indian, 'I include Miss Lane here.' He drew the inspector aside and murmured confidentially, 'I'm going to try holding back Bear Ghost's allowance for a few days and see what effect that has.'

Miss Lane and Bear Ghost talked it over. 'He says he will take his old wife to a son she has by a former marriage,' Miss Lane interpreted at last. 'Can he have his money right away? His young wife is sick.'

'Now, now, now,' said Mr. Branders, still playful, 'you know very well, Miss Lane, that would never do. Bear Ghost would forget his promise and keep both the money and the old lady. I know these Indians. Let him first get rid of his wife.'

III

When, in addition to all these activities, Mr. Branders took to lying around in the ditches at night, shooting at passing vehicles in an excess of zeal against the liquor traffic, what had been turmoil became chaos. And Mr. Ulysses S. Grant McIntosh was not mentally organized to cope with chaos. Moreover, he was a cautious man, mindful of the political ramifications upon which even unimportant appointments may rest. So he inspected the herd and the laundry, and then went away on another assignment. Once more the piebald ponies roamed the prairie at will; the ploughs, abandoned in the middle of their last furrows, gathered more rust; the Indians loafed around the agency and the store, and Mr. Branders slept. Mr. Felkesen had long since lost all interest in the matter, Mrs. Felkesen having thoughtfully pointed out to him that, were a new superintendent to replace Mr. Branders, the government supplies stored in their basement would undoubtedly be removed to the warehouse where they belonged. 'And, Axel, lookit what that would do to our grocery bill.'

Only Mr. Snitz remained active, skulking about, peeking through windows, listening at keyholes. One day he walked into Mr. Branders's office, and ten minutes later Mr. Branders came out and told Charlie to go and get Bear Ghost. Half an hour after that the door of the waiting room opened about two inches and Charlie's face appeared in the crack. Miss Lane went out. '*Aie!*' said Charlie. 'I went to Bear Ghost's place, an' he was sittin' there with his gun in his lap. I know him; he'll never budge again for no policeman. You go, huh?'

Miss Lane walked to Bear Ghost's home. The door of the cabin was closed and a quilt hung over the one small window. Bear Ghost sat on the ground before a tepee he had set up beside the cabin, his gun across his knees. His young wife sat under her tree, busy with her watch fobs. Miss Lane sat down beside the old man.

She returned to the agency unobserved, and shortly afterward Bear Ghost presented himself before the superintendent. His gun rested in the crook of his arm.

'Tell him I don't like the idea of his comin' in here with that gun,' Mr. Branders said to Charlie. Bear Ghost remained silent. Everybody became acutely conscious of the large revolver ostentatiously strapped to Mr. Branders's waist. Mr. Branders lost his temper. 'He's an old crook! He promised to send his wife away, but he just kept her away long enough to collect his money, then brought her back again. Charlie, take his gun from him and put him in jail.'

January Skunk lounged in from the porch where he had been sunning himself, and leaned comfortably against the door jamb. 'His old wife is too sick to be moved,' he said.

Bear Ghost spoke. Miss Lane shook her head warningly at January. Mr. Branders caught the signal. 'January, you tell me what that old crook said.'

'Well, he says that he never broke one of his own Indian laws, and if your white laws are any good you won't break 'em yourself. He says if you'll give up one o' your wives, why, he'll give up one o' his.'

Miss Lane closed her eyes. 'No dirty Indian can talk about me like that,' she heard Sadie Harris say. 'Take him to the jail,' said Mr. Branders. There was the sound of shuffling feet, the butt of Bear Ghost's gun rattled on the floor. Miss Lane's eyes flew open; she was on her feet.

'Wait a minute! You don't understand! Bear Ghost does n't mean —' Her voice rose shrilly. 'Well, his old wife got sick and her daughter-in-law would n't take care of her, so she came home. What else could she do?'

'Miss Lane,' said Mrs. Harris, 'you go back to your work!'

'Well, then, you leave him alone!' Miss Lane cried childishly. 'You just leave him alone!'

'Take him away,' said Mr. Branders.

'Listen,' said Miss Lane. 'It's this way. Bear Ghost does n't mean — Mr. Branders, you can't put an Indian in jail for a thing like that! The Indian Office won't stand for it! Why, when they hear you've jailed an old and sick Indian — He *is* sick! You don't know what all this is doing to him! You leave him alone! He can't help being a gentleman and wanting to protect his women!'

'Charlie,' said Mrs. Harris, 'you heard Mr. Branders's orders.'

'Don't move, Charlie!' shrieked Miss Lane. 'Bear Ghost 'll shoot!'

'I ain't movin',' said Charlie.

January Skunk was also speaking. 'Why, he'd have the whole lot of you laid out in a row on the floor before you could pick that gun from your belt. Catch him some other time when he ain't got his gun with him,' advised January.

IV

Elaine Somers, carrying a saucer under a napkin, slipped into Miss Lane's room at the mess building. 'I told them you had a headache and would n't be down for supper,' she said.

'I never cried so much in my life,' Miss Lane informed her. 'Usually I can stop after a while, but this time I just seem to go on and on.'

'Was n't it awful?' whispered Miss Somers.

'I — I lost my head!' gasped Miss Lane. 'And I do such terrible things when I lose my head. You've no idea! January spoke just in time.'

'My, you *were* mad, were n't you!'

Miss Lane shuddered. 'I've just got to hang on to my senses until the Indian Office does something about Mr. Branders.' Miss Somers opened her mouth. '*Of course* he'll be removed!' Miss Somers again opened her mouth. 'Oh, I know. Branders'll try to get Bear Ghost on some real charge; he had n't a leg to stand on to-day, but in the meantime the Indian Office will have received Mr. McIntosh's report.'

She had actually stopped crying. Miss Somers uncovered the saucer. 'I brought you your pie.'

Miss Lane burst into a fresh storm of tears. 'It's awful! Pie! Take it away! I know — it was sweet of you to bring it, but — Bear Ghost was hungry!'

Miss Somers rose. 'Maybe I can find him.'

'I gave him a dollar.'

'Well, then, for heaven's sake stop crying! That'll buy them all a nice supper.'

'Yes,' wept Miss Lane, bitterly, 'they like bread.'

But Bear Ghost had bought more than bread with his dollar; he had bought a can of baked beans, and while Miss Lane lay crying in her room his young wife sat on the floor trying to feed them to the old wife, who lay on a blanket in a corner of the cabin. Bear Ghost himself sat before the door of the cabin, which was open, — no need for concealment now, — watching the sun set. He had eaten nothing all day, but though his head felt queer and the earth seemed not quite steady, he was no longer hungry, only proud. He was a warrior again. A chief. He had a gun. Never again would he trot at the heels of poor creatures who were neither Indian nor white, and who hid their insignificance, and often their cowardice, behind a foolish government suit and a gun which some of them did not know how to use.

He sat for a long time, his eyes on the hills that rose from the bank of the river. The sun was behind them now and they undulated in the shade, smoothly dark — except in his eyes. There they were bright, moment by moment growing brighter, until at last they stood gilded with the light of a sweet June day. He felt the numbed stillness that follows the tumult of a great battle, and, narrowing his eyes, saw the dead on the sunny slope. In their midst was a soldier with yellow hair, he alone of all the fallen unmutilated, unmarred — tribute to the valor and honor of a worthy enemy. The air stirred, leaned to whisper to the blood-drenched earth, and here and there on the outskirts of the quiet field a feather lifted, quivered a tremulous response to its faint breath, then lay once more against the long black hair that bound it. On the crest of the hill, a part of the great silence, the painted chiefs were coming, marching in single procession, the feathers in their trailing war bonnets brushing the dead faces where they passed. The line swerved, each figure dipped to touch with a coup stick the stark body of the soldier with the yellow hair, then, stalwart, raised the stick aloft in the golden light; a great warrior, Yellow Hair, but the chiefs who saluted his daring and their own prowess were greater — they had defeated him. And Bear Ghost's father was among them. He himself was too young; he could only look on. His eyes yearned over the perfection he could not share.

His young wife came out and called to him. Her voice was low, but in that transcendent silence it brought the universe crashing about his ears. He stumbled to his feet and started dazedly toward the river. 'Not that way,' his wife said, and pointed to the tepee beside the house. But even then he could not find his way, and she had to take his arm and lead him inside.

He lay in the dark gazing at a star caught in the crossed poles of the tepee. He knew where he was now, and what — a chief holding no trophies, ruling no tribe, his coup stick ungraced by contact with the body of a vanquished foe; forever inglorious in a world that for him had had no wars. He had no honorable enemies, only policemen who would herd him as if he were a cow at the behest of white men who despised the policemen and whom they should have hated.

V

One day Mr. Snitz reported to Mr. Branders that Bear Ghost had liquor in his cabin. Now it might not be quite wise to incarcerate an Indian for possessing two wives, but certainly no one could cavil at his being jailed for bringing intoxicating liquors on the reservation. Mr. Branders sent three policemen after Bear Ghost. But Bear Ghost was not at home. The old wife lay on the floor in a corner; the young wife sat beside her, coughing and sewing beads in the half-light. In a tin can on a shelf was a small bottle half filled with a cloudy liquid.

Fifteen minutes before the office closed that evening Bear Ghost walked in; he had come to give himself up. 'Oh, the poor old darling!' Miss Lane groaned under her breath.

Yes, Bear Ghost said, that liquor was his. He kept it for his old wife, who complained of being cold all the time. Yes, he had drunk some of it himself. No, a friend had given it to him. No, he would not give his friend's name. 'I don't understand the white man's way,' he said bewilderedly. 'I have two wives, you have two wives; I have liquor in my house, you have liquor in your house; why is it wrong only for me?' He went docilely to the agency jail.

A week later an Indian came in to ask that Bear Ghost be allowed to go home for a few days; his old wife was very ill. Mr. Branders directed that she be taken to her son's home. But the reservation physician said that Mrs. Bear Ghost was too ill to be moved.

At three o'clock in the morning Miss Lane awoke. 'Can I stay with you?' Elaine Somers whispered in the dark. 'I'm scared to death. What is that awful wailing?'

Miss Lane sat up. 'It's the death song,' she whispered back after a while. 'Someone has died.'

Elaine Somers sat up in the bed beside her. The song rose, despairing, quavered throatily. A coyote on a near-by hill caught its desolation, raised it two tones, and joined his own dismal howl to the woeful dirge. Elaine Somers shivered. 'There was a woman in the office to-day; she was nursing three children because she had no food to give them.'

'Did n't I buy over a hundred horses this afternoon so that everybody might have rations of nice fresh meat?' Miss Lane rebuked her harshly.

Elaine Somers lay down and pulled the pillows over her ears. 'I can't stand it,' she whimpered.

In the morning Charlie reported that the door of the jail had been opened from the outside and Bear Ghost was gone. 'Go get him!' Mr. Branders commanded. 'Take five men. If he resists arrest, you know what your duty is.'

But Bear Ghost had fled. Miss Lane went to the cabin. The old wife lay in her corner wearing her best dress and all her beads and trinkets — still, her hands folded on her breast. The young wife bent above the clothes she was packing for her old companion's long journey over the path that is made of the sunset's rays.

'No Indian can stay away from a funeral,' Mr. Branders reminded the police. 'You can get Bear Ghost then.'

But Bear Ghost was not at the funeral. And his own wife, too! It was incredible! For certainly Bear Ghost was not afraid of policemen. It must be that he had died somewhere!

But no, Bear Ghost had been seen. There was a strip of bad land just around the bend in the river, all gullies and deep ravines and craggy, charred hills. He was hiding there. Bear Ghost hiding?

Just before dinner Mr. Branders walked into the main office, distributed letters at various desks, and placed what remained in the pigeonholes on the wall that served as a post office for the employees. Practically everybody had been transferred, except Mrs. Sadie Harris, who was promoted to the position of chief clerk, and Mr. Snitz, presumably because he was so valuable to the superintendent. Mr. and Mrs. Felkesen seemed to have been forgotten. Miss Lane was dismissed from the service for insubordination, sympathizing with refractory Indians, and usurping the prerogatives of the superintendent.

'And now, Charlie,' said Mr. Branders, cheerfully, 'take all your men, deputize as many more as you think you'll need, and go out and round up Bear Ghost. Bring him in!' And Mr. Branders left for town.

At one o'clock Charlie presented himself at the office with his men, seventeen strong. Sadie Harris, in charge in the absence of the superintendent, went out to give last instructions. Miss Lane paused in the occupation of cleaning out her desk. 'Superintendent Branders's orders are that you must get Bear Ghost. You are not to come back without him!' Mrs. Harris declaimed from the top of the steps to the police assembled before her. 'You are to bring him in — dead or alive! Do you hear that? *Dead or alive!*'

Miss Lane went out through a side door. About a quarter of a mile from the agency she stepped out from behind a clump of willows and faced Charlie. 'You'll never bring him back alive, will you?'

'No,' said Charlie.

Miss Lane touched her trembling lips with a hand that trembled even more. 'I'll go get him,' she said.

Charlie shook his head. 'He won't come. He won't come for nobody any more. He's just sick of all that trouble he's been in there at the agency.'

'Well, let me go and talk to him. It will do no harm. If he won't come with me, why then *you* can try.'

'You'd better not,' warned Charlie, uneasily. 'You see — Bear Ghost's got kinda funny lately.'

But in the end Miss Lane had her way. At the turn of the river they went down into a ravine, and paused for a consultation. 'I'll be up there on that point,' Miss Lane said, tying her white handkerchief to the end of a stick.

'Gee, Miss Lane, we've just got to get him, you know. Mrs. Harris, she — well, you know how it is down there at the agency.'

'I'll get up there on that point and hold up this flag. If Bear Ghost comes out, surround the hill; he won't be able to escape. If he refuses to come peacefully with me, I'll start back this way, signal with the flag, then drop down in that hollow up there, just behind that rock. I'll be out of range of the guns there, and you — you can do whatever you think you ought to do.'

'But suppose he shoots you?' said Charlie.

'He won't do that,' she answered confidently, and started up the side of the hill. Once or twice panic seized her and she almost turned and ran. 'I must n't lose my head,' she admonished herself. 'No matter what happens, I must not lose my head.'

The coarse, cindery black sand crunched gratingly under her feet, rasping her already raw nerves; little chill currents rippled up and down her spine, pinched the flesh on her arms. At the top she caught her breath. She was so dreadfully exposed! A target for all the world, it seemed to her. Her twitching hands furled and unfurled her flag of truce. She cleared her throat. ‘How, *koda!*’ she called out, and raised the flag.

Bear Ghost stepped out from behind a boulder only a few yards away, and, brandishing his gun, started to run toward her, screaming and shouting! The world rocked, she swayed. Bear Ghost stumbled, fell at her feet; she caught at his shoulders to keep from falling.

‘*Ina! Ina! Ina!*’ Bear Ghost sobbed, clinging to her dress.

‘Chief!’ she quavered, and saw his eyes — the eyes of a child, overflowing with a child’s frightened tears.

‘Mother! Mother! Mother!’ he wept against her.

‘Yes, I am here. I am. Oh, my son! Oh, *mi-ċinċa!*’ she murmured brokenly, and closed her arms about him. ‘Oh, *mi-ċinċ’* — *mi-ċinċ’* — *mi-ċinċ’*. . .’

And no Indian mother crooning the endearing diminutive over a dead son ever felt a deeper grief than young white Miss Lane knew at that moment. Her sweet old friend! His old wife with her bundles, trudging her lone way to the sun! The coughing young wife, the mother nursing her three children, all the hungry, all the sick; the fierce, dauntless warriors retreating before the white invaders, and fighting so bitterly for every foot of the land they loved as no other land ever has been loved; the whole pitiful, hopeless, doomed race, destroyed, then permitted to live, and reviled when the devastated human shells failed to quicken at the destroyer’s bland invitation to join his soaring in the choice realm evolved from their own ravished possessions! She held them all, helpless in her helpless arms. Those seventeen men lurking with ready guns in the ugly black land, why did n’t they shoot? ‘Go on, shoot! Shoot, you fools!’ she sobbed.

‘*Ina*, let us go home,’ the old man wailed. ‘*Ina! Ina*, let us go home.’

She pulled herself up: ‘Yes, my son! Yes! We will go home! Come!’ He rose and put his hand in hers; she caught the flag to her distorted mouth to keep from screaming. ‘We will go home, *mi-ċinċa*,’ she mumbled in the white cloth, took a step, and stopped. He had no home. He had nothing, no one, only Sadie Harris and —

She lost her head — completely. ‘*Mi-ċinċa*,’ she said, her hands fluttering agonizingly against his face, ‘it is war! It is war, my son! There is a soldier behind that rock. Point your gun just above the rock. I will walk between you and him; he will not shoot a woman. When I wave my flag — Oh, my son, when I wave my flag and fall in that hollow by the rock, *shoot first!*’

He laughed gleefully, and she fled before him, his gun pointed at her back. Suddenly she raised her white flag, waved it frantically, and pitched forward on her face. Eighteen guns crashed.

In after years, when Mr. Branders wished to point his contention that one could not trust an Indian, he would relate this story. ‘There was that fool girl, Betsey Lane, thinking she knew Indians, and goin’ up there to get him — buttin’ in, as usual. Oh, *she* was n’t afraid of Bear Ghost! Oh my, no! Why, he was her *friend!* Yah! And then the old fellow turned around and tried to shoot her in the back. Well, believe me, she learned her lesson. No more Indians for *her!* Why, within an hour after she’d got back to the agency — so rattled she just about had to be carried in from those hills — she’d packed all her stuff and skipped out. Did n’t even wait to get her check, or leave an address. She just vanished, that’s all. And good riddance, too. She was as bad as Bear Ghost. . . . Just natural-born insurgents, both of ’em.’

THE PERILS OF GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

'"CRUMPETS is wholesome, Sir," says the patient. "Crumpets is *not* wholesome, Sir," says the doctor, wery fiercely. "But they're so cheap," says the patient, comin' down a little, "and so wery fillin' at the price." "They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you wos paid to eat 'em," says the doctor. "Four crumpets a night," he says, "vill do your business in six months!"'

Substitute golf for crumpets, and that passage from the immortal *Pickwick* summarizes very fairly the opposing views as to the healthy or the lethal qualities of the game.

Here by way of example are two extracts which I tore out of my newspaper on two successive days on my journeys to and from London.

On the first day the *Evening Standard* shouted, 'Heart strained at golf,' in reverberating capitals. 'Washington, Friday,' it went on; 'Mr. Edward B. McLean, the publisher of the *Washington Post*, is stated by his doctor to be seriously ill. The diagnosis is myocarditis (inflammation of the muscles of the heart) caused by overexertion on the golf links.' Here was a pretty business at Washington, Friday. I had to play in a golf match — two rounds, hot weather, and formidable opponents — on the following day, and had serious thoughts of telegraphing that I could n't come. However, I decided to brave it, and on the Saturday morning the *Daily Mail* heartened me up with this: 'New Woman Golf Champion. Tribute to the game as Health Builder.' There followed an account of the victory of Miss Enid Wilson in the final of our Ladies' Golf Championship. I skipped hastily over the rows of fours and threes with which she had pulverized her adversary to find these remarkable words: 'Her father, Dr. Wilson, told me that when she was born she weighed four pounds. In her early childhood he applied her to golf for the benefit of her physique. She now weighs more than thirteen stone and stands six feet high, a wonderful example of athletic girlhood.'

So I went happily on to my destination, lost, as I hope, a little of my own thirteen stone in two hard foursomes under a broiling sun, won them both, and came back feeling agreeably tired but, unless I am deceived, all the better for my day.

When I got home again I seemed to remember something that should come pat to my purpose as to the great Bobby Jones. Turning to *Down the Fairway*, I found that Bobby had begun life 'with an oversize head and a spindling body and legs with staring knees' and something the matter with his little inside that puzzled half a dozen doctors and prevented his eating 'any real food' till he was five years old. Then his father and mother began to play golf on the East Lake course; he naturally imitated them, and lived fat and happy ever afterwards.

So far, so good; and golf certainly seems to have benefited these two infant phenomenons, but that does not altogether dispose of that affair at Washington, Friday. Moreover, I have a friend in the United States who in his turn has a friend; and this friend collects news of all deaths on the links and makes the flesh of elderly golfers creep by publishing the most appalling statistics. There must be — and indeed I am sure there are — two sides to this question, and golf, if it can do good, can also impose a strain on both mind and body which is not good at all. I cannot write about it as 'Specialist' or 'Harley Street Physician,' a *nom de plume* which covers as a rule one who is not a doctor but a journalist, and lives not in Harley Street but in Brixton. I can only write as one who, having begun the game at nearly as early an age as Bobby Jones and being now something over fifty, still tries to play in pretty hard matches in pretty good company and finds it sometimes pretty hard work.

II

Let me take first those whom I know most about — the illustrious persons, not yet very old, whom I watch in championships. That they, especially the more highly strung of them, undergo a severe strain no one can doubt. A friend of mine, an experienced Scottish golfer, said the other day that too much was now talked and written about this question of strain. He admitted that with the increased competition and higher standard of play, the enormous crowds and the enormous number of columns in the papers, championships were more exacting than they used to be. Still he stuck to it that the older generation of players did not even in proportion suffer the torments that the modern ones are alleged to do, and that it was a pity that this aspect of the game should be overemphasized. Golf, he said, was intended to be 'a contemplative game, like bowls.'

I imagine that bowls can be an agonizing game to those of a nervous temperament who play in serious competitions. However that may be, my friend was certainly right in saying that this question of the mental strain is emphasized to-day. Once upon a time those who reported golf — to be sure, they did not always know much about it — used to state that Mr. So-and-So missed a short putt 'inexplicably' or 'unaccountably' or 'presumably owing to carelessness.' Nowadays we — my ghoulish colleagues of the press and I — are more likely to say that the poor man was trembling like a leaf and palpably could not hold his club. Similarly, if in the old times Mr. So-and-So lost a match after being, let us say, four up with seven to play, he was alleged to have taken matters too lightheartedly. When he loses that match now, we trot out the old quotation as to 'holes dropping away like snow off a dike' and add that there is nothing so paralyzing as the dwindling of an apparently winning lead. Because the descriptive method has changed, I am not at all sure that there has been a change in the emotion underlying the events described. If to-day, when he is sixty, you talk to that great golfer, J. H. Taylor, about some of his past struggles, he will tell you, with much shaking of the head and jutting of the chin, that he suffered the tortures of the damned, nor can you doubt that he is telling the truth. There have always been agonized golfers as there have been comparatively phlegmatic ones, but the agonies used to be more decently covered up. I agree with my

Scottish friend so far, that it is bad for the golfer that this side of his nature should be written of with such freedom; but, as one of those who have to do the writing, I submit that there is something to be said for us and that the psychology of golf is horribly interesting.

Let me go to Bobby Jones's *Down the Fairway* again for an example. When in 1926 he won both the British and the American Open Championship he tells us that after his last round at Columbus, before he knew whether or not he had won, he 'blew up completely.' 'Anyway,' he adds, 'I never sat down and cried before.' Well, I defy anyone to say that is not interesting; it makes a very human champion of him.

Take also a little scene which I saw in this year's Championship at Carnoustie; I have described it before, but will risk it again. In the last round Tommy Armour was going 'great guns' and had a score of two under fours for the first eleven holes, so that he had high hopes of catching Jurado. At the twelfth he hit a really wonderful second shot right on to the green and then missed a tiny putt for his four. That obviously shook him, and he played a bad tee shot to the short thirteenth and his ball was not on the green; he could not afford to lose another stroke and *must* get his three. He knew this so well that when he came to play his chip he simply could not play it. Up and down the line he looked with a quick turn of the head, backward and forward he waggled his club, until I thought that the stroke would never come and turned away my eyes in sheer distress. At last he conquered himself, played the shot, got his three, and went on his way rejoicing. I felt like one gloating over an execution, but I had seen the crucial moment of Armour's championship.

All the famous players do not feel as acutely as these two that I have cited. It is impossible to imagine James Braid, for instance, breaking into a storm of tears. He once told me that he liked to feel 'a little nervous' before a championship started, and if he ever did feel more than that, assuredly no one can produce evidence to prove it. No one was ever more to be trusted in a close-run finish than that man of granite, but as a rule I fancy that the highly strung men are the greatest finishers if — and of course it is a big if — they can master themselves. To be a bundle of quivering nerves under control is to be capable of greater things than is the champion whom Sir Walter Simpson preferred, 'the sallow, dull-eyed fellow with the quid in his cheek.' But the imaginative golfer may well wear out the quicker, for he pays the heavier price. With use and wont the strain becomes the more endurable, but it can hardly be good for him. Last year at Hoylake I was sitting writing in the room where Bobby Jones was waiting to hear whether MacDonald Smith's great spurt had caught him or not. I thought then that it was almost time that he retired from the arena, and when some months afterward he announced that he was going to do so I was almost glad. The point had come when the game was scarcely worth the candle.

III

So much for the champions, and now for the ordinary mortals. That golf has done good to many of them is obvious enough. The praises of fresh air and exercise, of change of scene and occupation, need no singing, but there is the other side of the picture; there is the man who makes himself so miserable over the game that at the end of a golfing holiday he ought to begin another holiday both from golf and from work.

I venture to speak with some little experience, for I believe I have — more shame to me — made myself as unhappy over golf as most men. I can truthfully say, as did the little boy who made himself sick with smoking, 'Yes, but I like the feeling.' At the same time, if I had to get myself, in order to save my life, into a state of the greatest possible fitness, I would not play golf; I would do something more bovine that would not make me so often angry and desperate, even though it brought no compensating ecstasies. Some people can more skillfully divide their lives into compartments. There was a man of my acquaintance, of great ability, and one of the sanest, calmest, most sweet-tempered of mortals in every department of life save one: as soon as he began to play golf, or any other game, he suffered from the belief that of all men in the world he had been chosen by Fortune as a butt for her arrows. He was almost entirely miserable while he played, but as soon as he finished he ceased to repine until the next time, and did not chew the cud of his bad, or rather his unlucky, strokes. It may be supposed, therefore, that his golf did him good, but he was surely an exception.

Another comes to mind who had a natural genius for games, and, after playing golf a little more than a year, attained the proud handicap of scratch. The standard of handicapping was less exigent in those days, but this was an astonishing achievement. Within another year he had achieved something greater still, for he found that golf so chafed and exasperated him that he gave it up and contented himself with purely domestic archery and croquet. Once or twice afterward at long intervals he played a game of golf and came to no hurt, but he resolutely refused ever to let the dreadful game get hold of him again.

Against such a story as this there are no doubt thousands of others to be set. Great men of affairs are constantly telling the newspapers that they find in golf the perfect relaxation, because while they are at it they think only of the game. In that case, presumably golf is much better for them than the taking of a walk, because on a walk all the troubles of the world would still be running through their heads like a mill race. Presumably also they do not take their golf too solemnly, so that no ghosts of peccant elbows haunt them at night or distract them from their serious labors. They really do what so many of us pretend we do, and play the game 'for fun.' *O fortunatos nimium!*

Apart from the question of mental anguish, golf is at once a very tiring and a very untiring game. It is untiring in the sense that we walk a number of miles that we would not always face without a club in our hands, that we take in addition a good deal of exercise in the matter of hitting and yet are tolerably fresh at the end of it. It is tiring, as it seems to me, in the sense that it goes rather too slowly. In hot weather, at any rate, we undergo a process of slow grilling which is, or at least seems, more prostrating than violent exertion at, let us say, lawn tennis.

American readers who habitually play in hot weather may not agree, but we in England are very limp golfers as soon as the sun really begins to blaze; we are apt to grow scandalously lazy on the gorgeous days, if we ever get them, of June and July and August, and postpone our rounds till the cool of the evening after tea. We have put away our ancient prejudices against coatlessness and play as lightly clad as need be, but we are still rather frightened of the sunshine. Some of us, at any rate, almost prefer mittens and frost to shirt sleeves and apoplexy.

Despite what the statisticians may say, I have only known personally one golfer who died of apoplexy. He was a fat, cheerful, hearty old fellow — an admirable subject — whom a party of us met ages ago at a tournament in Wales. To one of us he confided that he did not think much of the course, which was flat and insipid; on his course, where he had been bred, there were sand hills so towering and noble that he always took a tee 'as high as this,' and he indicated the generous glass of whiskey and soda at his elbow.

The rest did not believe this story; so we who had heard it indignantly undertook to make the old gentleman say it again. We duly conspired, we ordered him a handsome drink, we brought the conversation round to sand hills, and he did say it again, correct to the letter. He must have been a little surprised at the torrent of laughter, but he was radiant and jovial and suspected nothing. I never saw him again, but I remembered his name, and years afterward I read in the newspaper that on that very course of mighty hills he had fallen down dead 'from excitement at a golf match' — a happy ending of which, after all, no one need be afraid.

IV

For my part, if such a fate ever overtakes me, I fancy it will not be in some terrific moment in a match, but rather after exhausting hours of practising. Practice is not only very good for our golf; it is a joy in itself, but it can be extraordinarily tiring. Let anybody try to bang balls into a net for twenty minutes and he will find his hands in blisters and his mind and body in a state of collapse. That is altogether too exhausting; moreover, it always seems to me that one should practise with no human eye to overlook one's antics and experiments; even the presence of a caddie to retrieve the balls is for me the rose leaf that keeps the princess from her sleep. But in that case one must walk after the balls between shots and must search for them in the rough, and looking for golf balls is surely one of the most infuriating and prostrating of all human activities.

I have one friend — nearer seventy than sixty, as I suppose — who has a pious and peculiar way of spending his Sunday afternoons. He sets out on his lawn fifty 'peg' tees in a row and perches upon them fifty balls. Then he stations in the field beyond the railings four small boys from the village as retrievers, and sets to work at the beginning of the row of balls and goes right through them with the rapidity of a machine gun. He wastes no time in waggling, but just lashes the ball away, occasionally altering his stance and direction according as he thinks that one small boy is overworked and another is being starved. When all the balls have been hit, they are brought back by the largest boy, who acts as sergeant major, and they are teed and hit off again. Sometimes he will even go down the line a third time before the boys are recalled and brought into the house, where on four plates in the hall there are set out for them four sixpences and four slices of plum cake. I am not sure whether this is good for his golf; it appears to be good for him, but then he is a remarkable person in other walks of life. For myself I had to stop and rest, enduring his contempt as best I might, after hitting a paltry twenty-five or so.

If I had the temerity to advise the middle-aged and elderly golfer, I would suggest to him that he make a habit of playing foursomes, and by that I mean foursomes proper, with but two balls a side and alternate strokes. I know that the American golfer is possessed of so fiendish an energy that he seldom if ever plays this game. Yet I venture to think that, as he grows older, he would find it good for both soul and body and a delightful game into the bargain, which has in it more of the spirit of partnership than any other. On purely physical grounds it is obviously less tiring than the single or the four-ball match. There are but half as many shots to play, and then think of the short cuts and the saving of the legs! There are those who carry this leg-saving to a fine art and declare that they propose to drive at the odd holes or the even, according as there are fewer long walks to the teeing grounds.

Let my elderly reader by all means hit his own ball in the morning, but for the second round, after lunch or after tea, do let him try a foursome. If he will do that I will undertake not to resent his calling it a 'Scotch foursome.' I am sure he will enjoy it as much as did a charming old Scotsman who once wrote a manual on golf. He was a foursome player and rejoiced in his match with three 'oldsters,' as he called them, 'the quotidian round enlivened with varied conversation.' Listen to his parting benediction: 'Thou gentle sprite! whose Empire is the dark green links, and whose votaries wield the bending club and speed the whizzing ball, art as dear to us now in the sere and yellow leaf as when first we flew to share in thy health-inspiring rites with the flush and ardor of boyhood.'

I am sure he lived to a hundred, and no gloomy statisticians could make any capital out of him.

PURITAN FATHERS

BY NORMAN THOMAS

I

It is no longer the fashion among our intellectuals to use 'Puritan' as a general and inclusive term of scorn and abuse. Recent historians have instead given us a much fairer picture of a people with great faults but greater virtues, possessed not only of an integrity but of a culture not to be despised.

But for what is sometimes called the decadent Puritanism, or, more accurately, the more or less evangelical Protestantism, which was so influential in American life until well within the present century, — and is not dead yet, — our critics of life and manners still have nothing good to say. Heaven knows they can find plenty of ground for complaint. This brand of religion, they may say, was dogmatic, æsthetically barren, intellectually obscurantist, given to revivalistic jags, a fertile soil for raising Elmer Gantrys to religious leadership. Ethically it gave religious sanctions to the harsh, unscrupulous, acquisitive code of capitalism, while it placed undue stress upon the morals or immorals of sex, gambling (except on the stock market), and drinking. It must be admitted that these critics can document their case from the records and sometimes from their own memories as well.

I have no wish nor any intention to argue the case as lawyer for the defense or to pass final judgment from the bench. I speak as one outside the fold of my fathers. No longer do I find adequate, as I once did, the halfway house prepared by modernists who still feel the power of the old traditions as well as the compulsions of the new and confusing day in science, philosophy, and social affairs. For good or for evil, the religion which was so much and so intimate a part of the life of my boyhood, the religion in which my father's home was founded and nourished, lives for me mostly in memory. To return to it would be an impossible and by no means a wholly lovely way of escape from life and its problems.

Yet I think I voice the sentiments of many men and women in like case with myself, who do not want their children to form their opinion of the faith of their grandfathers from Elmer Gantry or from Mr. Mencken's oft-repeated notes on Methodism or from the current judgment of the more voluble of our intelligentsia concerning that from which some of them, like Harry Elmer Barnes, are in conscious and irritated revolt. I should like them to know that there was another side of the picture; that if this devout, rather literalistic American Protestantism has been weighed in the balance by our generation and found wanting, if palpably it has failed to meet the needs of a world already caught in the toils of revolution, intellectual as well as social, it did at its best nourish men and women worth loving, who faced life and death more bravely for their faith.

I am writing out of experience and memory, but what I want to write is not merely and certainly not fully autobiographical. I suspect — indeed I hope — that my generalizations about what their religion meant to my folks will find answering memories in other middle-aged men and women of similar background.

II

I am the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers. Their ancestors, mostly country folk, had, I assume, come to America for the usual economic reasons, some of them in early colonial times and some in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. But the family tradition was that some of them had come from France and some from Great Britain to escape actual religious persecution, or at any rate the burden of an established church. The nonconformist Protestant tradition was strong in our home, but I remember being good friends with our Catholic neighbors. My father spoke in cordial terms of the benign but zealous Catholic priest of our town, and was suspicious of the activities of the A.P.A., the militant anti-Catholic society of that day. As for anti-Semitism, I did not know what it meant until I came across it in a far less religious atmosphere than that in which I was nurtured. Our town went to church and Sunday School, but it never regarded Jews or their children as 'Christ killers.' They were, as I remember it, few in number, though respected not only in the adult community but in that sometimes cruel world that boys set up for themselves and their fellows.

To get back to my grandfathers. One of them died after a life of toil, and some real adventure and hardship as a missionary at home and abroad, when I was too young to do more than barely remember him. The other lived until well into his tenth decade, always in full possession of his faculties. His joy and ours was in frequent family reunions of children and grandchildren, so that I saw much of him. Until his eightieth year he was a minister in country churches in a lovely, hilly farming region. Every Sunday he made his circuit on horseback or in a buggy over roads which had not yet dreamed of what the coming of the automobile would one day mean to them.

In these little villages he had brought up and educated, with the mighty aid of a black-eyed and exceedingly capable wife, five children on a salary that I think seldom reached the dizzy heights of six hundred dollars yearly. For this he, a farmer's boy, had put himself through college and seminary. His Puritanism was no aid to acquisition!

I do not remember much that he said when he preached, but I do remember the little white church, and its cabinet organ and its cheerful bell, and summers with the smell of the country coming in the windows while whole families from the countryside in uncomfortable Sunday best were led to look at life and its sorrows and joys with that mingling of humility and dignity which belonged of right to those chosen to be the children of God. With the years the benediction of peace and sure confidence settled about my grandfather's snow-white head. He, a man of few words, of simple devotion to a stern Calvinistic creed, was 'father' to a whole countryside. When an accident from which he amazingly recovered threatened him with a slow and agonizing death, he simply thanked God that of His goodness He permitted him to die 'from the feet up rather than from the head down.'

However far his grandchildren have wandered physically and spiritually, I do not think we shall forget family prayers about his chair, nor shall we think of them as any perfunctory superstition or insincere rite. As we sat quietly around him with his large-type Bible in his lap, one of his few concessions to advancing age, dimly at least we understood from him the sources of a light which gave meaning — yes, and glory — to the humdrum task and all the vicissitudes of the year; a light which bathed in beauty greater than the sun's the fields, the shining river, the wooded hills, the cottage and the cherished garden in which this Preacher of the Word lived out his days.

III

My father lived in larger towns a life outwardly somewhat less placid, and he died before the years had crowned his head with the benedictions his father knew. Yet I think his was a happy life, happy in the love of wife and children, and in the respect and confidence of the people to whom he ministered. He was a reserved man who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. He had friends, but few intimates.

Duty was a great word in his vocabulary, and his code was strict, but we children were not brought up in any atmosphere of gloom. Four times we older children went to church services of various sorts on Sunday, and certain books and games and our school studies were taboo. I cannot say that I remember the day as one of great joy, but neither was it the thing of horror that I have heard some of my contemporaries describe. There were games and family walks and the atmosphere my mother created which made those Sundays more tolerable than some emancipated youngsters of our generation make their own!

My father was an intelligent and studious man and a preacher far above the average. (I still remember thinking later in life how much I preferred him to preachers of greater fame and far greater concern for publicity!) I never could understand why he seemed so unquestioningly to accept the Calvinist theology which he held. In retrospect I find it harder to understand how, having accepted it, he was so tolerant of other people. He believed in a hell to which all his life I do not think he ever would say that anyone was bound. I do not believe in his hell, and yet have been sorely tempted to consign not a few thereto!

His life, unhurried by modern city standards, was yet far removed from the laziness sometimes associated with the clerical profession. He had a conscience about work as he had about living within his small income and giving generously to church and to charity.

My mother was the kind of person who could bring up a large family, help a son with his Latin lesson while getting dinner, — and a good one, too, — and run various church and civic clubs. She wanted her children to have what she thought were the good things of life, — health, integrity, education, and some cultural opportunities, — but for riches as riches she had more of scorn than envy.

I do not mean that there was not some narrowness about the life of the children of the manse; by the compulsions of affection rather than authority we were, most of us, led to eschew dancing, and questions of morals were made to loom perhaps too large in our thinking. The towns in which we lived unquestionably partook of the limitations of Main Street. I was aware that within the Christian church there could be sorry failures in the Christian graces. And yet as I look backward on the years I remember a happy home with daily proof that marriage can be lasting and beautiful, a home in which there was a non-material standard of values and certainly no sanctimonious hypocrisy. There was, moreover, very little of the suffocating effect of the dogmatic creed my father held. I do not, for instance, remember any drastic censorship on the books we should read.

At least my father's particular brand of orthodoxy did not have room for the antics of Billy Sunday, who had plenty of precursors in my boyhood. I remember that some of my Methodist schoolmates got saved every year at revivals, which were big events in a pre-movie age. My father believed in an evangelical message to save souls, but not in the emotional orgies which have had a baleful effect on the American capacity to think, feel, and act sincerely and intelligently in any province of life.

IV

Now I cannot believe that people like my immediate forbears and experiences like those of my boyhood were unique or altogether in spite of the religion which to them seemed so vital and important. Whatever its limitations, that religion at its best gave some things worth while, some things hard for us to get from other sources in our troubled times. What they are or were I think we can distinguish without great difficulty.

Ethically the religion of our fathers gave them a code and a conscience which delivered them from the uncertain futilities of a sophisticated generation without standards or sense of values. That their code was inadequate I have already admitted. It made them think too much of the goodness or badness of men and far too little of the essential nature of the social system which held even the best men in its toils. It made them 'Old Testament Christians,' accepting at once the general desirability of peace and the righteousness of particular wars.

Nor were they even discerning in picking their wars. Intelligent opponents of the war against Spain and its resultant imperialist struggles were not recruited from the ranks of evangelical Protestants. Indeed the missionary fervor of the churches, honest in itself, fell an easy prey to rationalizations about 'manifest destiny' and the 'white man's burden.' Kipling's 'Recessional' was its gospel, and the ethics of the 'Recessional' were a very poor defense against the machinations of men who gave to the notion of 'doing the heathen good' a meaning very different than that which it had in the minds of my forefathers.

Nevertheless the code of the nineteenth-century Protestantism at its best was to believers a guide in the maze of life and a deliverer from doubt which greatly conserved their energies and preserved their peace of mind.

It was not, however, in the realm of ethics, but of religion in the high sense of relationship to God, that the faith of our fathers was a strong tower. We say nowadays, truly, that any strong social conviction — Communism, for instance — is a religion, with many of the faults as well as virtues that we associate with the religious attitude to life. But in its deepest sense religion has always been concerned with the relation of man to the universe. The problem of the existence and nature of God is at the heart of it. Are our noblest aims and ideals and hopes but the illusions of this strange animal, man, cursed with consciousness in a world essentially alien to his dreams?

V

For our generation the urgency of such questions can be anæsthetized for a longer or shorter time by the compelling problems of economic security and social equality. I often think that the real test of the Communist attempt to rid the world of religion will come when — and if — its own achievements as a secular religion of a well-ordered system of production and distribution for the benefit of the workers are fairly secure. What, then, will crowd from the mind of men the old question of the significance of life in a universe made by our science wholly alien to human values, profoundly unconcerned for human destiny?

Already that question stirs our minds — let the popularity of symposiums on science and religion and 'living philosophies' bear witness. (Would any other age, I wonder, show such dissimilarities of philosophy, of hope and of despair, among men who share the same culture and the same civilization?) Many of the answers tentatively given are interesting in themselves and provide some antidote against the complete pessimism of Joseph Wood Krutch's *Modern Temper*, but how strange they would seem to the clear assurance of my forefathers!

How they held their theology without its being vitiated by a larger measure of intellectual obscurantism, and a frightened denial of the beginnings of the new science, I do not altogether understand. Neither do I know how they escaped the fear of a static immortality of bliss which to us would mitigate the joy of contemplating life eternal. But to a great extent they did these things. They did them, too, with a far deeper sense of the Presence of God, the Father and Friend, than Mr. Walter Lippmann's study of the emphasis on God as King (in his *Preface to Morals*) takes into account.

The result was a sense of meaning, assurance, and comfort in life which can scarcely be exaggerated. Evil there was, and suffering hard to understand. But over all was God, who had His own in His care. His universe was man's home. The generation which believed this did not have to hope with the Bishop of Birmingham that 'whatever is at the heart of things is not hostile to our highest aims and ideals.' Their God was a Father, not a 'whatever is at the heart of things.' They would have been far more mystified and puzzled than comforted by Professor Eddington's dualistic approach to the problem of God and the universe in which many of our own time profess to find consolation. He has written: —

> I am convinced that if in physics we pursued to the bitter end an attempt to reach purely objective reality we should simply undo the work of creation and present the world as we might conceive it to have been before the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters. The spiritual element in our experience is the creative element, and if we remove it as we have tried to do in physics on the ground that it also creates illusion, we must ultimately reach the nothingness which was in the beginning.

That is a far cry from the faith in a God who gave man dominion over the world which He had made and in that world occasionally had walked and talked with men. Is not the extraordinary popularity of *The Green Pastures* in part a testimony to the hunger of our times for 'de Lawd' who can be known and whose universe man can regard as home?

Whatever wistful hunger of the heart the simplicities of *The Green Pastures* may satisfy for a night, our generation, and still more our children's, must travel harder roads in its search for truth. But that search will be more fruitful if we understand what sense of human dignity and meaning in life our fathers found in creeds that we may not accept and are often invited to ridicule. Humble and obscure their lives might have been; they were heirs of life eternal, children of Him who was King of Kings and Lord of Lords, subjects of His care. I do not think their heaven was as appalling a place as it sometimes seems to our generation. It was, on the contrary, a fulfillment of life and an answer to questions otherwise insoluble.

The least of them might be of the company of John Bunyan's 'Mr. Valiant for Truth.' Without boasting, the best of these men and women could say, as he did: 'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my Rewarder.' And of them it could be said as of him: 'When the day that he must go hence was come many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went, he said: "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he said: "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

A PLAGUE OF BIRDS

BY LOUISE N. TRUEBLOOD

I

This tale that I am going to tell you is a strange and rather unbelievable one, and it will strain your credulity to the breaking point. In its weirdness it brings to mind those 'bird droves of God' of which Aristophanes tells us, those strange hordes of little feathered visitants that the Greeks conceived of as concealing beneath tiny feathered bodies and bright-eyed flitting preoccupation some memory of a tragic previous human existence, remembered now only in fitful restlessness and sharp piercing cries.

It all happened at the close of a rather overcast day early in September. As I stood on the porch just before dinner, admiring, as always, the lovely hushed stillness of the Hudson River and the brooding beauty of the Palisades in the subdued twilight glow, I heard the cries of birds in the heavens. Looking up, I saw a flock of chimney swifts wheeling about in the sky, and I noticed idly that, instead of being in their usual orderly wedge-shaped formation, they were wheeling about in circles, uttering sharp cries. Coming events may cast their shadows before them, but unfortunately it is usually only after the event that we remember having seen the shadow, and this time was to prove no exception. So I turned back undisturbed to my contemplation of sky, and hills, and water, and then, totally unsuspecting of what was in store for us, I went in to dinner.

We were eating that dinner — which we were destined never to finish — and talking idly, when suddenly there was a rapid beating of wings in the adjoining room. Hastily I ran in to investigate, and there I found a little chimney swift frantically hurling itself against the screened window in its frightened efforts to get out. 'Oh,' I cried, 'someone must have left a door open, and this poor little thing has blundered in here! It's terribly frightened.'

Very tenderly I seized it, and gently put the fluttering, terrified creature out of the door — utterly failing to notice that there was no door or screen open in the room through which it might have entered!

Scarcely had I resumed my seat at the table when 'again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.' Again I ran into the living room, followed this time by my brother. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'there are several birds! They're chimney swifts. It must be a nest of young ones that has fallen down the chimney.' And even as we stood there gazing the room was suddenly filled with the beating of wings and the chirping of birds.

'The chimney is alive with birds — they are coming into the house!' shouted my husband. 'We'd better get up on the roof and block the chimney to keep them out.' And off the men dashed.

The children and I stood there stupefied, quite unable to grasp the magnitude of the calamity which was befalling our peaceful home. What a sight was this before our astonished gaze! Innumerable birds flying into the room, bringing with them thick black clouds of soot from the chimney — birds everywhere! Screaming birds beating frantically against the windows, terrified birds flying blindly and aimlessly through the house, upstairs and down, seeking some refuge, clinging to ceilings, shades, walls, picture mouldings, anything that offered even the most precarious foothold. And the soot! It settled on the furniture; the air was thick with it; the hearth was speedily covered with a black carpet that crunched underfoot.

As we stood there dismayed, I heard a loud cry from the roof. I ran out to see what new calamity might be befalling us. The promise of the overcast afternoon had been redeemed by a slight drizzle, making the tiled roof dangerously slippery, and I thought to myself fatalistically, 'Well, they've fallen off the roof! That is all that was needed to make this a perfect nightmare!' But this time my gloomy forebodings were fortunately not realized, for it was just my husband shouting down to me. 'The chimney is alive with birds!' he cried. 'The last one of the flock just flew in past my head. You'd better build a fire to smoke them out.'

II

Obediently I returned to the house, picking my way through what seemed like hordes of children congregated in the living-room. Our own three boys and the dog apparently not being able to cause confusion enough, their number had been augmented by all the excited children in the neighborhood, who, attracted by seeing the birds fly down the chimney, had come to investigate.

I crunched my way over the sooty floor, and tried, but in vain, to light the fire which was laid in the fireplace. The beating of myriad wings caused a breeze which made it impossible for any flame to live, and three times my kindled blaze was instantly fanned out. I was desperate, until I finally hit on the expedient of making a human torch of myself. Standing out on the living-room floor, I held blazing newspapers at arm's length and threw them into the fireplace, until at last I did succeed in kindling a fire, without, miraculously enough, setting myself ablaze.

But then how bitterly I regretted my success! What a sickening holocaust it was! We had completely forgotten that birds must fly in spirals when going against gravity, and that the flues were too narrow to permit them to do this. Consequently into the room the poor miserable little things had to come, those that did not drop with singed wings from their poor foothold on the bricks right into the blazing twigs.

Sick at heart, I now tried as hard to beat out the fire as I had previously tried to light it, to the heartbreaking accompaniment of the thud of little burned bodies dropping into the fire, the smell of scorched feathers, the terrible mad beating of wings, the shrill frightened cries of the poor bewildered creatures. Blindly they flew all through the house, seeking some safe place to alight. Too bewildered to see the doors and windows that we had flung open, they clung with their claws to any spot on wall or window that seemed to offer shelter. We brandished brooms, we swept them off ceilings, we dislodged them from pictures and window blinds, we tore their desperately clinging claws from screens, we ejected them by handfuls. Completely panic-stricken, they yet seemed determined to spend the night with us, and flew back into the house through any opening they could find; when unable to do so, they clung to the outside of the screens, uttering pitiful cries.

But by this time we were almost beyond compassion. We had about run the gamut of human emotions, and the tender sympathy with which we had put out the first bird had changed to an irritated detaching of the sharp claws which clung so determinedly to wall or hand or clothing, and a rude hurling of the bird into the outer air, with the parting savage invocation to 'Get out, and stay out, you brute!'

And what a sight the house was — soot, bird tracks, claw marks, blackness, disorder everywhere! No fire could have wrecked a house more completely. I literally did not know where to begin. I felt completely crushed, and the accursed monotonous chirping still issuing from the fireplace got on my nerves terribly. I yearned wildly to be a second Nora, and with an even more reverberating slam than hers to shut the door behind me, to return to that house nevermore! But Nora was in the theatre, and I was in the everyday world — though a rather nightmarish one it seemed just then! So, instead of any dramatic gesture, I wearily fell to, in the attempt to repair some of the damage.

The first thing to do was to block up the fireplace so that at least no more birds could come into the room that night. Then we attempted to clean up the soot, but it was like trying to sweep up the sands of the ocean. There was no inch of the house, upstairs or down, that was not infiltrated and covered with a blanket of it. We swept it up once, but in a twinkling everything was as black as before. The air was full of it, it was all over our clothing, our feet tracked it through the house wherever we walked.

And the dog had contributed his share to the general mêlée. At first, tremendously excited by this strange occurrence, he had caught birds in his mouth when he could, and had most reluctantly relinquished his hold only when we insisted. He had followed us with a savage gleam in his eyes as we caught birds and hurled them out of door and window. He had leaped after them on window seat and chairs, he had jumped up on the wall to try to reach them, and everywhere there were sooty paw marks. But after a time he must have become depressed by the disparity in numbers and by the total impossibility of any one lone dog's making an impression on such a horde, and he had quietly and sadly crept away. We discovered later where he had gone. It was to his favorite place of refuge in moments of great stress, such as thunderstorms or the Fourth of July — namely, my clothes closet. There he had peacefully gone to sleep on my white shoes, after having first, like Epaminondas with the pies, been careful to step right on the centre of everything in sight, and there was nothing that did not bear the marks of four tremendous sooty paws.

III

The next morning we awoke to brilliant sunshine, and the chirping of birds, but what different sentiments that once-happy sound now engendered in our breasts! With what dismay did we realize that most of that cheerful noise was issuing, not from the bright outdoors, but from our luckless home! My husband, on first waking, listened carefully, and, when he heard from downstairs the now familiar 'Cheep,

cheep,' turned over for another forty winks, murmuring to himself, 'No laboratory for *you* to-day.' And those who knew him could gauge by that the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen us, for nothing short of battle, murder, and sudden death had ever before been known to keep him home from the laboratory on a week day.

Dressed in our oldest clothes, we now proceeded to attempt to clean up. The children and the dog were turned out after breakfast to the tender mercies of the neighbors, and told not to dare to return before sundown. Then we got into action.

The men began first on the fireplace. My husband sat on the hearth, head and arms reaching up the chimney, and pulled down birds by the handful, for some still clung there, even after the barrier had been removed. Their wing beating was much fainter. Many of the poor little things had died of exhaustion during the night and had dropped down in the ashes on the hearth, but those that survived flew away gratefully when released into the out-of-doors.

Then we started to clean house, and I felt that the Augean stables must have been a comparatively light task. Every inch of the house, hardwood floors and all, had to be scrubbed; the rugs had to go to the cleaners; the living-room floor had to be scrubbed three times with a fine brush to make any impression at all on the soot. The two men, the maid, and I worked all day without let-up, and at that we did nothing to remedy the condition of shades, upholstery, walls, or ceilings. Of course it was a marvelous way to get the fall house cleaning done by really intelligent help, for never again do I expect to have a scientist and a college professor to assist in the task. And the house *had* needed doing over, and the furniture *had* needed to be reupholstered, — all of which we realized as an aftermath of our visitation, — but it did seem as if Providence were taking very drastic measures to procure so comparatively slight a good!

Even then we were not quite through, though we thought we were that evening, as we rested our aching backs and shoulders and surveyed a restoration which, while it left much to be desired, seemed miraculous to me after my pessimism of the night before. In a day or so, a faint but sickening odor began to permeate the house, issuing unmistakably from the cellar. It brought to my mind what I had read about the odors emanating from the battlefields of France, and I hastily sent a distress call for the plumber. He was obviously skeptical over the phone when I told him my weird story, but he agreed to come up to investigate, and when he did, you never saw a more surprised man. He had thought my tale a cock-and-bull story, a figment of my imagination, and here it was corroborated most convincingly by his findings in the cellar!

That awful night we had learned much about the predilections of our chimney swifts. We had discovered that they liked only sooty flues, for the seldom-used playroom fireplace had attracted but a few birds, who had immediately flown away. My husband had opened the doors of the furnace to release the birds imprisoned there, having heard their plaintive cries, but even then he had not exhausted all their places of refuge. For lo, tracing the dreadful smell to its source, the plumber extricated from the flue of the gas water heater numerous little dead bodies of birds that had been trapped there and had perished miserably of asphyxiation, or had been scorched to death. Half a water-pailful of bodies he removed, and the odor ceased.

IV

Well, that's my story, a story which has been carried away by our amazed friends to retail on occasion. It has been as though the anecdote were a pebble flung into a sea of acquaintances, and as the circles widened and spread farther from the original source, the incredulity and rank unbelief grew proportionally, so that finally the reputation of the teller for veracity was the only guarantee that he might meet with even a modicum of belief.

And yet it all really happened, and, worse luck, to us! It has made a marvelous tale to tell — that small crumb of comfort we have been able to extract from our extreme tribulation. Little else, however, even though kind friends have attempted to point out to us that we should consider it a singular and to-be-savored-to-the-full mark of favor that out of all the homes on the Atlantic seaboard — nay, further, of the whole United States — we should have been singled out for such a visitation!

It was weeks before I could look on a bird with any feeling other than loathing, and I lived in momentary dread of another onslaught. Indeed, one day, as I was peacefully sitting reading, my sister shouted, 'Look! look!' and I ran to the window crying, 'Where are the birds?' And when I saw that instead of the feared visitation it was only the neighbor's dog making off with a leg of lamb which he had just stolen from our back porch, I had an intensely relieved feeling of 'Pooh, is that all?' With dread I waited for the anniversary of the fatal day, recalling all the tales I had heard of that wonderful unfailing instinct which leads birds to do the same thing at the same time each year. But the birds must have retained as unpleasant memories of their visit as we did, for they have never come back, and I, for one, hope that they never do!

UNEMPLOYMENT RESERVES

BY SIDNEY HILLMAN

I

The significance of unemployment insurance in a crisis as severe as the present may be demonstrated, for the purposes of this discussion, by way of a hypothetical case. Let us suppose that there had been in force in this country since 1925 a national system of safeguards against the evils of unemployment similar to the scheme instituted in the men's clothing industry in 1923. The facts of the hypothetical case would be as follows: —

The estimated total number of wage earners in the United States is 26,000,000. The estimated total labor bill of the wage-earning class is $26,650,000,000. Workers would have contributed 1½ per cent of their wages and employers 3 per cent of their pay roll to the unemployment insurance fund. The Federal Government, in conjunction with the states, would have provided the administrative costs of the fund, operated employment exchanges, and taken care of other relevant services. The total payments to the fund would have amounted to twelve hundred million dollars, which, together with interest on the money, would have brought the total to one and one-quarter billion dollars annually. The total floating unemployed population in a year of normal business activity (excepting the sick, the disabled, and the aged, who are entitled to special care) is about two million. On the assumption that the payment of benefits to these two million people is at the rate of about 30 per cent of their wages for half of the time, the annual disbursement would have been $350,000,000, or less than 30 per cent of the fund. In four business years, 1925–1929, the fund would have accumulated more than three billion dollars. By January 1930, at the beginning of the severe part of the present depression, there would have been built up a public reserve for the mitigation of the distress of millions of unemployed Americans. It would have been almost as large as the entire Federal budget and would have just about equaled the proceeds of our whole export of merchandise.

During 1930 and 1931, owing to the decrease in the nation's wage earners' pay roll, which shrank to about two thirds of its normal size, only about three quarters of a billion dollars would have been paid into the fund. Yet this sum would be much larger than the sum that was actually spent by all the private philanthropies, together with Congressional, state, and municipal appropriations for aid to the unemployed. Five million people in 1930 and six million in 1931 would have received a total of over three billion dollars in benefits, while a reserve would have been left in the fund of close to two billion dollars toward the end of 1931.

The advantages of the arrangement would have been twofold: —

1. So considerable an increase of purchasing power as three billion dollars in two years placed at the disposal of the most harassed part of our labor population would have had a healthy, stimulating influence on business activity. Since we did not have it, however, the only thing we could do was to resort to the mysterious aid of such devices as 'Buy now!' and 'Think prosperity!'

2. Millions of wage-earning Americans would have been spared the humiliation of cooling their heels in charity offices, of begging in the streets, of marking time in bread lines, and, after all the torture and humiliation, of being for the most part starved, cold, and bare. Lacking such a system of unemployment reserves, millions of people have had no other choice but to beg or to starve, or both.

II

America, alone of all civilized nations, has failed to set up any organized device for dealing with unemployment. Instead of engaging our energies in evolving the best methods of procedure in the realization of the reform, we have been spending ourselves on arguing the proposition. While in the Old World 48,000,000 wage earners are protected against unemployment in one way or another, the people of our republic have had to fall back on the hazards of luck and charity in this most trying of all emergencies. Yet unemployment is no longer a chance happening. It has become a part of our social experience. It is a chronic disease of our social system.

At all times, in several industries, we have had to cope with *seasonal* unemployment. That problem has been troublesome and exacting enough. But to that, in recent years, a new type of unemployment has been added, as a result of our highly efficient system of industrial management. It is described as *technological* unemployment. What we are confronted with in the present phase of our economic development appears as a compound of both of these types of unemployment. Historic, political, and economic factors have combined to make the problem more difficult and its evil effects more vicious. No doubt the emergence of this social disease is primarily chargeable to our planless, hit-or-miss methods of doing business. Economic anarchy is an old evil of the prevailing individualistic régime, but at no earlier stage of its development have its effects and its ramified consequences been as threatening to the safe continuity of the nation's business as they now are. Indeed, the central issue of our time is the progressively widening discrepancy between the productive capacity of the nation's combined man and machine power and the purchasing capacity of the working men and women who constitute the majority of the nation. This discrepancy must be adjusted.

The question of what we can do about chronic unemployment ranks first among those which will not allow the socially sensitive mind to rest. Upon the satisfactory solution of this problem depends our material and intellectual growth. This nation or any nation cannot long endure one-half employed and one-half totally unemployed or half employed. Steady employment of labor energy is the primary condition of economic and social health. But practically nothing has been done to face the problem, either by the people themselves or by their governing staffs. There has been neither effective action nor thoughtful planning. We cannot shut our eyes to what the coming months seem to threaten. There is no longer any doubt in minds which reason from observable facts rather than from imaginative self-deception that the coming winter will be even a greater challenge to our national ingenuity than was the winter of 1930–31. It is bound to tax to the very limit the capacity of our people for suffering. The limited resources that some people may have had a year ago, whether as savings for a rainy day or as credit, have been completely drained during these twenty months of depression. Where will they get the means on which to live during the winter that lies ahead?

While unemployment insurance still remains a controversial issue, unemployment has become a serious problem for business. Our legislators, however, refuse to see its significance. Politicians seem to think it wisest not to see, not to hear, not to know. But this is a dangerous policy — especially now that unemployment is no longer just a labor problem. If seasonal employment may be considered primarily one of labor's concerns, technological unemployment — permanent or chronic — is even more a social problem. It affects the community as a whole. In consequence, any solution of this problem, if it is to hold out a promise of success, must be arrived at by coherent action coming from all the active and responsible elements of the business community. Furthermore, it must be based on a broad view of our economic situation as a whole. Now, it is a truism that unemployment is to some degree an ineradicable feature of our social order. To the extent that planless production for uncoördinated distribution is the very core of our individualistic social system, a mobile reserve of unemployed labor is a necessity. Socially speaking, it is an absurd and atrocious necessity, but it is in harmony with the economic logic of the competitive system of doing business.

To that extent, it is well to bear in mind that unemployment insurance is but a half measure. It is a palliative, not a cure-all. Those observers and students who criticize the unemployment insurance systems in operation in England or in Germany may be correct as to details, but they overlook a most important fact: namely, that the partial breakdown of these insurance schemes but reflects the corresponding breakdown of the business systems in each of these countries. However, all unprejudiced students concede the fact that conditions in England and Germany would have been in an infinitely worse state had it not been for the mitigating influence of unemployment insurance. Owing to its benefits the masses of the unemployed have been kept from economic destruction and social degeneration. Only half-informed persons refer to unemployment insurance as the 'dole.' It is in this country, where the charities substitute for unemployment insurance, that we have the despicable 'dole.'

Unemployment insurance is not an antidote for unemployment. Planned and socially oriented economy is the antidote. Unemployment insurance is a means of relieving the acute pains of the economic organism caused by the ever more frequently occurring fits of industrial dislocation. The significance of such a mitigant is thrown into bold relief when we recall that through its operations a billion dollars can be added annually to the people's purchasing power. But if it is to prove effective in meeting the exigencies of the situation, this mitigant must not be left to stand alone. It should be accompanied by a number of other steps and measures. Not the social philosophy of *laissez faire, laissez passer*, but one of social activism, of conscious and purposive intervention in social processes, must be the motivating force behind an effective programme. The practical experience of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America offers proof of the feasibility of such a programme.

III

The unemployment insurance system instituted in the men's clothing industry dates back to 1920. The country was then in the midst of post-war prosperity. Work seemed to be plentiful. Even the setback subsequently suffered by industry in 1921, while anticipated by many, was not expected to last very long, and it really did not last long. None the less, the organization of the workers in the clothing industry, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, with a membership of 120,000, in their convention in Boston in May 1920, authorized their officers to make a study of the question. They were authorized to initiate a plan of systematic unemployment insurance for workers attached to the industry, if and when they suffered from lack of work through no fault of their own. By agreement with the clothing manufacturers of Chicago, such an unemployment fund was established in that city in 1923. Chicago was chosen as the experimental laboratory for the reform because the men's clothing industry there, on the side of the employees, the employers, and the industry itself, was better organized than any other clothing market of the country.

An agreement was reached with the clothing manufacturers whereby collections for an unemployment insurance fund were to begin on May 1, 1923. The employers were to deduct 1½ per cent of the weekly earnings of each union member, and after adding a like amount, making a total of 3 per cent of the total weekly pay roll, were to forward the sum to the office of the Unemployment Insurance Fund. By a subsequent amendment of the agreement, made in 1928, the employers' contribution to the Fund was increased to 3 per cent, making the total contribution to the Fund 4½ per cent of the total weekly pay roll.

The working programme of the Unemployment Insurance Fund was devised by Dr. Leo Wolman of the President's Committee on Unemployment and economic advisor to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. The operation of an Employment Exchange, a corollary to the Fund, was inaugurated by Dr. Bryce M. Stewart, formerly Director of Employment Exchanges for the Dominion Government of Canada. The Board of Trustees of the Fund was constituted of representatives of the union and the employers' association and a chairman of the board. Professor John R. Commons held the office at one time, and since his retirement Dr. Benjamin Squires has occupied it.

The rules of the Unemployment Insurance Fund provide for benefits to workers at the rate of 30 per cent of their full-time earnings for a maximum period of 7½ full weeks in any one year. All time lost, whether through partial or complete unemployment, is regarded as compensable. The working week in the unionized clothing industry is 44 hours. Together with the levy on the pay roll of each worker, the employer forwards to the Fund a statement of the actual hours of work done by each worker, and upon computation each worker automatically draws on the reserve if his enforced idleness is in excess of one week, or 44 hours. Since these funds are used to pay benefits to those members of the union who are on some employer's pay roll, they are not available for workers who have lost their jobs through the failure or liquidation of an employer. Consequently a fraction of the proceeds of the Fund is now laid aside for relief of workers entirely unemployed, unattached to jobs, and not authorized to receive regular benefits under the original provision of the Fund. During the distressing winter of 1930–31, the union membership in the city assessed themselves an additional amount to provide for those totally unemployed.

From the time of the first payment of benefits out of the Fund, May 1, 1924, to the benefit payment of the spring of 1931, the Chicago Unemployment Insurance Fund paid out more than $6,000,000 to those who suffered from unemployment. There are about 20,000 workers in the Chicago clothing factories. The Chicago Fund has at all times maintained a reserve ranging from $500,000 to $1,000,000, and on July 11, 1931, this reserve was $618,000.

In 1928 an Unemployment Insurance Fund was set up in the men's clothing industry of New York and Rochester. Because of the depressed state of the respective markets, a premium of only 1½ per cent on the pay rolls is contributed by the employers. The workers are not making contributions. It is expected that as soon as the industry picks up there will be a larger premium. While thus deprived of the advantages of an early initiation of the Fund, and despite the low contributions, the boards of trustees in these two cities were enabled to pay out during 1929 and 1930 the sum of $800,000. This experience demonstrates both the value of the reform and the wisdom of establishing insurance funds in times of normal prosperity.

In all, over 60,000 people are covered by joint unemployment insurance in the clothing industry. The total of benefit payments and relief rendered outside the regular benefit provisions since the inauguration of the system amounts to $6,500,000. It is to be remembered that for about 70 per cent of the number there had been no insurance in force prior to the end of 1928. The 60,000 and more under the provisions of the Fund constitute a substantial part of the total of American workers, about 300,000 in all, who are in any way whatever insured against the hazards of involuntary unemployment. It should be added that, in most centres of the clothing industry where the employers have not yet been converted to the acceptance of joint unemployment insurance funds, union members have assessed themselves and established union funds out of which unemployed members may receive assistance.

The launching of the Employment Exchange, a practical necessity for the effective functioning of the Insurance Fund, has proved of itself valuable. It has made impossible the parasitic existence of private employment agencies, and, more than other measures, it has proved a workable check on racketeers whose first approach to gaining a grip on an industry is by way of meddling with the distribution of jobs. The intimate functional relationship between the Employment Exchange and the Unemployment Insurance Fund has eliminated the possibility of abuses by the workers who, as antagonists of organized unemployment insurance sometimes maintain, wait for a chance to receive the premium in order to go loafing. The records of the Employment Exchange show that no worker has refused to be shifted to a new job when the job previously held by him became temporarily inactive. The often expressed fear that unemployment insurance may make labor less mobile than is good for the effective prosecution of industry has been completely dispelled by the experience of the clothing industry in Chicago under the joint Unemployment Insurance Fund.

An important by-product of the Unemployment Insurance Fund has been the so-called *dismissal wage.* By this term is meant the practice of paying to a worker a certain amount of money if his work in the factory becomes entirely unnecessary. Workers often lose their jobs either owing to the introduction of labor-saving devices or because of the simplification of industrial processes, or because of a shrinkage in the total volume of business in the factory where they are employed. Under the arrangement, workers so displaced are paid a certain amount of money by the enterprise, together with a subvention from the Unemployment Insurance Fund, in consideration of which they relinquish their claim of the right to the job. In cases where the dismissal wage has been effected, it has run from $150 to $500 per person, depending upon a variety of circumstances such as the strength of the business enterprise, the length of time which the worker worked at his job, or his skill and past earnings.

The existence of the Unemployment Insurance Fund in the clothing industry has had an altogether wholesome and stabilizing influence upon the industrial relationship. Incidentally, it has made possible, owing to the detailed weekly reports which employers are obliged to submit to the Unemployment Insurance Office, the accumulation of reliable industrial data giving a clear view of earnings, actual working hours, and other vital phases of industrial life. That both sides to the arrangement have been well pleased with its workings is demonstrated by the inauguration of local funds in two important centres, New York and Rochester, after the experiment in Chicago proved a success. In Chicago itself the employers consented to a doubling of their premium from a 1½ per cent to a 3 per cent assessment on their weekly pay roll.

Of course poverty has not been eliminated by unemployment benefits, but the dollars received by the workers for the working time they lose through no fault of their own have been of great help, and the fact that the unemployed worker can look to his own colleagues for assistance, however limited, in time of need, and thus stave off the dreaded facing of the charity office, has been a factor of deep moral significance.

IV

The effective functioning of the Unemployment Insurance Fund in the men's clothing industry has been made possible by the relationship that has evolved in the industry. Neither the inauguration nor the successful operation of the Fund would have been possible under the cat-and-dog relationship that obtains in most other industries. The question whether or not the experience of the clothing industry may advantageously be generalized can thus be answered best if all the significant elements of that relationship are examined.

The primary condition necessary to the inauguration of unemployment insurance with a promise of success is the existence of a system of collective bargaining based on an elaborate and steadily evolving industrial code with standardized arbitration machinery at its service. The men's clothing industry has accepted collective bargaining as a definite and unquestioned element of industrial economics as well as a condition of decent human relations. But for that acceptance, an employer would fail to see the justice of providing reserves for workers made idle by the industrial machine. At best he would take a charity view of the matter, but not one which sees unemployment as a social responsibility. In fact, experience in the clothing industry fails to record many instances of an intelligent employer's failing to realize that by paying premiums to the Unemployment Fund he is but discharging an unequivocal obligation.

The 'right to work' was a revolutionary doctrine of the nineteenth century over which great social forces collided and sanguine battles were fought. It is a fairly generally accepted doctrine to-day that society owes the opportunity of making a healthy and worthy living to the men and the women who do socially useful work or are willing to do it. Yet only a relatively small group of men in but one branch of national endeavor, the nation's clothing establishments, have shown willingness to concede the right of the worker to his job as long as he performs his job honestly and competently. The Unemployment Insurance Fund is a living testimonial not only to the validity of this principle but also to the feasibility of its application. It is a credit to the management of the major part of the country's clothing industry that they saw the justice of placing at the basis of their functioning two socially significant principles: —

1. That industry has an obligation toward the workers whose labor and intelligence make the industry possible and profitable.

2. That no industry can be operated efficiently unless the workers are, in their minds, certain of their place and of their economic and human status in the industrial process.

Unemployment insurance, reserves, or relief, or whatever it may be called, is not charity in the view of either the employers or labor. It is a coöperative arrangement by which the workers and the management, working through their respective collective organizations and under a joint agreement, accumulate funds from which those out of jobs have a right to draw, to a certain extent. It is a give-and-take arrangement which helps ıoster responsibility on all sides and is especially beneficial to the mental hygiene of an industry that is in most parts fiercely competitive and needs checks and brakes to live healthily. Among other things, unemployment insurance as it is practised in the men's clothing industry is an assurance against the sinking of industrial standards.

The practice of dividing all available work among all employees of the industry is another consequence of the give-and-take relationship we have been discussing. It logically follows from the premise established in the industry that as long as a clothing firm remains in business no worker may be laid off because of lack of work, and that all available work is to be divided among the workers on the force. Under such an arrangement total unemployment is suffered only by the employees of liquidated firms. All others keep their jobs, though they work only part time. This beneficent practice, unheard of in the clothing industry before it was unionized, has now commended itself to many American industries and has, indeed, become a central item in the programme of the Federal Government for dealing with the present critical condition of business. This principle of equal division of work is a constitutional rule throughout all unionized clothing factories and has been so since the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was firmly established.

No one outside of the industry can realize the importance of this practice to the individual workingman in the shop. It is obvious that workers who contemplate the next day free of the horrors of complete joblessness will have a radically different attitude toward their shop tasks than those otherwise situated. In fact, long before the depression, in the spring of 1928, an effort was made to set up a joint commission charged with studying the feasibility of introducing the five-day week and examining the condition of bringing about the reform. The five-day week was considered as a means of stabilizing employment.

To sum up, the experience in the men's clothing industry has resulted in the establishment of orderly, constitutionalized government by consent of the participants which has (1) tended to stabilize the industry and to standardize industrial methods; (2) placed the worker on a higher plane of self-respect and assurance of his status in the industry; and (3) educated the employers to an assumption of a measure of social responsibility for the people under their management.

V

What has proved possible and beneficial in the men's clothing industry can doubtlessly be made to work over the width and the length of our entire industrial domain. But the industrial leaders have so far failed to grasp the opportunities of real leadership. To-day there is no way out of a critical situation but by legislative enactment. Only the political powers of the nation can force the necessary action. Whatever objections may be raised against a political solution of this problem, and undoubtedly such objections can be raised, there is no way out of the industrial crisis but through State and Federal action. In this we are only repeating the past experience of this country with all of our welfare legislation and with the slow development of a comprehensive system of social insurance. Business has failed to discharge its obligation to the people on whose work, security, and health business prosperity depends; therefore the legislative bodies of the country must assume leadership themselves. We shall face grave complications unless there is speedy and adequate legislative enactment of unemployment insurance.

It has been repeatedly emphasized throughout this discussion that the device of unemployment insurance reserves is but a proposal to remedy a sick situation and can by no means be considered a cure of the condition of unemployment. Really to control unemployment we must think and act in terms of *economic planning* and of the coördination of the industrial endeavors of the nation. It is true that the popular mind is slow to move, and the thought of effective social planning still sounds foreign to most American ears. But is this nation to be permitted to be ruined because certain words are not familiar? So eminent a thinker as Professor Charles A. Beard does not hesitate to engage in devising a Five-Year Plan for America. Must government lag behind intelligence? Yielding to ignorant prejudice when the lives and welfare of millions of humans are at stake is nothing short of criminal. It is the function of leadership to dare and to lead, not to be dragged backward by the hold-over powers of bigotry, recklessness, and arrogance. The tragic experience of 1930–31 is a fair warning of what 1931–32 may bring if the steps that are socially sound are not taken. Chaotic procedure must be ruled out of our lives.

A national economic council should be set up by special law and charged with the task of relating the length of the working day to the economic needs of the nation and to its labor supply, its production to its consumptive needs, its purchasing power to its productive capacity. Workers are forced to labor fifty-five and sixty hours a week in some sections of the country while in others millions of people walk the streets in vain hope of finding a job. *A National Economic Council working under the authority of a national house of industrial representatives on which management and organized labor are represented is urgently needed if our economic life is to be improved and made to serve the needs of the people.*

In brief, the experience of this writer dictates the pressing need and practicability of (1) the enactment of a compulsory unemployment insurance system based on contributions from industry and labor in proportion to earnings and pay rolls, administered through the agencies of the State and with the active coöperation of labor and management; and (2) the enactment of a bill establishing a National Economic Council with a national planning commission and the necessary collateral research and executive offices.

WHAT THE TARIFF HAS DONE TO US

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I

About a year ago, when the Tariff Act of 1930 was in the making, a friend of mine, a Swiss, a scholar and also something of a diplomat, came to visit me, and in the course of a friendly conversation spoke of a puzzle in our public affairs which he could not unravel. Having been in Washington and in New York, he had talked with people of all sorts and kinds, with members of the Cabinet and other officials in Washington, with Senators and Congressmen, with bankers and business men, with foreign diplomats, with newspaper men, with Republicans as well as with Democrats, with persons of all kinds and very different points of view. All had said to him the same things about the then pending tariff bill. Nobody thought it a good measure; nobody wished to see it enacted. It had not a friend. Nobody had any expectation that it would stem the business depression. Some Republicans remarked that they would have to proclaim in public that it would 'help business,' but in their hearts they could not think so. The President of the United States himself (so the puzzled foreigner was told) was much in doubt whether he should veto the act or let it become law.

And yet, though everybody disliked the bill, everybody said it would infallibly be passed. Unwelcome and unsatisfactory as all declared it, all said that it would find its way upon the statute book. 'What,' my friend asked me, 'is the explanation of this extraordinary situation? How does it happen that something which nobody wants done nevertheless is something which everybody is sure *will* be done?'

The question took me aback for a moment. What he said about the situation was indeed in accord with what one heard from many quarters. But that it was such a puzzling situation was brought home by the question from the outsider. An outsider does not accept as obvious the things which we at home take as matters of course because they are familiar; he sees what is anomalous in them. But as I pulled myself together, and considered what had been going on in this country for the last forty or fifty years, I found myself able to say something in explanation.

This curious phenomenon, I answered, is the result not of accident or perverseness or demagogy; it is a consequence of party government and the party system. I will not say 'party politics,' because this might imply that some underhand scheming was chiefly responsible. No, it results from the nature of party contest and manœuvre. By no means everything in the party system is bad; still less does it all rest on bad spirit or motive. But party contests sharpen and exaggerate differences on public policy. The tariff is merely one case of the kind, albeit a striking one.

The Republican Party was not at the outset uncompromisingly protectionist. Fifty years ago, in the first half of the decade 1880–1890, it was something of a gamble which way the Republicans would turn; a strong section in their ranks urged a lowering of tariff rates. Then, in the latter part of the decade, President Cleveland threw down the gauntlet by his famous message to Congress of 1887. When he deliberately and unequivocally took his stand for drastic reduction, it was inevitable that his opponents should take the opposite stand. Under the leadership of McKinley, the Republicans went in once for all and unflinchingly for high protection. After their success in the election of 1888, they passed the McKinley Act of 1890, which, while not so very extreme as compared with our later measures, was deemed portentous in its day.

As time went on, and the question came again and again before the voters, the Republicans had to go further and further. They were not without their qualms. When the tariff act of 1909 was under consideration, President Taft was in the same hesitant and uneasy position as the man now in the White House is said to have been last year. But as the German proverb has it, who says A, must say B. Who begins, must go on to the end of the alphabet. In the series of high-tariff acts that have been passed since 1890 — those of 1897, 1909, 1922, 1930 — duties have been piled higher and higher, reaching at last a range which no one would have dreamed of proposing a generation ago.

II

The extremes to which our system has been carried are familiar enough. In the days before the Great War, the only country which went as far as we did was Tsarist Russia. I am not sure just where we stand now in the competition for this sort of bigness. Our example has infected the rest of the world (about this, more presently), and other countries may have bettered our instruction. It is not easy to make comparison of the general or average height of highly complicated tariff rates of different countries; but I should be surprised if those of any among the so-called civilized countries outran ours.

There has been, at all events, during the last decade a kind of change — a new sort of development — which is significant of the way we have pushed up and up. This appears in the very high *ad valorem* duties which are scattered here and there in the tariff acts of 1922 and 1930. A few illustrations will point the lesson. On children's toys (which the Germans, as it happens, make in great variety and with much ingenuity) the duty is 70 per cent on the value. Some kinds of dollies are hit even harder; they are put at 90 per cent. Some women's garments pay 75 per cent. Other things much used by the gentle sex — veils, veilings, ruchings, insertions, an extended and very meticulously listed range of articles, embellished in ways that attract the users — pay 90 per cent. Laces also pay 90 per cent.

Now these rates are unprecedented; not so much as regards the effective height, but as regards the overt and fairly unblushing form of statement. Rates just as high have been common enough, but in the past they were disguised and concealed. I do not mean to imply that there has been always or even usually deliberate hushing up. But the high duties have taken the form of specific levies, which are assessed not in terms of a percentage on the value, but at so much per pound or yard or unit, and therefore do not tell their tale on the face. Unless you happen to know the price of the commodity, you cannot tell whether a duty of $28 a ton on steel rails (that was the rate for many years) is equivalent to 50 or 150 per cent; in fact, for a long time it was about 100 per cent. Unless you have happened to know something about the prices of tobacco leaf, you are not aware whether the duty of $2.27 a pound, now in effect, is high or low; in fact, it is about 100 per cent.

The situation is befogged as much, perhaps more, when the duty is partly specific, partly *ad valorem*. On some scissors, for example, the rate is 15 cents each plus 45 per cent of the value; that really means about 150 per cent. Razors have a compound rate which ranges in effect from 100 to nearly 300 per cent. Children's dollies, as I have just noted, ordinarily have to pay 90 per cent; but some cheap kinds, which the little users delight in but Congress finds it important to tax heavily, are subject to a compound duty which comes to 150 per cent. Instances of this kind are of old standing and could be multiplied by the dozen. But they have a certain furtive quality; they do not come into the open.

When, however, you put on record in so many words a duty of 90 per cent *ad valorem*, you tell the tale plainly. Twenty or thirty years ago so high a figure would have been thought an affront on good sense, but now the thing is done in unabashed fashion. I find it curious that the protectionists have not yet gone so far as to impose an *ad valorem* duty at the full figure of 100 per cent. Perhaps there is a little remnant of fearsomeness here; the voters might be taken aback by the round figure. But the process has been carried far beyond the point which would have been thought politic or permissible in the days of McKinley.

III

There is more. The accumulating party exigencies have led not only to the exaggeration of the tariff rates themselves, but to an exaggeration even more extreme in the common talk about them. We hear *ad nauseam* the shouting about the party of prosperity, and the tariff as the great engine of prosperity.

This blatant talk goes back about fifty years, to the eighties of the nineteenth century, when the American Protective Tariff League began propaganda on a huge scale, and started to distribute handbills by the million (by its own confession, some forty million pages of 'standard documents' were sent out in 1904). Among the titles one reads: 'Protection Is Panic Proof.' Even the collapse of 1929 seems not to have put a stop to this sort of thing — at least not at once. It will be remembered that, during the Congressional election of last autumn, though the Democrats had been extraordinarily cautious in all their references to the tariff question, there was still much campaign talk from the Republicans about the collapse of employment and the bread lines and soup lines which would be seen if the Democrats should come into power. It is part of the irony of fate that the bread lines and soup lines have appeared in this very year 1931, when the wonder-working tariff is still in operation at full blast. The experience may dampen somewhat the talk about the tariff as the one specific for all industrial ills. But that it is such a specific has become almost an article of faith for millions of good Republicans. It has been dinned in their ears that the prosperity of this country is dependent on the protective system, and indeed is assured only if the system is maintained intact.

I do not know whether the cry has lost its power, or is in the way of losing it. From the economist's point of view it is all nonsense. But so is most of the common man's talk about economic matters. In much the same way, the doctors find that most of the everyday talk about health and disease and medicine is nonsense; and they, too, have to face the persistence of widely advertised quack remedies. The tenacity of party loyalty, party prejudices, party doctrines, is such that protection may still continue to be associated with prosperity, and anything in the way of lowered duties with disaster. The device has long worked effectively for campaign purposes, and the political managers will hold on to it as long as it seems to do the job. Whatever the party platforms in 1932, and whoever the nominees prove to be, the cry will doubtless resound through the land; and he would be rash who predicted how far it will still work — or indeed what will happen on this public question or on any other during the years from 1932 to 1936.

IV

Let me not be misunderstood. In all this I am not dealing with the real problems that confront us in the tariff, or offering any plan for legislation about it for the immediate future. The working of protection is far from simple, and by no means everything is to be said on one side. What I would bring to mind is the extraordinary exaggeration in the attitude so long prevalent. I am quite sure — and in this virtually all serious and unprejudiced students of economic problems would agree — that our high tariff is not in fact the mainstay of prosperity. This country would be prosperous under a system of low duties or under one of high duties. Whether its prosperity would be much greater or much less one way or the other is not a matter I care to discuss now. In any case, no one would now propose an immediate abolition of all the protective duties, or welcome the drastic reorganization of the industrial system of the country which would result from such a step.

Some general reduction, moderate but more than nominal, seems to me to be called for; and in this view again I think there would be concurrence by the judicious and well informed among both students and men of affairs. The change would not in itself have any magic effect in leading to rejuvenation, any more than it would lead to catastrophe. There is nothing in the nature of a panacea in economics, any more than there is in medicine. We can say, indeed, that a simple regimen, with the minimum of stimulants, steady work, and no sprees, promotes health in the body politic as in the physical body. In some mysterious way there is in both respects a *vis medicatrix* that leads the patient to health, if only we do not plague him with quack remedies — a very old-fashioned doctrine, but one not yet entirely superseded.

My main plea at this present juncture is, then, for good sense in our talk on the tariff and for moderation in our legislation. I have some hope that bitter experience may check the shouting about the tariff and prosperity, and that an abiding undercurrent of moderation in our American public will stop the process of piling duties higher and higher. To repeat what has just been said, we should not merely keep them from going higher, but prune them of the many excesses and absurdities. This can be done at once without serious harm to any important industry.

What further may ultimately come, and what shape the system will take in the course of the present century, I will not presume to forecast. A century and a half ago, Adam Smith remarked in the *Wealth of Nations* that it was idle to expect that Great Britain would ever come to the 'natural' system of free trade; yet within seventy years this was precisely what happened. Who shall say where the United States will stand when the twenty-first century dawns?

V

All this exaggeration of the tariff system, as regards both its supposed wonder-working effects and its very high rates, has had ill effect on our international relations. And this in two ways. It has irritated foreign countries, and made them dislike us, do their best to circumvent us, retaliate against us as they saw chance. Next, even more unfortunate, has been the effect on the tariff systems of the foreign countries themselves, and especially on those of the newly established countries of the Continent of Europe. They have been led, much to their own damage and the damage of all, to set up systems of the same extravagant kind.

This sort of extravagance we can stand. Ours is a huge country, and fundamentally a prosperous one. True, at the present juncture we are going through one of the periodic stages of depression and hard times. It is a severe one, not to be minimized or forgotten; but it will pass. Our essential economic superiority persists. We are the wonder and admiration of the rest of the world, and most of all of the newly established democracies. They take their cue from us, and imitate our example. We have a protective system extraordinarily high and severe; we prosper; our public men shout aloud that it is the tariff that has made us prosperous. Foreigners can hardly be expected to discriminate among the utterances of our Senators, Representatives, and Big Business men, and distinguish between those which are mere party slogans and those which may have real weight. It is natural that the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and, hardly less, Germany, France, and Italy, and even some of the British, should say, 'Why may we not do the same thing? Let us also have high tariffs, and create prosperity.'

These admirers and imitators fail to see that our conditions are fundamentally different from theirs. We have a huge continent, with extraordinary variety of climate and resources and with untrammeled free trade from one end to the other. The diversity of economic conditions is enormous; the diversity of social conditions is almost as great. The economic diversity brings about, under free trade, a most intricate and at the same time most advantageous division of labor between the different sections; nor does the social diversity seriously impair the good effects.

But a smaller country, with less varied resources and less economic vitality, cannot stand such a system. The industries in which it can operate to advantage are repressed, those in which it is at a disadvantage are artificially stimulated. The evil results have been dilated on again and again, and no one denies them. Yet it is extraordinarily difficult to make even a beginning in getting rid of them; and not least among the obstacles is our own attitude, together with the way in which we proclaim it.

There is more to be said on this score. We are in favor of pacific relations with other countries. The precise way in which we try to cultivate those pacific relations is different from that which European countries have chosen, and is different from that which not a few in this country might prefer. We have turned our backs, in the main, on the efforts of international coöperation and international understanding which centre about Geneva. Here, too, I may remark in passing, a most important cause, perhaps the most important cause, has again been party difference and the accentuation of party difference. It is a saddening circumstance that the dominant party has been led, largely by mere force of opposition, to a more uncompromising attitude in our international relations than the sober sense of the country and the sober thought even of the vociferous adversaries really approve. But still we have repeatedly expressed ourselves — and here the approval is little short of unanimous — in favor of peaceful relations, of international arbitration, of disarmament. As regards tariff questions, however, we are provocative and irritating. It is all bad.

VI

A word in conclusion about the real importance to ourselves of the tariff, and about its significance for us as compared with other matters of national policy. For the material prosperity of the country, the high tariff is, if not negligible, far from being the major factor; and, as regards the social and moral problems which confront us, it is of minor consequence. Other things give us more food for thought, more concern for the future of the republic. Perhaps the worst thing about the tariff question is that it has distracted attention, and for some time to come may still distract attention, from others that call imperatively for answers.

We have to face the enormously difficult liquor problem; and, in connection with this, the hardly less difficult problem of dealing with the murders, robberies, flagrant and systematic violations of law, which put us to shame among the civilized nations of the earth. Again, we see industry conducted on larger and larger scale, control and power concentrated in a few hands to an ominous degree, opportunities given for acquiring fabulous wealth in the management of huge concerns. Our legislative and administrative machinery on these matters has lagged far behind our industrial development. It is in many ways archaic and blundering, indecisive in aim and ineffectual in results, ill equipped to grapple with the dangers to which industrial development has led.

Not least, we have made hardly a first step toward the crucial problem of stabilizing our economic system, and obviating or at least minimizing the curse of unemployment. That now is in everyone's mind; but it may be forgotten. Probably the worst will be over in a year or two, — who can say how soon? — and there is danger that we shall then relapse into the old do-nothing ways. But the sore effects will long be felt in millions of homes and hearts, and before they have entirely disappeared we may find ourselves in the throes of another crash. Then we may be as dumbfounded and helpless as we are at this day.

Helpless we now are; and I have to confess that all of us are much in the dark as regards prevention or remedy. Perhaps the disease is ineradicable in a society of free enterprise and material progress. But there are at least palliatives which can be got ready. We can promote some rationalization of the production and distribution of goods and the investment of capital, some betterment and control of the financial system, and, most important of all, some systematic machinery which shall at least allay, if it cannot entirely remove, such widespread involuntary unemployment as now shocks our conscience.

For all this, we need not only good will, — thank Heaven, our country does not lack that, — but good sense and an understanding of the proportions of things. It is here that our tariff controversy has done its worst harm. It has distracted attention from the things that most need to be done. It has exaggerated things that are of minor consequence, has led the average man to talk and perhaps think as if prosperity could be universally attained by one simple panacea, has allowed grave evils to come on us and find us quite unprepared to meet them. My plea is for moderation and good sense, for cessation of sham talk about sham remedies, for an earnest facing of the really great, the really ominous, problems.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A More Excellent Way

'You like I show you?' said Hanako san.

We are neighbors on an island in Puget Sound, Hanako san and I. We had been talking about gardens. Hanako san had told me, in her pretty, uncertain English, about her father's 'very nize garden' in Japan. And then she spoke of 'a new way to plant flowers' that she, with other Japanese ladies, had been taught.

The ten-year-old son, Ritsuro, who is interpreter when she must have recourse to Japanese, sometimes translates his mother's English, too.

'My mother means to say,' he put in at this point, 'a way to plant, not by the roots, but when the leaves and flowers go into the houses.'

'A way to arrange cut flowers?' I suggested.

'Perhaps maybe so,' said Ritsuro, and Hanako san repeated with shy eagerness, 'You like I show you?'

'Could you show me, Hanako san?' I answered. 'I should like it very much, but I have read that it takes many lessons and long training to understand Japanese flower arrangement.'

'Zis *new* planting,' she replied, and added firmly, 'Zis afternoon I show you.' Then, gravely, 'Anyway, beeg-inning.'

The English of Hanako san is my delight. It is largely a matter of nouns, pronouns, and adjectives. For verbs in all their tenses the present participle proves adequate. Articles are superfluous. The letter *l* turns to *r* on her tongue; *th* and *s* are *z*. Her enunciation is exquisitely pure and her voice as soft as the lisping of the cedar waxwings in the fir trees at our door.

When the time came for our lesson, it was Ritsuro who arrived first. He carried an armful of evergreen huckleberry (*Vaccinium ovatum*, a characteristic native growth on Puget Sound), sword fern and holly fern, and a handful of small bright-colored flowers.

Then came Hanako san, bringing strong garden scissors and a small sharp knife.

We showed her all the bowls and jars and vases that we use for flowers, but she shook her head. The jars and vases she dismissed at once. The bowls she found too small, and too deep for her purpose.

'May I go here?' she asked at the kitchen door.

Carefully she scrutinized the cupboard. Now and again she took down a soup plate or a dish. 'Platter very good,' she said, but my shelves revealed none that would serve her purpose. Finally she selected a shallow twelve-inch pan of gray granite ware.

'You having potato?' she inquired, and laughed like a child at my astonishment.

With the pan and half a dozen potatoes she returned to the living room, and put these with the heaped-up greenery and flowers.

After long scrutiny, she chose a rather broad potato and cut from the middle two pieces, one about two inches wide, the other perhaps three quarters of an inch. She placed these in the pan with much deliberation, the larger piece a little to the left of the centre, the smaller at the far edge to the right. They were later often lifted from the pan, but their relative position had evidently been determined first of all. After that, as each twig and flower was selected, Hanako san made a cut in the bit of potato, and behold, a perfect stem holder! The incisions could, of course, be made at any angle, and, once in place, the potato gripped the flower as in a vise.

To my Western impatience it seemed a long time before Hanako san chose the first bit of Vaccinium for her 'planting.' When it was thrust into the larger potato stem holder, I exclaimed over the beauty of the pink and white blossoms, each looking like a tiny incandescent light, pendent from the under side of the red-brown stem below the glossy dark green of the older leaves, the tender pale green of the new shoots, and the bronze-pink leaflets at the very tip.

Hanako san hardly appeared to notice the flower bells, though they were like lilies of the valley and arbutus for fragrant loveliness. She scrutinized the branch from every angle. Then she took it out of the holder and cut off part of the stem. After replacing the branch, she held near it half a dozen other bits of greenery. Then she cut off one of the pale green and pink tips; I barely restrained a protest, the spray had seemed to me so perfect.

As she thrust other stems into the potato, Hanako san's attention reverted constantly to that tallest spray. She clipped it repeatedly, sometimes taking only a leaf, sometimes a whole branchlet. When she had finished, that bit of evergreen Vaccinium stood among the sprays that surrounded it like a tiny stately tree. It made one think of Igdrasil, the tree of life. Protectingly it stretched one little branch across and just beyond the pan.

As the lesson went forward, it became always more evident that here was an affair of relation and proportion rather than selection of individual sprays or blossoms. The work already done was constantly criticized and revised in the light of the work in progress.

Next to the little branch that stood so like a tree above the rest, grave choice was made among the long-stemmed flowers. At last Hanako san selected a stalk of valerian, the kind we know as summer heliotrope, its white flowerets just shading into lavender. Next she took two wiry-stemmed bachelor's-buttons, pale blue as a robin's egg. The valerian lifted its head among the lower branches of the Vaccinium; the ragged robin flowerets touched the valerian blossoms. Grouped with these, but not quite so tall, were other sprays of the evergreen huckleberry, delicately varied in size and shape and looking, before Hanako san was satisfied, as if they might have grown just where they stood.

The color effect, up to this point, was made by shades of green, and by white just shading into the faintest tints — pink, lavender, and blue. Suddenly Hanako san took tiny bits of greenery and many bright-hued little flowers. With these she filled the smaller stem holder. Others were strewn, as if a lavish hand had tossed them there, about the low rim of the pan, — ferns, crimson daisies, yellow mustard, crane's-bill, poppies, anemones, a red wild rose, the motleyest array, — below the rest and carpeting the whole.

With half a dozen final strokes, Hanako san cut a long frond of sword fern into bits. Like all the rest, each piece was measured with a watchful eye.

'To hide potato,' said Hanako san. It was her first remark since the beginning of the lesson. Perhaps it was a sop to Western practicality.

She put the completed 'planting' on our low broad mantelpiece. Then she sat down on the opposite side of the room and, with folded hands, regarded her finished handiwork.

'I zink zat's nize,' she said at last.

We thought so, too. We asked her questions that she did not understand. Was there an unchanging rule for the arrangement? Was there a law of color selection? She looked at us, puzzled and smiling.

We looked for help to Ritsuro, still as a Buddha on the chimney seat. Truth, the relentless mistress who mars so many stories, bids me say that Ritsuro was wrapped in the comic supplement of the *Seattle Sunday Times*. No aid came from that quarter.

So we, too, folded our hands and waited, looking at the flowers.

At last Hanako san crossed the room softly and touched them, one by one. First the Oriental Igdrasil. 'Zis, heaven,' she said. 'Zis,' — she indicated the tallest blossoms, — 'zis, peoples. Zis,' — a wave of the little tawny hand took in the carpeting of low-set flowers, — 'zis, earth.'

'Is it always so?' we asked.

'All ze time,' she answered.

'Hanako san,' I said, after a silence, 'one often reads that there must be this grouping of three parts in Nipponese flower arrangement, but the books I know speak of three upright sprays, balanced, and differing in height.'

Ritsuro, with a regretful backward look at Maggie Jiggs, tore himself away from the funnies to put that into Japanese.

His mother pondered for a moment. Then her slim hand drew in the air the outline of a tall vase with the three upright sprays familiar to us all.

'Zat *old* way,' she said. 'Zis *new* planting.' Again a silence, a search for words. The little son could not help her, even the wise little son who knew English as she, Hanako san, knew Japanese.

'New planting,' she began again, standing by her flowers, 'always same way as zis way.' The small hand swept from right to left, upward like a sea gull skimming the water and lifting suddenly: 'Earth — peoples — heaven.'

It was my husband who first realized the geometrical figure that must always dominate 'new planting' — an outline softened, decorated, blurred, but never lost, a figure much like digamma of the old Greek alphabet, its dominating line the arm of heaven, which shelters the peoples and reaches beyond the end of the earth, that little Oriental Igdrasil.

When he spoke of it, Hanako san nodded vehemently, her face all brightness because her work was understood at last.

Again her hand made the pretty sweeping gesture, this time from left to right, from the highest point to the lowest, as a bird swoops down to cover her nestlings.

'Heaven, peoples, earth,' said Hanako san.

HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

THE LEADER

I NEVER feel I'm serving on committees
Unless I'm chairman — you know how it is;
A woman if she's capable or witty's
A fool to join the social synthesis;
She may as well direct,
Or be president-elect,
Or something else that measures up to this.

Experience, ability, and vision,
These are the only qualities you need:
The simple gift for making a decision,
And keeping disagreeables agreed.
And swapping *noes* for *yeses*,
And getting out of messes,
And knowing what the budget can't exceed.

Sometimes it's helping with the public welfare,
Or learning of conditions in the slums;
Last week I just reduced the city's El fare —
You take each little problem as it comes.
Officials of all sorts
Have examined my reports
Restoring air to civil vacuums.

So many things can aggravate a mayor,
And aldermen are busy with cigars;
You can't correct malignancy with prayer,
And lodge the proper lads behind the bars.
It takes a good committee
To *excoriate* a city —
And people say that's what we do to ours.

Who would n't call a meeting with a gavel,
And intimate the business of the day?
The threads of intercourse will quickly ravel,
But no one hears much what the others say;
A pleasant antidote
Is to put it to a vote
And get it on the minutes out of way.

Of course not everything on the agenda
Is worth the hot discussion it will get;
You wear a mask like those of Mr. Benda
And beg somebody for a cigarette,
And give your nose a dab,
And speak to Mrs. Crabbe,
And ask if she's investigated yet.

One never knows just *what* about an issue,
It all depends on how it is proposed;
Committees can destroy its very tissue
Unless the chairman's brains are interposed.
I minimize the risk
By being bright and brisk,
And tell them quickly that the question's closed.

The work I do is actually terrific,
With conferences in Washington and all;
My interests are national and civic,
Except the Riviera in the fall.
And if the need is dire
They cable me or wire;
My dear, it proves the world is *very* small.

DAVID McCORD

BELLS

WHO invented them, anyway? It may be part of the Youth Illusion which possesses Age, but I seem to recall that there was a time when bells occupied their proper place in the General Scheme of Things. In that remote period they added a touch of gentle sentiment to the quiet life of our sequestered community.

The solitary village clock tolled the hours with decorum and decency, and on Sunday and Friday the church bell invited worshipers to the House of the Lord. Sleigh bells added to the joy of crisp winter mornings, and deep-toned cowbells were an aid to me in my excursions after wandering kine on remote hillsides. Bells in those days had their proper place and proper functions.

But this, like all other idyllic conditions, could not last. A prosperous son of our village, in an excess of misguided generosity, built and presented to the town a monumental structure in the top of which he placed a varied assortment of bells. Through thrift, or through an oversight, he failed to provide for the services of anyone to operate them. Inspired by a new civic pride, the town fathers made up the deficiency from the slender budget of the village and for one clamorous year the bells thundered and jangled on every possible occasion. Horses became timorous, children rebellious, women querulous, and men surly and brutal. In ten months the entire town was experiencing an advanced neurosis.

The next year the necessary appropriation was omitted from the warrant of the town meeting, and now kindly ivy is concealing the more serious architectural defects of the structure and will, in time, enfold the bells themselves in a green mantle of quiet.

Since those happy days I have wandered far, and everywhere I have found the same bell madness. I am at present occupying a small apartment in a foreign city. My abode is said to 'nestle beneath the shadow of the cathedral.' This is true, if a thing can be said to 'nestle' which is on the top of an almost perpendicular hill, very difficult to negotiate in bad weather. But there is no doubt of the cathedral part of the description. It is there, I know it to my sorrow.

During the first months of my sojourn I noticed a growing tendency on my part to be short of speech, unfriendly in judgments, and very prone to 'all uncharitableness.' Then came a sudden sense of peace. Life assumed its wonted cheerfulness and the amiable qualities of my friends once more engaged my attention.

I was not long in discovering the cause of this agreeable change. The bells in the cathedral tower were, for some mysterious reason, silent. For weeks I led a life of perfect peace, undisturbed sleep, and long hours of work and reading. Then to my horror I found that these days of respite had been devoted to an entire rehabilitation of the bells and their adjustment to a new and much longer and more intricate chorus of dissonance. What helpless atoms we are in the whirlpool of circumstance, how vain it is to struggle against overwhelming odds, how futile to match one's puny will against the great forces of a world demented! Philosophy alone can save us.

And it was to philosophy that I turned in my hour of need. I resolutely refused to allow this new torture to affect me. I argued that, if I were destined to live in the most bell-mad city of a bell-mad world, I could at least extract from the experience certain philosophic pleasures. I set myself to study the bell habits of my city. I followed closely the operations, not only of my most adjacent bells, but of all the countless others that showered the hapless city with a babel of metallic discord by day and by night.

In the first place I tried to find out what my cathedral thought it was doing. I tried to discover some semblance of tune or rhythm or cadence in its performance. So far I have been unable to do so. Certain sections of its outpourings seem fairly intelligible, but others are quite beyond me, particularly one part which seems to be devoted to a multitude of the smaller and less tuneful bells engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle to make themselves heard.

The entire programme, in its full richness, is mercifully reserved for the solemn duty of striking the hours. It is only twenty-four times a day that the city has to survive this particular ordeal, but what is vastly more annoying to me, were I to permit myself to be annoyed in my new philosophic temper, is the quarter, half, and three-quarter announcements. In my youth we used to sing 'John Brown's Body' in a most mirth-provoking manner. As we sang these immortal words over and over again, we dropped the last word until the entire company finished with a tumultuous rendering of the one word 'John.'

Those in charge of my friendly enemy, the cathedral, seem to have been inspired by the same suggestion. They have divided the entire programme into parts. The first is sounded on the quarter, the first and second on the half hours, the first, second, and third on the quarter-of, and all four parts in a glorious whole on the hour. But the effect is not humorous, for it so happens that each of these sections ends on a note that has a peculiarly interrogative quality. It asks a question, it sends out over the city a brazen inquiry which quavers off into a timorous query as to things in general.

It is particularly unpleasant at night after a day rather less well spent than others. It is not agreeable to be asked three times during each still hour as to the use you have made of the day just past, the probity of your actions, and the nobility of all your purposes. Such inquiries induce neither sleep nor repentance, only a peevish dissatisfaction with all bells and all bell ringers, either human or mechanical.

The most sonorous, and I have no doubt the largest, of this collection of bells is devoted, however, to one diverting and human purpose. The meetings of the august City Council are held in or near the cathedral, and the arrival of each member is announced by a single stroke of the bell. I do not need to see them, I can hear them coming. Gentlemen of portly habit, busily important with their civic duties and dignities, breathlessly climbing up the ill-paved and precipitous street. Long-continued attendance at these meetings will either kill them or greatly improve their figures. The conscientious ones arrive early in groups of threes and fours, and the bell hurries to announce their advent. I know their type. Prompt, efficient, brisk in manner and a bit domineering, they control the proceedings. Then the less efficient ones arrive at irregular intervals. The one, however, who has my most affectionate regard is he who arrives last. After a long interval, during which there have been much irritation and the consulting of watches by the efficient ones, there comes a final stroke of the bell and I know that the laggard has arrived. I can see his smiling and somewhat apologetic entrance, and the frowning dignity of the chairman as he calls the meeting to belated order. This I record as the single pleasure a bell has ever afforded me since my early youth.

I have no suggestion to offer. I am not, and never have been, a 'constructive critic.' Like other prophets, I see no light ahead. As bells decline, — if they are declining, which I doubt, — horns increase. Which of the two I dislike most I do not know, but this I will say for the horns: I have yet to hear one that asks embarrassing questions.

MacGregor Jenkins

'HEARST'—BY WALTER MILLIS

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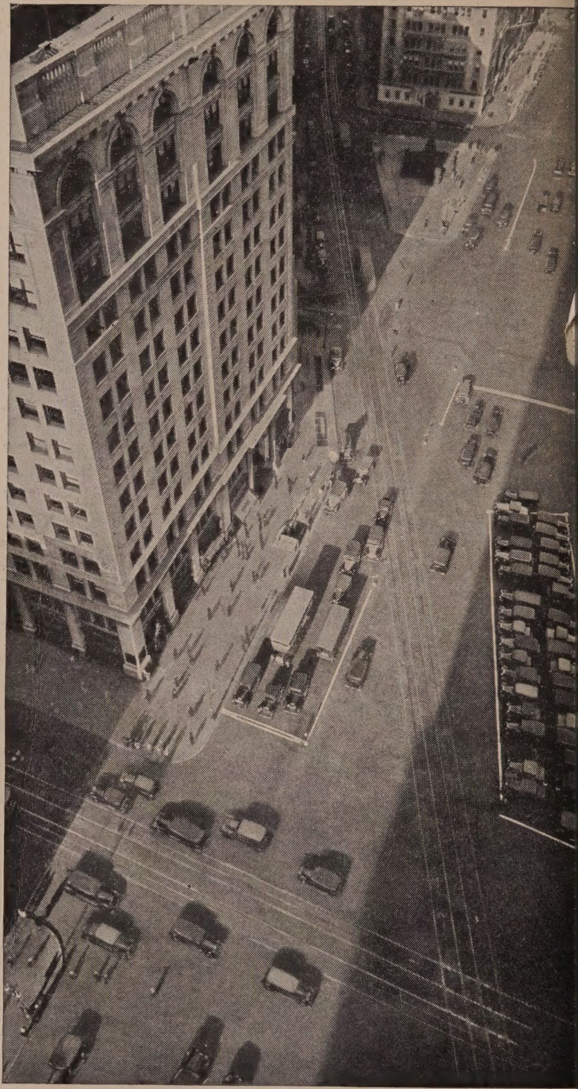

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MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG?

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

IT was the ancient custom of English churches during Rogation week, a custom still followed in remote country parishes, to assemble the whole congregation, particularly the younger element, under the leadership of the beadle and church officers, and trace from bourn to bourn the limits of the parish. The straggling procession followed the line like a pack of hounds on the scent of a fox. They scaled garden walls, crossed private grounds, and sometimes the whole merry troop went in one door and out the other when a house stood exactly on the line. It was a great day for the children, but the elders too had some entertainment, for when an old moss-covered stone post was discovered one of them would pick up a likely lad and bump his head so severely against it that he would always remember it. It was essential that future beadles and churchwardens should be able to hand on to their successors exact knowledge of the limits of the parish. Remembered pain is a great quickener of the memory.

Something like these mediæval ceremonies are the activities of the superpatriots who are constantly reëstablishing the geographical boundaries of patriotism. They are forever unearthing some old moss-grown bourn and bumping our heads against it lest we forget and allow our so-called love of country to stray outside and cover too much territory. There is more danger of this than ever now that the world has grown smaller and we are apt to find out that the inhabitants of other countries are just folks like ourselves. The art of hating a man who happens to live just the other side of an imaginary line is likely to die out unless cultivated. So we have a host of societies and numerous individuals on the watch to see that our love or even tolerance of our fellow men keeps within the parochial bounds.

This introverted patriotism was taught in the public schools when I was a boy, and may be yet, for all I know, though I imagine it is not so easy to bamboozle the modern skeptical youth as it was our generation.

When I was quite young I read in

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an old bound volume of *Atlantic Monthlies* a story which made a profound impression. ‘The Man without a Country,’ by Edward Everett Hale, was a typical war-time stimulator of patriotism. Philip Nolan, a young naval officer, was on trial before his superiors for some questionable connection with Aaron Burr’s plots. ‘Damn the United States!’ he exclaimed. ‘I wish I may never hear of the United States again.’ The court was properly shocked, and its sentence was that Nolan should have his wish. He was confined on a war vessel bound for foreign waters and transferred from time to time as his prison ship was ordered home. His fellow officers saw to it that he never heard the name of his country or even saw it in print. His reading matter was edited; even maps were censored. By deft touches the author makes a pathetic figure of Nolan, who can think of nothing else but the country about which he is denied all information. After forty years of homesickness he finally dies on the last of his prison ships.

This tract was a part of my education in patriotism. It was published during the Civil War, which ended three years before I was born. The aftermath of hatred toward the South engulfed me, a feeling as bitter as that which followed the World War, though the Germans are foreigners, while the Southerners were our own people. But in 1875 we were still singing ‘We’ll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,’ the G. A. R. was marching in full strength, and the bloody shirt was waved in every Memorial Day and Fourth of July oration. I pored over the harrowing stories of Andersonville and Libby prisons and learned, not that war was despicable and made beasts of men, but that war was glorious and the ‘secesh’ monsters. Imagine my surprise when some years later I met boys from the South and found them human and kind and very much like other boys, only politer.

Long before we reached the formal study of history in school we had learned the full measure of England’s turpitude. Our school readers were full of it, prose and verse, beginning in the earliest with the stirring story of the Boston boys who waited upon General Gates when his soldiers prevented their skating on the frog pond. We spouted extracts from the speeches of the Revolutionary patriots and poems in the same vein, the moral of which was, ‘My country is always right — but, right or wrong, my country.’ I learned to hate the English as I had learned in turn to hate the Indians and the Southerners. It was years before I knew there was anything favorable to be said of England. I supposed she always went about roaring like a lion, seeking whom she might devour. Patriotism, I found, was not so much loving one’s own country as hating other countries. It did not flourish in time of peace. It was always martial.

While on the playground we damned Jeff Davis, in the schoolroom we venerated George Washington. He was the ideal figure of my youth, for Lincoln’s legend had not yet begun to grow. But Washington was the Father of his Country, because he had thrown off the yoke of England and made us free. How the Mother Country felt about it was never taken into consideration. It was probably very much as we felt toward the South. The parallel between Washington the hero and Davis the traitor did not strike us then, or we should have perceived the inconsistency of what was taught us — that Washington rebelled against what he considered the tyranny of England, and Davis rebelled against what he considered the tyranny of the United States. One seceded and succeeded;

the other seceded and failed. Washington was a hero to us, but a rebel to England. Davis was a rebel to us, but a hero to the South. History had two sides — our own and the enemy's. It was not until I read histories written by the enemy that I began to get things in their true perspective.

Our minds were filled with such customary catch phrases and slogans as 'Dulce et decorum,' 'Don't fire until you see the whites of the enemies' eyes,' 'Don't give up the ship,' 'I have not yet begun to fight,' 'A little more grape, Captain Bragg,' 'We'll whip the redcoats or Molly Stark's a widow,'

'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money, too.'

Schoolbooks were written and edited with this thought in mind. It was unthinkable that youth should suspect that their country was ever wrong, or any country that opposed it ever right, or that the men who founded it were anything but grand and noble — in short, demigods. Nothing was further from the minds of our patriotic beadles and churchwardens in the good old days than that children were sent to school to learn the truth about anything; least of all about history. Even to-day there are sharp outcries against liberalizing school textbooks to approximate at least something like the truth.

II

The Cadmean seeds of patriotism thus sown have produced a bumper crop, even more embarrassing than the surplus wheat. It has kept us from any purposeful international coöperation, has stultified disarmament conferences, and stepped up military expenditures to ridiculous altitudes. It has even had a hand in shaping our tariff policy, with the result that our tariffs have become walls by which we shut ourselves in and the world out — culminating in the Hawley-Smoot Act which has inspired the reprisals that deepen the depths of the depression. It has made ridiculous jingoes of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a society founded to perpetuate the memory of men who believed and behaved quite differently. It has burdened us with such liabilities as the militaristic activities of the American Legion, the suspicious watchfulness of the American Security League, the footless Red hunt of the Hamilton Fish Commission, Senator Caraway, passports and visas, Flag Day, the deportation of aliens, Big Bill Thompson, Mother's Day, General Smedley D. Butler, the *Saturday Evening Post*, barring from citizenship candidates who will not promise to bear arms (how many native-born citizens would make that promise, I wonder?), national flowers, Representative Britten of Illinois, Senator Bingham, ugly and meaningless war memorials in nearly every village, General MacArthur, good-will excursions, billion-dollar battleship programmes, the *Chicago Tribune*, protests against the circulation of books like *All Quiet on the Western Front* and moving pictures like 'The Big Parade,' Senator Grundy, God's country, and 100 per cent Americanism. These are some of the men and movements and phrases engendered by a narrow and parochial patriotism the object of which is to keep us out of friendly coöperation with other countries and in a warlike state of mind. 'Patriotism,' said Dr. Johnson, 'is the last refuge of a scoundrel.'

The little group of willful men who so successfully kept us out of the League of Nations did not defeat the will of the people. They fulfilled it. The majority are in favor of isolation. President Hoover's moratorium received some brickbats as well as bouquets from the home folks. *Country Home,* one of the leading farm papers, recently sent a questionnaire to its subscribers to ascertain lines of editorial interest. One query concerned some form of international relations, probably the World Court. Ninety-eight per cent were firmly opposed. Our slang names for foreigners are concrete evidence of our dislike. 'Wop, Dago, Chink, Greaser, Bohunk, Frog,' are terms of contempt. During the war, while it was expedient to hate our enemies, the Central Powers, it was politic to love our allies for the time being; but now that the war is over, officious busybodies are coming forward to make sure that our love is changed back into the old reliable suspicion and dislike.

It is not a new thing, this contempt for foreigners, nor is it peculiar to this country. It is as old as civilization. To the Greeks all outsiders were barbarians. That, by the way, was where college fraternities got the idea of calling non-members 'barbs.' College is a world in miniature. The Greeks despise the barbs, but join them in despising rival colleges; the college world looks down on men who never went to college; and we have that variety of patriotism known as college spirit — 'I would die for dear old Siwash.'

That splendid virtue, love of country, that strange hold which one's native land has upon the heartstrings, is perverted and distorted into a so-called patriotism warped with suspicious hostility, a mingling of pride and defiance, which has no more place in the modern world with its wide travel, rapid transportation, quick communication, mingling of many races in one country, and the economic interdependence of all countries upon each other, than Voliva's theory of celestial cosmography has beside that of Einstein. It is perpetuated, taught, promoted, because such a patriotism is a necessary preliminary to war. Until the world learns to dispense with war, patriotism must be artificially pumped up for the benefit of those who profit by war. Some day we shall know that war is no more necessary than poverty or yellow fever.

III

As one who has traveled more or less, I have come up against those visible evidences of the barriers erected between nations by the distrust and suspicion that so-called patriotism produces — passports and customs examinations. We are told that passports are a precaution of safety and the tariff an economic necessity, but few Americans have sufficient love of country to endure the examinations they entail. The most ferocious I have ever experienced was at a minor port and for a ship coming from another American port. The ship was the *California* of the Panama-Pacific Line from New York through the Canal to San Diego. The ship stopped a few hours at Havana and half a day at Panama. Even the most acquisitive tourist could not accumulate a very great quantity of foreign goods at either place.

It was a very hot day when we arrived at San Diego. My wife was in her berth under the care of the ship's nurse with a temperature of 103 degrees. But four inspectors were on duty to take care of one hundred passengers, and they went about their duties with a leisureliness which added to the exasperation of the sweating passengers, some of whom stood in line for over three hours. Each piece of baggage was relentlessly searched. Handbags were turned upside down and dumped on the pier. The strings of packages were cut and their contents left strewn for the passenger to gather up. Golf bags were beaten against the iron pillars, obviously to smash any glass bottles they might contain. You may ask why I did not file a complaint. The answer is that I had a very sick wife on my hands. I had to get her to a hotel, engage doctors and nurses, and begin a three weeks' fight for her life.

This is merely a more flagrant instance of one standing drawback of travel. There are examinations at all frontiers, but none, I believe, which exhibit such traces of sadism as ours. Allegedly the examinations are for the purpose of assisting our manufacturers to get all that is coming to them under the tariff law, and the tariff law is to protect our manufacturers from foreign competition and our workmen from the pauper labor of Europe. But evidence is not wanting that Congress enjoys our predicament. When the matter of scaling down the passport fees was under discussion, the members were frankly critical of Americans who spend large sums of money abroad. One patriot whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, for it deserves perpetuation here, replied to the contention that passports impose a burden on tourists: —

'We want to impose burdens. We want to make it just as difficult to go abroad as possible. Let them stay home and spend their money in their own country.'

One might almost revise Macaulay's famous epigram that the Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Congress prefers rigorous customs examinations not because these encourage manufacturers, but because they discourage tourists. That Senators and Representatives mind the rigors of customs inspections when they have to endure them was made evident by the roar they sent up when the State Department threatened to deprive them of the courtesy of the port, so that they might no longer railroad in their own purchases scot-free, including a judicious supply of the liquor they drink but vote against.

IV

The relation between patriotism and tariffs may not be obvious, but it is there. All barriers to intercourse between nations retard that understanding which is necessary before a world patriotism can exist. The United States is the largest area in the world with unrestricted free trade. What would be the condition of this country if each state had a tariff and a passport requirement? The 'Buy in New England' movement is a mild form of the same complex that produces passports and tariffs, the effort to wall off one's own domain from the remainder of the world and keep one's prosperity to one's self, a thing impossible in this day of far-reaching trade relations.

Business talks to politics as the Scotch porter to the traveler who complained that the porter had neglected to put his luggage in his compartment: 'Aye, yer luggage is no sic a fule as ye. Ye're on the wrang train.' Business has already gone in for international relations without waiting for government. It is involved everywhere, and the marines must be sent to fill the breach where government and diplomacy have failed to do their part. Even Republicans are beginning to doubt the wisdom of their policy of high protection. Even tariff-protected manufacturers are dismayed by the ruthless selfishness of Grundy's tariff. Never did we need a world market more than right now, and never have we done so much to alienate it.

An amusing aspect of the matter is the hurt surprise with which we regard any move by a foreign country to give us a dose of our own medicine. Let any other nation propose a higher tariff, and what a clamor is made to the State Department to do something about it! I wish that the United States of Europe were something more than an iridescent dream. A good stiff reprisal would do us more good than reams of talk. As an advertising man I have heard and read much about Canada's tax on American advertising matter, but we have for years been taxing one form of foreign advertising matter by classing it as books. I was compelled recently to pay seventy-five cents duty on a catalogue of second-hand books (the contents of which were none of them dutiable) and thirty cents on a booklet advertising a London hotel.

In this connection, the far-flung lines on which business is already conducted in spite of the obstacles of a narrow and provincial economic patriotism, the words of Sir Ernest J. P. Benn are wise words. He says (in the Stockholm, Sweden, *Index*): —

> It is the duty of everyone in these days to study the great questions of the distribution of wealth and of what constitutes wealth. Pick up any odd bit of wealth that happens to be at your hand and think about it in a vein similar to that in which I have been thinking — for instance, about the collar I am wearing. I bought it in London for 1/– and was told it was made in Leicester, with machinery from Germany, America, and Scotland, from Irish linen put together in Belfast with flax grown in Russia. Half the world has been involved in the exchange that has been operating to provide a small thing like that.
>
> Further, through the intricate machinery of credit, banking, and finance, a portion of the 1/– I paid in London has in some marvelous way helped to provide a peasant in Russia with a cup of tea from China.
>
> What is the very essence of this everyday wonder, the result of centuries of experience, if not exchange? And still there are people who imagine that wealth can be increased by putting obstacles in the way of exchange!
>
> These barriers exist not only between but just as much inside the countries. Only a free and unhampered exchange will enable us to carry on our work with equality one with the other, thereby raising the standard of life for all. There was never a time when freedom of trade was more wanted and the preaching of free trade more necessary. Why buy 'Empire Goods'? Why Canada for the Canadians, Australia for the Australians, and so on the world over, until you finally get Bromley for the Bromleyans? To be logical I should at last buy nothing but my own goods.
>
> The United States of Europe may be a long way off, but nothing could be more urgent than the breaking down of all those national and international barriers that are rendering intercourse more and more difficult, rendering it more difficult for each of us to help ourselves and others.
>
> Do not think that I do not value nationalism, that I am not a patriot. Only I think patriotism can find a better expression than in economic restrictions and hindrances. Patriotism should express itself through language, literature, poetry. We have had too much politics in business. It is high time that the business men got in a word or two in order to make the people realize that business men are more likely than politicians to understand business. Economics is a matter of business.

V

The predisposition to think ill and speak ill of foreigners because they are foreigners breaks out in many disturbing ways and produces numerous absurd stories, none more grotesque than that which Senator Caraway gave out to a goggle-eyed press when he returned from a European trip not long ago. The French were desecrating the graves of American soldiers in France, the Senator solemnly asserted, by scribbling scurrilous epithets on the crosses, such as 'To hell with America!' The story was afterward denied and disproved, and withdrawn by the Senator, but it was obviously false on its first telling. No Frenchman ever wrote, 'To hell with America!' He has his own scurrilous epithets far more devastating than ours. The story was obviously one told in the smoke room by some Francophobe without sufficient imagination to give his anecdote verisimilitude. Senator Caraway is too intelligent to be taken in by such guff, except that he wanted to believe it. It was wish fulfillment.

Readiness to believe and circulate derogatory stories about the French, or English, or Germans, is one of the attributes that have been foisted upon patriotism. We, having fought beside the French, were in danger of liking them too well for the preservation of that aloofness and suspicion by which nations are kept in the mood for future wars. It was time to get back to the status quo and put the French beside the Germans as our natural enemies, because they call bread *pain* and eat frogs and otherwise behave in outlandish ways. Patriotism should begin at home — and end there.

Americans traveling abroad are superior and critical. They take it for granted that everything is done better at home, though, if they really think so, why don't they stay home? Recently a Western editor went abroad and wrote letters about his experiences which were printed in his paper. In one of them I read: —

> And as for water, to ask for it develops a grimace, and in Paris the propaganda has gone so far about the city water supply that one really is afraid to drink it. Hence the necessity for bottled waters — another holdup. The night we arrived, I rang for the floor man and asked him to bring a bottle of mineral water of a certain brand that had been recommended to us on the trip from the station. He brought it. 'Seven francs!' Next day I prospected in a neighboring market and bought two bottles of the same for less than five francs. How they do love Americans!

Let that editor step into any first-class hotel in the United States and order, say, a bottle of ginger ale. The check will be fifty cents. Then let him go to the nearest grocery store, where it is sold for two dollars a dozen, or, say, sixteen cents a bottle. Does that mean that the Mayflower, Ritz-Carlton, or Blackstone does not love Americans?

Perhaps it is a form of patriotism which makes many people turn so confidingly to the government in every trouble and expect something to be done about it, by passing a law, or making an appropriation or something. If this is love of country, it bears a suspicious resemblance to the definition of gratitude — a lively expectation of favors to come. It is nothing more than cupboard love. But it does have the effect of dragging politics into business, and the two will not mix, any more than water and oil. The function of government is to govern so all may have an equal chance, while as for politics, that seems to be largely what the world is suffering from.

The selfishness of group loyalty, which is one form of patriotism, reveals itself when groups demand the remittance of taxes. 'The real-estate men,' says Merle Thorpe, 'want the terms of mortgages eased and their tax burden lifted. When they say "lifted" they mean "shifted," for someone must pay the taxes.' The same cry goes up from other interests, — amusements, lumber, gasoline, — but these taxes must fall somewhere on other groups inside the country; so what becomes of national patriotism?

A timely example bobs up in the day's news. The Associated Cigar Manufacturers and Leaf Tobacco Dealers complain to the Navy Department that the sailors on our battleships are smoking Cuban cigars. The Navy diplomatically replies that when the ships are in Cuban waters they do buy cigars at Havana, but these cigars must be, as the saying is, smoked on the premises. They cannot be brought into the United States. And it points with pride to the requirement that 'the Navy purchase or contract for within the United States only articles of the growth, production or manufacture of the United States, notwithstanding that such articles may cost more.'

VI

Recently the *New York Times* printed the letter of a lady who was unduly agitated because some person did not rise when the national anthem was played. Where was his patriotism, she demanded. Oh, well, the war is over, and exhibitionistic patriotism is not quite so insistent as it was. Patriotism, as Young Lochinvar said of love, 'flows like the Solway but ebbs as its tide.' Perhaps he was tone deaf, like that chap who could recognize but two tunes, one of which was not the 'Star-Spangled Banner.'

During the war I had a taste of the perils a deaf man might undergo when the patriotism of the people had been whipped to fanaticism by war propaganda. I was seated in the writing room of a Syracuse hotel, which was an alcove opening out of the lobby. Several men were in the room, probably traveling salesmen making out reports or preparing alibis for their sales managers. Suddenly the man next me stood up. He did not walk away, but simply stood there giving me the uncomfortable feeling that he was trying to read what I wrote. I stole a cautious glance at him and discovered that all the men in the room were standing, and, what is more, regarding me with unfriendly, not to say hostile, glares. I was immediately overwhelmed with what Briggs has called the guiltiest feeling. What was wrong with me? What had I done? Here was my cue to be nonchalant and light a cigarette. But I am not so unselfconscious as all that. I gathered up my letter and left the room.

No sooner had I stepped into the lobby than the situation explained itself. Everyone was standing. In the far corner of the room a three-piece orchestra was playing what I now guessed must be that martial air popularly known as the national anthem. At any rate it was playing whatever is played when people feel called upon to rise, and I was under suspicion which might, had it not resolved itself so quickly, have given me a bad time. It would not have been easy for anyone to tell me what it was all about, and would have been even more difficult, I imagine, for me to explain to an excited mob that, since I could not hear the music, it was to me as if it had not been played. The experience often repeated itself during the war, but I soon learned to conform. What, I wondered, would be the predicament of a blind man when the national colors were carried past? It ought to be arranged that the blind could stand for the anthem and the deaf salute for the flag. Since we could neither of us fight, we could thus do our bit to make the world safe for democracy.

Legally there was no such thing as a national anthem then, for it was only recently that Congress took time off during a busy session to give official standing to the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' which at least had the merit of not plagiarizing the national air of England. There was objection, of course, from literary purists, for the style is not one that should be immortalized; but the real menace of this, as of all such martial hymns, is that it glorifies war. It is militaristic, written around an incident of a battle in the now obscure War of 1812, and helps to perpetuate the military spirit and keep the people in a warlike frame of mind. Have we nothing in our history of which we are more proud than our wars, nothing greater to look forward to than more wars?

Then there are the local subdivisions of patriotism. How the South feels when its sectional patriotism is challenged by an expression of national patriotism is well shown by a contribution from the news in to-day's paper. The Georgia legislature is determined to make Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday in that state, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy are united against it. 'It would,' they say, 'dishonor the memory of the gallant dead of our state.' How do the Daughters of the American Revolution stand on this issue? There must be chapters in the South. Do they go together as far as the Civil War and then part company, to come together again on the more modern wars, particularly that comic war, our little tiff with Spain, which was wished on us by yellow journalism and which produced two heroes—Admiral Dewey, who tactlessly sold the house an admiring nation gave him, and Lieutenant Hobson, who was kissed into oblivion?

Most patriotic activities are directed toward the end of preparation for war. They are our defense mechanism against internationalism. It is as absurd for a nation as big as ours to attempt to keep out of world affairs as for an elephant to try to hide in the grass. We are too big. But it is the purpose of hosts of wrong-headed people to keep alive our national self-consciousness on the note of disparagement of all the rest of the world.

One old bitter-ender out in Los Angeles hired a broadcasting station with his own money to voice a series of impassioned protests against the showing of the film made from *All Quiet*, though why he directed his blasts against the picture when the book was read by millions is a mystery. Perhaps he never heard of the book. And did he base his objections on the untruthfulness of the film, on the ground that it gave a false idea of war? On the contrary, just the opposite. 'If our youth see this picture, we shan't be able to make them fight,' he implored. Was there ever a more damaging admission? Would to God it were true. But the military tradition dies hard. Before another war can be staged it is to be feared that a new crop of cannon fodder (or should we say poison-gas victims?) will have arrived who have never heard of Erich Remarque. By then the new school histories will have their accounts telling how gallant General Pershing and his A. E. F. won the war, with nothing said of the vermin and gangrene, the futility and squalor. There will be no account of the colossal blunders at headquarters by which thousands of young lives were needlessly wiped out.

VII

In my boyhood the piece most popular with elocutionists for public readings was Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' which celebrated the gallantry of six hundred who died because of an officer's error, with only a line, and not a word of criticism, for the blundering fool who sent them to their deaths.

Most of the selections we spouted on Friday afternoons were martial in spirit. They were part of our education in patriotism. Naturally we believed that nothing was more glorious than war. 'Sheridan's Ride,' 'How They Brought the Good News,' 'Paul Revere's Ride.' No one knew, certainly the patriotic beadles never told us, that Paul Revere's ride was all in the day's work for him, for which he was duly and fairly paid. 'Casabianca' celebrated the triumph of duty over common sense, that blind obedience so necessary to army discipline. I remember one that began, 'Out of the North the wild news came,' which contained the lines: —

> The psalm was warrior David's psalm;
> The text a few short words of might,
> The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right.

What was the Primate of all England doing while the Lord of Hosts was arming the American rebels? We have not yet got over the old Hebrew idea that war is one of God's chief preoccupations. Just the other day the head of the Red Cross startled and amused the world by explaining that his organization could not help the starving miners' families because its ministrations are confined to what are legally known as 'acts of God.' War, evidently, is an act of God, but when the children of striking miners die for lack of food, that is presumably nature taking her course.

I remember those old patriotic poems because they were taught me as no other poetry was. They were in all Readers and Speakers. I can quote them without stint. I would gladly exchange my memory of those resounding martial chants for a few remembered lines from the ode 'To a Skylark' or 'Kubla Khan.' I regard with alarm the continued efforts of the super-patriots to keep the younger generation from losing the illusion that war is glorious.

Compulsory military drill in colleges is one of their methods. It is refreshing to observe signs of rebellion. Cornell, where the first unit was established, has been compelled to revoke the compulsory feature. Without it, military drill will disappear exactly as chapel does when the obligation to attend is removed. Ohio State University, which has the largest unit, with fifty-two United States commissioned officers in charge, is engaged in a fight right now which can have but one outcome, for the youth of to-day are wiser than my generation. The ostensible purpose is preparedness, but the real reason is propaganda, to keep the young in line by dangling the military trappings before them. A uniform is potent. It is said that many Negroes will work for nothing as doormen if only the uniform is gorgeous enough.

Each successive generation of youth of military age holds in its hands the fate of war. If the youth of the world refuse to fight, there will be no wars. That is what the militaristic propagandists fear; that is why they fight the books that tell the truth about war. They believe, with Napoleon, that four hostile newspapers are more dangerous than battalions.

Youth is learning that it is neither *dulce* nor *decorum* to die for one's country when one knows it means leaving his entrails hanging to a barbed-wire entanglement to advance some noncombatants' economic interests. There never was a cause of war, aside from those which were frankly freebooting and piracy, that could not be settled peacefully, just as disputes between man and man are settled in all civilized countries. Fighting settles nothing but which is the best fighter. There was a time when dueling was allowed even in this country. If a man called you a liar, you challenged him and ran him through. He died, and your honor was satisfied. But you might be an expert swordsman and still be a liar.

I have no patience with those who say, 'I don't want war, but I believe in preparedness.' Preparedness makes wars. General Tasker Bliss said that the real cause of the World War was the large number of men in Europe under arms. You can no more expect a nation with an army not to want to use it than you can expect a boy with a toy hatchet not to try it on the first piece of furniture he finds.

VIII

But after all, what is patriotism? The dictionary defines it as love of country. But what is one's country? Is it the United States, or is it Illinois? Or Knox County? Or Galesburg? Or the Fifth Ward? There is authority for each of these geographical limitations. In every state, county, town, and ward are societies and groups and individuals plugging for the growth, prosperity, and interests of each, regardless of how adversely its advantage may affect other communities. The hand of each small unit is against that of every other unit, but all are expected to unite in one grand, glorious outburst of patriotism for all the units combined. It is a form of patriotism to boom your town, or district, or state, as the case may be.

Los Angeles is full of people drawn from the Middle West, and full of pride at its growth — mere population, strangely enough, being a source of gratification. Is Los Angeles patriotic in the national sense? If it believes in 'my country, big or little, but may she always grow bigger,' Los Angeles is n't helping much merely by moving people around inside the boundaries. It is prospering at the expense of the country it is patriotically bound to love and boost. And if growth in population is such a boon to cities, why is not our immigration policy all wrong? Why do we not admit more prospective citizens to fill up those cities whose greatest achievements are recorded by the census?

Patriotism as practised in these United States seems to be egocentric, radiating from a point occupied by the patriot and diminishing in intensity as it gets farther from home. The hub of the universe, to paraphrase the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, sticks up visibly in the centre of every community with a wide-awake chamber of commerce. Rivalry of districts, rivalry of cities, rivalry of states, all come under the label of patriotism. 'Patronize home industries,' 'Buy in New England,' fight the chain stores because they are owned in Wall Street (is n't Wall Street part of 'My country, 't is of thee'?), Minneapolis against St. Paul, the West against the East, the North against the South, agriculture against industry, uptown against downtown, build up, fight for, promote your own community, even at the expense of other communities, all loosely assembled within another geographical boundary known as our country.

Thus it is obvious that a patriotic citizen is one who believes that his is the best home and the best family in Galesburg, and that Galesburg is the best city in Knox County, while Knox is the best county in Illinois and Illinois is the best state in the Union. All of which climaxes in the grand finale that the United States is the best country in the world.

Since patriotism is able to embrace so much and overleap so confidently so many barriers and include so many conflicting and incompatible interests, why stop there? Why cannot we go on and logically complete the egocentric curves, so that the United States, instead of being the best country in the world, is merely the best country in North America, while North America is obviously the best continent in the Western Hemisphere, and the Western Hemisphere the best on the globe, and the world the best planet in the solar system, and our solar system the best solar system in the universe? We cannot go further than that without permission from Mr. Einstein, and by the time our patriotism has reached the sweet influences of the Pleiades it will be so attenuated as to be a subject for the researches of the physicists who have conceived, if not isolated, the electron.

This extended flight of imagination is no more absurd than what is actually taught and promoted by our super-patriots, militarists, chambers of commerce, and boosters. Patriotism, which really was a virtue in a small compact country about as large as one of our city wards, where all the people were of the same mind and all acquainted, becomes a pretty thin solvent for the problems of a complex and heterogeneous country in a world that is actually smaller, as far as our daily awareness of it goes, than the Greek peninsula was to Pericles.

Although we know more to-day about our fellow inhabitants of the globe, this knowledge has not yet had time to undo the effects of centuries of education in patriotism, still maintained by active bodies. We still do not realize that this country cannot permanently prosper unless the other countries of the world prosper along with it; that force, moral or physical, while it can distort and delay the working of economic laws, can never abrogate them; that fuller intercourse with the whole world is coming, and with it will come a new definition, or rather a better interpretation, of patriotism.

We do not need a new definition. The old word is still good enough to designate whatever virtue is in the idea. But we need a word for those hectic activities which are making the country ridiculous, the kind of patriotism that is not love of country but cupboard love, the kind that is merely a smoke screen for militarism, and the kind that is nothing but exhibitionism. Let us call such activities 'patriotics,' the sound of which does justice to their perfervid and hysterical qualities.

I hope and believe that I am a patriot. I love my country and am proud of it. It is the only country I have. My forbears have lived in it three hundred years. But I do not feel bound to admire every phase of it, to abstain from all criticism, or to believe that admiration for other countries implies a breach of loyalty. I am sure that if I can love and feel proud of a country as large as the United States, I could with a little effort stretch that love and pride to include more of the earth's surface.

EGG-THROWING CHAMPIONS OF TURLOCK

BY JASPER JARROW

Last spring I read about the Turlock, California, plan for reducing overproduction of eggs by direct action. The patriotic men of Turlock, according to the dispatches, agreed to throw the surplus eggs at each other. The affair was sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. Two local groups — fittingly named the Rotary Club and the Exchange Club — entered the competition for the egg-throwing championship of Turlock. The winning team, with one hundred cases of more or less fresh-laid ammunition, was to challenge teams from Merced and Modesto. That seemed to me, at the time, like an idea that might be carried much further.

I admit that I am nothing but an amateur in economics — a dub, in fact, with a handicap of fifty. To me every shot in economics is a mental hazard. When anyone asks me, suddenly, why people have to starve in the midst of plenty, for the life of me I cannot think of the answer. I know it must have something to do with the law of supply and demand. Everything has. But the very thought of 'supply and demand' is to me like a pond in front of the first tee.

Still, even I could see at once that there was merit in the Turlock plan. Certainly the hens cannot be blamed for overproduction. The Poultry Division of the State University has long been teaching them how to lay more eggs. It has even gone so far as to provide electric lights, so that the endurance sitters could work twenty-four hours a day. No doubt every one of these misguided birds thought that she was rendering a service to the state every time she laid an egg. She even cackled over it — in spite of being a Californian.

No, the hens are not wholly to blame. Slocum, who works in the office where I work, says that even if the hens got together to limit output and maintain prices they would be prosecuted, under the Sherman Act, for conspiracy in restraint of trade. The least we can say of the Turlock plan, Slocum says, is that it is truly Californian: anyone who has been often to the movies knows that this has long been the Hollywood method of reducing the surplus production of custard pies.

But for disposing of surplus fruit, it must be admitted, this method does not work so well — at least not in Boston; for when Rudy Vallée was on the stage in that cultured city, crooning 'Give me something to remember you by,' the college student who threw a grapefruit at him was expelled from college. The faculty, it seemed to me, did not grasp the profound economic significance of this brave example in a country which is groaning under the weight of too much of everything.

Still, I realized that a college faculty must know far more about economic theories than I do. I don't even know what Adam Smith said about the theory of direct action, as applied to citrous fruit, or how Malthus proposed to solve the problem of too much food of all kinds. It may be that the faculty referred the case to the School of Business Administration, and were informed that the Turlock method of egg-throwing contests would not wholly solve Pittsburgh's problem of too many steel rails — or even, Slocum added, the college's own problem of too many students.

Perhaps, after all, the best way to solve economic problems is to leave them alone. *Laissez faire.* Let nature take its course. This means, Slocum says, leaving it to the Lazy Fairies. But Slocum speaks too flippantly of the forces of nature. When it comes to destroying surplus wealth, for example, what is so swift and sweeping as a great flood! Everybody knows how merrily the cash registers began to ring in Vermont, and how quickly the confidence of business men was restored, by the destruction of wealth in the great flood. Perhaps we should pray for bigger and better floods — or for another war. After all, nothing but a world war could relieve the world of its surplus wealth on so grand a scale.

No, the Turlock plan is too slow.

Just as I came to that conclusion, I read about a plan which seemed far more sensible. Why not attack the trouble at its source? Why not reduce production? 'Our efforts to produce goods in America should be eased off,' says Mr. J. George Frederick. 'To avoid burdensome surpluses, production must now be definitely throttled down. The country's men and machines could perform veritable miracles, if the product could be absorbed. But it can't.' Here is a business man's solution of a business problem. Mr. Frederick is President of the Business Bourse of New York City.

'Growers,' he says, 'must refrain from working as hard and as long. The only question is how production can be reduced most evenly and painlessly.'

When I read that, I wondered why I had n't thought of it myself. How true it is that all really great ideas are very simple!

No sooner had I heard of this plan than I began to read in the papers about various practical ways of carrying it out. I read about the decision of Minneapolis to ban the use of labor-saving machines in municipal projects, and go back to picks and shovels. Then I read about the bill proposed by the painters' union in Brooklyn, New York, requiring all painters to use three-inch instead of six-inch brushes. I wondered why the city fathers of Minneapolis had not thought of the simple device of forbidding the use of shovels more than three inches wide.

While we are about it, why not abandon the use of typewriters and telephones? Why not sow and reap by hand? Any ingenious person can think of a hundred other ways of making one blade grow where two grew before; and, what is more important, making two jobs grow where one grew before.

The chief cause of overproduction, evidently, is efficiency. Clearly, then, the cure for overproduction is inefficiency. When I said that to Slocum, he agreed at once. He declared that industry, in the United States, needs above all else bigger, better, and busier inefficiency experts. The government, he thinks, might be able to supply them.

As a symbol, the new order might use a three-inch painters' brush, rampant. Slocum says a crab, couchant, would be more appropriate, but Slocum never takes things seriously. He even goes so far as to say that the chief cause of overproduction is scientific research, and that Hoover ought to bring about a ten-year moratorium on inventions.

I had about concluded that the President of the Business Bourse was right, — that the only question is how production can be reduced most evenly and painlessly, — when Maggie, our charwoman, came into the office; and I could n't help wondering how production could be reduced painlessly for Maggie — for Maggie and her three small children. Or, indeed, for four million other families which, if we can believe the charity societies, are now suffering from anything but superabundance.

To tell the truth, the more economic theory I read, the more confused I get. Why are so many millions in want? Because we have produced too much. Why must they wear shabby clothes? Because we have too much cotton, too much wool, too many mills, and too many mill hands who want to make cloth. Why must millions live in slums — foul breeding places of disease and crime? Because we have too much lumber, too much steel, too many carpenters, too many plumbers. Why can't we transport surplus products to the places where they are needed? Because we have too many freight cars, too many railroad workers, too many trucks, too many —

But this does n't make sense. The economists told us, even in the heights of our prosperity, that ten million families were trying in vain to live decently on what they could buy with less than fifteen hundred dollars a year. Since then production has fallen off 20 per cent, and ten million families have been forced further down the scale of living.

What can be done about it? Only one thing, we are told. 'The only question is how production can be reduced most evenly and painlessly.'

Well, as I said in the beginning, I am a dub at economic theory. I can't see how either throwing eggs at each other or painlessly preventing the hens from laying so many eggs will solve Maggie's problem. And I fancy it is on the solution of Maggie's problem that our national security depends.

Slocum says there are only two cures for general overproduction, anyway: one is to reduce production and stabilize poverty; the other is to increase consumption and stabilize prosperity. The first cure we have been trying for the past two years: we have been 'throttling down production to the level of consumption' — and, of course, throttling down jobs in the process. I wonder how much more throttling the people will stand.

HEARST

BY WALTER MILLIS

It is now over thirty years since the acrid Godkin, driven to angry despair by the appearance of a new journalistic method and by the success of what seemed to him a new and vicious force in American life, burst out that 'nothing so disgraceful as the behavior of these two newspapers in the past week has ever been known in the history of journalism.' Not long ago, when one of those 'two newspapers' finally passed from the national scene, it was amid an almost universal sorrow; and only a casual voice recalled that much which really underlay the greatness of Pulitzer's *World* had also caused it, a generation ago, to be excluded from polite homes or deposited (with the tongs) upon the fire. Mr. Godkin's spiritual descendants were among the first to grieve over the death of the *World*. Did they stop to ask themselves, one wonders, how they would feel about the disappearance of the other target of Mr. Godkin's denunciation? William Randolph Hearst and his New York *American* are still very much alive. When they, in turn, come to their mortal end, will the event be received with similar lamentation?

Perhaps it will. Pulitzer and Hearst were very different men, yet the younger learned the whole secret of his peculiar method from the elder and seems still, as he converts the *American* into a curious simulacrum of its dead rival, to be willing to follow in his footsteps. 'Give the public what it wants' — in order to make it take what is good for it.

In their several ways Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst have been the two great protagonists of that powerful and subtly working principle — a principle, incidentally, which has attracted many lesser practitioners. The consequences of its application in our national life are still obscure; whether it will prove to have been a tonic or a poison the future must decide. But no one can study our times without considering its effects, and one cannot study them without a study of Mr. Hearst.

I

The bitter rage which Mr. Godkin poured out upon the youthful proprietor of what was then the New York *Journal* merely opened a chorus of execration which has ever since pursued that tall and elusive figure. For thirty years the name of Hearst has been anathema. One might let it go at that — save for a curious and often unnoticed fact. The chorus has been continuous; the voices have not been. The attacks of one period have been based on reasons precisely opposite to those which produced the assaults of the year before, while gentlemen who have damned Mr. Hearst in one decade can often be found adopting his policies (and appropriating the credit for his labors) in the next.

For thirty years the American people

have misunderstood Mr. Hearst and what he was doing to them. The combination in a single man of great genius, great wealth, and total freedom from the particular sort of cowardice which wealth usually generates is of such rare occurrence that it is perhaps asking too much of his contemporaries that they should understand him. The effort, indeed, was so great that for years people preferred to believe that Hearst simply did not exist at all, and the legend that he is a mere creation of brilliant subordinates is not wholly dead even to-day.

It is, of course, a legend. The genius has been attested by nearly everyone who has written seriously of him, from Bierce, who saw him as an 'unearthly child,' down to Lincoln Steffens, who has given a final verdict that Hearst 'is so far ahead of his staffs that they can hardly see him.' Those who have known him have countless stories to illustrate his extraordinary quickness of mind, his grasp of detail, his cynically astute intelligence which closes upon its object 'like a steel trap.' The fortune inherited from his Forty-Niner father was a very large one. Hearst took it for granted, poured it out like water over a dam ('Money,' he once said, 'is simply power in cold storage'), and has seen it many times increased.

The courage is a less simple quality. Sometimes it has been a mere gamin's capacity for reckless mischief-making; sometimes it has been the ruthless expression of a lonely and monumental egotism; but sometimes it has seemed the genuine courage of a genuine conviction. Whatever its nature, its existence is apparent in nearly every step of that breath-taking career. From the moment when he lightly tossed the whole of his mother's fortune into the task of beating the *World*, down through his countless irresponsibilities and inventions to his bold effort to keep the United States out of the European War, the things which William Randolph Hearst has not been afraid to do make up a staggering catalogue.

His equipment was unusual, and the youthful Mr. Hearst found for it an unusual employment. The career which he chose for himself was partly a natural expression of the strange age in which he came to maturity, of the conflicts, crudities, and upheavals of the middle eighties. It was a time inviting originality, braggadocio, and brick throwing, and Mr. Hearst was very much a product of his time. But more directly he was a product of Joseph Pulitzer.

It was in the fall of 1882 that Hearst came East to his pyrotechnic career at Harvard, and it was in May 1883 that the first issue of Pulitzer's *World* appeared, to open possibilities for pyrotechnics upon a scale grander and more exciting than anything offered by mere undergraduate devilry. The whole method was outlined almost from the beginning; Pulitzer dedicated his first issue to 'the cause of the people rather than that of the purse-potentates,' while the platform which he announced a week later (calling for taxation of 'large incomes' and attacking 'privileged corporations' and 'corrupt office-holders') remains the basis of the Hearst editorial pages to this day. The sensational stories and headlines, the emphasis on crime and sex, the journalistic 'crusades' against 'boodle' aldermen, grasping capitalists, and other convenient enemies of the people, were to come soon after. At Harvard, young Mr. Hearst read up on his Jefferson and Jackson, and flooded his rooms with copies of the *World*. He watched the spectacular rise of the paper and of Mr. Pulitzer. 'I thought I saw,' as he gently confessed to Lincoln Steffens many years later, 'the principles underlying his methods.'

It is easier to see them now than it was then. Original, sensational, shocking, and impudent, 'yellow journalism' commanded first a huge circulation based upon giving the common man what he wanted; this in turn it employed in fighting popular battles, championing the popular grievances, manufacturing idols or upsetting them, and generally exasperating all the better elements — upon the highest moral plane.

'God grant,' as Mr. Pulitzer exclaimed on the dedication of his new building, 'that the *World* may forever strive toward the highest ideals'; and the *World* readers, as they absorbed some particularly titillating headline, naturally echoed the sentiment. But, curiously enough, Mr. Pulitzer really did have ideals. From this encumbrance Mr. Hearst was singularly free. Unattracted by the barren business of being a rich man's son, untrammeled by convention, coldly reckless, and with a monumental egotism behind his placid eyes, he saw here the means for an incomparable expression of his peculiar personality, and the chance for a career of Napoleonic proportions. The materials were ready to his hand; to their exploitation Mr. Hearst now addressed himself with a boldness, a realism, and a brilliance that were to surpass the model.

II

Through the autumn of 1895 the front page of the New York *Morning Journal*, though running to rather heavy type and a preoccupation with crime, had not departed greatly from the conventional. On the morning of November 7, however, there was a difference.

On the entire page there was only a single, and comparatively modest, head: 'An International Wedding. How the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt Were Married.' But, running from the upper left to the lower right-hand corner, a splendid drawing of the wedding procession consumed about two thirds of the total space. What was left was taken up by the leading paragraphs of Julian Ralph's admirable story of the magnificent occasion — written for those who did not participate. The whole of the next three pages was devoted to accounts and lavish illustrations of the wedding; not until page 5 did the regular news of the day appear. It was a gorgeous splash; the explanation might have been found in the editorial-page 'masthead,' where in demure type there appeared for the first time the single name: 'W. R. Hearst.' Thus did Mr. Hearst, at the age of thirty-two, announce his arrival upon a national stage.

He had spent ten years in California testing his powers and perfecting the technique — an episode compounded of rowdy exuberance and cold enthusiasm for the wonderful instrument he was learning to use. The story of what was to follow is well enough known. It began, of course, in the epic battle with Mr. Pulitzer. Mr. Hearst cynically opened the struggle by buying away Brisbane, Goddard, Carvalho, Outcault, the whole of the *World's* Sunday staff. It was a short cut; having taken the method, he took the men as well.

With his strange, deceptive calm he then led them into a campaign of sensationalism, scurrility, and technically brilliant journalism that can have had few parallels. The flavor is in the slogans: 'You Can't Get More Than All the News; You Can't Pay Less Than One Cent,' 'While Others Talk the *Journal* Acts.' The new colored comic section was 'eight pages of iridescent polychromous effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a lead pipe.' The *Journal's* foreign correspondents were not correspondents but 'special commissioners.' The *Journal's* owner taught his staff to care less for facts than for news, and his editorial writers to care less for reason than for effect; and in this connection it is curious to note that he described his rival as 'a journalist who made his money by pandering to the worst tastes of the prurient and horror loving, by dealing in bogus news . . . and by affecting a devotion to the interests of the people while . . . sedulously looking out for his own.'

The first aim, and in these years perhaps the only one, was circulation, for circulation is at once the basis and the justification of the whole idea. But Mr. Hearst had a shrewder and higher estimate of what people want than he is always credited with. He knew that merely to pile sex on sensation is not enough, and he was careful to use real originality, brilliance, and good writing.

Three weeks after his opening splash with the *Journal* Mr. Hearst was printing Rudyard Kipling's 'The Devil and the Deep Sea' in the Sunday issue, and Mark Twain, Edgar Saltus, Stephen Crane, were only the first of the long line of distinguished literary men whose names have never ceased to decorate his pages. He poured out the money, seized upon every mechanical and technical improvement, and was inexhaustible in his own invention. The joyous task of creation and of beating Pulitzer was doubtless enough in itself for his flippant energies, and when he flung the *Journal* to the support of Bryan and free silver, in 1896, it may have been chiefly because he realized that Pulitzer, in standing for gold, had opened a fine strategic opportunity. On the day after the election his morning edition alone printed 956,000 copies. It was an extraordinary triumph.

But it was not only circulation which he had achieved. Using the pencil of Davenport and the imagination of Alfred Henry Lewis, he had plastered Mark Hanna with the dollar marks which may never be entirely erased from that statesman's memory. Bryan was not elected, but he came near to it; and the intense bitterness of an electoral campaign which is possibly our closest approach to a class struggle was in part due to the curious genius of Mr. Hearst. The editor saw that he had not only reduced the polite to the last extremes of terror; he had also evoked in the common man a sense of grievance and injustice that could form an enormous reservoir of power. It was power to correct abuses, to right wrong, to restore 'democracy' — but it was power first of all.

In San Francisco he had tried out his crusades against grafting politicians and bribing corporations on a local stage. He was now working in a national limelight, and his ambition rose to his opportunity. In 1897 he proclaimed the 'new journalism,' and seemed actually to play with a vision of newspapers as popular institutions of a wholly novel type. It was to be their business not merely to report but to act, even to govern; and while his papers exploded with banner heads and big type, he sent his agents into the courts to use on behalf of the 'people' the injunction process that had been the prerogative of the 'interests,' or converted his reporters into detectives to accomplish what public officers were unwilling or unable to do. It was all, of course, a circulation stunt. But it was something else. W. R. Hearst would not have hesitated to improve upon the Constitution, and who can doubt that he half believed himself to be doing so?

III

Almost immediately chance was to open an even larger field for a test of the new journalism. The Cuban insurrection which had broken out in 1895 was proving both picturesque and dramatic and was seizing upon the restless imagination of the time. Mr. Hearst and the *Journal* plunged joyfully into the conduct of our foreign relations. War sentiment was drummed up with an inventiveness, a wildness, a 'satanism,' as Mr. Godkin called it, surpassing anything that had gone before. Evangelina Cisneros was metamorphosed into 'the Cuban Girl Martyr' and rescued bodily from the Spanish Government. 'An American Newspaper,' the *Journal* cried, 'Accomplishes at a Single Stroke What the Best Efforts of Diplomacy Failed Utterly to Bring About in Many Months' — while others talked, the *Journal* was acting, even in the international sphere.

It boomed circulation — but here, as elsewhere, it is difficult to suppose that Hearst was governed only by an ulterior motive. The propaganda could not have been so shrewdly telling unless its author had half believed it himself, or believed in the end toward which it was directed. Mr. Hearst cannot have been taken in by the wild charges he hurled against the Spaniards or the bloody colors in which he presented the Cuban issue. Yet he must have been convinced that war was desirable. Possibly his mind really responded to the democratic altruism of the campaign to 'free Cuba' — or possibly he believed, with other statesmen, that 'this country needs a war.' Whatever he thought, he did his best to provide one.

There would probably have been a war without Mr. Hearst, but he lent material assistance. With his enormous headlines, with his utter recklessness of suggestion, invention, and exaggeration, he helped to fan opinion into a fiercer emotional heat, perhaps, than it has ever known. When the war did come, Mr. Hearst offered a ship to the Navy if he could go as captain, and when the Navy looked with a not unnatural alarm upon the proposal, he chartered his own fleet and rushed to the scene of action. An interesting photograph survives showing Mr. Hearst, after the naval battle of Santiago, 'capturing' Spanish sailors from the beach, while he actually appeared under fire at El Caney with 'a straw hat with a bright ribbon on his head, a revolver at his belt, and a pencil and notebook in his hand.' The high point, however, was his order to his European representative to sink a blockship in the Suez Canal to prevent the passage of a Spanish fleet. This was, indeed, a new concept of the function of journalism.

In peace no less than in war Mr. Hearst's quick and ingenious mind was to find continuing opportunities for hammering upon the great drum which he had perfected. But the war had confirmed him in another aspect of the Hearst policies. The war had been a naïve outburst of a new, democratic nationalism, and Hearst, like Theodore Roosevelt, had been one of its most effective voices. His shrieking patriotism, his bumptious irreverence toward Europe, and in particular his hostility to Great Britain, have been the natural expressions of this raw national self-consciousness. Mr. Hearst did not invent it. In the field of policy, in fact, Mr. Hearst never seems to have invented anything; the political philosophy which he has trumpeted for forty years was merely taken from the air around him. He established his 'primacy of the sewer' (it has for years been a stock phrase of his enemies) as an obvious way of giving the people what they wanted; his attacks on wealth, on corruption, on the 'trusts,' were an equally uncritical expression of the popular grievances of the time, and his blatant patriotism of the popular enthusiasms. But for each aspect of the method the dawn of the twentieth century was to open admirable opportunities.

Of the new imperialism Mr. Hearst was one of the loudest mouthpieces; and when, in the spring of 1900, Mr. Hay incautiously concluded a treaty with Great Britain which would have forbidden us to fortify the projected Panama Canal, Mr. Hearst added his most brutal artillery to the barrage of patriotic rage which overwhelmed the unhappy Secretary. There was an excoriating cartoon by Davenport that showed Hay and McKinley, in footmen's livery, humbly addressing Pauncefote as 'M'lud'; and, as far more polite sources echoed the sentiment, the treaty collapsed. That summer in New York there was a traction scandal; and Hearst joyously led the newspaper denunciation which ripped the 'ice trust' to pieces and forced it to cut its rates in half. The 1900 campaign, with Bryan running as an anti-imperialist as well as a free-silverite, might have raised difficulties for a less adroit editor; for Mr. Hearst it was necessary only to forget about the imperialism and once more to parade Senator Hanna in his dollar marks and 'Willie' McKinley as his tool.

The campaign of 1900 was less exciting than that of 1896, but the Hearst press, if anything, was more so. With Mr. Hearst calm and invisible at its centre, the whirlwind roared, and the young men whom he had trained exploited to the utmost the juvenile irresponsibility of the Hearst method. The climax came after the election in the *Evening Journal's* editorial cry that if 'bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done.' Even Hearst paused at that, and suppressed the sentiment as soon as he saw it; apparently he did not suppress Bierce's lines in the morning *Journal* conveying the 'warning' that the bullet of a Kentucky assassin was

> . . . speeding here
> To stretch McKinley on his bier.

Six months later McKinley was dead. In the shock of the tragedy the nation turned to find an object for its revenge — and it found Mr. Hearst.

The polite, of course, had long grieved over Mr. Hearst's treatment of 'human interest,' and the more privileged had felt a distinct annoyance at the betrayal, by a wealthy man, of the class to which he so evidently should have belonged. More old-fashioned minds had comprehended, with a deeper instinct, the violence of the new force which Hearst was using, the depth of the transformation which might be wrought in the national life and ideals by these new arts of propaganda, battering publicity, and mass emotion. But philosophical doubt seldom counts for much in our affairs. Mr. Hearst's most striking effort had been his contribution toward the war; this was an end which the most eminent could applaud and (though perhaps a little shocked by the size of his headline type) they had not hesitated to avail themselves of the emotional power which he generated.

Here, however, was something else. To the horror over the assassination of McKinley there was added the bitterness of partisanship, and gentlemen who had seen nothing really wrong in the exploitation of mass emotion to win a foreign war abruptly discovered the dangers of mass emotion employed to stir up the masses. 'It is doubtful,' says Mr. Hearst's biographer, 'if any American has ever faced a wilder storm of abuse.' Throughout the nation Hearst was burned in effigy with fagots made of his bundled papers. 'Every scoundrel like Hearst and his satellites who for whatever purposes appeals to evil human passion,' Mr. Roosevelt privately burst out, 'has made himself accessory before the fact to crimes of this nature.' And Senator Lodge replied, 'Amen'; the *Journal* was an 'efficient cause in breeding anarchists and murder.' The man who had done so much to take the nation into its crusade of three years before was all at once detected as a mere demagogue and panderer to base emotion. The Hearst campaigns, it was realized, were simply cynical bids for circulation; the Hearst policies were only skillful instruments for making money for Mr. Hearst.

Well, no doubt they were. But a singular thing had happened. Whatever the origin of the policies, Mr. Hearst had come to believe in them himself.

IV

The man of action is rarely a philosopher, and the most skillful popular leaders have always, throughout history, owed their hold over the popular mind to the fact that they shared it themselves. For all his cynical realism, one cannot believe that W. R. Hearst is an exception. 'I don't think,' he told Steffens, 'that my papers are so bad'; and the interviewer realized the naïve honesty of the revealing sentence. Mr. Hearst, Steffens thought, 'was a man who was in deadly earnest.' And he was, in his peculiar way. His mild eyes concealed a Napoleonic egotism, and he proposed to fulfill it by giving the people, in a larger sense, what they wanted. Uncritically, he assumed this to be 'good government,' the suppression of 'privilege,' the uprooting of graft and corporate extortion — they were the slogans of the times, and to this extent, perhaps, he was taken in by his own propaganda. 'He thinks he is a democrat,' one of his former subordinates has said. 'The fact is, there was never a greater autocrat in the world.' The trouble with us was that we were not democratic. Mr. Hearst would make us be democratic, and would make us like it.

According to Creelman, he had been already, 'in a furtive and half-hearted way, a candidate for second place on the ticket with Mr. Bryan in 1900. But . . . even Mr. Bryan looked upon the matter as a jest.' Mr. Bryan did not understand the deadly earnestness of this soft-spoken young gentleman not yet out of his thirties. The fact was that Mr. Hearst had been developing the possibilities of his method. The mere newspaper uproar was satisfactory enough for his younger triumphs; but it had its weaknesses, as the McKinley debacle showed, and its limitations. It might elect men to office; it could not make them the agents of Mr. Hearst's imperial purposes.

But his experience as president of the National Association of Democratic Clubs in 1900 had taught him, as Creelman said, 'that political organizations are, after all, largely made up of noise and boasting and that most of the men who do the real work among the voters can be controlled by anyone with boldness enough to proclaim himself leader and pay for the printing, music, and red fire.' In his papers he already had the framework of such an organization ready-made. Mr. Hearst turned to seek office for himself.

Throughout the next decade he was to be bombarded with charges of a mere vulgar and grasping ambition. The public, like Mr. Bryan, was incapable of imagining the limitlessness of an egotism which made ambition in that sense as impossible to Mr. Hearst as a greed for riches would have been; while the fact that the editor did not hesitate to use for his own advancement nearly every device which he had denounced in more ordinary politicians was to add considerably to the difficulty of understanding him. His response to the McKinley catastrophe appeared to be impudent, but it was also superb. He changed the name of the *Journal* to the *American* and got Tammany to give him a seat in Congress!

His first serious effort was for nothing less than the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1904. Where other men had to buy their machines, Mr. Hearst simply converted his newspapers and their staffs into one of his own. His employees became his political managers; his papers for the first time blazoned the name of William Randolph Hearst in sonorous capitals across the nation, and amid the 'roaring passion' which they worked up he effortlessly collected the delegates not only from a dozen of the lesser states but from Illinois as well. The 'new journalism' had stepped into a startlingly new rôle, and had appeared in still another way as a new menace to our institutions.

Mr. Hearst, of course, was not nominated, but he was the runner-up; and when in the following year he entered with equal coolness into an independent campaign for the mayoralty of New York, he was not elected only because Tammany gravely counted him out. His actual plurality, Tammany men have said, was about 20,000. Mr. Hearst, however, was as patient as he was indefatigable. The year after, 1906, he blandly re-allied himself with Tammany to become candidate for governor, and made a whirlwind campaign through the state denouncing bossism, corruption, and the corporations. Even the brilliant discovery that his own papers were actually a corporation failed to stem the tide which his shrewd and effective sarcasm, to say nothing of his personal organization and liberal finances, set in motion.

Mr. Roosevelt, who years before had campaigned for the same office, likewise denouncing bosses and likewise as the nominee of one of them, was 'horrified' to hear of 'Hearst's strength on the East Side among laborers; and also even among farmers.' Incredible as it might seem, not only the common man but intelligent and upright liberals (Samuel Seabury, now in his turn exposing corruption in New York on the old plan, was one of them) were in the ranks behind this strange people's advocate who used every trick of the ancient game in the people's name.

Hearst by this time had added to his chain of papers and entered the magazine field. 'Sewer journalism,' nationalistic hullabaloo, or even a certain amount of corporation baiting might be no more than mildly disreputable. Now, for a few dread moments, there dawned the possibility that a single man might, merely by picking up a string of papers and manufacturing a personal party, actually usurp the politician's prerogative and run the country as he pleased. Mr. Roosevelt himself was sooner or later to advocate nearly all that Hearst had urged; he was even to use much of the Hearst method and to trade, perhaps more heavily than he realized, upon the ideology which Hearst had drummed into millions of minds. But Mr. Roosevelt had obeyed the conventional rules; here was an irresponsible outsider, threatening, as Steffens said, 'to "do things."' It was a menace. 'The one chance for Hughes,' Mr. Roosevelt concluded, 'consists in making it evident that he is a real reformer and Hearst merely a sham; that corrupt corporations have to fear more from Hughes a great deal than from Hearst.' This was eventually accomplished by sending Elihu Root into the state to revive the McKinley assassination scandal; the editor was not elected Governor of New York.

V

Again it was a high point, and again Mr. Hearst was to show his ability to learn. Off and on for another sixteen years he was to be a candidate for office; he was to pursue his curious relationship with Tammany through all its devious intricacies; he was even, in 1922, to permit the bizarre suggestion that he might become the Presidential candidate of a third party to be organized by Mr. John F. Hylan and Mr. William Hale Thompson. But much of this activity seems to have been directed less toward getting Mr. Hearst into office than toward swinging a club over those who were to get into office. It was still another form of experimentation with the wonderful machine of power which he had created.

The 'Hearstism' which had awakened so deep a dread in 1906 had proved to be an illusory danger, and for a time the processes of democracy appeared to be safe from this singular democrat. Perhaps it was the method that had unsuspected defects; perhaps it was his own character. But there are more subtle avenues to power than the winning of elections. In the 1908 Presidential election he suddenly produced the stolen Archbold letters (an old and tried device) to torture many eminent souls. His introduction to the batch he read in New York not only was an example of his skillful touch; perhaps it was also a true summary of his own simple motives: —

> Information has been delicately conveyed to me that . . . if I make another damaging disclosure the whole power of the Standard Oil Company will be exercised against me. I say farewell to my friends, therefore, because I am going to read the letters.
>
> In the first place I do not like being bluffed. In the second place I think I am doing a citizen's duty. In the third place there are a great many matters on the Standard Oil Company's books which ought to be brought to light, and I am in hopes that a good, hard fight will bring them to light and will send some of the corrupters of our government to jail.

By running again for Mayor of New York in 1909 he defeated the Fusion candidate, but returned the Fusion Board of Estimate, thus at one stroke rebuking the local Democracy for having knifed him in 1906 and leaving the Fusionists with an uneasy sense that it was to Mr. Hearst, quite as much as to the purity of their own principles, that they owed the victory. In 1912 he was (according to one of Colonel House's letters) a tentative candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination; but, the hope proving a fantastic one, he turned to the task of defeating Mr. Wilson by his support of Champ Clark. The narrowness of the margin by which he lost has led some to say that this was the high-water mark of his political power, and it is a curious reflection that it took Mr. Bryan, a second great practitioner of a similar method, to checkmate him.

But Mr. Hearst was unmoved, and his experiments became even stranger. In New York the amazing figure of Mr. Hylan appeared suddenly as the editor's puppet candidate for the mayoralty which he himself had been unable to secure. The campaign was bitter, but Mr. Hylan was elected; and the people of New York were to have the eight years of his administration in which to reflect upon the singular workings of our democratic institutions. The pure beauty of the demonstration was, however, to be clouded. The war had intervened, to overtake Mr. Hearst with an ironic debacle.

For twenty years Mr. Hearst, with others, had been industriously pumping the bellows of jingo patriotism. Like others, he had elevated the ark of the Monroe Doctrine, he had thumbed his nose at England, he had believed in the great dogma of a nationalist America, isolated and untrammeled. But unlike others, he continued to believe in it. For all his intelligence, Mr. Hearst seems to have been unequal to that suppleness of mind whereby other patriots suddenly discovered that the ancestral injunction to avoid entanglements required us to plunge into a purely European war, and as the 'associate' of Great Britain, the one people against whom we had been traditionally the most careful to assert our independence. Mr. Hearst could not be de-bamboozled; he turned all his journalistic brilliance toward the logical development of the simple theme upon which he had been harping for two decades, and as a result the waves of wrath broke over him. He was a traitor; he was a seditionist; he was even a pro-German.

It is difficult not to conclude that Mr. Hearst — in the public mind the unprincipled yellow journalist, the shrewd, the calculating, and unmoral self-seeker — was actually entrapped by the simplicity of his own convictions.

The battle, it must be admitted, reads a trifle curiously to-day. There is something strange in finding the friends of good government, in 1917, demonstrating their own fitness to administer New York City by the argument that Mr. Hylan was assisting a submarine campaign in the English Channel. Mr. Hearst's exposures of Allied propaganda seem less than criminal in the light of present-day knowledge; while his suggestion that Germans were human beings does not appear to have been quite so blasphemous a perversion of the facts as it was represented to be.

There are even some who now think that the grounds upon which Mr. Hearst sought to keep us out of war were more realistic than those upon which we went into it. But the astute editor was simply overwhelmed by the ferocity of the nationalistic emotionalism which he himself had done so much to build up. Again there were bonfires fed with Hearst papers, as there had been fifteen years before; it became almost a crime to buy a copy of them and (in right-thinking communities) a disqualification for public office to permit their sale. Frankenstein was imperiled — in fact he was very nearly destroyed — by his own mass monster.

Nearly, but not quite. He trimmed in time; he supported the war, and turned to meet the onslaught with a characteristic lack of scruple. He assailed his enemies with no less violence, and even greater scurrility, than they had used against him. His papers joyously doubled their sensational content, and by other arts redressed the balance of the circulation figures, so that Mr. Hearst was permitted to claim a triumphant vindication at the hands of the public.

The sequel was curious. The war came to an end; so did the war fervor. The American people — especially those who had been loudest in denunciation of the traitorous editor — now discovered that they were tired of

Europe and that the injunction about entangling alliances really did mean what it said after all. Mr. Hearst's bitter assaults upon President Wilson and the League were more consistent than some others, for they were based on precisely the same principles as had dictated his pro-Germanism; by this time, however, the principles had become respectable. The most eminent statesmen tacitly accepted Mr. Hearst's assistance (even though hesitating to acknowledge it), and in the great work of defeating the Versailles Treaty Mr. Hearst exerted a commanding influence.

Again, however, and for still another reason, a picture of William Randolph Hearst as a public enemy had been fixed firmly in the public mind, and when from 1919 onward the egregious Al Smith set himself to remove the Hearst blight (and the Hearst interference) from the affairs of Tammany, he did not hesitate to capitalize the fact. When the Governor damned the editor as a 'Bolshevik' because he had urged, in 1918, that we recognize the Soviet government ('We are in [the war] for democracy,' he had had the temerity to write, 'then for heaven's sake why not recognize a democratic government?') the argument was not entirely above question. And when Hearst, from those Olympian heights to which he was more and more removing himself, flung back the contemptuous answer: 'I have no intention of meeting Governor Smith, publicly or privately, politically or socially. . . . In conclusion let me say that if you gentlemen are going to hire Carnegie Hall every time my papers expose rascally politicians, you would better take a long-term lease on the property,' the dialectic honors were possibly more nearly even than they appeared at the time. Mr. Smith, however, succeeded in slaying the dragon; Mr. Hearst was finally eliminated from New York politics, and by methods which he himself had every reason to understand. But by that time did he really care very much?

VI

Where twenty or thirty years ago Mr. Hearst was a terror of success, it has been the fashion of recent years to damn him as a failure. All his political efforts were written in the sand; his great chain of papers has never ruled the nation; his properties are said to be less prosperous than they once were; the New York *American*, which he intended as his monument, has become a heavy liability, and even the 'primacy of the sewer' has passed to other hands.

It is a fitting postscript to the long cry of contradictory abuse which has followed him that to-day he should be criticized, by no less a prophet than Mr. Mencken, because he has grown 'too respectable' and now 'repudiates the philosophy of a lifetime and, led by the platitudinous Brisbane, sets up as a Babbitt in his declining years.'

It is true that the undergraduate boisterousness, the extraordinary fertility in sensation, of the Spanish War days have long since faded from the pages of the Hearst press. The picturesque effectiveness of Winsor McKay bears small relation to the terrific brutality of Homer Davenport; and 'Prohibition' or 'Gangster' or the anonymous 'Corrupt Politician' is a less interesting target than a flesh-and-blood Hanna, a Murphy, a McKinley, or a Hay. Some say it is because Hearst has grown too old and his properties too vast; he is no longer able to transmit his own malicious genius to the multitudinous proconsuls whom he has been forced to appoint over his empire.

But there are enough stories of his close attention to the way they administer it, of the colossal telephone tolls he rolls up as he dispatches his meticulous orders daily from the throne at San Simeon, to cast doubt upon the theory. So also one cannot too readily accept another explanation: that since the Hearst properties were reorganized and put under a heavy load of bonded debt they have lost the financial independence that was the corner stone of their early recklessness. As Mr. Brisbane himself once remarked (but this was some fifteen years ago), 'the editor with his heart in Wall Street ceases to be yellow. He takes on a superior dull golden hue.'

There may be something in it; but Mr. Hearst was never quite that sort of man.

Those who emphasize the change in the Hearst papers forget that there has been an even more profound change in the times. The slashing exuberance is dead, but so is the national mood which produced it and made it effective. We could not now be hurried into Cuban intervention by big headlines, doctored news, and juvenile 'fakes' which would not mislead even a child in the publicity-battered age of to-day.

In 1905, it was easy to believe that salvation lay in the exposure of local corruption, in tearing to shreds the silk-hatted 'malefactors of great wealth' (the phrase, one must remember, is not Mr. Hearst's), and in dragging corporations into court to answer under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. But we face the problems of 1932 with a more critical and less confident spirit. As Mr. Brisbane lays wreaths upon the respectable brow of Mr. Coolidge, he doubtless does so in the shrewd knowledge that his public will eat it up much more readily than if he flayed that statesman as a 'tool of Wall Street.'

Mr. Hearst has continued to 'expose' and even to 'crusade.' He it was who laid bare the 'power lobby' with its professors on the pay roll, and he campaigns for government ownership of utilities now as he has done for forty years. The activities of the horse doctor Doyle, which have proved to be one of the most powerful levers in the hands of those now investigating Tammany corruption, were first uncovered by the New York *American*. These and other similar efforts he continues to wrap in the sensationalism of crime and sex, and he continues his cynical disregard for logic and intellectual honesty as he puts his arguments in the striking, the effective form rather than the reasonable one. But there is a hollowness about it. It no longer rings the bells of terror and dismay among the 'interests,' while even Mr. Hearst cannot quite convince the nation that the 'power trust' is real.

Is it impossible that he is embarking upon still another experiment? His Napoleonic ambition — to mass the reserves of power in the common man and to use them, from his autocratic throne, to bestow upon the people what they want — does not appear to have changed. But he does seem to be adjusting his methods to the changed conditions of the present. Mr. Hearst in his time has tried the brass bands of massed publicity; he has tried seeking office for himself; he has tried the chain newspaper and syndicated editorial page; he has tried placing puppets in offices which he himself could not attain.

Though he has had some success with each, they are all now more or less obsolete, and it is said that Mr. Hearst to-day operates chiefly through the more subtle arts of the Congressional or legislative lobby. It is the modern way.

To detect his hand in our national affairs one now has to look more closely than in the past, but may it not be that it actually wields more genuine power than ever before?

Perhaps Mr. Hearst is a failure; perhaps what he stood for has been discredited. Yet are those to whom his name is a summation of all evil quite sure of just what he does stand for? Not long ago he was able to summon none other than the editor of the Boston *Transcript* to be his chief mouthpiece.

Mr. Hearst may be a failure. But Mr. Hearst is still only sixty-eight.

VII

For that reason, if for no other, one cannot yet compose an epitaph upon his staggering career. Even now it is difficult to understand precisely what William Randolph Hearst has done to us.

Obviously the ‘menace’ — in its crudely immediate aspects — was less menacing than it appeared to be. Even in the purely technical field of newspaper publication it is doubtful whether the Hearst influence has been as deep as is often assumed. Hearst-trained men do not flood the offices of other papers; indeed, the victims of his imperious dismissals frequently achieve only a moderate success when they go elsewhere. The characteristic Hearst make-up can be found in few other journals, and, as has recently been pointed out, our great metropolitan dailies show no traces of the Hearst approach in their handling of either news or editorials.

Even the big headlines can hardly be ascribed to Mr. Hearst. His stupendous heads in the Spanish War period were not generally imitated, while present-day headlines are simply the result of a natural development that can be traced steadily through American newspapers from the Revolutionary War on down.

Mr. Hearst may have prepared the way for the modern tabloid (a far baser product, and really out of the Hearst method, as his own failure with it showed), but on the other hand he probably deserves much of the credit for the generally better writing, wider range of interest, more artistic approach, and more human sympathy which distinguish the great papers of to-day from those of thirty years ago. Mr. Hearst seems to have realized sooner than his contemporaries that a good newspaperman should also be, in a larger sense of the term, an artist, and to him we may owe much of the improvement which our dailies show over the stodgy sheets of the past. We may — the point is arguable.

But to the present writer it seems likely that the future will see Mr. Hearst’s influence upon his times to have been wider than any mere question of newspaper technique, more subtle than the immediate consequences of his political manipulation. He has performed some social jobs of importance, such as assisting to curb the arrogance of great wealth, or reminding the dictatorial (other than himself) that this country cannot be run in the interests of a class or even in the interests of what any one class believes to be righteous and desirable. He has played a great part in shaping the political and economic ideas of two decades of our history. He has had a powerful voice in at least two of the historic decisions of his country — the entry into the Spanish War and the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles. But more than that, he has assisted to develop and confirm in the American mind an attitude toward itself and toward the world in which it lives which is at once of far-reaching importance and of at least questionable value.

William Randolph Hearst has been one of the great exponents of the doctrine of giving the people what they want as a means to power and achievement. Essentially, it is the doctrine of the man of action, a doctrine in which the end justifies the means, a doctrine in which effect, achievement, bigness, and results are the things that matter. He has colored an age with Jacksonian democracy; and in doing so has helped to break down, or to prevent the upbuilding of, those absolute standards of public morality and reasoned thought which some believe to be the goals of civilized society. His has been a doctrine of America first, rather than of America as a gracious institution for individual well-being and happiness; a doctrine of cant and get ahead, of ballyhoo and publicity, of adroitness and emotionalism, rather than honor. In short, there is reason to believe that the intellectual thuggery of the Hearst newspapers and the Hearst method has helped to create those national moods and attitudes of which gangsterism — in many walks of American life — is an expression.

And yet the final doubt must, of course, remain. The Hearst papers were by no means the only voices urging us on to prize effect and mass emotion. Many more respected men than Mr. Hearst have traded on his campaigns or quietly modified their own attitudes to accord with the gospels which he was preaching; while from the moment in which he turned over the pages of Mr. Pulitzer's *World* in his rooms at Cambridge, Mr. Hearst has learned quite as much from others as he has ever taught them. One cannot be sure. Is William Randolph Hearst a cause — or is he only an effect?

MY LAST FRONTIER

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

I SAW the two doctors who stood over me exchange glances. Then the one with the pointed beard said casually, 'You had better go West and live out of doors. Massachusetts in the month of March —' And again their eyes met for a telltale second. I had returned to Boston from the tropics far gone with jungle fever, and I had every reason to believe that these gentlemen were pronouncing my death sentence.

So here I stood among great Douglas firs in the Washington forest, looking at the first piece of land I had ever owned. I had fooled the two doctors by partly recovering my health, had got a job in Tacoma, and had bought five acres of wild land at one hundred dollars an acre — five dollars down and five dollars a month. All about me the usual gambling in Western land was going on, and by taking advantage of the misfortunes of others I gradually was able to increase my holding to fifty acres. Those hazards of fortune whereby I profited included, I remember, such things as a mysterious disappearance, embezzlement and flight, divorce, insanity, murder.

The years have passed, and where those giant firs once stood are my farm buildings, equipped with every convenience of the city except gas, and surrounded by acres of cherry trees, over which will soon 'break the white foam of the Spring.' In place of the forest trails that once surrounded me are paved roads, and along the valley just below my ranch now pass three transcontinental railroads, the blasts from whose whistles have heartened me many a time in the dead of night when I have lain awake discouraged by the sheer enormity of the thing I had undertaken. Looking back over those years, what I accomplished seems incredible, and I find myself studying as if he were a stranger the fellow who did it. Sometimes I approve, sometimes I condemn; but I always wonder at the tenacity of purpose he displayed. There was something elemental, impersonal, in that patient striving against apparently hopeless odds that suggests the basic fighting man, stripped of the frills of civilization. It is, I like to think, the same quality that has enabled the American people to reclaim a continent from the wilderness in a trifling two hundred years, and establish upon it the most forceful and dynamic civilization the world has ever known.

I

I had owned the beginnings of my property something over a year when I hired a van in which to move all my worldly possessions out to 'the ranch.' With my wife, who had crossed the continent to join me, and my two little children in the seat with the driver, we set out for the wilderness with, I fancied, the shades of a thousand pioneers looking approvingly on. The last thing to be loaded into the van was my typewriter, which had been an inseparable companion on three continents, and by whose keys I had won a livelihood until sickness obliged me to put it aside. 'I'll soon be pounding away at you again,' I thought, as I wrapped a sweater about it to lessen the jar of the road. How little I knew!

A bachelor whose land adjoined ours was leaving his two-room shack for the summer to work in a logging camp, and he allowed us to occupy it until I could build a cabin. Three things I remember about that shack: the rats that used to scurry across the floor in the dead of night, frightening the children; an irate old skunk I inadvertently trapped under the doorstep; and a Plymouth Rock hen that a neighbor had given us on our departure from the city. The hen hatched out eleven chickens, and although I now keep hens by the thousand, they have small interest for me when compared with that militant old biddy who fought off skunks, rats, weasels, hawks, with a valor that should win her a distinguished place in whatever Valhalla is reserved for the brave spirits of the feathered world.

Of course I held on to my job in the city, and night and morning I walked a mile to the nearest station, rode ten miles on an interurban train whose motion suggested sea rather than land travel, and then walked half a mile farther to my work. Through drenching rains and occasionally through knee-deep snow I made that round trip for years, until at last Henry Ford came to the rescue for $250 down and $33.50 a month — for me at that time a staggering sum. Jungle fever returned regularly every spring and fall, warning me against the danger of the inside job I was holding; but, poorly paid as I was, I dared not give it up, as that small monthly income was all that made possible my farming venture. Occasionally I thought of sums of money I had squandered here and there about the earth with a light heart, and then 'the rose's scent was bitterness to him that loved the rose.'

How vividly I recall my first glimpse of the spot where our cabin was to stand. I had crawled through a tangle of salal brush and over huge fir trees that some 'twister' had uprooted and piled crisscross to the height of a good ten feet. I was standing on top of one of these monsters when I spied a glacial dump that sloped gradually away in three directions, affording a rare view not only of Mount Rainier, but of a hundred miles of the Cascades and the Olympics. On that spot, in sight of those life-giving mountains, I would build a house, however humble, that would be my very own, and for the use of which no landlord could collect rent. That vision was one of the rare moments of my life.

II

The dump, however, was buried deep under fallen logs and a tangle of shrubs. I had brought with me a seven-foot saw, and I set to work with a will. But before I had cut the first log halfway off I collapsed. The fear that came over me as I lay there in the leathery-leaved salal and realized the thickness of that fir trunk still grips my heart at times in memory. But I sawed the log off before dark, and finally succeeded in junking up enough down timber to make room for the unpretentious structure I wished to erect. With the help of a neighbor and his span of horses I at last uncovered a few square rods of mother earth, and when a couple of loads of lumber had been brought in over an old logging road I was ready for my first job of carpentry.

Planning a skyscraper could not have been undertaken with a weightier sense of responsibility. A saw, a hammer, a square, a spirit level, made up my entire stock of carpenter's tools, and in the use of these I was far from proficient. For a foundation I had the horses draw together three cedar logs, and when I had leveled these the work of house building seemed well under way. How to brace the walls so that they would not collapse under the first stiff sou'-wester presented a problem hitherto undreamed of in my philosophy, and my wholly original solution of it has since amused more than one carpenter. The roof I shingled by lantern light, often working until after midnight. I remember an owl that came occasionally and perched on the peak, eying my every movement with an air that seemed a mixture of amazement tinctured with contempt.

If I should build a mansion, the pleasure of occupying it could not compare with the sheer joy I experienced the first evening the little family sat down in what was kitchen, dining room, and living room of the partly completed cabin. After years of hotel and boarding-house life I was in a house of my own at last! And the following winter, when there were only the shingles between us and the Puget Sound downpours, or the snow sifted in upon our faces through the space under the eaves that I had failed to close properly, it was still home in that instinctive, factual sense which is the foundation of the family, the community, and the nation.

A house we now had, but what should we do for water? Why, dig a well, of course! But there were discouraging rumors that the subsoil in this part of the state was composed of glacial drift as hard as cement, into which pioneers had driven shafts to the depth of more than one hundred feet without striking water. I found a couple of Swedes who were willing to undertake the job for $1.50 a lineal foot, and they brought with them a thick-thewed giant who, with the aid of a forked hazel branch, was to designate the site for the well. After much solemn foolery he declared that the only water available was directly under the house! I was for moving the house, but my very sane wife objected; so we compromised on the one spot that, according to the giant with the hazel branch, was dry straight down to China. The two Swedes agreed to this with alacrity, as it seemed to hold the promise of an all-summer's job.

I had enough money to progress toward China a trifling thirty feet, and it was with decidedly mixed emotions that I saw the pile of earth and empty 'Copenhagen' cartons growing beside the steadily deepening hole. At mealtime my wife occasionally glanced out of the window in that direction, but maintained a discreet silence. Silence, I have come to think, is the most eloquent language in the world. Then one evening on my return from work I saw the Swede with a head like Burne-Jones's 'Odin' emptying some muddy water from a bucket! The sight of that water gave me as much joy as did ever an oasis in the desert to a thirsty traveler. The Swedes had found water at a depth of twenty feet — much to their disgust.

The story of that well would fill the proverbial volume, with a deal of good material left over for a supplement. It had the perverse habit of overflowing in the winter and going bone dry in the late fall, compelling me to haul water for cows and hens from a distant pond in the night, as I thought the daylight too precious to devote to such a task. Once I lowered that well ten feet in a single night, drawing out the water with a twelve-quart pail and a leather strap to fight a forest fire that threatened the buildings. On another occasion, when I forgot to replace the cover, a full-grown skunk fell in — to the decided detriment of the water. One morning after a torrential rain I drew up a large snake, as gaudily decorated as any viewed by the Ancient Mariner. Now the well is full of stones, a water main passes just in front of it, and my car goes over it as I enter the garage.

And the fight that was waged to secure that water main suggests those that preceded a herd law, rural mail delivery, electric light, paved roads, and the many other improvements that go to the making of an up-to-date American community. When I arrived among the Scandinavians who have been my companions in arms through all these combats I was a somewhat arrogant 'highbrow,' but I have sweated the most of that affliction out of my system along with the jungle fever.

III

The first tree I felled on our future ranch was, so far as I am concerned, one of those milestones in history of which we used to hear in our school days. The tree — a fir that might have served for Satan's spear as he crossed the burning marle — was 'fast-rooted in the fruitful soil' some three rods away from our cabin door. Fuel we had to have, so I set about to fell the nearest source of supply. With the aid of a 'chink' (a spring pole so placed that it holds the farther end of the saw against the tree), I doggedly severed the proud old monarch from his stump. He reeled in the gathering dusk as if afflicted with vertigo, swayed dangerously toward the cabin, and then, as if in answer to my fervent supplication, turned a quarter circle on the stump and crashed down in a spot where no damage was done. I was too ignorant of woodcraft to undercut the tree on the side toward which I intended it to fall. Later I became proficient at toppling over these giants, placing them within a few inches of the spot where I wished them to lie. But the memory of that near extinction of my family removed any trace of rashness from those operations.

The building of the barn taxed my ability as a carpenter almost to the breaking point. For, unlike the cabin, it had to be a two-story affair in order to provide a hayloft. The nails that entered into that structure seriously depleted the family treasury, and to this day they are occasionally pointed out to visitors by my wife as an example of shocking extravagance. Indeed, the walls so bristle with nails that she declares that one could pick up the entire building with a giant magnet and transport it to the next state. She does not know what I do — namely, that the magnet would draw the nails and leave the lumber behind. Women are so unscientific!

The barn completed, we must have a cow. If, gentle reader, you never have passed that particular milestone, your life's pilgrimage has not been as full of interest and diversion as it might have been. Early one Sunday morning I started off in search of a cow, followed by my wife's benediction and the best wishes of the children, who never yet had had all the milk they wanted. With the 'For Sale' page of the Sunday paper in my pocket, I at length came to a dairy owned by a red-faced, sandy-haired Scot. His herd of Jerseys were feeding knee-deep in clover about his house, and drew me like a magnet. Yes, he was selling off the entire herd — did n't like the Sound country as well as Alberta. A fawn-colored creature with big appealing eyes arrested my attention, and I asked the price of her. 'Eighty-five dollars,' came the prompt reply. His slatternly wife gave him a look of surprise and started to speak; but he silenced her with a sidelong glance. The cow's udder was so perfectly formed that it did not occur to me to try out each quarter before closing the deal. When the Scotchman delivered the cow in my absence the next day he produced a small glass tube and a 'needle,' explaining to my unsuspecting wife that I should have to use the two instruments on one of the hind teats at milking time, as the cow had been run into by a wood truck that very morning and her udder slightly injured. Barnum may have been right in his estimate that the world is presented with a fool every minute, but in the light of my transaction with that Scotchman it seems a bit conservative.

But Sooky proved a most lovable creature, even if she did promptly go dry in one hind quarter, and the children feasted and grew fat on her rich yellow milk, until one day I fed her too much 'shorts' and killed her. The look in the children's eyes as they gathered about her bloated body the next morning made me feel like a murderer. But milk we must have, so I was obliged to borrow money with which to buy another cow — a wise old Jersey with many wrinkles on her blunted horns, with which she could demolish the stoutest rail fence and lead all the stray cattle in the neighborhood in a raid upon some unsuspecting Swede's cabbage patch.

After Old Boss came a herd of elephantine Holsteins, which I used to milk night and morning in addition to my work in Tacoma. I would finish my chores about midnight, and be up by four o'clock the next morning. The abiding fear of falling asleep at my job in the city sometimes took the form of a nightmare rivaling those 'terrible dreams that shake us nightly' with which poor Macbeth was afflicted. Evenings, as I passed down the line milking Trixie, Bess, Silky, Sally, and the rest, my little boy would move along with me and beg for stories. These I improvised as I tugged and sweated at the great udders, failing him only when I reached White Elephant, whose teats were as large as my wrist and as hard as gas pipe.

I wish I had committed those sheer whimsicalities to paper. There were stories of a beautiful bronze swallow that every fall led his fellows over a great snow-capped mountain into a valley where there were no guns and boys never threw stones; of an 'Admiral Bullfrog' whose mighty voice hushed all the other frogs as he summoned them to make war on the mosquitoes in the next pond, and how they sailed away in trim green galleons made of lily pads with fireflies for ship's lanterns; of a huge brown bear that took brave boys on his back to fight Indians. How the little fellow's eyes would shine when I reached the place where the bear charged on his hind legs into a band of pesky redskins that had stolen a white child, and how eagerly he would call 'More, more,' whenever I paused for breath! In due time he discovered that they were 'just stories,' and gradually forsook me for adventures of his own, making the milking seem doubly long and hard.

Tending each heifer through the birth of her first calf was always a trying experience, and one that sometimes moved me profoundly. The recurrent birth pangs, the patient suffering, the troubled look in the big smoky eyes, and then, when it was all over, the gentle nuzzling of the new life, accompanied by many soft calls of endearment, are a part of my ranch experience that I treasure beyond riches. Separate a man from intimate association with domestic animals and you have robbed him of a part of his birthright; transfer him to the pavement where his feet seldom touch the life-giving mother earth and he is poor indeed. Never to have served an ailing dumb brute is never to have fully lived.

IV

My fear of the first box of dynamite I handled is still fresh in my memory. I drove Old Bill, a treacherous cayuse that I had picked up for thirty dollars, over to the store and gingerly placed on the back of the wagon a box of 60 per cent dynamite. Every time a wheel struck a rock I glanced apprehensively back to see if there were any signs of an explosion. To-day I am regarded as a first-class 'powder man,' treating dynamite with so much contempt, however, that I have had some narrow escapes. Once when a shot hung fire for more than an hour I had nearly reached it when it went off, planting a hefty boulder so close to me that the mud on it soiled the tip of my shoulder as it passed. On another occasion I had loaded five shots, and in counting them as they exploded got one shot ahead. I was within a few feet of the fifth stump when I spied the still-burning fuse, and barely had time to fling myself behind a near-by log before a third of the stump went hurtling over me.

How to dispose of the great firs that, standing or fallen, still encumbered the land was a knotty problem, of which dynamite and fire seemed the only solution. So I felled beautiful five-foot trees rising one hundred feet without a branch, bored into their butts with a two-inch ship auger, and, after cracking them open with dynamite, set fire to them. As a successful shot split a log a good thirty feet, the work progressed rapidly. A wanton destruction of timber, you say. Yes; but what was I to do? Either for lumber or for firewood, the logs would not pay the cost of labor and transportation.

Outside of heavy artillery in war, I can think of nothing more exciting than blasting out large Douglas-fir stumps with dynamite. There are several patented devices for burning them in the ground, but the experienced land clearer always returns to dynamite. Some of the stumps on my land were seven feet in diameter, with a root radius of thirty feet. It took a man two days to dig a suitable dynamiting hole under one of these giants that stood within ten rods of my house. Under the stump I placed two hundred sticks of dynamite, and the cavity formed by the explosion would have come near to holding the house, which, by the way, escaped undamaged. Indeed, an experienced dynamiter can blow a stump within a rod of a house and not crack a pane of glass.

On one five-acre lot with a bumper crop of large stumps I was obliged to use an electric blaster, as there were electric-light wires on two sides of it which the power company owning them was obliged by law to lay on the ground every morning before the dynamiting began, and replace in time for lighting purposes at night. Under these conditions I was expected to work with all possible speed, and we would shoot as many as thirty of the monsters at one time. The upheaval that accompanied the shoving home of the switch had something truly diabolical about it, which I occasionally recall as I trim the cherry trees that now occupy the land.

Once a partly deaf Bohemian who was working for me on that job did not hear the warning cry of 'Dynamite!' and found himself in the midst of one of these upheavals. Incredible as it may seem, he escaped without a scratch, only to die six months later from a tap on the head.

And then, when a block of land was ready, there was the tree planting, that age-old acknowledgment of man's stubborn belief in the goodness of God. To prune the trees in the way they should go was nothing short of a religious rite, and the understanding between man and tree goes deeper, I suspect, — reaches further into the 'dark backward and abysm of time,' — than any human relations.

How well I remember the first apple that grew on the ranch! It was nestled away among thick-clustering leaves on the south side of a Jonathan tree, and, owing to the shade, only a small part of the cheek was red. How disappointed I was when I picked it and found a hole drilled to the core by the bill of a sharp-eyed blue jay!

V

Through all these stirring times I led a dual life, in odd moments falling upon some treasured volume like a famished man upon food. For a time I continued to jot down plots for fiction and ideas for articles in a large-sized Bank of California check book that, for want of anything better at hand, I had once seized upon for the purpose. A novel I had long been plotting kept evolving, until the characters in it seemed so familiar that I would see them and hear them talking in my dreams. Sometimes 'Joe' would try to tell me all about the marvelous things he saw and heard in the bottom of the pond when he got entangled in the lily pads, and cursed us with scorching curses for bringing him back to life; but, outside of the curses, the words I listened to so breathlessly would never quite carry over into my waking consciousness.

But a sixteen-hour day on a ranch leaves neither time nor surplus energy for writing, and, although I occasionally crawled away into the haymow and wrote a little, my wife always found me asleep with only a paragraph or two completed and an illegible scrawl for the last penciled word. I would wake with a start and, with a feeling of guilt at having neglected the ranch, go back to the land clearing with redoubled vigor. A chance glimpse of the dust-covered typewriter would occasionally bring on a fit of black despondency; but I came to avoid that too potent reminder of other days, until gradually the attacks grew fewer and at last ceased.

Popular fiction I never have been able to read, and my favorite authors I had to avoid. To reread them was like reverting to a drug habit that one had fought long and desperately. Carman, Henley, Watson, Phillips, Housman, Yeats, Moira O'Neill, I could not escape, for I virtually knew them by heart; but Amiel, Hardy, Conrad, Olive Schreiner, I came to avoid as I would the plague. If of an all-too-brief evening I started a volume by one of them, I would not put it down till daylight, and the family would find me a bit difficult the following day.

One morning I was about to rush out of the house for further land-clearing operations, when my wife detained me. She gave a preliminary glance about the room, and as I followed her eyes I realized that something was about to happen. 'The children can't live in this way any longer,' she announced quietly, folding her slim, flour-covered hands in her apron with an air of finality that permitted of only one reply. 'We'll build an addition to the house,' I decided. But thus far all our available cash had gone into either land buying or land clearing, and I had come to take the weather-beaten cabin for granted. Suddenly I realized the privations she had endured through our farming venture, and for a little I wished from the bottom of my heart that I had remained a poor renter in the city. But this, I have since come to realize, was wasted sympathy, for her love of the ranch and her pride in its development have been even greater and more single-minded than my own.

As we had no money with which to build an addition to the house, we should have to borrow it. We were both of old Puritan stock, to whom going in debt was little short of a crime, and the execution of a mortgage wholly abhorrent. Scourging myself to the point of asking a stranger to lend me money was one of the most trying experiences of my life, and the signing of that small mortgage required more courage than to face artillery fire.

VI

'Bulldozing' the huge granite boulders that glacial ice had at some remote time brought all the way from Canada and deposited here and there over the ranch was always a first-class adventure. I would climb on top of the boulder, determine as nearly as I could the centre of gravity, and, surrounding this with a framework of boards, fill the enclosed space with wet clay. In this I would bury 60 per cent dynamite, — occasionally as many as one hundred sticks, — cover it with more clay, and, when I had ignited the fuse, rush out upon the highway to intercept passing automobiles, shouting 'Dynamite!' at the top of my lungs as I ran. To hold in check some irate motorist while waiting for the ear-splitting explosion was occasionally a stirring experience. Sometimes the enforced delay would open in the man at the wheel the floodgates of profanity, and on one occasion he attempted to translate his wrath into something more substantial than words. Once while flagging a fast-moving 'eight' I was mistaken for a hold-up man and narrowly escaped with my life.

If the charge was well placed, the blow delivered by the bulldozing process was sufficient to reduce the toughest granite boulder to a formless heap of rubble, the only part escaping disintegration being that immediately under the dynamite. Once I tackled a large flat boulder situated about one hundred feet from the new addition to the house, in which I had placed unusually large panes of glass. So far as the boulder was concerned, the shot was successful; but the vacuum formed by the explosion sucked out all the glass on two sides of the house, depositing some of the fragments ten feet away upon the lawn. My good wife promptly appeared in one of the paneless sashes, and the look with which she looked on me has never faded from my memory.

By a process of trial and error the place gradually shaped itself into a hen and fruit ranch, providing enough revenue for steady expansion and improvements. Life in the open had at last conquered my jungle fever, and I looked out over the costly plant and fruitful acres with a sense of real achievement. Gradually I became deeply attached to it all, among other things to the wealth of bird life that frequented every nook and shelter. Cutting away the gloomy fir forest increased rather than diminished the number of my feathered friends. Gay Chinese pheasants and sprightly Rocky Mountain quail multiplied, filling the spring sunshine with their ecstatic mating calls, and enjoying the tender green grass of our lawn before the household was abroad. Varied thrushes, wood thrushes, towhees, bluebirds, flickers, grosbeaks, sparrows in great variety, meadow larks, robins, were, one or another, seldom out of sight of our dining-room window.

My long hours made me familiar with the 'sunsets and great dawns' that burned down into the Olympics and flamed up over the Cascades, until their seasonal procession behind these sharply serrated ranges became an inseparable part of my life. I had worked until I indeed belonged to those 'horny-handed sons of toil' of which the punsters speak so facetiously. As my hands gradually muscled out, I was obliged to remove my wedding ring from the ring finger of my left hand (I am left-handed) to that of my right; and there it must remain, for it is now so tight that it cannot again be removed. Of course, some of our friends dropped us; but a few remained loyal, and with the coming of paved roads and the fast automobile we again became neighbors. Life had never seemed more worth while.

VII

Then one day a totally unexpected thing happened. I was looking for something in a dark closet, when I chanced upon my typewriter — that faithful but long-neglected servant that had accompanied me the globe around, and through whose chipped and darkened keys copy had been typed for more newspapers and magazines in America, the British Empire, and the Orient than I could well remember. It was a spring day, spiritual with the stainless white of cherry blossoms and the *Te Deum* of birds and bees; but these did not save me from a sudden feeling of desolation. So fierce had been the struggle to make a ranch out of the intractable wilderness that fifteen years in the best period of my life had passed like a watch in the night, and, so far as my writing was concerned, the waters of oblivion had rolled over me. I took down the dust-covered machine with the feeling of one who disinters a long-buried friend. Removing its case, I found under the roller a time-stained sheet of paper on which I had stopped typing in the midst of a Polynesian story, the plot of which I had utterly forgotten.

On coming to the ranch I had stored in the attic a box containing either copies or memoranda of most of the things I had published, and with the feeling of one who summons spirits back from the dead I hunted it up, only to find that mice had made their nest in it and reduced its contents to fragments. To recover the originals would take me through the files of magazines and newspapers scattered over three continents; so I cleared out the bits of paper, filled the box with some monthly statements from my bank, and went out into the cherry orchard with the feeling that I had indeed sold my birthright for a mess of pottage.

But, now that I have had time to think it over, I am not so sure that my life has been an unqualified failure. Had I not lost my health, I probably should have added a few philosophic novels to the already glutted fiction market, but I have no reason to presume that they would have lived beyond the usual brief span enjoyed by the average run of fiction. As it is, I have made a modest but real contribution to my country, one that starts no controversies, sows no discontent. The ranch which I have won from the Washington forest with characteristic American enterprise and hard work is my monument, and it will hearten my fellow men long after any book I might have written would have been forgotten.

The scent of cherry blossoms steals in through the open door as I write these words. I'll go out and watch the bees at the eternal miracle of making nature fruitful.

BAHADUR GUJ

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

The elephants trooped down to the river close by the camp, jostling one another in the narrow pass, with steep earth walls on each side, which had been cut through the forest to afford access to the water. They looked curiously naked to the eye which had been accustomed to see them with their 'pads' or howdahs fixed; their gait was slouching and leisurely; they gurgled and rumbled; they greeted each other amiably with trunks rustling dryly against trunks; sometimes they lost their temper, and squealed or trumpeted with rage at various untoward happenings in the close-packed contact which the narrow gut imposed. But they were on holiday, and they knew it. One stretched up a questing trunk, pulled off easily the branch of a tree as thick as one's wrist as she drifted slowly past, and tucked it nonchalantly between her trunk and her tusks, as a Burmese woman might stick a hibiscus flower behind her ear. Others amused themselves by pouring sand and dust over their head and sides; leaves, straw, and fragments of branches stuck in their strong coarse hair; and they emerged from the narrow pass, and spread out before entering the water, as disheveled a pack of anachronistic roisterers as one could ever hope to see.

I sat with my friend, a Rajput, on the high bank and watched the scene. The river, perhaps three feet deep, flowed slowly over a bed of yellow sand; it was crystal clear — which is very seldom the case in India — and completely arched over by the great sal trees that towered all round us. It was early morning on a brilliant day in June; the hot sun filtered pleasantly through the thick foliage; kingfishers, vivid points of glittering light, flashed here and there against the background of river or forest, and then poised, with rapidly beating wings, their breasts iridescent with metallic blue, or green, or gold, before darting into the stream to emerge with tiny fish, wriggling bars of silver, held transversely in their bills. Hornbills, bigger and lesser, hooted grotesquely from the forest; and the delightful paradise flycatchers crossed and recrossed the river in their curious undulating flight, their tail feathers streaming behind them in two long parallel lines of gleaming frosted silver. Far off, we could hear the long-drawn call of some workers in the forest.

Bahadur Singh lay on his stomach, absorbedly guiding ants and other creeping things that came his way to the edge of the little crater of sand at the bottom of which a concealed ant lion energetically took charge of these frequent and varied contributions to its welfare.

'Funny beasts, elephants,' he said. 'Now Radha Piyari, there, would nuzzle up to you, and search in your pockets, or inside the breast of your coat, for oranges or bananas. And if I went near her she'd try to kill me. She hates all Indians, except her own mahout. Why, only God knows. I saw her cut loose once, and rage through the elephant lines; we never found out what had upset her. She sorted out everything that belonged to her own man; and the rest — clothes, pipes, betel boxes, cooking pots, drinking vessels, and what not — she stamped to powder. We had to run for our lives. When her own mahout came up, she went to him like a dog to its master.'

'How many elephants did your State keep in the old days, Raja Sahib?'

'We had ninety. We used to take a share in the keddah every three years or so. There are only fifteen now — and five motors.' He drawled the last part of the sentence, in a tone of bitter condemnation.

II

Another ant went to its unhappy end. Bahadur Singh watched the convulsions at the bottom of the little crater morosely.

'Did I ever tell you the story of Bahadur Guj and his mahout? No? It happened when I was quite a boy, but I remember it all very vividly. We had gone to Ratanpore — you remember it, by the side of the big lake — for the hot weather, because it seemed cooler there; and we had perhaps thirty elephants with us, for the big plain in front held more leopards and wolves than it does now. I was always in and about the big grove near the bungalow where the elephant lines used to be in those days. Bahadur Guj was the only male elephant we had out, and his mahout was a Tharu — Kisumbi. As you know, it is rare to have a Tharu for a mahout; when you get them to take that work they are very good. Jungle folk through and through. They live in the forest all the year; they know its ways; they know the ways of the elephants, too.

'Well, one day, early in the morning, there was a great outcry in the grove. I was eating loquats in the garden, and climbed up by a tree to the top of the pukka wall there so as to see what was happening. I heard excited shouts and cries. When I got to the top, there was Kisumbi, running like a barren doe across the naked field between the grove and my wall; and some fifty yards behind came Bahadur Guj, striding out fast, trumpeting wickedly, and without doubt very wishful to kill him. "The gate! The gate!" I shouted; and Kisumbi made for the little door in the long wall — you know the place?'

I nodded.

'The wooden door was open, and Kisumbi leaped through, swinging the door back as he fled. He dashed on, senseless with terror, and took cover in the gardener's hut. Bahadur Guj stopped at the door in the wall, squealing and trumpeting. Then he turned and went back thirty paces or so quite slowly — and into my mind it came what he was going to do. I screamed to Kisumbi. "Out! Out! Bahadur Guj will throw down the wall! Do not let him see you!" I saw Kisumbi run very fast toward the end of the wall, where it dips straight into the lake; and then the thud-thud of Bahadur Guj made me turn my head. He went straight for the wall, where the gate pierced it. You know that wall — it was pukka brick as it is to-day, twelve feet high, and thick, very thick. Bahadur Guj came at it, striding fast, his trunk curled up and his big head lowered and pushed forward to keep his tusks out of the way; and he went through it in one breath, as I would poke a finger through a chapatti. He drove through it not twelve paces from where I sat, and I felt it shiver and swing under me.

'Though I had been screaming to Kisumbi, Bahadur Guj's eye did not turn my way. The wall hurt him, and made him yet angrier. He stopped, stamped the earth again and again, and then went straight along Kisumbi's track to the gardener's hut. The gardener's woman was inside, with her three children. Bahadur Guj lifted the thatch roof right up with his forehead, slipped his trunk in over the top of the mud wall, and felt round with it inside the hut. The woman and the children uttered scream after scream. She told me later that Bahadur Guj touched her, and each of her children, with the cold wet finger at the end of his trunk; he just smelled them — and let them alone. Kisumbi was not there; that was all he wanted to know. He picked up the scent outside, and hurried down the side of the wall to the lake.

'Kisumbi had been clever, but Bahadur Guj was just as clever. Without stopping, he threw himself into the lake; he swung round the corner, like a boat with the rudder hard down; and he followed the scent that he picked up at once on the bank near by. I dropped from the wall, ran shouting through the garden and the house, and came out in front, facing the village. Kisumbi had taken shelter in some of the village houses, evidently. Bahadur Guj, when I saw him again, was holding up a roof with his forehead and shoulder, and was feeling about inside with his trunk, just as he had done in the garden. He hurt no one; he wanted to kill Kisumbi only; and he had but that one thought.

'I felt safe, and ran to where I thought Kisumbi might be hidden, calling loudly for him. I threaded my way in and out among the closely packed houses of the village, calling all the time, "Ohe, Kisumbi! Ohe, Kisumbi! It is a matter of thy life!" And at last the answer came from a chamar's hut on the edge of the settlement: "Here I am, O little sahib!" Then I told him, with great haste in my words, where Bahadur Guj was, and what he was doing.

'Kisumbi thought for a moment, and said, "He seeks my life, and he will hunt me down. He can seize me on land or on water. I know not what the end will be, but I have had enough of being chased by my own elephant. I run no more. Look again; tell me where he is; and if that is possible I will return through the garden, and the place where Bahadur Guj threw down the wall, to the great banyan tree that grows close to it, beside the lake. There he cannot touch me; and he will stay at the foot of the tree, waiting for me, and doing no harm to the village. My word is spoken. Go, little sahib, and come back bearing news of Bahadur Guj."

'So I ran again hastily through the twisted paths between the village huts, and I found Bahadur Guj patiently searching house after house with his trunk. He seemed to have lost the scent of Kisumbi. Back again I went to the miserable hut on the edge of the village; and then Kisumbi and I came out very quickly and fled through the garden to the huge banyan tree that stands close to the wall, right on the shore of the lake. You know it?'

I nodded. Last cold weather I had camped close beside it; our bag of three wolves and sixty ducks — with various oddments — had been laid out in its shade; and it was there that I had my first lesson in the art of distinguishing, instantaneously, and in twenty feet of muddy water, the snapping turtle from its inoffensive colleague. It brought back to my memory the crouching fisherman, naked save for a tiny loin cloth that clung to his bronzed skin; the great turtle that he had swum ashore with, held firmly against his thigh with one hand, and now gripped between his knees from behind; the bit of wood dangled in front; the swift thrust of the wicked-looking head; and the nonchalant way in which that head was gripped, and slowly hacked off with a rusty knife.

III

Bahadur Singh went on with his tale.

'Kisumbi climbed the banyan and lay down on a big branch that stretched out, almost level, about twenty feet up. I offered to get him food and water; he refused. "My heart is heavy," he said. And then my father joined me; he had been out on the estate, and someone had gone to tell him what was happening. He was old, as you know; and he too had spent most of his life in the jungles. He too knew about elephants and their ways. He talked with Kisumbi. And first he asked what the trouble was about. But Kisumbi would not tell him; that was an affair between him and his elephant, he said. It was their business — private, to them. His honor, and the honor of Bahadur Guj, were mixed up in that matter. My father did not insist; he seemed to agree with Kisumbi.

'"It is good. And what will happen now?" he asked.

'"Bahadur Guj will find me here, soon. Then I do not know what will happen."

'Sorrow was upon both of them, and my heart too was very heavy within me.

'"Kisumbi," said my father, "there is yet time to put thee across the lake; thou canst find thy way to Singapore; and in two days thou wilt be back at thy village of Domala in Nepal. Thou shalt have pay for three months; and in three months Bahadur Guj will have forgotten. Wilt thou go?"

'"I do not go," was the reply. "And Bahadur Guj will not forget, and that thou too knowest. Also, there is my honor to be considered. I have been chased, by my own elephant, through the village; low-caste people have seen me hunted, by my own elephant, like a mad dog by chamars; my face has been blackened; my *izzat* has been destroyed; I cannot live unless this thing be put right."

'"It is then in the hands of God," said my father.

'"It is in the hands of God," was the reply.'

With the little twig Bahadur Singh shepherded another ant to its doom; the hornbills hooted; the paradise fly-catchers undulated across the stream; the elephants lazed luxuriously in the warm water, and gurgled their appreciation of it all; and the sun burned more strongly the backs of my outstretched hands.

'We had not been there long before Bahadur Guj, all black and gleaming from swimming round the lake wall again, silently appeared in the great gap he had made when he drove through the garden wall. He scented Kisumbi almost at once, and went straight to the foot of the tree. My father drew me to one side, but Bahadur Guj paid no attention to us — we were standing not thirty paces from him. He lunged with his trunk toward Kisumbi, but could not reach him. We were all silent, and Bahadur Guj made no sound. Then he noticed, lying close to the banyan, a young tree which had been there for years; it had been brought by my father for use as a new roof beam in the house, and all the branches had been lopped off. As it had not been wanted, it had been left lying there. It was about eight to nine paces long, and you could not span it with your hands, even at the thin end.

'Bahadur Guj tried again to get at

Kisumbi, heaving himself up against the banyan and stretching his trunk upward as far as he could. But it was no use. He dropped back, crouched down, then laid himself almost flat and began slowly to get a purchase on the tree, holding the thin end between his left tusk and his trunk. He worked it gradually along till he gripped it near the middle; then he rose, very slowly, with the thin end on the ground and the tree pointing sideways and upward. He bent down again, the end still on the ground, and shifted his grip — still keeping the tree wedged between his left tusk and his trunk — till he had it vertical, and tight held, quite near the thin end, between tusk and trunk. Then he rose and stood at his full height, with the tree straight up, and perhaps half a man's height of it only below his tusk. Kisumbi was in no danger, for the branch was twenty feet high, and very thick.

'Then it all happened so quick that I could hardly see! Bahadur Guj tried to poke at Kisumbi with the tree, and bring him down. In the effort, the heavy end swung to one side; before Bahadur Guj could drop it, or loosen his grip, the tree whirled round like lightning. I heard Bahadur Guj scream — a scream like the scream I have heard from a man seized by a crocodile — and his tusk, broken off short at the root, dropped with a thud on the ground.

'Bahadur Guj stood, for perhaps ten breaths, silent and motionless; then he hurried off about fifty paces, and stood again, without movement, but one could see that every muscle was tensed with great pain. He lowered his head, rested his trunk on the ground, and breathed in gasps. From where we stood, silent, I could see his little pig eye red and fiery, could watch his side heaving, and could hear his labored breath. We were so absorbed in watching him that I started when Kisumbi passed in front of me. He was walking toward Bahadur Guj when my father stopped him.

'"Whither dost thou go?" he said. "I go to my elephant, which hath need of me," was the reply. My father knew the Tharus, and he knew about elephants. "Go, in the name of God. The matter is in His hands," he said.

'Kisumbi walked up slowly to Bahadur Guj, leaned gently against his trunk, and spoke to him as a mother speaks to her child. He rubbed the trunk with his hands, and I heard him say, "Aie! Aie! The pain is very great. We have need of each other, thou and I." He wept, with great sobs, gentling the trunk all the time, and talking in a soft, breaking voice. Bahadur Guj never moved. Then Kisumbi's voice changed, and he stood up straight. "Remain thou here. I go to prepare thy medicine, my son"; and he spoke then as mahouts always speak to their elephants.

'In a little time he came back, with cloths, and a great warm poultice made of poppy heads — "post," we call it — and nim tree leaves. That he bound on, as near as he could to the broken root of the tusk; and he gave Bahadur Guj all the opium that he had been able to get together, and promised him more.

'Then he gave the order, "Khul baith!" Bahadur Guj dropped his great haunches, and slightly trailed his hind legs; Kisumbi scrambled up from behind and settled himself on the neck, with his bare toes tucked behind the ears. "Mail!" — and they went off slowly to the lines.

'My father and I had watched it all, too interested to talk. He turned to me, when Bahadur Guj had disappeared in the trees, and said, "Kisumbi is a good mahout." And then he went inside the house.'

OUR DELIGHTFUL MAN-KILLER

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

I

THE first automobile I ever saw was one built in 1882 by the engineer of the Minnesota flour mill in which I was working. It was intended for the hauling of wheat and flour between the mill and the railroad station — 'several tons to the load, and at faster than a trot,' the inventor assured us. His steam engine was of four horsepower, and for some reason known only to himself — perhaps to make the thing go faster than a trot — the rear wheels to which he geared it were seven feet high.

While the curious object was in process of building, this ingenious man met the impolite skepticism of everybody from the mill boss down — I was pretty well down, but not at all shy in my comments — with glowing word pictures of the day when not only his but every vehicle on the road would be mechanically driven and all horses relegated to the farm. His imaginative grasp of details, even to the coming sorrows of pedestrians, was remarkable. He envisaged the horseless age with a clearness and completeness that seem now, fifty years after, truly astonishing. And our humble engineer might have had the distinguished honor of starting the automobile on its hectic career had it not been that his little steam engine was unable to pull the contrivance out of its shed to the highway.

Twenty years later, in 1902, the little steam Stanleys were attracting the attention of the police; and one day I and my animated teakettle were haled into court on a charge of whizzing along a country road at a speed of sixteen and one-half miles an hour. The legal limit between those particular hayfields was fifteen miles. While the judge fined every other of the half-dozen motorists in court (they had been caught in the same police trap at speeds of eighteen to as high as twenty-two miles), he found me not guilty. He seemed to feel, although he expressed it in different words, that the small excess speed of one and one-half miles an hour showed my criminal impulse to be in its incipient stages and hardly warranted jeopardizing my restoration to a useful life with a court record.

On another bright summer's day I was off in the country with a capacity load of pretty girls. One sat on the high seat with me over the boiler, — which she did not know was sizzling under a pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch, — while the other two rode out forward on a sort of front stoop. Suddenly a young constable rose out of the tall grass, took my name and number, and looked us over carefully. Since I never heard from this holdup, it seemed a fair guess that that susceptible countryman used his authority to get a close-up of my stylishly pompadoured and balloon-sleeved young ladies.

Once again a pair of these 'trappists' got me into the toils of the law, this time on a charge of exceeding a speed of twelve miles an hour on a wide boulevard leading out of Boston. The speed limit on the same thoroughfare in the city was seven miles, but on the open spaces of the boulevard, where little else besides bunch grass rose to obstruct the view, one could 'let 'er out' to twelve. In spite of my timid suggestion to His Honor that he could keep his court filled with violators of the twelve-mile limit by arresting every motorist on the boulevard who was not actually engaged in mending his tires or fanning the engine, he fined me twenty dollars. Perhaps I did not help my case by mentioning the already notorious fact that the police car (the department had recently bought one for snooping purposes) was constantly running at fifteen miles or better on streets within the seven-mile limit. It took every soiled one-dollar bill on my person to pay that fine; and as I heaped the crumpled money on the clerk's desk, in a stack that seemed immense, the conviction overcame me that the wages of sin are even more harrowing than as pictured in the Scriptures.

II

I recount these experiences in the early days of motoring to bring out this point: from the first there was a conviction that an instrument of danger was coming on to the highways. After having been kept apart for generations, machine transportation with its machine speeds was leaving its protective rails and invading the safe paths of horses and men. The new anxiety had its first crude expression in attempts to hold the automobile down to somewhere near the speed of the horse. In a vague way it was expected to behave like a horse.

But the lawmakers of that day were ignoring a fundamental twist in human nature: a contrivance built to run forty miles an hour was going to be run forty miles an hour, laws and ordinances notwithstanding. They did not see the motor car as an inevitable step in the development of our civilization. Even to-day our incoherent protests against motor killings reveal us as still horse-minded, still quite unable to grasp the wholly changed character of the highways, and not yet ready to accept the fatalities as a necessary feature of motoring.

The motor car was never a substitute for the horse. Every horse that vanished took his seven-mile gait and his kindly intelligence with him, and every motor car put into commission brought its own speed and its brainless tons of steel to the road. The old safety of the highways is gone forever as surely as the automobile has come to stay.

A doleful picture? Not at all — a mere statement of fact. In the face of constantly improving safety regulations, motor fatalities in the eleven years of 1920–1930 rose without one year of decrease from 12,542 to 33,000. Of still greater significance, the *rate* of kill is increasing faster than the increase in the number of cars on the road; the rate per 100,000 registrations rose without a break in the last five years of the period from 106.6 to 124.4.[1] This shows the extra penalty added each year by the increasing congestion; yet motor enthusiasts tell us that the 'saturation point' for automobiles is a long, long way in the future!

In order to appreciate better the inevitableness of these casualties we might go back to the days before the advent of motor cars and have a look at the thirty-year struggle for the elimination of railroad grade crossings. From the beginning of railroads, that intermittent streak of irresponsibility in mankind known as carelessness had recognition in stringent rules against walking on the railroad tracks. Many men could not seem to realize the dangers completely, if at all. If a trespasser had the sense and agility to get from between the rails of a train coming head-on, he was quite as likely as not to step over to the adjacent track and be taken in the rear by an engine bound in the opposite direction. Whether he would do this was not wholly a matter of his intelligence; it depended on whether his intelligence was working at the time.

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[1] All figures were obtained from the National Safety Council of Chicago and the Interstate Commerce Commission of Washington. — AUTHOR

But for fifty years the railroads entertained a fading hope that at their grade crossings the display of ten-foot signs, 'Look Out for the Cars,' 'Beware of the Engine,' 'Stop, Look, Listen,' might save a goodly portion of the vacuous-minded from self-destruction. As a matter of fact, the signs warned few besides those who would have been warned anyway by the obvious railway tracks. The only thing that saved a goodly portion of all others was the absence of trains while they were placidly driving Dobbin across the rails.

By the time the daisies were growing above the gathered remains of a few hundred thousand, the work of abolishing grade crossings was on in dead earnest. Slowly the work proceeded through the years — a huge, expensive concession, without another mortal excuse, to the discovery that in the presence of high mechanical speeds some people are careless most of the time and most people are careless some of the time.

After the grade crossings in congested districts had been pretty well abolished, there remained a vast number throughout the country whose removal was either impracticable or seemed unwarranted; and, since the fundamentals in human nature do not change with the generations, these continued to furnish their usual quota of accidents. Indeed, with the advent of motor cars the fatalities at crossings increased enormously. There seems to be something in the motorist's sense of his own speed that leads him to imitate the roadside hen in his efforts to cross ahead of the cars instead of behind them. In 1930, 1247 motorists in the United States so far miscalculated relative speeds that they crashed into the sides of moving trains, with a resultant kill of 238 and injury of 1756. The hen may be short of intellect, but it is something to her credit that she usually manages to perish under the front wheels.

To meet this new emergency at grade crossings, the usual warning signs were supplemented with various mechanical contrivances put in motion by the oncoming train, such as great red flares and overgrown baby rattles suspended over the highway. Among the latest of these appeals to moronic motorists are grotesque wooden arms set to wigwagging in mid-air, after the manner of the fond mother who waves colorful objects before the eyes of her offspring in the hope of drawing therefrom a gleam of intelligence. In every one of these silly devices at grade crossings we acknowledge an uncounted number of hopelessly infantile grown-ups among those who are supposed to have brains enough to drive on the highway. But the new life-saving gewgaws are practically useless for stopping people so obtuse that glaring signs, shrieking whistles, and thundering trains do not impress them. They are dead ripe for the annual harvest of the innocents who blunder into eternity by way of the cowcatcher.

The significant point is that many years and several generations of steady killings at grade crossings have taught the people next to nothing in the way of caution. Human incompetency in dealing with swift motion seems to hold at virtually a fixed level for the general population.

III

Now, in the traffic conditions of 1931, when every thoroughfare is a complexity of shifting colored lights and every busy intersection makes the busiest railroad crossing look like a deserted country lane, what has become of all that we learned about human frailty from the grade crossing?

We have forgotten it, ignored it. Our intricate motor-traffic system is based on the assumption that every motorist has the safe qualities of an engineer, and it reckons every pedestrian above child size as a perennial bloom of caution. All exceptions, especially when they are revealed by a killing, fill us with pained surprise. The only persons exempt from this charge of infallibility are the children — a wise discrimination, although they differ only in being habitually careless while their elders are intermittently so. Signs posted, 'Danger! School Ahead,' serve a good purpose; but if this precaution were carried to its limits of usefulness there would be other signs, such as 'Slow Up! Several Absent-minded Professors Live on This Street,' or, at certain intersections, 'Look Out! Morons Unusually Plentiful Around Here.'

We get a steadily mounting annual kill mainly because our motor-traffic regulations make no allowance for the intermittent childishness of grown-ups. And the plague of it is that traffic movement cannot be slowed down to protect the few who happen to be in a mental lapse without bunching the cars almost to a standstill. With the present enormous masses of automobiles, speed is the one essential for escape from hopeless congestion. At the turn of the signal the traffic officer waves frantically for speed, and more speed; between signals it is speed alone that keeps the line from backing up solidly through all the intersections. Out on the thoroughfares speed makes up for the delays of getting through the tangle of guarded crossings, and one motorist on an honest lookout for 'dumbheads' draws the wrath of the halting line behind him.

Yet for the alert, the competent, both in cars and afoot, these permitted speeds are not generally excessive, and traffic arrangements are usually adequate, often more than adequate, for their protection. The system already is perfected beyond the perfection of the human beings it aims to serve. No multiplying of precautions is going to put caution into either motorists or pedestrians scattered through the mass who are in the mood for blundering. These will continue to kill and be killed so long as twenty-seven million motor cars on our roads move fast enough to get out of each other's way.

IV

What are the means for reducing motor accidents? Statistics show that a surprisingly small proportion of the casualties result from material imperfections, such as signals out of order, defective cars, or poor roads; they charge the vast majority to the erratic performances of human beings, both in cars and afoot. Then, if there is to be any significant relief, it must come through some correction of this faulty human element.

First, consider the intermittently vacuous-minded among pedestrians. Unlike children, they cannot be recognized by their size and given special consideration — nor by any other feature, since the momentary lapse is often from a state of high intelligence. Neither can policemen lead them by the hand across the street, because there is no way of telling just when this ought to be done. They fall victims quite impartially to drivers careful and careless. The best we can hope to do for an uncertain percentage of their kind is to send or omit flowers, as the relatives request.

A pedestrian inattentive, miscalculating, reckless, endangers only himself; but when the same sort of individual gets behind a steering wheel he becomes a menace to every cautious motorist and pedestrian within range of his machine. Here we have the chief killer. What do we do to discover him before he kills?

Almost nothing. Again we are hopelessly horse-minded. The same promiscuous lot that once had barely wits enough to hold the reins over an intelligent horse are permitted to run fifty-horse machines whose actions must be humanly controlled every moment. Twenty-six states do not require so much as a license to drive, while only seventeen out of the forty-eight states require any instruction or demonstration of fitness; and in most of these seventeen states anyone, from a doddering old man to a sixteen-year-old girl who can back a car around twice in the same half hour without maiming the teacher, is entitled to a license.

Driving uncovers a multitude of faults which the most foolhardy pedestrian has no chance to exhibit. A driver may be intermittently vacuous or always rattle-headed, flighty of judgment in crises, a daring 'show-off,' or a 'poor fish' afraid of his shadow. Temperamental unfitness figures high on the casualty list. In cases of emergency it matters little to the undertaker whether the motorist is stubborn for his last inch or wobbles uncertainly under orders from the back seat. The most dangerous of all are the 'drunks'; but for crazy performance at the wheel a close second to the part-time drinker is the one-arm petter. Thirty per cent of all fatalities in 1930 involved drivers under twenty-five years of age. Papa's only son comes home from college with a pack of youths who help him tear open the night with the big family car, and little daughter takes out the boys and girls in a three-ton locomotive as soon as she has learned how to use her feet on the funny things sticking up through the floor.

If we could ever get through thinking of the automobile as an exaggerated horse and treat it as a powerful, insensate machine requiring a vastly more careful selection of driver than any span of horses, one more gleam of sanity would be added to the few now pervading the motor mania. The National Safety Council made a careful study of accidents in the eight states which have the soundest driving-license and examination laws. From the study it derived an estimate that these states had reduced their normal expectation of motor fatalities 29 per cent. Yet none of the eight states has a system of licensing drivers that can be dignified by the term 'selection'; they merely throw out a few of the obviously unfit and let everybody else drive.

Probably the country's total of motor fatalities could be reduced by several thousand if the other forty states were to have even as mildly restrictive driver-licensing laws as the eight; but a much greater saving of life would be possible if every state in the Union were to compel a selection of drivers commensurate with the obvious demands of a road locomotive. Why this extraordinary backwardness in the effort to get safe drivers?

V

Again there is the self-assertive twist in human nature: a universal desire for anything under heaven has never yet been known to put an effective curb upon itself. In a country where nearly everybody wants to drive, nearly everybody is going to drive, and that settles for good the prospect of any adequate selection of drivers. All prohibitions are got up by those who do not happen to want the thing they are prohibiting. In this country, outside of drivers and the obviously decrepit, there are not enough people left to fight for real competency in men and women at the wheel to make a dent in the popular will to drive.

To illustrate the idea further: the trolley car is as easily and as quickly controlled as any good automobile; it is run usually at lower speeds, and its clearly defined rails make it a safer driving proposition. Yet because nobody wants to drive a trolley car except for pay, careful selection of its operators is assumed as a public necessity. None but mature men of proved judgment and caution are permitted at the controls. How scared we should be at seeing chatty high-school girls, or Antonio the fruit peddler, running a trolley car up the street as a holiday diversion! And nobody thinks of taking in the motorman as one of a gay party aboard; we are not allowed to speak to the motorman, much less pet him while he is running the car.

Mass psychology born of the universal will to drive has made impossible a proper conception of the motor car as a locomotive running intimately among frail human beings. We accept its killings reluctantly, but nothing like as reluctantly as we should submit to restrictive laws in keeping with its power to kill. Since initial selection for fitness to drive is unattainable, the next best means for achieving greater safety on the road lies in the rigid exclusion of all drivers found guilty more than once of gross carelessness or of driving while drunk. One such offense on the part of a trolley operator would bar him forever. Yet, against the popular will, not one state in the Union has been able to make more than a fair beginning in the elimination of unfit drivers. Complete statistics are not available, but all records show that a remarkably high percentage of casualties is chargeable to motorists who have been involved in one to a dozen previous accidents, or have been excluded from the road, or, in licensing states, never have had licenses. Prohibition of incompetent drivers is decidedly more difficult to enforce than prohibition of liquor, for the will to drink is nowhere near as universal as the will to drive.

If we must tolerate unfit drivers, why not try to worry them into a semblance of fitness by a rigorous system of supervision on the road, with sure penalties for every infraction of the rules for safe driving, regardless of whether the breach of road etiquette causes an accident or not? The scheme has possibilities. The same public opinion that does not favor the withholding or canceling of licenses might view without alarm the depleting of the other fellow's pocketbook in the interest of safety. Traffic officers at intersections, instead of 'bawling out' each petty offender, would take his number and hand him the ominous card. 'Speed cops' in the more open spaces would have their functions extended to cover the many other infringements of rules and common sense that go to make up unsafe driving.

VI

Take as an instance the passing of the car ahead at curves or hills on narrow highways — a prolific source of accidents, mainly because it has to be done at increased speed and on the wrong side of the road. Probably nineteen out of twenty habitually reckless passers escape a terrific crash only because there happens to be no obscured car coming head-on. That is one reason why they have the habit. Now if they could be made to contribute handsomely for a few of their successful passes, there might be less of this important menace to safety on the roads. And so with driving off-side, making forbidden turns, suddenly speeding up as a car attempts a legitimate pass, overrunning signals and failing to give the proper hand signals, and habitually taking chances with motorists and pedestrians alike — a cash penalty for each offense might induce a perfunctory caution among the naturally careless and reduce those thousands of daily violations which seem always to 'get by' through sheer luck, while as a matter of fact they are furnishing a good part of the daily casualties.

The best feature of this scheme would be its getting at the careless driver before instead of after he has demonstrated with an accident. It would give a drill in safety to a lot of unpromising human material in whom any increase in caution would be a godsend to the community. But the scheme's fatal weakness lies in the obvious fact that it would take a few million more traffic officers to make it work. These offenses occur at all hours of the day and night, on every block of every city street and anywhere along the country roads; nothing but the immediate presence of 'the cop' checks the carelessness of habitual offenders. So far as this supervision could be achieved, it would undoubtedly result in the saving of lives. But the limit of public toleration for both the added expense and such intimate police regulation of all motorists would be reached long before the attainment of adequate supervision. The efforts of present traffic, tagging, and speed officers might profitably be extended to include a general drive on carelessness; but, as a constructive measure, chasing incompetent drivers over the endless highways to impose fines is a mighty poor substitute for the proper choosing of those who are fit to be on the road.

After all, there is a left-handed consolation in the thought that the ideal selection of drivers would not reduce the fatalities more than a few thousand. We can never make a selection of competent pedestrians; and carelessness, the main source of all accidents, has demonstrated itself as a fixture in the human constitution. The best we can expect of our most valiant efforts is to hold the killings down to an irreducible minimum. The trouble lies deeper than in bad driving. It lies in the *fundamental incompatibility* of machines and men, steel and flesh, in a running mix-up on the highways. Nothing on earth can make their intimacy safe.

All things considered, we are doing very well against impossible odds, and the price of such safety as we have is eternal vigilance. The record for 1930 of 33,000 killed and approximately 1,150,000 injured — 1 per cent of our total population — must be pretty close to the irreducible minimum. So long as we do not relax our efforts to keep the accidents down we may as well accept complacently an annual slaughter that will increase not only with the increase in the number of cars, but also with the rise in the kill per car — the inevitable penalty of greater congestion. Possibly this rise in the kill per car will become sufficiently alarming to change our views on the 'saturation point' of automobiles; but this effect on us is not likely. Eventually we may arrive at the comfortable stage in which the normal rise in casualties will not particularly annoy us, while a temporary drop would be hailed with genuine satisfaction.

THREE BOOKS RE-READ

I. FOR THE FOURTH TIME — OR IS IT THE FIFTH?

'At a certain village in La Mancha . . .' So
The tale began. I paused and raised my head,
Hearing a soundless voice that seemed to flow
Out of mid-morning peace. 'My friend,' it said,
'Do you remember your unhappiness
Some years ago? You paid too great a price
For what you gained from life, and less and less
Content you were. You begged me for advice.
You said you wanted leisure, time to dream,
To think, to read for days when so inclined;
Or, stretched in leafy shade beside a stream,
To loaf as long as ever you had the mind.
How to obtain this leisure was the question
You posed to me; and this was my suggestion:

'First, that you store up, without stint or measure,
Wealth that was yours; that compassed you about.
So blind you were, you could not see the treasure
You had in things that you could do without.
Once you began, came freedom and heart's-ease;
You found yourself a king in your own right.
Choosing then the books you loved, with these
Under your arm, you vanished from my sight.
And here I find you, still my counsel heeding.
Tell me, have you some unfulfilled desire?'
'One,' I replied; 'for the first time to be reading
This tale of Don Quixote and his squire.'

'God bless my soul!' the soundless voice replied;
'Some men, it seems, are never satisfied!'

II. MR. SANTAYANA'S 'SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND'

Once, when I had traveled a lonely way
Through thickly settled country, bleak and bare
And comfortless, and no one seemed to care
How desolate it was — how grim, how gray;
Seeking shelter toward the close of day,
Suddenly I spied a garden, where
No garden should have been. I stopped to stare,
Not knowing what to do, or think, or say.

High-walled it was, and secret, but a door
Stood open . . . invitation manifest
For someone . . . whom? Perhaps, I thought, for me;
And so I entered, tired and spirit-sore.
There was I welcomed like an honored guest
By one who is all I could wish to be.

III. CHARLES LAMB'S LETTERS

No shock it was to see a misty queerness
Gathering about an empty chair;
I had a premonition of his nearness,
And, looking up again, I found him there.
We talked at ease, without the least constraint,
Of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hunt;
And when I asked of Manning, with a faint
Twinkle, he said: 'Still punning . . . in a punt
Along the Styx; he rarely comes ashore.'
'Always alone?' I ventured to inquire.
'Not always, I admit.' . . . 'Lamb, tell me more
(It is n't late) about your friend, George Dyer.'

The words were like a bellows to a forge,
And till the dawn of day the theme was George.

James Norman Hall

EVE CALLS IT A DAY

BY FRIEDRICH RITTER

I

In my last article[1] I promised to have you as my guest for one day so that you might see for yourselves just what it means to be a modern Adam and Eve. Welcome, then, to Friedo, our Garden of Peace. And may you find your hours with us as stimulating and enjoyable as we have found each day of the year and a half that we have lived here — one man and one woman alone upon a tiny island in the tropical Pacific!

This charming young lady whom you seem to be so surprised to meet in this desolate wilderness is Dore, my inseparable companion, who came out with me from Germany and has worked industriously beside me, sharing the heavy toil of subduing the jungle to make this little clearing which we call home. Here is our house — just a rude shelter, as you see, but enough to serve all our present purposes. Over there our permanent abode is nearing completion, each stone of it laboriously carried up from the lower ground below and placed in position by Dore and myself. We are proud of it. Before the day is done I shall take you through it and point out some of the novelties of its construction, which, I flatter myself, are quite ingenious.

Meanwhile, take a turn through the garden — a monument to our faith or foolishness, call it what you will. Each inch of that black soil we had to win by almost superhuman effort from a jealous and rebellious nature. Then, after we had won it, we had to fight to keep it; day and night we guarded the growing things against insect swarms and against marauding bands of cattle, asses, hogs, as well as lesser plagues of cats and dogs. All of these animals were once domesticated, but when they were abandoned by their owners they went native, and now they roam wild over the island in search of food. In spite of everything, however, the garden lives and supplements the native fruits to feed us abundantly.

You see that clump of palm trees over there? From beneath their roots a large spring bubbles up to supply us with drinking water and to irrigate the garden through the ditches that crisscross between the beds. Farther on, that thicker growth of trees is our orchard. As if to compensate us for the trouble she has caused us in the cultivation of domesticated vegetables, nature has made ready to our hand a bountiful reserve of native fruits — papayas, oranges, bananas, pineapples, guavas, lemons, and coconuts.

These black lava cliffs that form a wall about us on three sides will tell you plainly enough that our Friedo lies in the crater of an extinct volcano. Through the open end you can look out on the blue, unruffled sea, which washes with a scarcely audible murmur the sandy beach five hundred feet below. Beyond our crater rim, in the interior of the island, stretches a waste land of volcanic rock covered with an almost impenetrable thicket of brown thorn bushes. We live, you see, in a natural amphitheatre — fertile, luxuriant, ample for all our needs; and it also serves us as an impregnable fortress against any possible intruders.

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[1] Printed in the November *Atlantic*. — Editor

Thus, though we dwell here alone on the Island of Floreana, a mere ten-mile speck upon the bosom of the Pacific, we have no fear of molestation. Our nearest neighbors are more than one hundred miles away on the next island of the Galapagos group, while the mainland of South America is five times as far distant to the eastward. Here we are completely isolated from what we regard as the evils of modern society.

II

In the restlessly active world of modern civilization everyone recognizes the dynamic urges which move it from day to day and year to year along the path of so-called progress. This creative restlessness is the very essence of life, and you wonder how there can be any dynamic power to motivate the existence of two solitary beings here in the primeval quietness of the Pacific, where we are so utterly cut off from our fellow men. Must not the joys of activity be stifled in the monotony of our daily round? Must not the 'man of culture' become little better than an animal, finding his only satisfactions in alternating between food and sleep?

Certainly the animal instinct in man, like every other part of his nature, seeks its development, and woe to that man who would attempt an experiment such as ours if his culture, like that of so many moderns, has been wholly concerned with the external irrelevancies of life — with the mere niceties of manners and good form as society prescribes them. Here, the thin veneer of sophistication would soon be torn to shreds on these Galapagos thorns and only the animal would be left. Then the process of degeneration would continue in the direction indicated by Nietzsche: 'The wilderness increases; woe to him who carries it in his heart.'

With most men, culture is only an aptitude acquired by training, just as tameness is acquired by the beasts in a circus; in both cases the surface gloss disappears as soon as the creatures are given back to their natural surroundings. But the man of true culture has grown together with it; the two are inseparable. Wherever he may be, this deeper culture which he has made a part of his enriched personality will find some suitable expression, or he will perish with it; but he cannot put it off like a garment and sink to the level of an animal. In reality, then, there is no 'back to nature' as Rousseau thought. There is only a passing through culture to the wisdom of self-knowledge.

For endurance in solitude it is indispensable that a man should be able to find pleasure in satisfying the smallest demands of everyday life. The more intellectual one's nature, the greater is the temptation to try to make one's self master of the humdrum and the disagreeable by observing a rigid time-table in their performance. But this is suicidal to the intellect. Before long such a time-table, instead of being a man's servant, becomes his master, and drives him along as inexorably as if he were a machine. The imperious requirements of his schedule leave him no time for contemplation.

We, for our part, do not try to observe a set programme. We let our actions be determined not so much by outward necessities as by the demands of duty which we feel inwardly. This gives to our life a certain mixed rhythm, in which periods of feverish physical exertion are alternated with periods of quiet reflection, reading, or conversation. I have sometimes wished that I could order my life a little more by a fixed time-table. If followed in moderation, a schedule is conducive to systematic thinking, as Kant's daily walk to his philosophy. But this I have never been able to achieve; I am not made that way. I must be content with the mixed rhythm of life which my nature seems to require. After all, it has its compensations.

For example, it is now the middle of the Galapagos winter, and for several days we have been kept indoors by a dust-fine, powdery rain which has transformed the landscape with its magic mantle. Mountain, forest, and sea appear like the unreal objects in a dream. It is the world of a poet's fantasy. Every sharp outline becomes a shadow in the mist, every angle a curve; the whole prospect is that of a wild, exotic picture seen through the meshes of a silken veil. The rain falls noiselessly; only the patter of heavy drops of moisture from the trees breaks the silence.

Unfortunately, when the rain comes it brings hordes of mosquitoes. They attack us unmercifully during the evenings, especially in the months from February to April, and we have to make sure that the netting about our beds is carefully adjusted before we retire. We take advantage of the weather to lie abed late in the mornings and contemplate lazily the drenched and steamy out-of-doors. At the moment, Dore and I are both writing. The rainy season gives us an excellent opportunity to rest after our strenuous exertions of the preceding months, and we seize the occasion to set down our philosophic meditations, to read our favorite books, or to pen letters to friends in Germany, trusting that some ship may eventually pass this way to pick them up.

Beside me as I write, one of our tame cats is curled up in a box, apparently feeling none the worse for having eaten four poisonous sparrows. We gave her up for lost, but she surprised us by disgorging her deadly meal and reviving again. A strong wind has just sprung up and is blowing the rain out to sea. The clouds have momentarily parted; the sun bursts forth in a golden flood; every wet leaf and blade of grass has become a sparkling jewel.

III

Seldom are our nights as quiet as one would expect them to be on a solitary island. If there is no other sound, there is always the soughing of the wind in the trees. Then there are the animals. These wild things of the Galapagos sleep during the hours of daylight and spend the nights feeding, fighting, and making rowdy love.

At almost any time we can hear, either close at hand or in the remote distance, the ardent braying of numerous asses or the half-anxious, half-threatening bellowing of bulls. The latter lead their cows and calves down into our valley to graze, and even if they don't break through the fence into our garden, we can hear them outside. Sometimes loud snortings or the sharp snapping of twigs and branches will proclaim a battle between two bulls. Again, the lowing of cows just beyond our door may warn us that our premises have been invaded. Only last night I awoke to see a cow grazing not ten feet from my couch. I softly arose and stole almost to her side before she saw me; then, with such agility as I should hardly have thought so clumsy a beast capable of, she galloped away and leaped clear over our fence, which is four feet high. More disagreeable intruders are the pigs, as black as crows, of which I related a special episode in my last article.

Sometimes we are disturbed by the barking of the wild dogs. They run in packs and frequently attack the asses, which defend themselves by kicking and biting. Whenever one of the dogs lets out a sudden yelp louder than the general chorus, we know that he has received a knock-out blow from some agile hoof. The prowling cats of the island are also as noisy as cats are wont to be. One night I was summoned from my bed by the pitiable mewing of our domesticated she-cat. I found her in the topmost branch of an acacia tree, whither she had fled from the pursuit of a wild tomcat. The event proved, however, that our tabby was well able to take care of herself, and, womanlike, was merely calling for sympathy after the danger was past. At the foot of the tree lay her fierce assailant stone-dead, his throat artery slashed as neatly as if it had been cut by a knife.

When the night life of the island has ceased raging two or three hours after midnight, we hear the first impatient crowing of our domesticated cocks, and they repeat their signals at measured intervals. (Unhappily, mute cocks have not yet been bred.) Soon the voices of many birds announce the dawn, and, except in the rainy season, we arise with the sun. The temperature allows complete nakedness even at this early hour. My first business is to walk through the garden to see whether a pig has broken through, or whether the wind has blown down a banana or a papaya tree, or whether the cockroaches and wood lice have been too voracious. On the way I gather ripe fruits for breakfast. Dore's first trip is to the hens, which eagerly wait to be let out and fed.

After breakfast we plan the day's work. If it happens to rain, early morning being the favorite time for showers even in the dry season, we read or write till the cloud passes. Then we toil on the further completion of our settlement — sometimes in the garden, sometimes upon the building of our permanent house.

By noon the heat becomes oppressive and all nature settles into an exhausted respite. Many of the tropical plants fold up their leaves to avoid the burning rays of the sun. The only creatures stirring are gorgeous yellow butterflies that tumble drunkenly above the blossoms of the garden. By this time heat and hunger remind us of dinner. This is our big meal of the day, and we follow it with a siesta during which we rest, read, or sleep until about three o'clock. The hills are now beginning to throw long shadows, the day grows refreshingly cooler, and we return to our work where we had left it at noon.

When darkness comes on, our active day is ended. The sun sets blood-red into the western ocean. The night wind springs up and scatters ripples over the surface of the water. The great yellow disk of a tropical moon sheds a soft, golden light which dances and shimmers over the trembling waves. The sandy shore line becomes a silver band. We withdraw to our shelter, where, without eating again, we settle down under a large mosquito net to read or write by the light of a kerosene lantern until slumber overcomes us.

This is the ordinary routine of our daily life. Of course, it is frequently interrupted by the varying necessities of the moment. It may happen, for example, that we will read or write for two or three days running if our interest in a certain subject compels us to do so. Or again, great numbers of seed-eating birds, which we have named Galapagos sparrows, may descend upon the garden and force us to undertake a campaign against them. My only defense in such emergencies is a shotgun, but, in spite of my 90 per cent accuracy in aim, we cannot notice any marked decrease in their numbers.

Thus life for us is one continuous battle. With it all, however, we feel that we are growing in a closely harmonized union with our surroundings. At the end of each day we have the satisfying sense that we have lived completely, with a full utilization of all our powers.

IV

We have now practically exhausted the store of foodstuffs which we brought with us from Germany. Consequently we are subsisting wholly upon the produce of our own agriculture and the native fruits with which nature has so bountifully supplied us. Occasional seamen who put in at the island for water have frequently asked us why we do not adorn our table with steaks and chops when there are so many wild cattle and hogs in the hills about us. The answer is that Dore and I are both vegetarians. We do not eat meat, partly as a matter of principle and partly as a matter of taste. We really prefer a vegetarian diet. We have learned by experience that we feel better, both mentally and physically, when we eat no flesh.

As I have already indicated, we find that we are amply nourished on only two meals a day. We breakfast wholly on fruits. At the midday meal we distinguish a sweet food and a salt food. We prefer the first, but, since we also have need of the second, we alternate two days of sweet food with one of salt food. Our sweet food consists of two beaten eggs, raw, with bananas or other fruit and cane-sugar sap, either fresh or as syrup. Salt food is composed of several raw or cooked greens and root vegetables, with peanut butter or oil.

We have no grain at all, and I am glad that we have got entirely rid of flour dabbling. When I was practising medicine in Europe I exerted myself for years to discover some satisfactory method of utilizing grain, but to no avail. With the exception, perhaps, of raw oat cakes and malted wheat gruel, all my dietary experiments with cereals proved disappointing. The reason for this failure was the obvious one that man is not a grain-eating chicken. The chronic 'flour diseases' with which mankind is afflicted could rapidly be eliminated if people would simply omit bread from their diet.

Fats and oils we have not yet been able to produce in Friedo as abundantly as we could wish. All nut trees require many years before they reach maturity, and the almonds and hazelnuts which we planted did not germinate. To be sure, we have native coconuts and are cultivating peanuts, but we should like more variety. Still, we can get along well enough for the present.

Albumen we get in eggs, lima beans, and peanuts, which in addition to their fats contain about 15 per cent albumen. Potatoes and yams provide us with carbohydrates. Then, too, we always have bananas, which we eat only when they are fully ripe, never in their green state. In ripe bananas a great part of the relatively indigestible starches are transformed into aromatic and easily digestible sugar.

In my last article I mentioned that we planted sugar cane very soon after our arrival in the Galapagos. We thought by this means to escape from dependence upon white sugar, which has so much of its very best part removed in its manufacture. Our expectations of having some good natural sugar grew apace with the growing cane, but we were soon to learn the difficulties that are involved in its extraction. The cane fibre is exceedingly tough, and with the primitive means at our disposal we found ourselves devoting a great deal of time to getting a very small quantity of syrup. By trial and error we attempted three different methods before we hit upon one which was reasonably successful.

We first proceeded in this fashion: we peeled the cane and then I pounded it on a rock with a heavy hammer, finally wringing out the fibres with my bare hands, much as though they were a handkerchief. In three quarters of an hour my hands were blistered, and I had only a litre of juice to show for my pains. The fibres, of course, still remained sweet with a large content of sugar which I had been unable to extract; so we boiled them for several hours and produced two more litres of juice of slightly less concentration. The three litres of sap we then boiled down for another two hours, and in the end got from them only half a litre of yellow, honeyed syrup.

After this unsatisfactory attempt we tried another method. We took the whole canes and chopped them up crosswise in thin slices. These we placed in iron pots, poured water over them, and set them to boil. All our vessels were pressed into service during this experiment. My hands were thus saved, and by nightfall we had achieved about six litres of sap — just twice as much as we had obtained in the same length of time by the other method. On the whole the results were gratifying, for the sap was rather clear after straining. But this, too, had a catch in it. Overnight a sour film formed over the top of our precious extract; we had to remove it and boil the remainder again in order to save it. Neither process, then, was practicable.

Finally we concluded that we should have to employ machinery, and I succeeded in constructing a crude but relatively efficient lever press for crushing the cane. I selected a thick-forked branch of a tree and dug the long end of it into the ground so that it looked like a large letter Y lying on its side. The shorter branch I leveled into shape as a pressing block. Dore discovered that it was easy and comfortable to sit upon the free end of the branch and, by swinging to and fro upon it, press the sap out of the cane which was placed between the forks. We call this apparatus 'Dore's sugar swing.' By devoting all the forenoons of one month to operating it, we swung out ninety gallons of sugar sap. The net result, after it was boiled down, was about a hundredweight of thick sugar honey.

We are so well pleased with our invention that we don't wish for a more perfect press for our limited purposes. To be sure, the mystery of refining sugar from the syrup is still one of our unsolved problems, but this does n't trouble us. We can get along very nicely without sugar in granulated form. The syrup answers every purpose, and when it is mixed with various fruit juices it makes a splendid sweet drink. Thus we are able to provide all the sugar that our bodies require, and are independent of any import.

As for refined sugar, we simply do without it — and it is no hardship. The human body does n't call for it, anyhow; in fact, it is often actually harmful. Any Robinson Crusoe who has been spoiled by civilization would do well to learn from horses and asses to use his teeth, tongue, and palate to manufacture sugar whenever it is necessary. But let him beware if he attempt to obtain it by chewing the cane! Civilized man with teeth reënforced by porcelain or gold must look to his fillings; unless he is careful he may swallow his hardware instead of his sugar.

V

If people hear that we are not yet living in a house, not even a log cabin, but that we have camped for many months under a provisional roof of corrugated iron, they will think us very casual and gypsylike. In the climate of the Galapagos, however, a large mosquito net and a water-tight roof are almost shelter enough. Still, we are longing for a more comfortable lodging, and already it is taking form. Since I must be architect and workman at the same time, as well as gardener and general handy man about the place, I must be economical with my strength. Naturally, the construction proceeds slowly.

In planning the house in which we expect to spend the rest of our days there were many special considerations which we had to bear in mind. In the first place, we wanted to set it high enough so that we could look out on the sea. For convenience we thought it ought to be as near the centre of the garden as we could build it without allowing it to cover any of the precious garden soil. An engineering requirement of no little importance was to place the building in such a position that we could run a pipe from the spring to give us a bath and running water. Aside from these obvious and practical matters, there were other more general considerations of equal importance.

As usual when I wish to solve a problem, I asked myself, 'What is the ideal solution?' — and then, 'How and where must this ideal be modified to make it conform to reality?' The most beautiful and also the most expedient ground plan for a house is undoubtedly the circle. Nature knows this. Does not every tree endeavor to round out its crown to a hemisphere? Are not our eyes, as well as our organs of touch, offended by points and corners? A circular ground plan is at the same time the most suitable from an economic point of view, because it encloses the largest area within the smallest circumference. Accordingly, the dome is the most beautiful roof; but it would be exceedingly difficult to carve a dome out of wood with my primitive tools. To erect circular walls of stone would also put too great a strain upon my ingenuity. Therefore we decided to compromise upon the form nearest approximating the ideal — an octagon for the ground plan and a pyramid for the roof.

In making the blueprints for any building a good architect never lets himself forget the sun. A house whose rooms are not harmoniously arranged to provide the best light for the varied purposes of the household is misbuilt. We agreed, therefore, that our bedroom should occupy the eastern side of the building, so that the sun might greet us with its warning to arise in the morning. The room for recreation and comfort should be on the south, where it would be bathed in sunshine throughout the day. The workroom should be in the western wing, for the setting sun announces the end of a day's work. On the shady north side we would build the kitchen, storerooms, staircase, and lavatory.

To fulfill these conditions we selected for our site what was originally the most barren spot in the valley; thus we should deprive the garden of none of its soil. To get elevation we decided to set the house on stone pillars; this would give us our much-desired view of the ocean, and we could pipe water into the basement for our bath. To give us a solid foundation we dug down to the rock at each angle of the house and sunk large lava shafts as corner stones. Upon these we piled up other blocks of stone to form the pillars and filled the space between the pillars with smaller rocks to make the walls. As mortar we employ a mixture of clay and sand. Of course it does not harden as lime mortar would, but it resists rain much better than I had expected. Moreover, when the roof goes on, it will extend out two feet or more to protect the walls from the weather.

The most tedious part of the work is in the selection of stones which will fit together. What a pleasure it would be if we only had some flat sediment rock to build with! But there is none on the island. We have only lava rock, and the earth spirits who made it show plainly that they knew nothing of Euclid's geometry. Even where it appears that they wanted to construct a straight edge on a stone it turns out curved, and all the right angles which they wanted to demonstrate are either acute or obtuse. (The only natural formations of any kind which I have found in my Galapagos quarry are a stone armchair, a couch, a few flat rocks that we shall use as plates, and two rectangular chunks that will serve as steps in our staircase.)

The refractory nature of our material is a great handicap to us, for in building the walls of a house one needs many straight edges and right angles. Here all the rocks are in whorls and curves. We must spend weary hours hewing them to some approximate shape that we can use. And the task entails risks of two kinds. First, I am not equipped with the tools of a stone mason. Second, these rocks are formed of lava which cooled unequally, and they are very tricky to work on. They are full of incalculable internal tensions. Stone splinters are continually cracking off at unexpected moments to threaten eyes and shin bones. Often after I have chiseled away for a long time the whole stone will burst and my toil goes for naught.

As soon as we had raised the walls breast high, we encountered a new obstacle. It became increasingly impossible to lift the rocks into position, even when we chose the smaller ones. Lacking cranes and pulleys, we had to fall back upon the ancient Egyptian method used in building the pyramids. We piled up earth to make an incline to the walls, and with great effort dragged the boulders up it. In this kind of work there is a constant danger that hands or feet may get crushed if we lose our grip and the stone starts sliding down the embankment. Once Dore nearly had her hand mashed in this way, and it seems a miracle that she got out of it with only three bruised fingers. On another occasion I forfeited a finger nail. Such accidents are all in the day's work; the best we can do is to take whatever precautions we can to avoid them.

Skilled masons with adequate tools could have finished the house long ago; for us it has been the labor of nearly a year, and it is still a-building. But it will not be many months now before the roof goes on and we can move in. Even if it had been possible to employ others in the construction of it, we should not have done so. Each stone that has gone into it has received the imprint of our thought and labor. We have derived a very real satisfaction from our toil — a satisfaction inferior only to that which we shall soon know when we begin to enjoy the fruit of it.

VI

On the beach of Post Office Bay there stands a famous hogshead or barrel which is known to many a seaman who frequents these latitudes of the Pacific. It was there when we arrived and it will doubtless still be there long after we have been dead and forgotten. This ordinary object represents the only distinguishing tradition of Floreana Island and has come to play quite an important rôle in our solitary lives, for it is our one link with the outside world. How or when it came there I know not, but it may possibly have been that the captain of some vessel which had run short of provisions first conceived the idea of setting the barrel on shore with a message describing his plight, so that some other ship that put in for water might see it and come to his assistance.

However this may be, the barrel is now an institution — a sort of Neptune's clearing house for messages between the ships that ply in these waters. A barque or steamer that chances to pass this way would not think of going by without sending a boat ashore to have a look-in at Floreana's barrel. Naturally, we too make use of it whenever we wish to communicate with civilization. The letters that we write to friends in Germany are left there for the next passing ship to take off, and whatever mail we receive is also deposited there for us.

Not very long after we settled here, we were surprised to discover that the barrel was yielding us a queer assortment of mail. It seemed that a newspaper in Berlin, learning from our friends that we had undertaken this strange experiment, published a long article about us and quoted some of the descriptive letters we had written home. Immediately we were deluged with inquiries from unknown people who were impatient to imitate our example. They begged to be allowed to join us and establish a community of 'like-minded souls.' Aspirations of escape are not uncommon in European society, but in all but the rarest instances the ambition to found a colony of this sort proceeds from a flabby and hysterical sentimentality.

Needless to say, we who had come so far to find a solitude in which we could meditate and live our own lives free from the distractions of social intercourse were rather appalled by the prospect of having our retreat become a haven of refuge for all the misfits of the world. Most of these appeals, therefore, I ignored completely. A few of them, written by people who seemed to be bolder spirits than the rest, called for positive action, and to these I wrote in the strongest language I could command, urging them not to follow us.

In spite of everything I could do, some of these folk have persisted in their romantic intentions, and from time to time one of them will suddenly turn up in the flesh. They come expecting to be treated like invited guests, and the only way we can deal with them is to make it clear in the beginning that we want to be alone and consider them intruders. We refuse to have anything to do with them. Fortunately for us, our little valley is circumscribed by acres of thorny hills. We are more than an hour's difficult journey from the nearest possible site for another settlement. We are able, therefore, to go about our own business indifferent to the presence of anybody else who may come to the island. Invariably the intruders find their enforced solitude unbearable, and in the end they go away, glad, no doubt, to return to civilization.

One newcomer who proved more pertinacious than any of the others finally came to me and confessed that he could not go on living the life of a hermit; it was too 'cold and unnatural,' particularly since we were there to keep him company if we only would. He ended by declaring that we should live closer together. To this I could only repeat what I had told him in the beginning, and send him away. We did not see him again for four weeks, and shortly thereafter he departed from our midst for good.

One day a lady from Berlin came ashore and calmly announced that she intended to live with us. Unlike all the other would-be colonists, she had no illusions about seeking solitude. She brought with her a complete menagerie consisting of four monkeys, a parrot, a dog, a rabbit, a cook, and a consumptive husband, who, she said, had been assured by a specialist that he would recover if he spent a year on Floreana. After looking over the island, the lady had concluded that the only place she could live was with us. I had to tell her frankly that she was mistaken; that that was the only place she could *not* live; that we could not undertake to house her zoo, and that we would not leave the valley. Finally she sailed away in the same ship that had brought her. Her darlings, the four apes, from whom she said she could not be parted for an instant, she abandoned in the wilderness of the Galapagos. Some days later one of them attacked us savagely in our hut and had to be shot; the others must have starved to death, for we have seen nothing of them.

At the moment a German private-school teacher has settled in the neighborhood. He brought with him a domesticated ass, but otherwise is quite alone. He enjoys rather a good view from his camp site, but he has no such oasis as ours. Besides, he has not prepared himself for this kind of life. He is already being galled by loneliness, and I do not doubt that he will soon go the way of the rest.

Thus we manage to preserve our independence in spite of all the attempts made against it. We never feel a want for human society, so long as we have each other, and never seek the companionship of strangers who may arrive on the scene. If any others chance to put in an appearance here — well, it may happen, but we shan't let it disturb us. The crater of our volcano is so small that there is no room left for others to appropriate. It is surrounded by such a vast extent of waste land that we are naturally insulated from any future settlement. Whatever the gods may have in store for us, we shall resolutely resist the establishment of a community of 'like-minded souls' in the district about our spring.

VII

Now that we have been living on our desert island for a year and a half, you will inevitably want to know how we feel about our experiment. Do not the hardships of our new existence sometimes make us wish for the comforts of Europe? Do we not occasionally experience a longing for human society? Do we not at times regret the decision which led us to this isolated spot? To all such questions I can honestly answer in the negative, and this goes for Dore as well as myself. With our present mode of life we are amply content. We look forward with confidence to spending the rest of our days here in the wilderness.

I realize, of course, that anything I may say upon this point may be received with a slight lifting of the eyebrows. I was responsible for the decision which brought us here, and it would not be unreasonable for others to think that I should naturally do my best to justify the consequences. Let me, then, submit the evidence of an impartial observer. *El Telégrafo*, a newspaper of Guayaquil, Ecuador, interviewed a naval officer who had paid us a visit. He had no reason to look upon us with special favor; he merely answered the questions that the reporter put to him and told what he had seen. I shall translate his interview verbatim: —

'We have been told, lieutenant, that a cultivated German doctor has been living a primitive life on one of the Galapagos Islands in an amazingly eccentric manner. Is this true?'

'Absolutely. A German couple are living as man and wife on Floreana in a very primitive fashion, distinguished from that of our early ancestors by the fact that both of them are highly educated and have moved in cultured European circles. They are living on a vegetable diet, shunning the use of meats, and they appear to thrive on it. Their thoughts are free from the prejudices of the civilized world. As for myself, I was surprised at such novelty and self-possession.'

'And how do this Adam and Eve procure their food?'

'From a small garden, hardly sufficient to guarantee their daily bread. Vegetables and fruits of every description form their meals and are prepared in natural dishes. While they eat they carry on a spirited conversation in German as though they were at a banquet. They are always cheerful and in harmony. They have completely forgotten the bitter struggle between man and man which characterizes life in society.'

'Did you notice any weariness or mental depression?'

'Quite the opposite. Rejoicing manifested itself in all their gestures, contentment at the sight of their surrounding wilderness. Neither the woman nor Dr. Ritter was the least bit excited by my visit. They are happy in their natural life, void of prejudice, affectation, and sordidness. Faith which cannot be shaken animates them. They seem to possess a supernatural ability to stand the silence — that mighty silence which is disturbed only by living creatures such as birds, reptiles, and other wild things.'

'What else did you notice worthy of comment?'

'Curiosity and a desire to see and speak with this German couple led me into the temporary dwelling where they have been living for several months. Decidedly original in its construction, it is built of branches to give it security and covered with corrugated iron plates. The interior is not at all inviting, being plain and sturdy for the necessities of life. They sleep on the floor like Adam and Eve in their earthly paradise. Dr. Ritter speaks Spanish indifferently. He told me that he intends to study nature at close range, and that he wishes to close his life in the midst of the primitive forest.'

So much, then, for our peace of mind.

To make our story complete I should perhaps add a brief footnote about some of the things we lack and with which we shall take measures to provide ourselves at the earliest opportunity. We have already ordered some garden tools and plants from Stumpp and Walter of New York, among which are two almond trees, two peach trees, two breadfruit trees, as well as some mixed seeds for the chickens. To protect our clothes against cockroaches and dampness we shall have to obtain some tight-fitting chests or trunks. For our food, too, we should like to have a metal box to keep out the ants and other insects. We have been cooking on an open hearth improvised of lava stones, but it is very smoky. We soon hope to remedy this by buying a small secondhand stove with some lengths of pipe to carry off the smoke. Except for these odds and ends, we are able to take care of all our needs as they arise.

This completes our little history. Perhaps in America people will be astonished to find such mystical religiousness, and so little sensationalism, as the motives for our endeavor. It is hard to believe in natural things naturally. But it ought not to be hard to understand that whether one lives in the temperate zone, the arctic, or the tropics, paradise is not impossible of attainment. It is only a state of the soul within one's self, and it consists of love, patience, and contentment. These are truly the entrance gates of heaven; since we possess all three, we do not ask for anything more.

FRANCE ON PARADE

BY SAMUEL SPRING

I

Of post-war world economics one pleasant thing at least can be said. Variety has been overflowing; monotony has not scummed the waters of events. New super-gods are ever arising from the depths. At first America was worshiped as the King of Kings. But with the loud collapse of America's miraculous era of scientific, machine-made prosperity, the world beheld the feet of clay on the great image of brassy materialism, and looked again toward the depths. Whereupon the apparition of a titanic Slavic Five-Year Plan convinced our economic watchers that Russia, with its iron-handed willingness to abandon haphazard individualistic development and to plan according to scientific, merciless laws, was the genuine miracle of the ages. . . . And now it is France.

Smiling, feminine, wronged France! France, who appealed yesterday so winsomely yet so sadly — and we now suspect so shrewdly — to the hearts of her allies! France, overwhelmed yesterday with fear of the Teuton hordes and begging only peace and protection and restoration for her outraged, defenseless soil! Even a Tory as cold-hearted and hard-headed as Austen Chamberlain was seduced; with awkward gallantry he bestowed England's protection and generosity upon a France in tears. Concession after financial concession was made by Tory England to her sorely wounded ally in the adjustment of reparations and of the costs of the World War, until the idealistic Laborite Snowden — far too late — adopted a genuinely cold-blooded, realistic policy and won an avalanche of laurels from Englishmen of all classes. The world had sympathetically watched France engage in an apparently losing fight in the battle of the franc, and had concluded that France, bled white, was doomed to stagger on for a generation or two under the heritage of a ruthless war and of an even more ruthless peace. France, however, shrewdly trusting in her own innate strength and to self-help, wept publicly, but toiled wisely and well.

So wisely and so well that within the last year a new France has suddenly risen before the world — a France possessed of the world's largest army, of the world's most formidable air force, of the world's second-largest hoard of gold, of the world's soundest, least shaken economic structure, of the world's most profitable colonial empire, of the world's most extensive array of loyal European allies all smilingly within the sphere of her influence. America's larger hoard of gold, when one considers comparative populations and comparative economic resources and needs, is in fact secondary in potency and in liquidity to that of France, for France's treasure is entirely a peace-time accumulation gathered through thrift — a hoard of wealth more mobile and more available for utilization abroad than that of America. And France shrewdly kept her gold and her short-term credits out of Germany, letting America and England take the risks, gain the perilous profits — and attempt to help world conditions along.

Unfortunately England, the rival of France for centuries in the European cockpit, seems to find that every staff she reaches for turns into a reed. Her great colonial empire has ceased to be an empire yielding wealth to London, and has become a hit-and-miss Federation of Commonwealths, each bringing its burdens rather than its trade to the mother country, and all treating the mother country cavalierly as they scramble after their own advantage. Compare tumultuous India and radical, well-nigh bankrupt Australia with Northern Africa, for example, as a docile outlet for manufactured products and as a field for capitalistic exploitation. France's ring of European satellites — Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia — are all at peace and for the moment are all trustful of their protecting guardian Goddess. Indeed, France has only one perplexity — Germany. And her fear of Germany has even grown less strident and more shrewdly objective.

II

The vaulting of the French cock to a perch where it can gayly crow over Europe and even America is not a whim of Fortune. Only if we glimpse the factors that have made it possible can we avoid heightened world antagonisms. Basically France's rise represents the triumph — momentary, perhaps, but nevertheless the triumph — of the older agricultural, non-industrial order of life. It represents the backward-glancing triumph of the soil. France of all the Great Powers has yielded least to the machine, to the modern industrial high-speed era. France is least dependent upon the vast outpouring of machine-made goods and the frantic scattering of such output by high-speed international trade and savagely stimulated domestic consumption. Her agriculture is diversified, rationalized, not an imitation of high-speed industrial overproduction.

In France, the siren doctrine of the Coolidge madness, singing that prosperity and security come from spending more and saving less, never seemed other than naked madness leading to disaster. Thrift, plain old-fashioned thrift, — the admonition 'Put money in thy purse,' — always has been and still is a high moral law of French life. A self-contained, agricultural country, with a rich, jealously closed market in its colonies, France is not dependent upon foreign trade. She is closer than America or Germany or England, or even Japan and Italy, to the simpler mode of life where a family, by diversified farming, simple needs, and deft skill, can sustain itself in happiness indifferent to events beyond the seas, or even beyond the township line. The Frenchman has clung tenaciously to the peaceful, though modest, security of a life without luxuries, beneath the shade of his own vine and fig tree.

If the present economic blizzard rages unchecked, it will not mean the somersault of capitalism into communism, as some suggest, but rather the return of the world to the French outlook, to simpler, self-contained, economic family units. France alone is not overwhelmed by our highly complex, ant-hill life of fast-pounding machines, frantic foreign trade, and ballyhoo sales propaganda. The Western world, excepting France, is economically without insulation; overproduction in one land leaps like lightning to other nations. France alone can seem indifferent. She prefers, to be sure, a prosperous world, to whom she can sell her luxuries and her styles; but she is not stricken to the marrow by an abrupt decline in foreign trade as are the machine-ruled industrial countries. And so long as the French spend a little less than the little they gather in, so long as they thriftily keep population down by birth control, a world depression will see them growing richer and increasingly indifferent to the spectre of an international trade debacle.

All that France fears is something which will upset the simple security of her self-contained life — a war. And since she needs her gold not at all to stimulate foreign trade, or to revive bankrupt buyers of her wares, she uses her gold for what she deems an apparently proper and natural use — to augment cannon as an instrument of foreign policy. England and America consider it constructive and peaceful to use gold solely to stimulate foreign trade, to stiffen the backs of purchasers so that they can and will buy more goods. For a nation to use gold to gain political ends, to scatter it abroad as a means of political rather than mercantile aggression, to lend it with black, sticky political strings attached, seems to these mercantile nations but another form of Prussian militarism. For a decade Prussian militarism rattled the sabre; France keeps her sword under a silken mantle, but rattles her gold. And France apparently does not appreciate that rattling gold for political ends gets on the world's nerves as sharply as did Prussia's rattling of the sabre.

The menace to world peace and to civilization to-day is thus a conflict of ideals. America, England, Germany, Japan, and Italy think in terms of trade; France, free from the harrowing terrors of declining trade, thinks in terms of political security — and perhaps of world power. To accuse France of Napoleonic dreams of world empire is unfair; America, England, and Germany have their Napoleonic dreams of dominating the world's markets. A nation dreams in terms of its experience, its hopes, and its fears. Our nightmares are the spectre of hard times; France's the spectre of invasion. Our happy dreams picture prosperity and the death of poverty. France pictures armies marching victoriously to fanfares of trumpets under the Arc de Triomphe, bringing centuries of security. This basic conflict of outlook cannot be ended by hard words or bitter bickering, for the dreams of both France and the rest of the world quickly transform themselves into nightmares. For us to snarl at France and France to smirk at us means the decline of both world prosperity and world peace.

An alliance of the machine-ruled nations against more simply organized France, an alliance which too clearly looms upon the horizon, would bring us back again to 1914. We have toppled Germany into the dust to our own loss and injury; to topple over France would only double the world's loss.

But France above all needs to be wise and understanding. In the event of another war, she will find herself helpless. Machines rather than trained soldiers win modern wars. With a vast aviation force already outmoded by the far speedier American and English aeroplanes; with a navy that can be sunk all too easily by English and German skill on the sea — as always has been the case, owing to French inaptitude with machines; with a backward skill and organization in the use of machines for making the munitions of war, France, pitted against Germany, with the English and American factories no longer at her elbow, as they were in the last war, would find her large army, her gold, her ring of allies of little avail. Just as the rest of the world must understand machine-free France, France must understand and make her peace with the machine-powerful, machine-afflicted balance of civilization. She has more to lose, for she is more vulnerable; she, not the rest of civilization, stands perilously near to the precipice of world isolation.

III

To insist, as the French love to do, that the conflict of ideals involved is basically a conflict between French realism and rationalism on the one side, and Anglo-Saxon opportunism and haste on the other side, is unfortunate, because it is not sufficiently realistic. We know that the Frenchman reasons more profoundly and more trustingly than does the Englishman, who worships common sense. The Frenchman is ever searching for rationalistic theories in politics and will die for his country, but will not pay heavy taxes. The Englishman muddles and patches and keeps his eye ever close to the practical facts of the moment, and is willing to pay taxes when the national budget shows that taxes have to be paid. The English and American point of view, in a word, is dictated by the necessities of modern high-speed business. Like a stock trader, the modern business man must shift and dodge and follow the facts of the day. The Frenchman, with his simpler, more even-paced economic structure, can be more theoretical and more consistent.

For example, the French tell us that a written agreement — a Treaty of Versailles, a Young Plan — is sacred and should not be lightly and quickly changed. The French cry out that to dishonor a writing, a contract, is the sin of sins. But the American and English, with their quick-shifting business eye on realities, believe in honoring but not in worshiping a written document. If a customer can't pay a note, written even on parchment, do not jump on him; give him a chance to regain his feet. After all, it is more important that he buys, if his failure to pay is due to temporary circumstances beyond his control rather than a dishonest effort not to pay. Worshiping anything that is impractical, to the Anglo-Saxon mind, is the sin of sins; written contracts must always be bent to fit the facts of the moment.

Coöperate with the buyer to the limit of the practical; never use arguments based on emotions rather than facts; never weep over spilt milk — these are the axioms of the machine age of trade which control the average American reaction to the German situation. For France to linger over her outrages suffered during the World War, and to begin and end every argument with that emotional note, is but the rôle of the wronged woman who reminds rather than forgets. France, for her own safety, must understand the point of view and the afflictions of the industrial nations. She must not expect the world to climb over the fence to her. She must adapt her attitude of mind and her manners to the manners of the rest of the world. Not that she should abandon her great economic advantages; but France should neither gloat nor be hard-hearted as she surveys the balance of the world.

America and England are in far greater need of world-trade recovery than is France; the depression has grown so acute that the shadow of fear of destruction through poverty, hovering over the average American and English home, is almost as dark as was the shadow of the fear of destruction through war that hovered yesterday over the French hearth. If France expects sympathy to-morrow from her former allies as she received it yesterday, she must show sympathy to-day. The great problem in international economic bartering is whether to yield too much and play the fool or to yield too little and play the black devil; and the fool usually keeps more of his skin on his back than does the devil.

The startling thing is that France has so often been right in big things but wrong in little things in her international trading. She has grown sensitive. Her manners are suddenly bad and irritating. And for France to take on the mannerisms of the grasping *nouvelle riche* and forget the uses of the grand gesture is unusual indeed.

Good manners and the grand gesture are even more important in international affairs than in private business. The great sin of pre-war Germany was that her manners were bad. She could not trade without pounding the table. She always insisted on displaying her sword and fingering her pistol while she conferred or traded. Thus, because of her pre-war bellicose manners, in her hour of need the Allies found it easy to fasten the name 'Hun' upon Germany.

France suddenly seems to the world a haggler, not a trader. For trading in business and in international politics is akin. The wise trader puts on an act; he demands more than he expects to get; but, above all, he distinguishes big things from little things. The American and Englishman tend to reach for the big things and yield the little things; above all, they know when not to overreach, when to be satisfied with an equal exchange. The French as traders, unfortunately of late, seem eager to gather in the little as well as the big things. And it is the haggling over little things that breaks deals and creates enemies. Somehow it is difficult to be personal or petty over a big issue; we always spill our rancor and our sarcasm over small things that mean little. Then we shout about the principle of the thing. France in her international trading has come to be a matchless snatcher up of trifles. Her manners during the bickering over Hoover's proposal of a year's moratorium to Germany were as bad as was Germany's gesture with the cruiser *Panther* during the Agadir crisis.

France can be gracious indeed when she chooses to be; she used the grand gesture matchlessly in her dealings with Tsaristic Russia before the World War. At this moment of her great opportunity and her great peril, she needs to consider her manners well. For a brief moment she holds the centre of the stage; she rules the spotlight.

IV

Holding the centre of the world stage has proved repeatedly a momentary and a dangerous affair. There are many errors indeed, both of substance and of manner, which France can point out that America committed while our nation paraded under the dangerous spotlight. Our manners were bad. We were so fearful that we could not collect our world debts that we refused to enter a League of Nations which our Chief Executive went to France to persuade our allies to accept. We thought that we could shut ourself off from Europe by a Chinese Wall, collect our interest, and grow daily fatter and safer — the darling of strumpet Fortune. We paraded our wealth.

But adversity has proved a matchless teacher. To-day we are humbler. We are ready to postpone the payment of war debts; we are even ready to discuss world cancellation of all Inter-allied debts. France has won a handsome victory in forcing us to link

Germany's debt to her with France's debt to us. We are ready to do anything that will get us out of the ditch of hard times. And, observing what adversity has done to us, France should accept her victory graciously, consider how fickle is Fortune, and grasp her greatest opportunity. For France has before her to-day roads to glory unequaled even in her long and tumultuous history.

By tact, by good manners, by psychological international understanding, by a wise policy of seeking only a reasonable exchange, she can bring stability into a world emotionally in flux. She can give the cause of disarmament a greater turn toward consummation than did even the Allied victory. She can gain the good will of her former allies by appreciating their needs and trying, with gracious good manners, to establish international confidence in our credit system, based as it is upon an insecure, artificial foundation of gold. Credit and confidence are a matter of appearance, of mannerism rather than of substance. And to pursue the road of international understanding France must escape delusions which have pursued her since the Armistice, and which will cast her down from her place of might as surely as did Nietzsche's doctrine of the strong arm cast Germany into the dust.

France cannot ask her allies for a guarantee of armed help, even against an aggressive Germany, unless she is willing — as she cannot possibly be, out of regard for her national pride — to give her allies the power of veto over her international affairs. A guarantor always is accorded the right to limit expenditures so that the extent of debt he may have to pay cannot suddenly ruin him. Every war in modern times has involved a fierce dispute as to which side was the aggressor. France cannot create a ring of European allies, add to her colonies, insist upon the complete freedom of a first power in world affairs, and at the same time ask her former allies to stand ready to underwrite her conduct when her foreign policy may have made a war inevitable. To harp upon such an alliance as a condition of her disarmament is to ask for the impossible and to anger those whom she asks. It is the height of irritating manners constantly to bring this argument forth largely as a trading point.

Nor can France forget that the Treaty of Versailles must be appraised rationally and dispassionately. It is not realistic to speak emotionally about the sacredness of contracts. The Treaty of Frankfort which France signed in 1871, after Bismarck had paraded about Versailles, whereby she solemnly and forever ceded Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, France immediately set out to break. In insisting that Alsace-Lorraine was still French, she did not play the moral reprobate. A treaty is as strong as the just appraisal of realities upon which it rests. France can well understand how an unjust cession of territory can create a running wound that will not heal. Fortunately, the world now has no Alsace-Lorraine issue; France should not be eager to perpetuate a Polish Corridor issue. She should not base her whole foreign policy and her own security upon an insistence to maintain the Treaty of Versailles as a sacred decree above the query of cold facts and of naked realities.

Nor should France pursue too boldly her programme of bringing a large number of the European members of the League of Nations under her domination through the skillful use of her hoard of gold. She can probably accomplish that end; but if she succeeds she will only destroy the functions of the League and reduce it to an assembly of her allies with the balance of the world distrustful of its value and resistant to its purposes. France can create a balance of power in the world much more sinister than that which existed in 1914. She can do more to retard the world's hopes of security through a world alliance than has been accomplished since mediæval days. Her suggestion to place all the armies of Europe under the control of the League as a means of disarmament would not be smiled at everywhere were her plan to use gold to rule the League not so apparent.

France's promptness in lending credit to England, on the other hand, was an admirable step. The celerity and directness of her aid were a splendid example of the uses of the grand gesture. It will do much to dispel the rising world suspicion that the credit of Austria, of Germany, and even of England was upset by France's skillful manœuvring of the withdrawal of short-term credits as part of her programme to upset a German-Austrian tariff union. That suspicion, if ever supported by fact, must make cynics of us all. For, though the world has much to lose through a France on parade, a France on parade, rattling the sabre and clinking her gold, has far more to lose. World dominance means unparalleled opportunities to make enemies. And world isolation is a heavy price to pay for bad manners.

Premier Laval's visit to Washington may reveal to a disheartened world new leadership, a leadership worthy of the high glories and traditions of France. The gesture on the Premier's part calls for our cordial response. Now that England has gone off the pound and has come to have an outlook upon European affairs so different from that of France, the shadows of precarious isolation loom larger in the eyes of Paris. Yet statesmen to-day are but the slaves of public opinion. Pierre Laval has at least made a show of good will toward Germany — and has not met Aristide Briand's fate. We can thus hope that in these critical days French public opinion will become truly realistic, and will face the facts about the Treaty of Versailles and about the folly of trusting to preparations for war as sureties of peace.

That road the world knows too well. In 1913 Germany was insisting upon the Treaty of Frankfort and placing her complete faith in preparations for war as a means of securing peace. Germany first became frightened, then bad-mannered, then encircled, then psychologically and politically isolated — then destroyed. A France on parade can well ponder. And the rest of the world can but hope that help will yet come from that nation whose history is so rich with sad experience, with beauty, with gallantry, and with realistic wisdom.

JOE TAYLOR'S EMERGENCY

BY LOUIS REED

ONE Sunday morning when the church bells are ringing and the smell of chicken and dumplings steals through the inner parts of the jail house, Old Sam Johnson takes down his banjo and sings his favorite hymn: —

'They're comin' down the mountain
One by one,
With their faces toward the settin'
Of the sun.
They're comin' down the mountain,
Yes, they're comin' down the mountain,
They're comin' down the mountain
One by one.

'They're ridin' down the valley
One by one,
They're ridin' straight into
The settin' sun.
They're ridin' down the valley,
Yes, they're ridin' down the valley,
They're ridin' down the valley
One by one.

'I never sing that song,' says Sam Johnson, 'but I think of Joe Taylor and how he sung it right in this jail house thirty years ago.'

'Joe Taylor?' says Bill Allen. 'That sounds like a story.'

'It is,' says Sam Johnson. 'Listen.'

I

I know Joe Taylor back in 1883 when he's just gettin' his fort built and beginnin' to organize his political party. I'm just a boy then, and one day I'm out fishin' on the bank of Big Hurricane Creek when a tall man with a black beard comes along on horseback and says, 'Howdy, son. I'm Joe Taylor. I'm doin' some buildin' over at my place and I'm lookin' for a water boy.'

I know plenty about Joe Taylor from hearsay, but this is the first time I ever see him.

'The job pays twenty-five cents a day and board,' says he, 'and if you want it, it's yours.'

Well, I'm gettin' to be right smart of a lad by this time, but I ain't earned no money yet, and after I talk it over with the old man I take the job. Joe Taylor's place is only about five miles from our place and I walk over there the next evenin'. When I get there I find Joe is doin' some buildin' all right, for he's puttin' up the funniest-lookin' house since they fight the Indians at the battle of Point Pleasant. He's got about twenty men cuttin' down trees and smoothin' them up with an adze, and he's buildin' a big log fort with a stockade and everything.

Joe don't make no bones about what that fort is bein' built for. He's buildin' it to protect him from the revenue men, and that means he's steppin' right out to defy the Government of the United States.

That kind of sentiment don't hurt him none around where he lives, for moonshinin' is an honorable profession and there's been a standin' fight on with the revenue men for years. Some of the old folks, of course, thinks Joe is right foolish to go out of his way huntin' trouble, but there ain't none of them likes the revenue men and they're all hopin' Joe gets away with it.

I take up my job as water boy and hustle buckets of water to the tops of them high hills to all them thirsty woodcutters, and in about a month the fort is finished. It's a big two-story cabin with a tower on the roof and a palisade fence all around it, and it stands on the top of a round hill that's steep on all sides. As a place to beat off an enemy, it's about the prettiest little fight house you'll ever lay eyes on, and we're feelin' right proud to have a place like that in the community.

The day it's finished Joe calls me aside and says, 'I'm figurin' on goin' into this thing on a big scale and I'm keepin' several of the boys to help me. If you want to stay on, the pay is fifty cents a day and board.'

That's O.K. with me and I says I'll take it. Joe has got a lot of other hands hired at the same time, and that evenin' he calls us all into the yard and says, 'I don't want none of you fellers to get the wrong idee about the thing. This is dangerous work, and though I've picked you fellers because I think you've got plenty of sand in your craws, if there's anybody wants to drop out, now is the time to do it.'

There ain't nobody drops, and Joe says, 'What I'm aimin' to do is this. There's a big demand for mountain liquor over on the Kanawha River, but there ain't nobody makes any money out of the liquor business in this country because the revenue men has got them buffaloed. Everybody makes whiskey, but they does it on the sly and they tries to sneak a few gallons at a time to the market. Now I don't aim to do nothin' on the sly and I don't aim to sneak nothin' to the market. Them ten mules you see out there in the barn is there for a purpose. It's fifty miles over the cow trails to Charleston, and them mules makes the trip in two days. Goin' over they takes whiskey, and comin' back they brings cracked corn and whatever else we need in the business. Twelve men and twenty-four guns goes with the mules and they don't stop for nothin' or nobody. Six men and the boy stays here all the time, and with the womenfolks that makes nineteen guns to hold the fort. It's understood this ain't no old maid's tea party.'

This is a wild idee, sure enough, but all of us is young and lusty and we don't care much what happens. We don't think we're in rebellion against the government or anything like that, for we're good Republicans and will fight for the Union quick as anybody. We're just workin' for Joe Taylor at fifty cents a day, and if Joe Taylor says to knock off any revenue man that tries to stop us, we don't aim to be behindhand in doin' so.

II

Right away after the fort is built, Joe sends out his first mule train to bring a shipment of cracked corn from Charleston. He don't take me along on account of my size, but every man he does take carries two rifles and three hundred rounds of ammunition. Joe heads the train himself and his men are the best shots in the county, which is somethin'. Nothin' happens to us or to them while they're gone, and when the corn comes back we start in makin' the whiskey.

My job at this time is to be a kind of Jack-of-all-trades to everybody. I carry water to fill the barrels, wash jugs and bottles, and if somebody wants somethin', as somebody always does, I run and fetch it. If there ain't nothin' else to do I go up to the tower room on the roof and take a look at the hills through the field glasses. Joe spends a lot of his time up there on account of maybe the revenue men will try to sneak up on him, but none of us don't see any because they keeps to neutral territory.

When we're up there Joe talks to me right smart about things in general and gives me advice on how to look out for myself.

'Lots of people thinks,' Joe tells me more than once, 'I'm the worst kind of a fool, but that don't worry me none. I've got my eyes open and I know as well as anybody that the Federal men is apt to get me. "Take a chance" is my motto, and be ready for every emergency. I want you to remember that. To be a success a man has got to look every proposition square in the face. He's got to pick it up and look at it and see where it's good and where it's bad. Not only that, he's got to be ready to play his last trump if it breaks the bad way. You can count on this: whatever happens to me I'm ready for it, and I'll beat it one way or another.'

Joe is a smart man, all right, and I think quite a bit about that emergency talk of his, though I don't ever do much with his methods. Seems like Joe has got somethin' hard and cold in his nature that I don't have, and I suppose that is why he gets somewhere before he dies while I don't ever amount to much.

He ain't all cold and calculatin', though, as I know when he takes down his banjo and starts singin'. It's there in the tower house at old Fort Taylor that I learn all I know about singin' and the banjo, and all I know I learn from Joe Taylor. Joe has got one of them voices that makes a swellin' in your throat and you feel like you ain't here no more, but off somewhere in the air in a strange country; and he don't sing the rollickin', foolish songs that other folks sing. Pretty near all the songs Joe sings is sad songs, and they sounds like Joe is mighty religious. I can hear him yet singin': —

'Away down with God on my knees,
Away down with God on my knees,
Away down with God on my knees,
Cause I'm goin' to his heavenly home.

'I'm goin' and I'll never come back,
I'm goin' and I'll never come back,
I'm goin' and I'll never come back,
Cause I'm goin' to his heavenly home.'

When Joe sings he's got a far-away look in his eyes and it don't seem like he's the man that can build a fort and handle a gang of outlaws. But there ain't no sentimental streak in him when he's dealin' with men. He shows that when his mule train has the only fight they ever have in seven years, and it ain't with the revenue men, either.

It ain't got nothin' to do with this story except to show what kind of a man Joe Taylor is, but there's a gang of outlaws in this country at that time that calls themselves the Redlegs, and they specialize in ridin' all over the country robbin' stores and banks. They operate mostly over on the Kanawha, and their leader, Blind Bob Hedrick, is almost as famous as Jesse James. Well, one day Joe is comin' back from Charleston with his mules when these Redlegs tries to hijack him over on Coal Mountain. They has a right bloody battle and the Redlegs get the worst of it. Joe chases them clear to the head of Thacker's Creek, and on the way he catches three of Hedrick's men that ain't well mounted, and he strings them up on grapevines quick as a whistle. The poor devils hangs there till the buzzards picks their bones clean, and the Redlegs is mighty careful thereafter how they crosses Joe Taylor.

III

It's always a mystery to me, and to Joe too, for that matter, why the government don't send an army down there to fight him. Maybe it's because the government is always hell on the little fellers and nice as pie to the big ones, and maybe it's because they figure they'll have to send a regiment of soldiers fifty miles through the mountains to do it, and it ain't worth it. Whatever it is, I work for Joe Taylor in this business for over seven years, and durin' that time he ain't molested, not even once, by nobody except them Redlegs. There's plenty of revenue men out in the hills, and they're catchin' poor devils that's makin' a little shine to keep from starvin' to death durin' the winter, but they can't find Joe Taylor.

In the meantime Joe is cleanin' up big. He makes a special brand of whiskey that he calls 'Taylor's Best,' and it sells way beyond the Kanawha Valley. Joe gets so he drives his mule train down the main street of Charleston and unloads his stuff at the Charleston Wharf Boat. After I get to drivin' a mule myself I see him hobnobbin' with the bigwigs over at the State House.

But all this time the country is changin' and people is beginnin' to get different idees. I don't know it at the time, but lookin' back I can see that towns is springin' up on account of the coal mines and the people comin' in believes in schools and in law and order. We don't notice it much over on Long Branch, for we're still a long ways from the railroad, but you can take it from me these mountains is changin' fast by 1890.

It's along about this time, when Joe is flush with the profits of seven years' business and is buyin' up coal lands right and left, that he begins to figure it's time to make a change. He always keeps on the good side of his neighbors and does them plenty of favors in transportin' their stuff to the market, and they tell him he ought to run for sheriff. In them days a sheriff don't do much but collect the taxes, and Joe is a mighty good collector. He thinks the proposition over without sayin' much, but I know he's got somethin' big on his mind.

By the time I'm eighteen years old Joe always keeps me with him in Charleston, and this is how I find out which way the wind is blowin'. One day we walk up three flights of steps in an office building, and Joe introduces me to my first lawyer.

'The government is finally comin' round to our way of thinkin',' says the lawyer to Joe, 'but they're insistin' on the back tax for seven years.'

'How much do they want?' says Joe.

The lawyer names the price, and Joe says, 'I've made twenty times that much in the last seven years, and if they'll clean the slate I'll pay it. It would have been cheaper for them to license me in the first place, but that's their lookout. It's understood that they'll give me a license as a bonded distillery under the name of Fort Taylor Distillin' Company?'

'Yes,' says the lawyer, 'they'll do that. They've already said so.'

'All right,' says Joe. 'Fix up the papers.'

This don't mean much to me, but when we get outside Joe says, 'Sam, you ain't an outlaw no more, for you're workin' for a respectable bonded distillin' house.'

That's all the same to me, so Joe says, 'Sometimes I'm afraid I got you started wrong, Sam. Times is changin' in these hills and outlaws is goin' out of fashion. What this country needs is less outlaws and more law-abidin' citizens.'

I note this is a funny way for a man to talk that builds his own fort and tells the government to go to the devil, but I don't say so. It strikes me that Joe gets more and more respectable as his bank roll gets bigger, and I notice that people is apt to be that way. A man that's got property will be strong for law no matter how he gets the property.

'Yes,' says Joe, 'I want you to think about changin' your ways, and I'll let you in on somethin' else. This Fort Taylor Distillin' Company is just a bluff to get things legal. The railroads is cuttin' into that business already and inside of a year I'll be out of it.'

'What you goin' to do?' says I. 'Turn preacher?'

'Hell, no!' says Joe. 'I'm goin' into politics on a reform ticket and clean up the moonshiners.'

IV

Well, I figure Joe has sure enough gone nutty this time, but I find out he knows people a lot better than I do. I stay on with him doin' odd jobs for about three years more, and I sure see some powerful changes in this county. Joe buys him a newspaper over at the courthouse, and the first thing he does is to print a long article about how times is changin' and he is linin' up on the side of law and order by gettin' his business legalized. Then he starts runnin' articles sent out by the W.C.T.U., or some other organization, tellin' about the terrible effects of strong drink. And finally he says he's had a change of heart, and can't go on with his business no more, and he's closin' down his distillery.

It beats anything the way people fall for Joe's stuff, for pretty soon I find men that has been moonshiners all their lives holdin' up Joe Taylor as a good example. It seems like people out our way has been sinners for a long time, only they don't know it, and now they're tryin' to make up for lost time. Just like that — moonshinin' ain't a respectable profession no more, and the only folks that follows it are the low-downs that ain't got their proper decency nohow.

Joe Taylor gets himself elected sheriff by the biggest majority this county ever sees, and right there he sets the fashion for all the sheriffs since his time. He says he's the guardian of law and order and he's goin' to see that the law takes its course. He serves notices on the clans that killin' is out of style and he lays down the law on moonshinin'. He makes enemies, of course, but it seems like he's got most of the public with him, and his biggest splurge as sheriff comes when he gets the county court to build this jail house.

Up to when Joe Taylor is sheriff the only jail in the county is the log shack that stands where this jail house is now. It's got only one room and it don't often have prisoners. There ain't much talk of law and order in them days, and there ain't much need for a jail house. But Joe Taylor sees right off he's got to have some place to punish the criminals or his talk about law and order is goin' to be a lot of boloney. So he gets the county court to pass the specifications for a model jail house that's right up to the minute in the year 1894.

That's the year the jail house is finished, and while I don't pay much attention to it beforehand, I get right well acquainted with it when it's done. There's a travelin' salesman bumps into me on the street when I'm four sheets high, and when I sock him in the jaw I wake up for the first time in the jail house. Nowadays I'm used to it and kind of miss the place when I'm away, but I don't like it then, and, never thinkin' that Joe Taylor will see one of his old pals stay in the jail house, I sends for Joe. When he comes I see he ain't sorry like he ought to be.

'I'm sorry, Sam,' he says, 'but law is law and it's against the law to hit a man in the jaw in this town.'

Sittin' there lookin' at him, I see Joe is gettin' to look older and harder and he's changin' more and more into a successful business man. His eye is cold and he don't seem to have no feelin's at all. It riles me a little to think Joe is goin' to leave an old friend in the lurch, but I find out I misjudge him there, for he says, 'I know you think I'm a hard-boiled egg, Sam, and I'll admit I ain't strong on the feelin's. Comin' from where I do, a man has got to watch his step and he can't let sentiment run away with his good sense. Here's what I'm up against. I'm goin' over this country preachin' law and order and pointin' out the jail house as a place for offenders, when one of my own men gets in jail. The jail house is a new idee and people watches it. If I turn you out, people is goin' to say law and order means my enemies, but it don't apply to my friends.'

I see where Joe is right, and I say, 'I don't mind the ten days in jail so much, but how am I goin' to pay the fine? If I don't pay the fine they keep me here till I do pay it, and that ain't so good.'

'You don't need to worry none about that,' says Joe. 'I'll pay your fine and you can draw on me for whatever else you need while you're in here.'

That's white of Joe and I think he's got a heart after all. We get to talkin' about one thing and another, and finally I says, 'Joe, I see you're changed a powerful lot since we ride the mule trains, and I don't hardly know you. When you tell me you're goin' to reform the county and clean out the moonshiners I think you're plenty foolish, but I see you do it, and it don't seem to hurt you none, either. But what I want to know is this: Do you do these things because you want to help the country like you say, or do you do them to help yourself?'

Joe knows I'm his friend no matter what he says, so he points outside to where a hickory sprout pushes out between two bricks in an old walk, and he says, 'You see that sprout. It wants the sun. Down beneath it is other sprouts, and they're lookin' for the sun, too. Now I wonder if that hickory pushes the bricks back to help itself or to help the others.'

I see Joe ain't changed none for all his talk about law and order and good citizenship, and he's goin' to be a tough customer to deal with when he wants the sun.

V

After the ten days is up, Joe pays the fine and I go back workin' for him same as if nothin' has happened. I don't aim to spend no more time in jail houses then, but it seems like I can't keep away, and inside of three months I'm back again for gettin' too riotous at a church meetin'. That's just the beginnin'. As long as Joe Taylor lives I don't draw no long stretches, but when he dies I'm here about every winter for one thing and another and I think he does right well by me when he builds a place where I always find a bed and some vittles.

The second time out I quit Joe for a while on account of not wantin' to embarrass him by always gettin' in jail, but it seems like I can't work for nobody but Joe. Pretty soon I'm with him again, and so long as I lay off the liquor I work for him fine. One thing I've got to say for Joe. No matter how much I get in jail or how much I disgrace him by gettin' dog-drunk on the street, he'll always pay my fine and give me a job. He may be a bad actor when he's crowdin' for a place in the sun, but he don't forget I'm a faithful servant when I need him.

Well, things go on this way for about six years, and in the meantime Joe is gettin' so rich and powerful he don't know what to do with himself. His coal lands turns out to be regular gold mines, they're worth so much, and Joe sets up his own bank to take care of his money. Joe is the first man around here to wear a banker's hat like the New York bankers wear, and he is president of the First National. His wife is dead for some years now, and when Joe is gettin' along in the fifties he marries a kid about one-third his age and builds her that big brick house that they call the Taylor Place.

VI

Now you may think a feller that's as smart as Joe Taylor is and gets where Joe Taylor does will live to a happy old age and die peaceful. He's got everything to make him happy in the way of money and power and he don't have to crowd in and fight for his place like he used to. Seein' him around town in his long coat and his banker's hat, with his side whiskers flyin' in the wind, you'll say there is a man you can depend on. He's sane and sober, and he won't do nothin' foolish.

That's the way Joe Taylor looks to you, for he's a man that keeps a grip on himself and he's got a mighty penetratin' mind. But what you won't see is that down underneath Joe Taylor is still an outlaw, and he's hard as steel and a little crazy. I know this because I'm sittin' in this jail house, in the year of our Lord 1901, when the door opens and they bring me a cell-mate that ain't nobody but Joe Taylor himself!

'Howdy, Sam,' says Joe, quiet like he is payin' me a social visit. 'Got your banjo?'

'Sure,' says I, wonderin' what in the name of thunder they've got him in jail for. 'Want to play a little?'

'If you don't mind,' says he.

I get the banjo and Joe sets down about where I'm sittin' now and puts it in tune. He's got long thin hands on a banjo, and I see his fingers ain't nervous. That don't tell me much about Joe Taylor, for I ain't seen the man that's got him beat for cool nerve, but I begin to think it can't be very serious or he'd show it more than that. He gets it in tune finally, strums it a few times, and starts singin' that song I sung awhile ago, 'They're Comin' Down the Mountain One by One.'

Many a time I sit quiet and listen to Joe Taylor sing like I'm afraid somethin' will break all of a sudden and spoil everything, but all my life I never hear Joe Taylor sing like he sings here in the jail house. His voice is sad and caressin' like a mother soothin' her baby, but there's somethin' else in it, too. It's sad and it's sweet, but I know he is singin' to ease the iron in his soul, and that somethin' terrible has happened.

When he finishes he don't say nothin', and I hear two fellers talkin' in the other cell block.

'God!' says one. 'Who's that?'

'Don't know,' says the other.

'What have they got you for, Joe?' says I.

'Murder,' says he, not battin' an eyelid. 'I just killed my wife.'

I hear tales for some time about Joe's kid wife, so I say, 'Same old story, I suppose.'

'Yes,' says Joe. 'Same old story.'

I'm sorry for Joe, for he's been a good friend to me, but I make a mistake tryin' to cheer him up a little. 'Well, it happens in the best of families,' says I, like it don't amount to much, 'and there ain't nothin' to worry about. With the lawyers you can get you'll come off clean as a whistle.'

Joe don't say nothin', but he looks at me a long time and I see he thinks I'm an amusin' feller. I feel right foolish then, for I know Joe ain't committed murder without figurin' the price, and after a while he says sort of sleepy-like, 'I believe I'll turn in, Sam, and get some rest. Thanks for the banjo.'

He turns in and drapes a blanket over the cell door to keep out the light, and I start walkin' up and down the bull pen. Of course I feel sorry for his wife, but that's over and I can't help feelin' sorry for Joe, too. I see he's put himself in a tough spot, for wife killin' ain't exactly popular under any conditions, and I can't see why Joe of all people does it. There ain't nobody will take a chance quicker than Joe, but even so there's other ways of handlin' domestic troubles besides murder, and it ain't reasonable to suppose that Joe don't think about them. The more I think about it the more I believe somethin' is back of what Joe tells me and I'm a fool for worryin' about it.

I strum the banjo and sing a few songs till supper time, for there ain't nobody in the block but me and Joe, and the banjo keeps me from gettin' lonesome. When the jailer's wife brings in the evenin' chow I call Joe, but he don't answer. I try his door and find it's locked from the inside. I remember then that a feller breaks jail through the roof of that cell one time, and I think I see why Joe laughs when I start talkin' about the lawyers. I can break out there myself if I want to, and it's fifty to one Joe is out in the mountains by this time and they'll never get him. It's a big load off my chest, anyhow, and when the jailer's wife comes back I tell her Joe is sleepin'.

THE ORNAMENTAL HERMIT

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I

In many a sequestered covert or leafy dell, among the gardens or plantations of gentlemen of a poetic turn, there once stood a rustic hut, in Queen Anne Gothic perhaps, or a grotto, walled with pebbles and bits of looking-glass, or a cave that presented a savage contrast to the decorous landscape about it. Such was an 'ornamental hermitage' and in it lived an 'ornamental hermit.' Horace Walpole and 'Christopher North' and various anonymous writers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Book of Days*, *Notes and Queries*, have left records of such curious constructions, and John Timbs, in his *English Eccentrics*, talks entertainingly of them at some length.

The Honorable Charles Hamilton, for example, in the reign of George II, built on his estate of Pain's Hill, in Surrey, a hermitage of 'contorted logs and roots of trees,' and advertised for a hermit to occupy it. His conditions of tenure were that the occupant should live there for seven years. 'He should be provided with a Bible, optical-glasses, a mat for his bed, a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage, food from the house; but should never exchange a word with the servant. He was to wear a camlet robe, must never cut his beard or nails, never stray beyond the limits of the grounds. If he lived there, under all these restrictions, till the end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas.' The only person who attempted to win the prize stayed, I regret to record, barely three weeks.

Walpole, commenting on Mr. Hamilton's experiment, remarks that 'it is almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in,' apparently overlooking the fact that Mr. Hamilton's little plan did not have that purpose in view. The gentlemen who indulged the sentimental fancy of erecting hermitages had no idea whatever of occupying them themselves. They counted upon living the eremitical life solely by proxy. That proxies were not wanting is proved by occasional advertisements in the *Couriers* and *Chronicles* of the time, announcing that 'a young man who wishes to retire from the world and live as a hermit is willing to engage with a nobleman or gentleman who may be desirous of having one' — or words to that effect. And Christopher North tells of an acquaintance who had sat for fourteen years in a cave on the grounds of Lord Hill's father, 'with an hour-glass in his hand, and a beard belonging to an old goat, from sunrise to sunset, with orders to accept no half-crowns from visitors, but to behave like Giordano Bruno.'

Such a hermit his employer looked upon as merely a sort of stage property, a final 'Gothic' touch to a 'romantic' garden. So little was it necessary that the hermit should really be a melancholy or devotional solitary, in fact, that some charitable gentlemen substituted for a living occupant a stuffed dummy, who, visible through window or doorway, was seated at a table reading a mediæval folio, with hourglass and skull near at hand and lanthorn or candle diffusing a properly poetic twilight.

It is pleasant to picture the proprietor guiding his guests through the winding paths of his garden, pointing out here an artificial cascade, there a consciously constructed vista; snipping a rose for a lady, a pink for a gentleman; reclining with them upon a marble seat before a figure of Ceres or Pomona; or pausing to read aloud an inscription by Shenstone or Cowley; and to come at last to an open glade, with a rustic cell in the middle, through the window of which a venerable figure could be discerned, symbol of contemplation, in the habiliments of a primitive age as far as possible removed from the fashionable. All about floated butterflies and bees, birds hopped quietly, branches sighed in the breezes; a shallow runnel tinkled behind, a moss-grown path meandered before; and, clustered in the dappled sunlight of the clearing, fine ladies and gentlemen, in canary yellow and plum color, ogled and tittered. Many a witticism, many a satirical reflection, no doubt was dropped, and perhaps an occasional couplet of impromptu. But no doubt, too, the worldlings sometimes felt a little shiver, some slight wave of that graveyard melancholy, musically or austerely sung by Gray and Warton, Blair and Young; and they turned away hurriedly to the sun-bathed terraces, which to unimaginative minds were less suggestive of vicissitude and mortality.

I wish I knew what was said on such occasions. I should like to know what the ladies and gentlemen thought. I should be specially pleased to learn what the ornamental hermit (supposing he was a man of intelligence) wrote in his diary (supposing he kept one — and who did not, in the eighteenth century?). But of course I shall never know, for no record remains.

II

I cannot prove, therefore, that the institution of ornamental hermits had any results, good or bad, and it is possible that it meant no more in the life of the people than a Gainsborough hat or a clouded cane. Nevertheless, I like to think it had its values. Indeed, I am inclined to advocate its revival and to suggest that proprietors of extensive gardens and estates might well find a place in them for a little hermitage or grotto, in which anyone who wished it might be accommodated with a dwelling place for some weeks or months, free from intrusion and from the worry of rents and bills.

I should not object to the provision of steam heat and running water, hot and cold, so long as the pipes were carefully concealed; but I should rigidly exclude telephone, phonograph, and radio. The occupant might make his own music, if he was so gifted, but, if not, should be content with the melodies of breezes, brooks, and birds. He might have a few books, but they should be written by eminent philosophers, poets, and divines; and for the most part he should spend his time reading in the Book of Nature.

I would have him able to look forth from his windows, east, west, north, south, so that he might behold the advancing banners of the dawn, the retreating panoply of the evening; the arrival of the snow on the one hand, and of the flowers on the other. One window should by preference frame a tree, a second a statue, a third a waterfall, and a fourth a main-traveled road; and overhead there should be a skylight through which, as he lay abed, he might contemplate the heavens which declare the glory of God. I should not care if his meals were brought to him, though I prefer that he should prepare them with his own hand. I would have him cultivate some art or craft, so simple that the brain might be free while the body was occupied with the rhythms of work, the hand learn to know the feel of stuff or matter while the brain ranged in the realm of the transcendental.

The hermit's confinement should be purely voluntary, but he should contract to stay at least three months. For it would probably take him a month to learn to be alone, a month to learn to sit still, and a month to learn to be happy alone and sitting still. If in three months he found that he could not be happy, he should be free to depart, and in no event should he be permitted to abide more than a year. The Romans had a motto that 'a man who can be happy alone must be either a beast or a god.' If this is true, we do not wish to harbor beasts, and it is best that gods should circulate among men. But it could do no man harm, if he had in him any impulse toward poetry or philosophy, to be alone, quiet, and contemplative during the four seasons of one year out of a lifetime. Such a year might well be substituted for the last year of college. Indeed, it would do most men good to catch them, pop them into a hermitage, shut them in, and make them stay there, under discreet surveillance, for forty days at the least. If, within that time, they showed symptoms of incipient lunacy, they should be incontinently freed and dismissed with a blessing. Such men are obviously motor-minded, or simply shallow, and should be permitted to seek out their native courses, of living gregariously, minding other people's business, driving fast motor cars, or, at best, building something. But so long as a man resigned himself to solitude, however sourly, he should be given full opportunity to learn how to look happily out of a window or through the skylight or otherwise occupy himself within the conditions imposed.

For there can be no doubt that most men run through life and the world without ever really looking at anything — anything, that is, more important and natural than a machine, a hand at bridge or poker, a golf ball, a suit of clothes, or a beefsteak. Women have the great advantage over men that they really do at some time in their lives look at something important, and that is a baby. But men, unless they are artists, poets, or scientists, appear hardly ever to contemplate anything natural long enough to see it. Once or twice, in their youth, when they are in love, they look at a sweetheart, but, if we are to believe proverbs, never see her as she is. Some men, who profess neither poetry, art, nor science, really look at dogs or horses, and a few at birds or flowers, and these are generally good men. But for the rest, nature might as well not exist at all, and they might as profitably live in a world without colors, forms, or objects.

If I were asked what good it would do a man to sit in a hermitage and look at a tree or a mountain for three months or a year, I should be at a loss to tell precisely. It might, of course, do him no good at all. The mystic says, however, that 'a fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees'; and I suspect that we shall never learn what it is the wise man sees unless we try to find out by long looking. If at the end of our contemplation we still see exactly what we saw at first, we shall at least have measured our intelligence, imagination, feeling, or whatever it is that distinguishes a wise man from a fool. But I really think that we shall have gained some wisdom.

What this wisdom is I shall try to tell.

III

I am a little mystical, or, if you like, superstitious, in such matters, holding, beyond argument, that the old myth of Antæus was true of fundamentals. I think that some mysterious rapport exists between man and nature, some invisible vinculum that those can feel 'who meddle not with strife, or avarice, or ever-anxious care.' I can vaguely understand what a mystic means when he says that, as he sits with his back against a pine tree or a mountain, something runs out of it into him. I know that we cannot at present prove his statement. Perhaps something runs out of him into it, or perhaps nothing runs either way. But what matter? He thinks that something happens, and that it does him good; and, to date, science has not provided instruments to prove or disprove his theory. It really does n't matter. For the point is that, until science is able to prove that poet and mystic are either the victims of autohypnosis or plain prevaricators, we shall never know nature as poet and mystic know it, unless we give ourselves the same chance that they give themselves. And their method, old as the race, is to contemplate nature in quietness, with an open and active mind, for long periods of hospitable regard; or, as one of them puts it, 'with a wise passiveness.' Such persons are perhaps the only genuine nature lovers.

It is curious that most people grow quite indignant if one suspects that they do not love nature. 'I am a great nature lover,' they say, and no doubt mean it; but they could never fool a poet. He knows that most of what passes as love of nature is something else. At times it is pure fake, though unconscious, or is mere social imitation. Sometimes it is love of art, or of the spectacular and sensational. Sometimes it is soft as mush, and sometimes as hard as nails. And often enough it is but another name for animal spirits.

Now it is questionable whether those who know nature best can love her all the time. There are moods, of course, in which we can honestly say that we love her — when she is gracious and clean and sunny. Anyone can love a genial meadow in summer, with white clouds, blue skies, daisies, and bobolinks, unless he happens to reflect that all living things there are engaged in an incessant, internecine warfare for survival. It requires a robust lover to remain faithful then, or to love nature in a swamp, a desert, or a jungle. For she is an exasperating mistress, —

> Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
> Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
> Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
> Past reason hated, —

and very hard on sentimentalists.

With some people 'love of nature' is really love of art. They are interested only in her pictures, and appreciate her mainly in terms of Corot, Monet, Turner. No one need object to their taste, but nature enjoyed as an art gallery is quite another thing from nature enjoyed in the raw. Some pretend to love her because to do so is a mark of 'culture,' and they prate of her beauties because others do. Consign them to a period of natural living and they are miserable. Others proclaim their love by traveling to look at Niagara, the Grand Canyon, the Jungfrau, and 'oh-ing' and 'ah-ing' over them, but seeing nothing on a country road worth looking at. They are the sort of people for whom exploiters prepare descriptive pamphlets, charge admission, construct board walks, rustic stairs, and seats at coigns of vantage from which to look at the sights at ease. Some who 'love nature' are most happy when shooting at her, turning her woods and fields into a shambles, a massacre of her innocents. These are the hard fraternity. The soft are those who love nature as long as she smiles and who affect to ignore the fact that sometimes she can be terrible.

Perhaps the soft lovers are worst. I have been suspicious of Richard Jefferies, who certainly passes for a nature lover of the first rank, ever since I first read the following: 'The swallows perch and sing just over the muddy water. A sow lies in the mire. But the sweet swallows sing on softly: they do not see the wallowing animal, the mud, the brown water; they see only the sunshine, the golden buttercups, and the blue sky of summer. This is the true way to look at this beautiful earth.' Something about this infuriates me unreasonably. It is full of fallacies of logic, but its worst fallacy is of feeling. I want to make a speech in support of the sow; to sneer at the 'sweet' swallows; to shout that 'this is the falsest way to look at this earth, which is beautiful, to be sure, but can be ugly as sin, or at least as ugly as a beautiful woman who makes faces.'

For I believe that any love of nature worthy of the name must be staunch enough to embrace the sow and the mud and the brown water. It must not sentimentally ascribe to the swallows a determination to look at buttercups and not at pigs. They are really looking for mosquitoes.

Such falsity currently passes for poetry, and I think that that is what I resent more than anything else about it. Loving swallows and despising pigs is not poetry: it is mere finicking vulgarity; for one is as poetic as the other, can we but see it. The swallow is more graceful, but quite as greedy; the pig cannot fly, but it has an honest love of earth. There is probably a parable in the conjunction of the two, but it is not the one Jefferies read there.

IV

Perhaps the greatest parable that nature offers us is that in the last analysis nothing is any more remarkable than anything else. There comes a moment in the life of every thinking person when he first reads this truth in her book. It is really the beginning of metaphysics — maybe of wisdom. But one seems likely to make this discovery only when alone; and that is why I advocate the revival of the eremitical life.

For the mass of men, that is wonderful which is novel and ingenious — the submarine, the flying machine, the radio, television. And of course they are right. The trouble is that few ever perceive that such inventions are less mysterious than the brain that conceived them and guided the hand that fashioned them.

Someone has said that philosophy begins at the end of my finger, the idea being that the ground of all metaphysics is the question of how impressions of matter are conveyed to a thinking mind. Our thinking is therefore naïve until we can say, —

> I believe that a leaf of grass is no less than the
> journey-work of the stars,
> And the narrowest hinge of my hand puts to
> scorn all machinery,
> And a mouse is a miracle enough to stagger
> sextillions of infidels.

Our hermit will have an entire year to look at the cosy, familiar things which he has never had time to look at, and has therefore taken for granted. All one needs to hear the tongues in trees, to read the books in brooks, is the leisure, the opportunity, and the receptive mind; but these small voices are drowned in the roar of civilization, which also makes man preoccupied, pragmatic, and conceited. I would have him ponder an hour on a mullein stalk, a day on a robin, a week on a waterfall, a month on a mountain. I would have him discover that the tiniest cascade in his brook is no different, except in size, from Niagara or Zambezi; that the same forces went to cut a channel as wide as his hand that went to gouge the canyon of the Colorado. Look at them through a telescope, and they may be quite as impressive. I should like to have him realize that to an ant a sod of timothy may be as awful as to him would be the forests of the Amazon. And I should be very glad if he came to realize that the humblest vista of unspoiled nature may become in time as beautiful and as mysterious as the grandest panorama seen from a mountain peak. This is what the poets have been telling us ever since Orpheus, and yet it is what every man has to discover for himself.

And who knows what unconscious influence our solitaries may shed, seen as they would be by passers-by, sitting quietly and happily in their cells. The light of some ornamental hermit's candle shining out through snowflakes on a winter night, as he outwatched the Bear, might in time come to be a beacon toward which hurried men and women would look, at first with derision, in time with envy, and at last with comprehension. Things have come to such a pass that most of us cannot sit happy an hour alone and unoccupied. Faced by so much time, we are uncomfortable and restive. I suspect that we are afraid. For the one thing the modern fears more than anything else is, apparently, his own thoughts. But if we should see a part of our population living merry as crickets, without machinery, alone and unafraid, we might in time cease to be frighted by thoughts from which we now flee, seeking refuge in machinery — the radio, the telephone, the moving picture, the motor car. Nearly everything of consequence ever done in the world was first thought out in solitude, and every great man has spent his forty days in the wilderness. I suppose it is the only successful way, not only to catch the true proportions of life, but to trace the general outlines of things.

I once took a very little girl to the Zoo to look at an elephant. I ushered her into the elephant house, stopped before the elephant, who was standing with his side to us, and awaited results. There were none.

'Well,' I said at last, 'what do you think of him?'

'Can't see him,' she replied.

'Can't see him,' I exclaimed, 'when he's standing right there in front of you?'

She peered earnestly where I pointed, but in vain. 'Can't see him, can't *see* him, can't SEE him!' she wailed.

And so I set to work to wrestle with this peculiar infant, tracing the geography of the elephant, pointing out his trunk and tail, describing his ears and legs, indicating his color. At last she drew a deep breath of comprehension and relief. 'Oh, is that the elephunt?' she said. 'I thought that was the wall!' She had up to that time seen elephants only in pictures, and her eyes were focused for a four-inch dimension. Her inability to see an elephant was very amusing. But she was in no essential different, I suppose, from us older folk. We are all surrounded by elephants which we can't see. It takes time to see one.

CHILDREN OF EARTH

BY EDWA ROBERT

I

THERE was a racket in the hall. There almost always is a racket in my hall, yet I recognized this particular one as being made by John.

'I am not a boy,' says John. 'I am a herd of elephants.'

That, of course, explains everything.

'Mother,' yelled the Herd, as he bounded in at the door, 'come on out! Kev's caught an oriole!'

I put the baby's shoes on, gave her the pencil which makes her life's happiness complete, and carried her down the stairs and into the garden. Kevin had indeed caught an oriole, a very young one that could neither sing nor fly. It had cuddled down in my older son's cupped hands, apparently quite happy to be there since his stern mamma had turned him out of the nest.

'And we'll keep him!' Kevin chanted in the same ecstatic tone he had used the day before about two crawfish, now anchored on strings in the creek, and the day before that about a little green frog that sat in the sun in a glass jar and thought all manner of things about the world outside. And there had been a water snake — but his skin was drying in the grape arbor.

'We'll keep him forever,' crowed Kevin, 'and he'll sing to me and follow me —'

'What if Sunny Jim follows him?' I asked.

Sunny Jim appeared at that minute following Anne, who had on my black felt riding hat. Sunny Jim was a yellow cat, and a special pet of Anne's.

'Drown Sunny Jim!' said Kevin, with the gentle consideration of a brother.

Anne clutched Sunny to her heart, and two big tears filled the blue eyes under my hat. 'No, you won't drown my Sunny!' quoth Anne. 'I'll kick you in the pants.'

'Anne,' I admonished, 'please remember you're a lady.' Secretly I wondered when she ever would be. She walked off, her checked gingham sash wagging behind in all the glory of her four and a half years.

'Put Sunny in a cage,' suggested John, who is a helpful mediator of other people's wrongs.

'That would n't be very kind to Anne or Sunny,' I replied, 'or the bird. He does n't want to be kept.'

'He does n't want to go away, does he?' demanded Kevin. 'Does he, now does he?'

He did not. At least, if he did, he was keeping very still about it.

'I'll make him a nest,' crooned Kevin, 'and I'll dig him worms, and mash 'em fine.'

'No, Kevin,' John broke in. 'You have to chew 'em!'

'Well, all right!' said Kevin. 'I'll chew 'em!'

Impasse! How the big things of life do hang upon the trifles! Here was a bird no bigger than a powder puff, yet it had me.

'Keep him if you like,' said I, 'but remember! Once you take him, you're responsible.'

Kev nodded, and I thought what a pitiful little thing that baby bird was, with its irregular feathers and its big beak. It looked so small and helpless even in Kev's kind hands that I almost went back on my word. Indeed I should have done so had I had any idea what life with a bird in the family was to be.

Looking back on it, that day seems endless. Considering it, and the strenuous time we had, I wonder how man can be content to cut eternity into little bits and call each one a 'day.' Surely some days are longer than others. Some impish angel teases us by slipping in an unexpected moment, or perhaps Michelangelo's pictured Hours have babies on the sly, and these misbegotten minutes play pranks on trusting mothers.

But I had given my word and I could not go back on it. Discipline must be maintained, no matter how much it hurts the maintainer.

II

As we started for the house, a bird swooped from the tree above us, and before the yellow flash was gone we knew what was up. The mother oriole was on the job. Then I realized that I had lost sight of my baby. I saw her making for the creek, and, not having wings, I had to run for her. I caught her and brought her back, protesting lustily against Thwarting Parents, and deposited her in the little fenced-in place that looks exactly like all the rest of the yard to everyone but the Bambina.

Kevin was shouting something about needles from an upstairs window, so I left the baby to provide herself with a stick in lieu of a pencil and ran up to see who wanted to sew what, and to preserve what would remain of my workbasket.

The oriole was sitting in the middle of my bed with a wire wastebasket turned over him. Kevin was standing beside it with a peculiarly cut bit of cloth in his hand.

'This sheet does n't look like it's much good,' Kev explained, holding out the article. (With the hole where he had cut the piece out of the middle, it did not 'look like it was much good.') 'So I am making my bird a nest out of it. Have you any tape?'

I had. I had gotten it for the laundry bag, yet even at this early stage I realized the importance of the affair and gave it to him. After all, he is my first-born son, and mothers, for all they are mothers, cannot help being human.

He sat down by the bird and began to sew. The oriole was huddled into a disconsolate little bundle of feathers, too bewildered to cheep.

'He's going to be singing in a minute,' Kevin prophesied, lest I be not properly impressed with his latest addition to the family circle. 'Just wait till he gets in his new nest! Oh boy, won't he sing!'

I said I hoped he would, and threaded another needle before starting to write a letter. I had not had eight years' training in interruptions for nothing. I wrote, and the boy sewed and talked to his bird, and a wasp hummed on the window sill. It was getting hot. The sunshine lay in a blinding glare across the bit of river I could see from my desk. But it was not that which disturbed my writing. Every now and then there would be a flash of yellow that whipped past my window like the blade of a knife. From where I sat, I could see that Kevin's face was getting redder.

He stood up at last.

'There!' he cried. 'That's a keen nest! That old mother bird need n't think she's going to get him back, and she can't make a nest like this one, either!'

Certainly no mother bird ever made a nest like that. It was comfortably rounded and securely sewed, and it hung from three strips of tape.

'Where are you going to put it?' I asked.

'On a nail over my bed, and I'll take the worms to bed with me so I can feed him at night.'

'You had better feed him now,' I said. 'Little birds eat all the time, you know.'

'Well, John's digging worms,' Kevin explained. 'He ought to be back now. Mother, do I have to chew 'em?'

I thought a little skepticism might ease the point.

'I think you do,' I said. 'Mother birds do. Still, you are n't a mother bird.'

'But he's a father bird!' John came bounding in with his usual noise and explanations, and, what was more, with a catfish on a line.

'Where are my bird's worms?' demanded Kevin.

'Oh, I forgot 'em,' John said airily. 'I went to the river to get 'em, but I found this fish on my line.'

'*Your* line!' Kevin howled. 'That's *my* line! And my bird's getting hungry! Oh, you!'

A fight was evaded by the oriole's opening its eyes and uttering a pathetic little cheep. The voice of his adopted child recalled Kevin to the path of duty.

'Why you ever had to get *him!*' Kev swept a reproachful glance over the being whom proverb declares to be one's closest friend, and left us to forage for his pet.

John looked reproved for a full half minute. Then his cherubic face lit up and he put his arm around my neck. The water was dripping off the catfish's whiskers on to the rug.

'Mother,' said John, 'do you know why the river is a lady?'

'No, Lamb-Duck. Why?'

'Because,' he whispered, though we were alone, 'it's Missis-sippi.'

'Yes?'

'Missis Sippi! You never hear anyone say Mister Sippi.'

'No, you don't.'

'Are you glad I told you?'

'Awfully glad.'

We hugged, delighted that we shared another secret.

'I love you so much, and so much, and so much,' I said.

'Mother,' said John, 'how good does a mouse taste to a kitty?'

My colossal ignorance was shielded by a cry from outside. I remembered that I had n't seen Anne for nearly an hour, or heard her, either. We ran downstairs. Anne was rocking Sunny in the little red chair on the porch. Twenty-five years before, another little girl had rocked another yellow cat in that chair. As I ran past now I wondered, as I so often had, which of us was I. But history does not wait to answer questions.

III

Kevin was sitting under the old pine tree with the bird on his knee and a little pile of very squashed worm on a leaf beside him.

'That old mother bird keeps coming around and won't let my bird eat,' he explained. 'I yelled at her to go away, but she keeps coming back.'

An oriole, and not twenty feet from

the house! A sudden pang shot through me. 'So should I, if anyone went off with you.'

'Well, what's an old mother bird?' he demanded. 'They are n't any good. Have babies and forget 'em in a couple of months.'

I looked into his eyes and saw the rain on the horizon. 'Do you love it as much as that?' I asked.

He looked away, and I tried to poke a bit of worm down the oriole's beak. It made feeble efforts at pecking, and then, tired out, snuggled down in the cosy haven of Kevin's cupped hands.

'If she'd go way, he'd forget her in a minute,' Kev sobbed. 'Then he'd eat for me. I don't want him to die! Mother, why do things die?'

A yellow flash shot over me as I looked to Heaven for an answer. Why do things love, I wondered, and I put my hand that had his hot tears on it to my mouth.

'Let it go!' I begged.

'She shoved him out!' Kevin replied. 'She had him and she did n't keep him! Go home and lay some eggs!' he yelled at the wheeling bird. 'He's mine!'

For a moment the mother bird poised not ten feet from me, and I held out my hand as I should to another woman, but she darted off in an instant and scorned my human sympathy she could not understand. I got up and went to my baby's pen. The Bambina was sitting on a pile of mown grass, scribbling on a leaf with the tag of her shoe string. I do not know what it is she writes, for I do not understand her cipher, and, as she never talks, she cannot explain. She held out her leaf, doubtless covered with some deathless sonnet, looked it over with a critical eye, and made a few corrections in the necessary places. Then she saw me and held out her arms. I took her over the fence and let her run. She made straight for the pine tree where Kevin sat with his bird. As we approached, two yellow streaks flashed by, and a cry that cut to my heart rang from the tree tops. The little oriole hopped down Kevin's leg and flapped his wings in answer.

'Has he eaten?' I demanded.

The boy said no, but he did not look up.

I knew what it meant to him. To have a bird had been his life ambition — that is, a wild bird, one he had tamed. I remembered his first storm of disillusionment when a particularly fat robin had almost let himself be caught. So it had been since he was two. So it would be until he learned the philosophy of love that flies away.

I sat down on the far side of the tree. Anne came to sit by me. She held Sunny tight in her arms like a baby, and his long tail curled around her back.

'Some day I'll be a mother,' she observed casually.

'Yes,' I replied as casually as I could. 'Some day you will.'

She chuckled the funny little laugh that is so self-sufficient, so entirely Anne.

'I wonder what babies will nurse me,' she said.

I could not answer. John was puffing steam-engine noises under the lilacs. The Bambina had found another stick to write with. Kevin was trying again to make his oriole eat mashed worms. I felt the heat rise from the ground beneath me, and pressed my back against the pine tree.

Earth, Mother Earth, who brought us all to life out of herself, what is this driving energy of our creation? Do you feel about all of us as I feel about all of mine? All four in sight, and in each one I live a different life, and yet have strength enough to live my own. Do you love and live the life of all your children? No wonder the mountains are worn low and the wide sea pounds on the shore.

The mother bird was back. She was back with a frightened, darting swoop that dared almost enough, but lacked the final courage. Again and again she flew toward us, only to lose heart and sideslip away.

'You'd think we were ogres,' Kev muttered behind his teeth.

'We are,' I answered behind mine.

But she was back, poised on the air she trusted, and looked at me with eyes so full of agony that I almost forgot my son's devotion in witnessing her pain.

'Mine's human,' I pleaded, 'and yours is n't.'

It was such a silly excuse! As if it mattered to her what Man in his grasping egotism had done to the face of the earth! But I could not sit next to my son while he held hers a captive.

'Bambina!' I shouted, as a plausible reason for leaving.

IV

Indeed, where was the Bambina? Not on the porch, where John and Anne had spread a counterpane over the backs of two chairs and were feeding the cat and the dolls and themselves out of the same bowl. Not under the grape arbor, where old Shep dreamed of his youth. The creek? The sweat on my forehead was not from the July sun. No, not in the creek, not this time. There she knelt by the cistern, lapping out of Shep's water pan. I seized her before her thirst was quenched and, with the dexterity that holding her has taught me, avoided getting bitten.

'Bambi, Bambi,' I said reproachfully, 'a big girl going on three drinking out of Shep's pan! Why did n't you ask for water? Why don't you talk?'

She smiled her most detached and blissful smile, the smile of the saint or the mystic who knows that speech is at best a futile thing and that only by means of silence can one respond to the conversations of Divinity.

'Huysmans ought to have begot you, Mouse-Bird,' I told her. 'You'd make a lovely Trappist, but I don't want a Trappist. How and why did you come to be mine?'

She looked at me with wonder in her eyes, and looked away to lilt her thrush song to the sweeping breeze. I put her down. That was as far as I ever got with Bambina, for I was neither a copy of Del Sarto's 'John the Baptist' nor a Beethoven sonata, and these two were, I knew, the only things she really loved in all this world. I felt very lost as I left her in the pen and went back to the pine tree where Kevin sat with his bird.

Anne, still up on the porch, had skinned her knee, and John was putting mercurochrome on it. The cat watched the tears drip from his mistress's chin and pounced on one that fell upon the porch.

'She's back,' said Kevin.

'Eaten?' I asked.

'He tried to sing,' Kev answered.

I could n't stand it any longer.

'Kevin, let him go! If you could make him happy it would be all right, but his life is n't yours to kill. Kev, it's a crime to keep a song out of the world.'

'I love him so,' Kevin said, and held the ugly little feathered thing against his cheek.

The old, old excuse of proud possession. Civilization, with all its modern improvements, has not yet taken it out of men.

I felt terribly tired. What ages it seemed since breakfast! The baby was getting cross, and that was a signal that lunch would soon be ready.

'He'll be dead by night,' I whispered.

Before the words were out of my mouth a whirring of wings was all around, and the mother bird swooped upon us. She dived straight at us, and before we could catch our breath she had lighted on Kevin's knee. The baby bird hopped over to meet her and opened his mouth. Soft little gurgling noises came from the mother bird's throat as she poured the food into the wide little beak. Then she gave us a look that seared our human souls, and flew away. Kevin watched his bird hop from his knee on to the grass and made no move to get it back. Nature had claimed her own. The things that made us men made us surrender.

High from the tree top the mother bird called, then low from the honeysuckle bushes, and we sat as still as the stones that bordered the flower beds to see the baby bird hop toward the noise. He fluttered a little and then opened his wings, and I heard Kevin sob when they lifted him off the ground.

I did n't look at the boy, but I knew from the sound of his feet that he was running down the hillside, running to hide in the lilac bushes that shaded the creek. I had done it myself years before, and I was glad he went there. The mud would feel cool on his cheek, I thought, and the lilacs would drink up his tears, and he could tell it all to the creek, and the creek would tell it all to the river, and the river would tell it all to the sea, for it is no small or common thing to lose a love on the wing.

The cook announced that lunch was ready, and I took Bambina from the pen.

'We eat too much!' I said in my rebellion, but the next minute I heard myself telling John and Anne they must never be late to meals.

We tried to ignore Kevin's empty place and be very gay, but a lassitude had fallen upon me and I could not eat. I cut up the meat, buttered the baby's bread, mashed Anne's potatoes, tied on John's bib, and all the while my mind was crying under the lilacs and rejoicing in the tree tops, for mothers are of one kind, like the broad earth that bred them, and need both rain and sunshine to carry on existence.

'John is my husband to-day,' Anne said, when I was wiping her buttery fingers. 'He's the father of *all* my children.'

She kissed me, and they went back to their house under the counterpane. I took the baby upstairs for her nap. I did n't know I was so tired — not tired from work that brings on peaceful thoughts as a reward, but tired of the strife of living that wants a vacant mind for half a minute and a heart of stone just long enough to see how it would feel. I put the baby to bed, and for once she snuggled down without pulling off all the covers and went immediately to sleep. I lay down on the big bed and shut my eyes.

'Mother!' shouted John.

'Hush!' I warned. 'Bam's only half asleep!'

'Mother,' he called, in what he took to be a whisper, 'when you cook a hot dog, do you bake him whole?'

I said you did, and pressed my face into the pillow. The house seemed suddenly to be very still. I could see a humming bird poised by the trellis. Down by the creek I caught a glimpse of Kevin sailing his boat. Then I shut my eyes again, and rejoiced in the calm that fell upon my soul. So still, so quiet! Rest! Mother of God, did you get as tired as I? Small Son, who played rackety games on a carpenter's floor, keep them all quiet for ten minutes. Ten minutes! Is it too much to ask out of eternity, ten minutes' quiet?

V

An oriole was singing when I awoke, a song so full of ecstasy and rejoicing that I lay hypnotized and wondered for a minute what the spell was that it laid upon me. Then I remembered, and, recollecting that Kevin had sailed his boat, I stretched my arms in the enjoyment of living, of knowing that peace was upon my household and that the earth was beneath my feet.

'I must try not to get so tense over things,' I said, getting off the bed. 'They never last, and when they're over they're over.' And, because I had slept so soundly, I stretched luxuriously again.

Then I saw that someone beside the sleeping Bambina was in the room.

Kevin was sitting cross-legged on the floor, waiting for me to wake up. His face was alight with happiness, and something was in his hand.

'Hello,' I said. 'What have you there?'

He chuckled and held out his hand.

A little black bird sat on his finger and pecked the grain from his palm.

'This one's a crow,' he burst out, 'so there won't be any songs lost to the world! He eats, and his name's Jim.'

I said nothing.

From outside the window I heard the joyful trilling of the oriole. Then a black flash darkened the pane, and the jubilant music was punctuated with a raucous caw. The life of Mother Earth's children was still going on.

ASSES' EARS

BY HERBERT D. SIMPSON

FROM the time when the Lord talked to Moses on the misty top of Mount Sinai to the evening I talked to Mrs. Cheney at the Bowling Green Country Club was a long lapse of years, indeed; but even that span of centuries, I surmise, did not measure the drop in altitude between the two conversations. And I do not say this because the Lord carried on most of the conversation on the one occasion and Mrs. Cheney on the other, — if that were all, I should not have mentioned it, — but because I managed to follow the drift of the conversation in our general vicinity at the long table in the club dining room: Fred Carpenter, Professor Cooper, and Dr. Brownlee discussing how many yards 'Chuck' Wilson had made and why he had n't made more; Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Kinney, and Mrs. Armstrong discussing the varied problems of household help; a group a little farther down the table happy over the prospects of a promising divorce case; and all of us eventually finding common ground in the latest predicament of 'Amos 'n' Andy.'

Even my own conversation was not as brilliant or versatile that evening as I had planned to make it, being limited by the nature of the subject to three simple propositions: namely, I had not seen the game; I had not heard what Amos and Andy said the night before; and I had not, so far as I knew, had any trouble with our maid — sentiments which obviously did not lend themselves to any great elaboration or detail. But the brevity of my remarks left wide interims of contemplation between them; and the frequent repetition of thought and phraseology in the conversation around me provided a background of soothing monotony that offered little distraction from any line of thought one might fall upon.

The line I fell upon was not the happiest, as I had just come from down town and had read on the way home how many points my particular stocks had dropped that day, how much the 'averages' had declined, and how much farther the deflation of commodities and of the situation in general seemed likely to go. I had been puzzling profoundly (as all of us have) over the problem of this world-wide deflation and had discussed it with some of the 'best minds' that travel on the 5.14. I had found them in a somewhat similar state of deflation, but the consensus of opinion was that the situation had been brought about by a world-wide overproduction, and that this overproduction was due primarily to mechanical inventions and technological improvements, which had enormously increased productive capacities in all fields and magnified the maladjustments among them. Indeed, this general view of the economic deflation had by this time become somewhat of a commonplace among the better circles on the 5.14, and its poignancy — like that of the deflation itself — had been softened by prolonged familiarity with both.

But here I found myself, an hour and a half later, in the midst of a social activity entirely removed from questions of production, prices, market trends, averages, and so forth; a social activity that represented the maximum of freedom and spontaneity on the part of the group about the table; and yet — I began to realize — an activity which somehow had all the familiar symptoms of drastic *deflation*.

Now deflation implies comparison with a previous level; and I realize that a level of conversation is something much more difficult to define than a level of prices or wages, and infinitely more difficult of measurement. Indeed, my first impulse was to repel the suggestion altogether, with some rebuke to myself for merely being out of harmony with the occasion. There could scarcely be any analogy between conditions in the stock and commodity markets, on the one hand, and the flow of conversation around the table at a country club on the other.

Yet, I could not help reflecting, I had participated at sundry times and places in conversations that did register a high degree of intelligence, that touched on matters of real significance, that called forth one's intellectual best in the process, and that left a tingle of vibration in one's brain cells for hours afterward. Having been brought up on the classics at Princeton, I recalled the noble part that conversation had played in the development of the broad currents of human thought in the past — the 'conversations' of the great teachers and philosophers, the 'dialogues' of the Greeks, the 'colloquia' of the Romans — and the part that ordinary social discourse had played in the social, political, and literary life of Europe and of the earlier days of our own country.

All these I readily recalled from an early familiarity with the classics. But having foresworn the classics some time back, and being accustomed now to thinking in terms of factors and functions, I suddenly realized that throughout that long vista of centuries, over which my mind had run from force of habit, the *function* of conversation had changed, and that the nature of conversation itself had undergone as revolutionary changes as any other element of modern life. Not only this, but I began to apprehend further, with a vague sense of being on the verge of an unpleasant discovery, that this revolutionary change had been brought about by nothing other than those same mechanical inventions and technological discoveries that underlie our recurring periods of economic deflation.

Just as one sometimes finds one's premises suddenly abutting on a new gasoline station or other unneighborly structure, on a vacant lot which hitherto he has considered harmless, so in this case I found my mind abutting on a new idea with some feeling of apprehension; for I have always treasured the hope that there are some spheres of life so human, intimate, and spontaneous, and so free from pecuniary calculus, that they cannot be brought under the sway of the machine. Yet here in an entirely informal and spontaneous conversation, among cultured people, in a typically suburban group, there suddenly rose the spectre of Mechanization itself, sitting like a ghost at the banquet table and laying upon the conversation the same iron hand that it has already laid so heavily upon industrial life, with its machine-made product, its quantity output, and its recurring deflation. What was happening about the table was this 'deflation' of conversation; and it was happening for much the same reasons that commodities are deflated, that the wheat markets of the world are demoralized, and that South American countries and countries in other parts of the world are in a turmoil of revolutionary uprisings.

And just as the early historical economists found it possible to trace the course of evolution in the form of 'stages,' marked by fundamental changes in productive technique, status of labor, or other aspects of economic organization, so it gradually dawned upon me that one of the most significant trails of social evolution had been blazed by successive changes in the nature and function of social conversation. For fear, however, that this may seem too fanciful an idea to emerge from our conversation at the club, let me interrupt my narrative of the evening long enough to set down these stages in conventional form, much as Karl Bücher originally set down his Pastoral, Agricultural, Handicraft, and Industrial stages of production.

STAGE I

Conversation a Repository of Racial Knowledge and Experience. — In the period with which this narrative happened to open, the time when the Lord talked to Moses, and for two to three thousand years thereafter, conversation was the one great repository of knowledge. The 'word of mouth' from father to son, from priest to disciple, from teacher to pupil, was the medium through which was preserved the most priceless heritage of a people — their law, religion, tribal history and culture, and knowledge of the practical arts. There was many a conversation, on other mountains than Sinai, that was fraught with momentous consequences; and many humbler conversations about the doorstep and the hearth, in the fields and shops, which, like modern doctors' theses, 'contributed to the sum total of human knowledge.' It is true, the art of writing was known; but when words had to be carved on stone, graven in bronze, or laboriously scrawled with a goose quill on coarse parchment, with no duplicate copies, written compendia were few and brief and the cyclopædia of universal knowledge was an oral one.

What brought this stage of conversation to a close? To some extent the development of more easy and rapid forms of writing among the Greeks, Romans, and other ancient peoples. But the machine that put an end to this stage with revolutionary suddenness was the crude and primitive printing press. The printing press meant the *mechanization* of knowledge, with a cheapness, a precision, and a volume of output characteristic of the machine process everywhere.

STAGE II

Conversation a Medium for Conveying Current Information. — After the greater categories of knowledge and of literature had been mechanized, there still remained large areas of important and interesting information which were available only by word of mouth. One of these was made up of those fields of humbler knowledge represented by the practical arts and the processes of everyday life — health, cookery, agriculture, and handicraft. The 'cookbook' came eventually, after law, religion, and other essential fields had been reduced to printed form, and after a lot of the world's worst doggerel had likewise been preserved for posterity; but for thousands of years the world's cooking was done 'by word of mouth,' by those who learned to cook from someone else who told them how.

The other great area of oral communication was *news*, the whole world of what was happening anywhere — at one's neighbor's, in the near-by village, in the city, in England, Ireland, Germany, and elsewhere; what Parliament or Congress had done; what countries were at war; what the King, the President, Daniel Webster, or somebody else was doing. In other words, news — personal, local, national, international — had in the main to be 'covered' orally, catch as catch can, as one could gather it from someone lucky enough to have come from somewhere or to have heard something from someone who had been somewhere. Even when governments built military highways and post roads, with provision for the more or less regular dispatch of official messages, these messages, signed and sealed, represented small editions compared to the unofficial news sections, which the messengers delivered orally as they went. And the great Genghis Khan is said to have covered his vast empire with a network of post roads, over which fleet runners passed from time to time, each one covering a certain distance and at the end of his stretch telling his budget of news to another runner, who in turn relayed it to the next, and so on to the most distant provinces of the realm.

There was much animated conversation in those days. It is true, the news was not exactly 'up to the minute.' News of the Treaty of Ghent did not reach General Jackson until he had fought the glorious but superfluous battle of New Orleans. News of Polk's election did not reach some sections of the Kentucky mountains until their secluded denizens had spent months discussing Presidential policies under the supposed administration of Henry Clay. But under these conditions zest for the news more than compensated for the tardiness of its arrival. Why did the houses of those times all nestle close to the side of the highway? In order not to lose the sight of a single traveler or miss an item of news. And the zest of carrying news, we may surmise, was fully as great as that of receiving it. Every traveler was a Marathon runner who bore tidings about something or other; and the passengers aboard a stagecoach from a distant city were seized upon in every village in which they alighted as eagerly as if they had been a bunch of 'extras' thrown upon the station platform. Needless to say, the substance of the news thus relayed from village to village became the subject of animated conversation for weeks afterward in the shops and stores, at church, at Sunday dinners, and around the fireside. If conversation was momentous in the first stage, it was still breathless in the second.

But the second stage, likewise, came to an end in consequence of a series of mechanical inventions. These included the further development of the printing art in the form of the linotype press, which made possible the printing of huge newspaper issues at costs within the range of all; the development of steam transportation, which made it possible to distribute these newspapers quickly over a wide territory; and, more than all, the invention of the telegraph and telephone, which brought news instantly from the most distant and diverse parts of the earth.

All these have now brought about a complete mechanization of ordinary information and news. The tense watcher of Biblical times who cried, as he caught sight of an oncoming chariot raising the dust a mile down the road, 'The driving is like the driving of Jehu,' no longer watches from the battlements. He sits at a telephone, and his secretary takes down the messages. The 'beautiful feet of him that bringeth good tidings' are no longer seen 'upon the mountains.'

Those 'beautiful feet' now step on the gas of some newspaper 'flivver.' And the nameless immortal who only touched the high spots of the twenty-six-mile stretch of road from Marathon to Athens in his eagerness to break the news of victory — the glorious Marathon runners of old are now relegated to the skating rinks and dance halls!

STAGE III

Conversation a Medium for Discussion. — Along with its functions of providing a repository of knowledge and a means for conveying current information, conversation has always served a further noble purpose as a medium for the exchange of ideas. At bottom, however, this is not so much *exchange* as it is a process of *production* of ideas, a process of generating and developing ideas — what Socrates called bringing ideas to birth. This is something vastly different from merely handing down knowledge or communicating information. Conversation in this function means the hammering of vigorous minds upon the hot iron on the anvil, out of which something is forged that did not exist before.

This has been one of the richest aspects of conversation in past centuries; in economic terms, we should call it one of the most *productive functions* of conversation. In its highest form it is illustrated by the 'sermons' of Christ and the dialogues of the Greek and Roman philosophers, not only in the conventionalized versions written by their literary disciples, but in the actual conversations of these groups of thinkers that were never reported. In one of its most picturesque forms it is illustrated by the conversations in the brilliant salons of European capitals a century or two ago, which sometimes exercised momentous influence on the course of political and diplomatic events. It flourished with particular exuberance in the period of political ferment and of intellectual storm and stress throughout the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, in the days of the old Cheshire Cheese in London, in the coffeehouses, Rathskellers, clubs, in the gathering places of students, literati, communists and revolutionaries of one field or another, and in almost any place where serious and intelligent people came together to eat and drink — and talk.

In our own country, stirring questions of religion and politics created a lot of good conversation and developed a lot of high-grade intellectual fibre. Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and the student on the other had no monopoly on that type of intellectual timber. Most of us have listened to conversations among sundry groups at one time or another which, in originality, keenness, and vigor, would rival the harness shops, coffeehouses, and salons of any earlier period; for this function of conversation survived long after conversation as a repository of knowledge and a medium for the communication of information had been eliminated by the mechanization of these fields.

This function still survives in scattered places and among odd groups here and there, just as remnants of the Agricultural and Handicraft stages may still be found in out-of-the-way corners of modern economic life. But as a prevalent or characteristic type of social conversation it appears to be no longer extant. Social groups now rarely 'discuss.' They narrate personal incidents, tell stories, gossip, repeat bits from the theatre, make 'wisecracks' and 'come-backs,' and keep up a general running conversation. But one rarely finds that clash of minds that generates thought or that hammering of minds upon the molten metal of ideas. One does n't come away at the end of an evening with new ideas or kindled mental activity, and probably has not contributed to either. It may be that no one is more responsible than another. But what is the trouble?

One trouble, peculiar to modern life and the result of modern conditions, is that the ordinary subjects of current interest have all been discussed, up and down and crossways, before any of us have a chance at them. They have been discussed by the morning papers on the way into town and by the evening papers on the way out. Not only has each subject been discussed by the papers themselves, but they have related what President Hoover, Secretary Mellon, Owen Young, Einstein, Charlie Chaplin, or Mussolini has said about it. If it is a matter of local interest, it has already been discussed at luncheons of the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Board, the Rotary Club, and the Woman's City Club. When we get together at the Country Club or elsewhere, what more is there to be said about it? About all one can say is that he agrees or disagrees with what some score of papers and prominent citizens have already said about it. The result is that everyone is fully *informed* upon the subject, but no one has any *ideas* about it; and that is not the soil out of which vigorous conversation grows.

Two things have made all this predigested discussion possible — in addition to the factors we have already considered. These are our intense urbanization and our elaborate business and social organization, both of which are direct results of the mechanical and technological factors of modern life, but only lately carried to the degree in which we see them now. If to these general factors we add the most recent and most revolutionary invention, the radio, with its verbose discussions of everything on earth, we have a fairly adequate explanation of the way in which machine and large-scale methods of discussion have robbed conversation of one of its richest functions.

Perhaps in this, as in other fields of production, one may still feel that the machine-made product is the better. Certainly the radio can command more expert ability in every field and can bring more distinguished people to the discussion of our problems than any of us could ever hope to gather together in our own households. Yet somehow this is n't the whole story; for if, without intending any sacrilege, one can imagine Christ broadcasting the Sermon on the Mount from Station WMQ on the Mount of Olives and signing off, as the sun went down, to allow the Chairman of the Board of Subdividers to expound the rare opportunities for investment in summer cottages on the Sea of Galilee, one cannot but wonder whether the Beatitudes would ever have carried their message of comfort to mankind.

STAGE IV

Conversation as a Form of Entertainment. — The final stages move rapidly, just as mechanical and technological inventions have moved rapidly in recent periods. But after the more serious functions — what we might call the more *productive* functions — of conversation had been replaced by machine methods, one of the most charming functions of conversation still remained outside the range of the factory system. This is that large volume of conversation that has always been carried on for the sole purpose of good companionship and pleasant entertainment. Friendly colloquium has always been one of the richest enjoyments of human companionship, one of the things, in fact, which have helped to maintain that sometimes wavering line of distinction between man and the animals. The descriptions of the mellow warmth and untiring delight of genial conversation in the *De Senectute* and *De Amicitia*, in Pliny and scores of later writers, do not exaggerate the real enjoyment that people have always found in talking to each other, especially in the relaxation of social gatherings.

This one delightful function of conversation still survives; presumably it will always survive among choice spirits here and there. But as a recognized type of social entertainment it appears to be well on the way toward extinction. Social groups no longer sit around the fireplace and talk all evening. The mere mention of such a thing brings a reminiscent smile and a picture of the simpler village life of the eighties or some other remote period. If an orchestra or other agency does not 'provide entertainment,' there are cards and dancing and other standardized forms of amusement. In any case, the entertainment is provided. In Roman times, everyone carried his own napkin to the dinner party; and it would have been as discourteous for one's hostess to offer one a napkin as for a modern hostess to inquire whether one of her guests needed a handkerchief. So, in simpler times, one was expected, in a way, to bring his entertainment with him in the form of readiness to contribute to the conversation of the occasion. Now, both napkins and entertainment are provided.

The particular inventions which have pushed the mechanization of entertainment further than ever before are, of course, the moving pictures and the radio. The radio, like the vacuum cleaner, has now invaded every household, the radio coming on when the vacuum cleaner has signed off for the day. It has thus displaced conversation in its most intimate habitat.

How can one converse when Amos and Andy are 'conversing'? Perhaps here also the machine-made product is better. I suppose it's a matter of taste. Certainly, if an increased production of small talk is desirable, one would prefer to have it done by machine rather than have to do it one's self. In any case, the mechanization of entertainment and of talking as a form of entertainment appears now to be eliminating natural conversation as a recognized form of social diversion.

So here we are, approaching apparently the close of a fourth stage in this long course of evolution — an evolution as sharply defined as that of industry and economic life in general and one that has been subject in large degree to the same determining factors. There have been many discourses on the 'Lost Art of Conversation,' implying that a fine art has been lost through changes in literary taste and social ideals. If conversation is a lost art, it is for much the same reasons that the art of the spinning wheel, the hand shuttle, and the shoemaker's last are lost arts; because conversational machinery has been developed that can turn out conversation in greater quantities than even the most loquacious of our ancestors could have hoped to emulate.

I would not concede that, as an art, it is altogether lost; but when conversation as a repository of racial knowledge and experience, a means for the communication of information, a medium for the discussion of ideas, and a form of social entertainment — when all these functions of conversation have been replaced by machine methods for doing the same things, what are we going to have left? Should we make an effort either to counteract the trend toward mechanization or to minimize its undesirable consequences? Perhaps we should simply waive all these misgivings, as of lesser import in comparison with the magnitude of the progress made. The older schools of economic thought have always measured human progress in terms of man's increasing 'power over nature.' Machinery has multiplied man's hands — has made him a modern Briareus, a hundred-handed giant; modern forms of transport by land and sea have given him seven-league boots and the wings of Mercury; telescope and television have given him a hundred eyes, with which to pry into the remotest corners of the earth and sky; and now the telephone and radio have magnified his hearing until, like the Indian bison hunter, he can put his ear to the earth and hear the footsteps of the antipodes.

But while man is thus busy increasing his power over nature, what is happening to *him?* The biologists tell us, humorously perhaps, that if we cease to use our legs and feet they may in the course of time be eliminated or greatly abbreviated, just as the whale's quadrupedal equipment has disappeared since he took to the sea for his livelihood. The hand has lost much of its deftness and craftsmanship since the advent of the machine. Is there danger that the mechanical extension of our hearing may after all have some resemblance to the elongation of Midas's ears in the old legend? As a reminder of the king's folly in listening too constantly to the voice of avarice, Apollo decreed that his ears should grow longer and longer; and as they grew they became pointed at the ends and covered with long coarse hair, until the king's astonished barber beheld that lo, Midas had ass's ears! Greatly embarrassed, Midas made the barber swear, under pain of death, never to reveal the secret. And the barber went about for days, laughing covertly at his master's predicament but keeping the throbbing secret in his breast, until, fearful that he might not be able to restrain his mirth or his secret longer, he went out into the fields and, digging a hole in the ground, whispered to the earth, 'Midas hath ass's ears'; then, filling the hole again, he retraced his steps, greatly relieved. But the reeds and rushes grew up where the barber had digged; and in the autumn, when the breeze blew over the field and rustled their leaves, the reeds and rushes whispered, 'Midas hath ass's ears'; and the secret was out.

So I apprehend that the mechanization of speech is having some unhappy effects, not only on the conversation of the speaker, but upon the ears of the hearer. We are growing a new crop of ears — ears that listen with equal avidity to the tooth-paste advertiser, the marathon-dance announcer, and the political buffoon. There is danger that the machine process is going to lend itself to exploitation by some of the worst elements in our social and political life — elements that can speak most eloquently when there are asses' ears to listen. While going up and down and to and fro in the Windy City and elsewhere, I have for some time been noticing the ears of people and have observed with some anxiety that many of them are growing longer and longer and becoming more and more pointed at the ends, but have kept the secret to myself withal — until, like Midas's barber, fearful that I may not be able to repress it longer, I am now confiding it to these pages.

THEY THAT SEE THE SUN

BY OGDEN W. HEATH

I

THERE is a large maple tree in front of the house. By looking straight ahead out the window I can see all the upper half of it. We have become very good friends, that tree and I, during these years that I have had to lie here on my back. In the morning the first thing I see when I open my eyes is the green curtain of its leaves, and all day long the rustle of the breeze and the song of the robins in its branches are in my ears. In the late afternoon the sunlight streams through its foliage, prying inquisitively among the dark green shadows that lurk in its depths and laying bare all its innermost secrets. And every night before I drop off to sleep I stare for a while at its great black shadow outlined against the sky and try to guess the riddle of its patient, watchful brooding.

Last night we had a severe thunderstorm. I woke up suddenly in the midst of it with a panicky feeling that something was about to happen. A moment later there was a flash of lightning, followed immediately by a deafening crash of thunder directly overhead. There was a fluttering of the air about my arm and I saw a great spark go streaking across the room. I thought we were struck. It gave me a bad moment or two because it might not be so easy to get me out of here if the house were to catch fire.

Then the storm took hold of me and filled me with a fierce joy, and I forgot my fears. I lay awake listening to the slowly fading grumble of the thunder while the rain pelted against the windows. Eagerly I waited for each lightning flash to give me another glimpse of the tree. It seemed like some wild witch's revel out there in that weird white glare. During the intervals of blackness I could see it still in my mind's eye: that sudden sweep upward, over, and around, of all the branches together, like the last dizzy surge of a great wave just before it breaks, or like a symphony orchestra with all of the players uniting for the moment on a single mighty theme. Whenever I see that mighty surge I always think of certain parts of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The tree, tossing and twisting and thrashing with the hiss of rushing water, looked pale and frightened, I thought, but I felt sure it was enjoying its wild dance in the storm, all the more, perhaps, because of the danger. And I longed to be out there with it, to sit among its branches and feel the swing of the great boughs and the cold splash of the rain on my face and the tug of the wind at my hair.

In the morning, when I woke, the sun was shining brightly. My tree was covered with glittering balls of light, iridescent like diamonds. I wished I might bury my face in its wet leaves.

My nurse came in so full of excitement that she ignored my good-morning.

'We were struck by lightning last night. Did you hear the crash? That large maple in front of the house . . .'

She was joking, of course. Had n't I been watching the tree all through the storm? And was n't it standing right there in front of me now as usual? But I was glad it was n't my tree.

'Not the maple. You must mean some other. There it is — I can see it.'

'Yes,' she insisted, 'I mean that tree. Look! Half of it is on the ground. It's lucky for you it did n't fall this way.'

I looked and saw that the light was shining through the leaves more brightly than usual. 'Just a branch, perhaps,' I said.

'Half the tree is on the ground, I tell you. You can't see it, perhaps, from the bed. They'll have to chop it down.'

My first impulse was to deny it, as if that might change the fact. 'No,' I said, 'they would n't do that.' I wondered how she could speak of chopping down a tree in such a matter-of-fact way, as if it were no more than cutting her finger nails. The raindrops on the leaves glistened in the sun; like tears they seemed now.

II

A couple of hours later I heard the sound of chopping out in the yard. So they had come already. They did n't waste any time about it, certainly. Listening to that steady chop-chop, I began to think of the many things I had found to love in that tree. It was so many different things to me. Sometimes just the leaves were fluttering, and then it was a troop of children at play, dancing and singing and laughing and clapping their hands in glee. Other days its swaying branches made me think of a roistering, rollicking sailor rolling back to his ship after a night's carouse. Again it reminded me of a high mountain, its steep green slopes scarred by the black mouths of many mysterious caverns and deep ravines. And when the sunlight came sifting through the green leafy windows to light up the dim depths of the tree, it seemed to me like the upper vaulting of some ancient cathedral.

But most of the time it was a young girl — or rather, now, a lovely full-breasted woman, for lately she has grown very tall and shapely with a definite personality of her own. Certainly she is as fascinatingly variable in her moods as any woman. Some days she stands very still, pensive and primly patient, like a nun communing with herself, or again with rapt face upturned to the glories of the sun. But more often she greets me with a gay smile. Then, with twinkling eyes full of coquetry she dances for me, a solemn saraband, a mad tarantella, or a sprightly Viennese waltz.

They tell me she was planted there in front of the house just twenty years ago. That would make her about the same age as myself. I must have often passed close enough to touch her in those days, but I seldom even noticed she was there. I do remember wondering rather doubtfully if she would ever grow up to be a tall tree like some of the others on the block. I remember how sad and scrawny she looked at that time, with the ungainliness of adolescence. And I guess she *was* sad, too. She must have been pretty homesick at times for the familiar scenes and companions of her early years at the nursery. I have a vivid memory of the agony of homesickness I suffered myself when a couple of years later I was first sent away to boarding school. But then the day came when I could n't get out of bed any more, for my legs had been growing more and more rigid until at last they were quite useless. Since then I have had to do all my living in a horizontal position. From that day my real acquaintance with her began.

I used to lie here and stare at her all day long, indifferently, or even resentfully, at first, but then, as the seasons ran their relay year after year, with an ever-growing awareness of her beauty. I remember I was surprised at first to see how much she had grown. Yet it seemed to me she used to cast many envious glances at the poplars across the street which had so rapidly outstripped her in height. And how she would rage with jealousy at the evergreens, so warmly dressed in their green coats, while she had to stand shivering all through the winter in her naked bark. But I loved to see the intricate architecture of her bare boughs, so black and sleek, like seals, in the rain. Then how she swelled with pride each year when the warm winds of spring came 'driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air.' And when she had finally got her new dress on, how haughtily she turned up her nose at those same evergreens, now so shabby in comparison with her. In the fall she outdid all the others in the glory of her scarlet and yellow robes. But when the shrill north wind began to strip her of her leaves again, first one by one, then in cascades, — and what, I wonder, are the thoughts of a leaf during that last dizzy drop toward oblivion, — I saw her grow sad and moody, and knew she was dreaming of warmer countries where the elements were more friendly. Then day after day she would stare down at the never-ending stream of people passing by almost underneath her in their cars and bitterly lament the fate which compelled her to stand rooted to this one spot forever. You could n't blame her for thinking it must be a very wonderful place they were all going to because everyone seemed to be in such an awful hurry to get there.

Is all this mere whimsy? I don't think so. There are scientists nowadays who claim that plants are capable of feeling as well as animals and humans, that they have nervous systems which respond to stimuli very much as do our own. They say that when the plant is attacked they can actually see it cringe, as if in fear, and when it is injured it writhes as if in pain. We all know that trees have lungs and must have air to breathe, that they have stomachs and must have food and drink, and the light of the sun to live and grow. The sap flowing through their veins is not so very different from our own blood stream. Who can say that trees do not also possess a brain? We only know, in the end, that they are made of precisely the same stuff as ourselves: clouds of electric particles whirling about one another in a way which nobody understands, and seeming to possess two things — energy and intelligence. Those primitive peoples who saw a soul in every rock and tree were perhaps not so far from the truth after all.

And now this tree is about to be chopped down. As I sit here watching it I am expecting every minute to see it go toppling to the ground with a crash. Chop! Chop! Chop! Chop! Slowly come the blows, but with a stern persistence, breaking stridently upon the still, fresh-washed air of morning, and resounding in my ears, as mercilessly and as irrevocably as the strokes of Time itself. The thought of the cold steel biting into the tender tree flesh makes me shudder. . . .

III

At last I felt I could bear it no longer. I asked my nurse to look and see what the men were doing. She went to the window.

'They're cutting at the trunk now,'

she said. 'It looks as if it would be coming down pretty soon.'

'Can't you stop them? Tell them it looks all right from here. It does, really.'

She laughed. 'They would n't pay any attention to me. What can I do? Besides, they can plant another tree, can't they?'

I did n't like her at all at that moment. But, though I felt it was useless, I begged her to go down anyway and ask the men if there was n't some way of saving the tree.

I remember how just a little while ago I was thinking that some day I should n't be here to see the sun scattering his magic dust over her leaves and to hear the crooning of the robins in her branches. Trees live a lot longer than men. The thought was a throbbing ache. Then I said to myself, 'But I'll come back again as summer rain, some midnight, like a lover to a tryst, to caress her gently, or as a thrush, perhaps, to build my nest among the dark green shadows near her heart.' For the moment I had looked ahead impatiently to the time when such things might be.

And now she is to die before me after all. It must be terrible to have to die just when you have learned how to enjoy life. For, during this last year or two, I seemed to sense a new serenity in her. I felt she did n't care any more that she would never be as tall as the poplars across the way, or that she had to lose her leaves every fall while the evergreens kept theirs. And she no longer paid any attention to the people hurrying by all day, or grumbled because she had to stay in one place the rest of her life. On those days when I felt impatient or vaguely unhappy with a longing ache to be out in the world, to be able to travel and to see all those places I have always wanted to see — on those days I used to stare at her and marvel at her patient stillness. And she would smile back at me, and with my eyes I would see that she was very lovely, but her loveliness only made me all the sadder because I could n't *feel* it, too. And now she is going to die before I have had time to discover the secret of her serenity.

IV

My nurse returned. She had a large birds' nest in her hand. I looked at her anxiously.

'They said they'll save it if they possibly can. But they don't know yet whether they can or not. See what I found on the ground near the tree.'

I took the nest from her, and all at once I remembered how I watched a robin building a nest in that tree last spring. Could this be the same one? Yes, the branch was gone. I remember how delighted I was to see her sweep down to the ground again and again, to return a minute or two later with a piece of dried grass or string or a small twig. The nest before me contained one egg, pale blue in color, and several broken pieces of shell, together with a few somehow rather pathetic-looking feathers. Why was this one egg unhatched?

It seemed very wonderful to me to think that in the midst of this collection of dried mud and grass, on this very spot I was now touching with my finger, that fat mother robin I had so often watched strutting arrogantly across the lawn had laid her eggs and reared her various broods of young. Here they saw the light of the sun for the first time, here they grew big and clamorous with great silly beaks, here, perhaps, some of them died. Where are all the young robins that were hatched in this nest? I have read somewhere that out of all those reared each year by any one robin rarely does more than a single bird survive the season. As I was examining the nest, and thinking of the wonders that had taken place there, I remembered how, while the young birds were in it last spring, I had longed to be able to take a peek inside. And now Fate has granted my wish. But at what a price!

V

Suddenly I noticed that the sound of chopping which had been in my ears steadily during the last hour or so had ceased. I asked my nurse to look and see what was happening. Was this the end?

She went to the window. 'I guess they're not going to chop it down after all,' she said, after what seemed an interminable wait. 'They've begun to put that black stuff on it. They've cut away all the part that was broken.'

If I had just received news that someone very dear to me had passed the crisis and would recover, I could hardly have felt more relieved. I laughed for joy as I looked across at the tree. But it was very plain that she herself was far from happy over her reprieve. All the other trees that I could see were dancing gayly in the bright morning sun. She alone stood still with limp dark leaves, brooding over her loss. Even the sun seemed to be shunning her. Her whole attitude breathed the deepest gloom. It seemed as though I could hear her say, 'What's the use of living, anyway, with several of my best limbs gone and doomed to be but half a tree the rest of my life? I'd rather be dead!'

I felt terribly sorry for her, and wished there were some way to comfort her. I wanted to make her understand that, so far as I was concerned, she was lovely still. From all other angles she might look hopelessly crippled and scarred, but from my point of view she appeared almost the same as before. In fact, if I had not been told of her accident I might not have discovered it till autumn winds had stripped her of her leaves.

But she was not to be comforted, that was plain. It was not hard to guess her thoughts: Why did this have to happen to me rather than to any of the other trees near by? What have I done to deserve such a punishment, O God of Love and Justice? Or, if I have committed no crime, tell me, O God, something of your purpose in doing this to me. Are you planning for me some wonderful existence in the far future to compensate for my present suffering? Please, just whisper a small hint of what you have in store for me, and I'll be content. What? The ways of God must forever remain beyond the understanding of mere trees? Excuse me, O God, for asking.

Presently I saw a robin dart up from below to perch among her branches. It was followed immediately by its mate. Suddenly I saw those great boughs lift a little, slowly, and then drop slowly back. It was like a deep sigh. A few minutes later a song sparrow flew up to the tip of her topmost branch and began to pour out his delirious liquid song. Then the sun came out from behind a cloud and kissed her once again with his golden healing rays. Her leaves began to flutter.

She smiled across at me and my heart leaped with sudden joy. All at once I knew her secret. Was it she, or was it my own heart which was whispering, 'O God, it's good just to be alive!'

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

BY BERNHARD JOHANN TÜTING

I

THE war was over, the soldiers returned. They had left with music and songs — many had left; but now their number was small and their voices were low. The fragrance of the soil greeted them. The oaks loosened their leaves and spread a carpet of rust-brown brocade over the land. The war was over.

Then winter came and hung a garment of crisp white snow over firs and pine trees. The wind from the east blew rough and cold, rushed over the plains, and hardened to ice the water flooding the meadows.

Rudolf Schulte and his wife, Katharina Schulte, were alone in the room. It was in the late forenoon. The sun was far away in the southern sky and colored the frozen panes of the windows with a pale yellow light. The fire crackled on the hearth, but only in the upper corners of each pane had the ice flowers lost their leaves. Rudolf Schulte went to the desk, brought the family chronicle, and laid it on the table. His wife looked at him; he looked at her. As he turned the pages he recognized the different handwritings of the Schulten who had lived before his time here on the same farm. He knew the long family history by heart, but he liked to see it word for word, just as it had been written. He had blank sheets before him now. He gazed thoughtfully at the paper, turned the pen in his fingers, and put it back on the inkstand. He closed the heavy leather-bound volume and locked it in the desk again.

His wife shook her head. 'Rudolf, have you written it down?'

'No, not yet. I do not know just what to write.'

'Just write it down in a few simple words. A few simple words will do.'

'Yes, a few simple words, I guess.' He put on his long, heavy overcoat, and his high, sturdy build appeared still more powerful.

'Where are you going to-day?'

'I have to show him; you know how it is. He does not even know the boundaries. Nobody has ever shown him. He must know.'

'Yes, he must know, but it is cold to-day. Death is blowing over the land.'

'Yes, it is cold,' and the tall, gray-haired man took his oak-wood cane and fur cap and left the room. He crossed the open yard, north of the house, and went into the stables. On both sides of the wide passage stood a long row of black-and-white cows, all thoroughbreds, valuable stock, the result of careful mating. He was still proud of the animals and proud of himself when he thought of his work here on Schulten farm; but a walk through the stables did not give him the great satisfaction it had given him in earlier years.

'Heinrich!' he called loudly. The answer came from the adjoining horse stable, and a young man of about twenty-five approached. 'Heinrich, you take an axe and we shall go to the pines.'

'To the pines,' the young man repeated to himself while he walked to the tool room, 'to the pines.' He had been thinking of the approaching holiday, but now that it was so near . . . He should have told the old people. What could he say? How could he tell them without recalling the past to life, without causing them sorrow anew? But he had to tell them. He could not possibly wait until the last day.

'You must put on a heavy overcoat and your high boots. It is deadly cold. We cannot spare any more young men.'

Heinrich went back into the horse stable. There he had his high boots and an overcoat. 'We cannot spare any more young men,' he mused. How could he possibly tell the old man? But he had to tell him, and it was, perhaps, somewhat silly to feel this way, to find it so difficult. Perhaps it was silly. Perhaps he saw a darker past than old Schulte himself.

II

Rudolf Schulte and young Heinrich Schulte walked over the fields. They were of equal height. Their broad, square shoulders and their determined strides gave them a strong family resemblance. They could easily be taken for father and son. They walked northward and made a new trail through the untrodden snow. Old Rudolf Schulte walked on the right side. With every second step the point of his cane left a narrow, funnel-shaped hole in the snow. In the distance before them the forest appeared like a white, heavy bank of clouds, supported by a dark wall of fir trunks. The old man lifted his cane and pointed to the right. 'There, where the post stands out of the snow, is the line. The land on the other side belongs to our neighbor, Holtvogt. Our families have never had any difficulties. We have always helped each other, and I hope that will never change.' He looked at Heinrich.

'No, that must never change,' the young man said. Then came a long silence. Only the snow answered steadily to the men's steps — *knirk, knirk, knirk*. 'Wonder whether he finds it difficult to tell me all about Schulten place,' Heinrich thought.

'And do not forget,' Rudolf Schulte again began, 'the corner, about forty acres framed on two sides by alder bushes, must never be flooded. The soil is binding and inclined to be sour. Every fourth year it must be given a good portion of lime, otherwise bulrushes and moss will soon cover the surface and kill the good grasses. Lime warms and sweetens the soil.'

Heinrich nodded. He had to know all this, he appreciated being told, and yet he did not like to listen to the words. It was as if the man were preparing for death, as if death would come and take him to-morrow. 'Uncle, you are not so very old yet,' he said, turning to Rudolf. He called him uncle, although they were not very near of kin.

'No, no, not so very old yet, but my days have been many, and the end comes in the sequence of the days.' The men turned northeastward. The wind came straight into their faces. 'It is cold, it is bitter cold,' said the old man, and the wind drove tears out of his eyes. They ran down his cheeks and formed frozen crystals in his gray beard. He pulled the fox fur collar of his coat higher and drew his chin deeper into it. The wind whirled the snow in circles of white dust. The fence wires were singing in fine, metal-clear voices. Large swarms of gray-colored fog crows settled in the snow and called their sufferings into the cold day. From the woods came the bark of a hungry fox. The world was frozen. No mouse left its hole; the gopher slept his sleep of winter.

The men reached the forest. They stopped short and looked at one another. Here it was not so cold. The trees held off the wind. 'The coldest day for years,' old Schulte said.

'The winters in Russia were colder,' replied Heinrich.

'Yes, and in the trenches it must have been insufferably cold.' While he was still talking, Rudolf looked up at the high trees. 'This patch here is not so old as it seems to be. I planted it out when I was in my best years, forty years ago. It has grown fast, but the wood is not hardened by age. It must stay for another forty before it is felled.'

'Another forty,' Heinrich said. 'Then I shall be an old man.'

'Almost — not quite. But, Heinrich, that is why the farm population here in the north sits so tightly in the saddle. One generation works for the next. No one expects that he himself will harvest the fruits of his labors. It is the unselfish work of a man that lasts and moulds the future. A lasting fruit needs time to grow.'

Their way led into a dale. Not the slightest wind penetrated here. The sky was cloudless. The sun was far away, but without the wind it seemed warm. The trees were dripping. The moist snow shimmered brilliantly, and showed a slight touch of gold from the sun. The drops twinkled white, red, blue, green — their colors always determined by the background; and the background of the small dripping water pearls was composed of innumerable colors. When the snow slid off, branches snapped into their old positions. The young pine forest spread on both sides of the way. The trees were only man-high. The sun had freed the outer rows from the snow. All the small birds seemed to have gathered here. They were busy where the melted snow had exposed the soil. The warmth would last only a few hours; then the frost would come again, and no beetle, no fly, would dare to leave its hiding place.

The men looked at each tree. Heinrich's thoughts were far away. 'It is difficult,' said the old man, 'to find one, difficult to take one out where it will not hurt, but we have had one every year and we shall find one this year. This one, perhaps. No, it is difficult to take one out of the row without leaving a permanent gap. That one could be spared, but it is not symmetrical in growth. The branches are not the same length on both sides, and one side is too bushy, it seems.'

'I should tell him, I am foolish not to tell him,' Heinrich thought. 'I am not a servant that I have to ask for a few days' vacation, but it is only considerate to tell him. I should have told him a week ago. Only a few more days and I shall leave.'

Before he really had decided to speak, and before he had thought of just what to say, he began, 'I am glad I do not have to spend the holidays this year where I spent them the last four years.'

Rudolf Schulte looked at the young man. 'Yes, I am, too,' said he. 'Thank God, it is over — but the end could have been a different one. The end was bad.'

'Yes, the end was bad,' Heinrich said, 'but better a bad end than a worse continuation. The first time in four years that all of our family will be at home for the holidays — only one more week until then.'

A sudden sadness struck the old man's soul. His face grew ash-gray.

Ah, Heinrich was not his son! ‘All of you will be together then,’ he said.

‘Yes, we shall all be home for the holidays.’

‘Of course, I expected you would go home for the holidays.’ They had come to the end of the pine grove. ‘Well, we have not found what we wanted.’

‘Are n’t we going back this way? We have only looked at one side. Perhaps on the other side we can find one,’ said Heinrich.

‘No, I guess not. I cannot find one this year, it seems. There are many, and yet there are none.’

They walked homeward. It was easier to walk now with the wind behind. The buildings of Schulten farm came into sight. The roofs were covered with snow. The whole place seemed much larger now that the fields around were white. ‘All new buildings, Heinrich. They will last for generations to come, if they are taken care of — if the country is not ruled by those people who do not know, or do not want to know, the difference between “mine” and “thine.” Let us hope that time will never come.’

Heinrich was silent. Of course that time would come. No farmer would remain owner of the soil; at least, he would not be allowed to call more than a few acres his own. They went into the stables. It was warm between the animals. Heinrich took a broom and swept the snow from his uncle’s boots.

III

Rudolf Schulte went into the house to his wife. ‘It is warm here,’ said he.

‘You have just been outside. It seems warmer to you than it is. The ice flowers are still blooming.’

‘Cold days — very cold outside.’

‘Where have you been?’

‘We have been in the forests. I had to tell him many things he did not know.’

‘How could he know?’

‘Of course he could not. He is going home for the holidays.’

‘He is going home!’

‘Yes, they will all be home.’

‘I expected he would go. When will he leave?’

‘I do not know.’

‘Did he not say?’

‘He did not say.’

‘I suppose he will leave, then, a day before.’

‘Yes, a day before, I suppose.’

‘Perhaps he will leave sooner.’

‘Perhaps he will.’

‘How long will he stay away? Will he stay away over New Year’s, too?’

‘I do not know. He said they all would be home for the holidays.’

‘For the holidays. Then he will stay over New Year’s. I expected he would. He has not been home on the holidays for the last four years. He really has to go. They expect him at home.’

‘Of course they expect him.’

‘I will bring you a pair of dry woolen socks.’

‘Never mind. I just want to take off my boots. My socks are dry.’

‘Here, these are better; change them near the fire. Do not go into the bedroom; the air is too cold.’

‘I have to go to the stables first to see whether the windows and doors are closed. The wind is deadly.’ He arose and went outside into the horse stable. ‘Heinrich, the clock struck one. It is time for lunch. You must come in. When are you going to leave, did you say?’

‘A day, just a day before the holiday.’

‘And are you staying over New Year’s Day?’

‘No, I shall be back before New Year’s Day. I shall, perhaps, stay away only two days.’

'You must come in soon. It is time for lunch. And do not forget to close the doors when you leave the stable.' Rudolf Schulte went into the house again, took off his boots, and changed his socks. 'He is staying only two days,' said he.

'Then he will be here on New Year's.'

'Yes, on New Year's he will be here.' The old man looked pleased. He lit his long pipe, sat down in his high-backed chair, and puffed the blue smoke toward the ceiling. 'Yes,' he said, 'you see, Katharina, on New Year's he will be here.'

IV

It was late on Christmas night. The moon was bright and growing. It poured its fullness over the fields and gave color to the flowers frozen in the windows. In the moonlight the buildings of Schulten farm stood out on the plain like an island in a Nordic legend. A row of strong oaks reached their bare arms into the ice-cold air, and their shadows wrote giant letters on the snow-covered roofs. If the first of the Schulten had planted these oaks they would be a thousand years old. The first-born son of each generation had taken over the soil, and had handed it down to the next in his line. The soil was holy ground.

Rudolf Schulte and his wife, Katharina, were alone in the room. She looked at him, he looked at her. This Christmas the war was over.

He opened the desk and laid the family chronicle on the table. He read what his ancestor, Friedrich, had written during the Thirty Years' War. At that time Schulten farm had been one of the few places in this part of the country which had not been deserted, but Friedrich and his old mother, Elise Schulte, had been the only people on the place. His two sisters, Agnes and Gertrud, had been taken to Holland by the soldiers and had never been heard of again. No cattle had been left on the farm. Friedrich had saved one horse by burning out its eyes. The soldiers did not want blind horses. In 1628 all the buildings had been burned, and Friedrich — by this time he was left alone — had lived in the narrow high stone building which had been built centuries ago as a protection against robber knights.

Frau Schulte looked at her husband. 'Rudolf, it is late.'

'Yes, it is late.' He turned a few leaves and read again. Gustav Schulte had seen the Seven Years' War. Hermann, Gustav's first-born, had fallen in 1759. One boy only was left, but he was sickly, and Gustav expressed his fear that the Schulten line might come to an end. That, however, did not come to pass. The boy developed into a strong man, improved the place, and left four sons. . . .

Rudolf Schulte went outside. The snow-covered buildings, the great white fields, were to him the death garment of his line. If only one of them . . . 'It has come to the end with us Schulten.' He went around the house and the barns and through the stables. If only one of them had come home. . . .

Frau Schulte had the photographs lying before her. Rudolf, Hermann, Heinrich, Ernst — four sons. . . . 'O Lord, have we indeed deserved this? All four of them? Not one have you left to us, not one to Schulten.' She looked at the framed documents on the wall. Each showed an angel consoling a dying soldier. Frau Schulte read once more:—

Rudolf Schulte, geboren 23. März, 1884, gefallen 4. August, 1914, bei Lüttich. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Rudolf would have been the next on Schulten farm.

Hermann Schulte, geboren 2. Februar, 1891, gefallen im Juli, 1915, in Russland. Dulce et decorum est . . .

Heinrich Schulte, geboren 29. März, 1895, gefallen 22. Juli, 1918, bei Chatteau Thierry. . . . pro patria . . .

Ernst Schulte, geboren 6. Mai, 1899, gefallen 22. Juli, 1918, bei Chatteau Thierry. . . . mori . . .

Ernst and Heinrich had only been children. Last Christmas the two boys had been on furlough and had trimmed the *Tannenbaum*. And this Christmas the war was over.

Frau Schulte could not hide the pictures. Her husband entered too soon. He opened the family chronicle again and turned the pages which he himself had written as the years had passed.

'Rudolf, have you written it down?'

'No, not yet.'

'I guess you should.'

'Yes, I guess I should.'

'It is better to write it down. It would not be fair.'

'You are right; it would not be fair to them. What do you think I should write?'

'Write it just in a few simple words. A few simple words will do.'

'Yes, a few simple words. There is hardly any ink left, it seems.'

'There is more. I will bring it.'

'No, don't. I guess this will do. What do you think I should write?'

'Just write it down in a few simple words. Mention their names, perhaps, and their ages.'

'Yes, their names and their ages, I guess. . . . Katharina, I don't believe this pen is any good. Is there another somewhere around?'

'Wait, I will see.'

'Never mind, I suppose this will do.'

V

'Have you finished, Rudolf?'

'Almost, not quite. I do not know just how to end.' He wrote: —

Rudolf — Hermann — Heinrich — Ernst Schulte.

Fallen, World War, 1914–1918.

Our line has come to an end. I, Rudolf Schulte, the last of Schulten, leave this place to Heinrich Schulte, my cousin's son.

I curse whoever should dare to read this our history without the deepest of awe, and with the help of God do I curse whoever should dare to alienate our farm. So help me God.

RUDOLF SCHULTE
Anno Domini 1918, *December*

He put down his pen and closed the volume.

'Have you finished now, Rudolf?'

'Yes, I have written the end.'

'It is late.'

'Yes, it is late.'

'The fire cannot do any harm?'

'No, it is almost out. . . . Well, Christmas is over, Katharina.'

'Yes, it is over.'

CALM

BY BILL ADAMS

We were bound from the Columbia River for Falmouth, with a cargo of wheat. One morning when we were a few miles north of the line in the Atlantic, the last faint airs of the southeast trade wind died away. A windless unrippled sea rolled up from the southeast in long, smooth blue swells. With no wind to steady her, the ship rolled and pitched with a motion so sharp and jerky that, unless one held to handrail or bulwark, to walk her decks was impossible. The parrals clacked. Chains slatted against the masts. Sails flapped heavily against the rigging. Bubbling in at the scupper holes, water flowed in lazy trickles from side to side of the main deck. Presently the skipper came up from breakfast. He gazed round the horizon. There was no cloud, no vestige of any cloud, in all the sky. He scowled, and called an order to the mate.

One by one, to save them from chafing, we clewed up the square sails till courses, topsails, topgallant sails, and royals hung idly drooping in their gear. We brailed in the spanker. We hauled down the gaff topsail, the staysails and jibs.

Without an inch of canvas set, the ship tossed lifelessly on water so limpid that if one dropped anything overboard it could be seen till it was far below her 23-feet-deep keel. It was March, and the sun was overhead. The heat was intolerable.

During the forenoon a school of blackfish appeared, and stayed to sport about the bows. There were a few bulls, the largest perhaps eighteen feet long. There were many cows, and a number of small calves. They had been under the bows for an hour or so when we saw the triangular fin of a shark approaching. It was a small shark, no more than five feet in length, but the blackfish instantly took themselves off.

A Norwegian sailor went to the carpenter's shop for the shark hook. From the carpenter he went to the cook to ask for a piece of salt pork. The bait was no sooner in the water than a number of pilot fish came to investigate. They were still swimming about it when the shark arrived. He dived, turned over, and rose with his white belly uppermost and his great semicircular jaws wide open. Another moment and, assisted by four of his comrades, the Norwegian was hauling him aboard.

A sailor fetched a capstan bar from the rack — a hard-wood bar some seven feet long, squared at one end, bluntly pointed at the other. They placed the pointed end between the shark's jaws and thrust it well into his throat. 'Bite on that, ye sailor-eatin' devil!' they jeered. He gnashed it savagely. They drove sheath knives deep in his brain. One cut his tail off. When, after a long time, he began to weaken, they cut his head off. An apprentice cut out his backbone to fashion it into a walking stick. Another took some of his teeth to have them made into tie pins when the ship reached port. At supper that evening the Scandinavian and German and Finnish sailors feasted. But the English sailors and apprentices preferred to sup upon the customary hard-tack and thin tea.

Day passed, oven-hot, with the pitch bubbling from the seams and the deck too sun-heated to walk upon barefoot. After sunset we slapped sea water over the deck's length, to soak and tighten the scorched planks.

By sunset the swell had died down. After the decks were wetted, the sailors and apprentices gathered on the main hatch. The Norwegian who had caught the shark fetched his concertina. Twenty sailors danced, barefoot. Chips, the carpenter, sat on the bulwark to watch. The China cook stood grinning in his door. The two mates walked the quarter-deck together. The skipper moodily paced his poop.

Eight bells went. The sailors of the watch on deck and those of the watch below, and the apprentices of both watches, lay down on the hatches to sleep the night away. Lest they be struck moonblind, all slept with covered faces.

While the man at the wheel stood motionless in the bright moonlight, while the man on lookout on the forecastle head stood statue-still, the mate leaned on the taffrail and softly whistled for a wind. Shadows of mast and spar, of standing and running rigging, lay clear-cut upon the long white decks. No motion. No sound. From the open port of the cook's room, on the deck of which lay the pigtailed cook and his compatriot the steward, a heavy odor of opium pervaded the becalmed ship.

Morning came. The sun leaped from beneath the sea rim. As we finished scrubbing the spotless decks from end to end the skipper appeared. Scowling, he looked round the cloudless horizon.

Day passed, the ship utterly motionless upon an utterly motionless ocean. During the afternoon dolphins appeared — long, blunt-nosed, tapering beauties, some of them five and six feet long. While swimming in the sunlit water they were of scintillant emerald. When they swam close in, under the ship's shadow, they turned to scintillant purple and violet.

His hook baited with a scrap of red and white rag, an apprentice sat on the boom end fishing. That evening at supper the apprentices ate dolphin. The foremast sailors refused it. 'It'll poison a feller,' they said. The boys laughed at them; but within a few hours of supper the apprentices' heads felt swollen and puffy.

Night passed as had the preceding night, save that sheet lightning played incessantly all round the moonlit horizon. All night the mate or second mate softly whistled for a wind. Now and again the skipper appeared, pajama-clad, to gaze round the horizon for a time and return scowling below.

Another day came. Another night came. Not an air. No cat's-paw on the water. No motion. By day the blazing sun, by night the flashing lightning.

When the carpenter served out fresh water at four o'clock on the fifth afternoon the tank that had hitherto been drawn from was found to be almost empty. The other tank was still full. The carpenter pumped from it, and took a drink from the first bucket. He spat the water out and turned to the mate. 'Rats must ha' got into that tank, sir,' he said. 'It's foul. It'd kill a man to drink it.'

Our water allowance was cut to the barest minimum. Until rain should enable us to replenish the all-but-empty tank, we must go thirsty. There would be no more water for morning coffee or for evening tea. To save the precious water, the salt pork must be boiled in the soup. We cut buttons from our clothing and kept them continually in our parched mouths to keep the saliva flowing.

Morning by morning we scrubbed the decks. Evening by evening we wetted them down again. During the day we worked in the blazing sun — some making spun yarn from old rope, some tarring the standing rigging, some chipping iron rust from the bulwarks, some painting. We no longer danced in the dogwatch. We no longer sang. At breakfast and at supper we munched sea biscuit — hard-tack that, having voyaged from Liverpool to Frisco, from Frisco to Australia, from Australia back to the Columbia, had grown soft. It was full of long white maggots. At dinner we swallowed pea or bean soup, and chewed old tough salt pork, the soup always over-salty from the pork that had been boiled in it. Night by night we gathered by the big wash-deck tub, and, having pumped it full, slapped sea water over one another's naked bodies. We took turns at sitting submerged in the tub. On Saturday evening we went without the customary weekly washing of hands and face. We went unshaved, our teeth unscrubbed.

While blazing day passed on to blazing day, we grew quarrelsome and bickered over mere nothings. On a Sunday afternoon two Scandinavian sailors came to blows. They fought on the main deck beside the forecastle, barefoot and half naked. Mirthful at their lack of pugilistic skill, the English sailors and apprentices jeered, and cheered them on. The skipper paid no heed. The mates looked on from the poop. Blood spattered the white planks. They fought till exhausted. The onlookers slapped sea water over them and urged them to further combat. They glowered at each other, muttered, and slouched wearily off.

Early that night, when the moon was not yet up and while for a brief space no lightning illumined the breathless sea, an apprentice reached into the carpenter's room and stole the latter's can of fresh water without disturbing his slumbers. Late in the night the carpenter woke, and strode to the deck blaspheming. He wakened the sailors and they damned him. He wakened the apprentices and they laughed at him. He went up to the poop to complain to the mate. Paying no attention, the mate leaned on the taffrail and softly whistled for a wind. The carpenter returned to the main deck, the torrid night resounding with his curses.

Twenty-one days, twenty-one nights we lay becalmed on the line. No sail set. No motion. No birds. No fish, since the dolphin. Thirst. Salt food. Hands sticky with tar and with paint. Faces stubbled and grimy. Eyes sullen. Bodies gaunt. Always, night and day, one or other of the mates softly whistling for a wind. Always the skipper mute and scowling. A ship forgotten of God, on an unremembered ocean, sun-dazzled by day, lightning-dazzled 'neath the stars and moon.

At dawn of the twenty-second day a jet cloud appeared low along the western horizon. While it slowly rose we fetched up the rain sail and, stretching it from side to side of the deck, made it fast in the mizzen rigging, its long canvas spout pushed down into the now all but dry tank.

We stripped off our clothes and gathered at the railing — twenty naked sailors, dry-mouthed and voiceless.

Hanging from sky to sea, the black curtain advanced slowly. Rain in a well-nigh solid sheet — a wall of rain, straight-falling. Flying fish leaped in myriads at its foot. Dolphin, albacore, skipjack, bonito, barracouta, leaped to catch them on the wing. Sea birds dropped from above, wheeling and screaming.

The skipper spoke two words to the mate. The mate's voice rang along the deck. '*Sheet home!*'

We grasped the long-idle sheets and sheeted sail after sail home. We hoisted staysails and jibs — twenty naked sailors, running and shouting hoarsely.

We lay outstretched on the decks, on our backs, our mouths wide open. Having drunk deep, we fetched bars of soap and soaped one another. Rain stood two inches deep on the uncanted deck. Streaming from the scupper holes, fresh water spouted to the salt gray sea. We shouted, we laughed, we jested. We played leapfrog, and slapped one another's glistening bodies, flat-handed.

A light puff of wind came. Block, sheet, brace, and halyard creaked as the sails jerked full. The ship heeled over. Bubbles burst at her bow. Bubbles raced once more along her sides. Sailor's weather again!

SAINTS AND I

BY ANNARRAH LEE STEWART

The saints and I have roamed Sewanee hills
And hymned each sunset, prayed in every glen.
I sometimes meet the barefoot Francis men,
Their brown robes trailing through the shallow rills,
Their lifted eyes aglow. Above the mill's
Click-clacking drone I hear their songs, and when
I tread the marsh grass through a lonely fen
I meet Saint Werburgh's goose among the squills.

Saint Agnes' lambs are capering the sky
Above the Garner's orchard of peach bloom,
And from the dimly vaulted forest tomb
Saint Giles and his tame deer go lightly by.
And often in the cloistered garth below
Good Brother Lawrence kneels on moonlit snow.

THE LOST MILLENNIUM

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

It is barely a generation since John Addington Symonds estimated the importance of Byzantine art in the following trenchant sentence: 'The so-called Romanesque and Byzantine styles were but the dotage of a second childhood fumbling with the methods and materials of an irrecoverable past.' That, indeed, was all he had to say on the subject. Dismissing its effete inspiration with winged words and a distant roll of drums, he went on to consider the beauties of the Renaissance. And what he said has been said again and again by hundreds of honest folk.

I always knew that he was wrong; but life is short, and to explain to the deliberately unreceptive or to the devotedly prejudiced is all so much good time wasted. I have spent it instead scouring the museums of Europe for those precious relics of Byzantine art which he never troubled to look for; I have been to the great citadel itself, Byzantium the golden, and patiently searched for its hundred churches, content with a miraculously saved mosaic here or a lovely carved capital there. And I have been privileged to be the first infidel to excavate the soil of Stamboul itself, under the very shadow of St. Sophia, to find what I could of the broken fragments of those glowing centuries of Byzantine splendor. And it is all a heart-rending job. For the very thought that a thousand years of art have left hardly enough behind them to fill one museum is grim testimony to the destructive power of that barbarous virility which replaced the ancient stronghold of Constantinople with the warring states of Western Europe.

But when one has found the actualities of Byzantine art, the marvels of those fragile and intimate churches of Byzantium, the austere grace of her paintings, and the incredible delicacy of her jewelry, one is fortified against the vandal criticism of an Italomaniac. But — and this is the mistake that so many of the now more vocal defenders of Byzantine art make — defense is not here to be based on offense. To reinstate Byzantine art as the princess among the great periods that she deserves to be, one need take no other style of art into consideration. The claims of Byzantium are not made more strong by a denigration of Italy, of Persia, or of Islam. That is but to revive the disputes of old religions, to treat art as politics, to prostitute the compelling loveliness of a forgotten world. We can for once take the taste of our mediæval ancestors as our guide; for they, illumined by their own achievements in Gothic or Romanesque or even early Renaissance, still searched and searched again for those priceless gems of Byzantine art which might come their way as imperial gifts, as Crusaders' loot, or as genuine purchase.

Such relics as these have now been brought together from the museums and the cathedrals of Europe into an exhibition of Byzantine art just opened in Paris — the very first of its kind. Without the predatory taste for the Byzantine which the western Barbarians of the Middle Ages possessed in so marked a quality, I doubt if this exhibition would ever have been held. For, as one of its organizers has rightly said: 'Our ancestors never missed an opportunity of acquiring an example of Byzantine art; and we can see that they were not mistaken in their choice.' *Hommage aux barbares.*

Seeing this exhibition as I have just done, I am fortified anew. For here, now that they are all brought together, the exquisite jewels of Byzantine taste recapture for a passing second the warmth and splendor of the most luxurious and exquisite period of history the world has ever seen. An hour in these quiet rooms in Paris, where so much is collected, and all the sour wit of Gibbon is sweetened. Here is no Decline and Fall; here is the very birth and flowering of a new and gracious and intimate art such as the world has never seen. Indeed, comparisons cannot be made. Byzantine art seems almost to have sprung fully armed from the head of Zeus. For it is Greek in its reserve, Greek in its decision, and Greek in its delicacy; and yet it owes no sort or kind of debt to Greek art at all. It is the Greek spirit working in a new way. It is — or at least Byzantine art of the tenth century is — a completely new contribution to that never-ceasing creative spirit which we call the art of this, that, or the other period.

What struck me here, as indeed it has always struck me in the contemplation of any masterpiece of Byzantine art, though never so forcibly before, is that the Byzantine artist is a master of whatever branch of art he adopts. He, like his ancient Greek progenitor, made into a work of art whatever he handled, so that the distinction into 'arts and crafts' becomes meaningless. To-day we live in a snobbish age, an age when artists are often the worst snobs of all. To them the 'crafts' or the 'minor arts' form a branch of the lower orders of creative inspiration to which they will not sink. As a result, industry has captured them and left the poor artist to earn a precarious livelihood with his 'easel pictures,' his statues, and his masterpieces. And precarious it is, for there are but few people who will buy them, while the whole world is waiting for art to be employed in the things of daily life or in the smaller adornments that give us a portable and more convenient form of expressing our artistic appreciation. Still, if the artists are determined to starve, that is no concern of mine.

Abolish this distinction of arts and crafts and the artist can be active wherever he wishes. And at Byzantium that is exactly what he did. Nothing was too small or too large for him. The same man could carve the lovely marble Madonna relief, eight feet high, that was found a few years ago below the old Palace of the Sultans at Stamboul, and with equal joy a small ivory box a few inches square. The painter of pictures could turn his hand to a small mosaic icon half a foot in length. The sculptor could cut gems and the architect make an inlaid pavement.

How far we are to-day from this creative freedom! What open snobs we have all become!

II

Seeing so much Byzantine art gathered in one place, I have gained certain impressions that I have never been able to arrive at before. For seeing the art of a thousand years piecemeal is an exercise in disjunctive absorption that only a fine synthetic brain can master. And I regret that I have a brain that is neither fine nor synthesizing.

I was struck first by the intimacy of Byzantine art. Just as its small and colored churches would warm the heart of the frostiest of worshipers, so its jewels and paintings and silks and ivories demand an instant attention from the most casual and convey an impression of immediate beauty to the most reserved mind. Like all great art, it needs no explanation: it arrives. But to one prepossessed by theories or prejudices it will fail to convey anything. Approach it simply and its answer will be simple.

Firstly its colors. The Byzantines were a subtle folk. They avoided the primary colors like the plague and they avoided subtle nuances as much. They were masters of *selection*. And they selected color in everything. In gems they were austere in their choice. Not a ruby or an emerald or a diamond will you see. They chose above all pale liquid blues — sapphirines and aquamarines. They seem to have had a passion for that strange sea blue that the ancient Greeks strove so often to describe. I have never seen any Byzantine jewel made of carnelian, or of amber, or of topaz. I think they thought such colors slightly vulgar, fit only for barbarians. But both in this exhibition and in all the museums and collections I have ever seen, two stones and two only are predominant — the sea-blue sapphirine and dark green bloodstone, spotted with red. Here and there deep lapis lazuli or amethyst is used, but not often.

These same colors appear again and again in their paintings and mosaics. There is one painting in this exhibition of the Christ on the Cross, sent from Athens. Below the Cross is Mary mourning. Her tall, strange figure, as far removed from the manner of Italian art as Rubens from Cimabue, is of one color only, a dark and enraptured sea blue. And the rest of the picture is painted on a gold ground, glittering and vivid. The figure of Mary is the figure of Sorrow herself, unmoving, remote, inhuman. There is no appeal here, in the sense that emotion rushes to one's mind; this is the very transcendence of grief. Byzantine art is often called intellectual and inhuman, but here it seems far more human than emotional art in that its meaning cuts straight through the heavings of emotion and conveys the very Platonic Idea itself. *Surréalisme* if you will — immediate contact with the artist's mind. And all this is achieved by a strange color and a strange form. Art critics may rage, but it is formalism blending with realism.

Perhaps in Byzantine silks and tissues the blend of form and color is even more amazing. Think of a silk on which are lions and stags, odd and heraldic, and the only colors dark royal blue, turquoise, and two shades of cream. Or another in orange, tomato red, and white; or a third in blue, black, and purple — all alike in great lozenge designs with griffins and elephants and lions. Together these superb silks bring the court of Byzantium before my eyes — that court which lives in the pages of Anna Comnena or in the dry manual *De Cerimoniis* of Constantine Porphyrogenitus.

III

Next, what impressed me most was the calm impersonality of Byzantine art in the sense that the personality of the maker himself is imperceptible.

You can tell the difference between the good and the brilliant, between the able and the slick, between the firm hand and the weak. But there is no nonsense about detecting the sensitivity of the artist. All one can detect is his immense preoccupation with his task, his utter devotion to what he has to do, and his absolute integrity in doing it. Here is no artist who wants to convey his own character and ideas to you. Instead, he is the essential Greek, aiming at what all artists of genius always aim at — a complete satisfaction of their artistic intentions, no more. So worked the archaic Greeks, with never a thought for glory or recognition. That is why they hardly ever signed their works in archaic Greece and why the Byzantines never signed their work at all. You may search for signatures and all the fun that such things provide for the art critic, and at Byzantium you will search in vain. Romans signed their statues and their gems frequently enough. Romanesque and Gothic Frenchmen and Germans signed their statues as often as they could — Byzantines never. Byzantine artists spoke, in all probability, of the 'glory of God,' but I doubt if it worried them much! They carved or painted or wove because they loved to do so and because it was their proper profession. That is what I mean by integrity. Contrast it with the progression of the modern painter who starts signing his pictures as 'William Henry Smith,' later, perhaps, becomes better known as 'Henry Smith,' and in the full flush of glory ends up as SMITH, crudely daubed in a corner in an affected scrawl that all good critics recognize! Or, as with Whistler, the affectation can be even more advanced and he can dispense with a signature and merely paint a butterfly on the frame!

All this hocus-pocus is alien to a period when art forms part of the life of the time and artists are not segregated. Byzantines achieved a style that diverged but seldom into individual variations. The style was forged by generations of men of integrity and, once forged and refined, existed as a supreme standard to which men had to attain to be artists. As they attained it they altered it insensibly, and as time went on it changed in their hands as a world will swing inevitably on its axis away from or forward to the sun.

One can just detect the alternations of season, as it were, in the march of artistic production in Byzantium. In the fourth century you can see Roman art suddenly fade and die, to be replaced by a superb formalism, derived, I think, from those strange Syrian folk whose work we see at Palmyra; then for a century all was cold again and nothing stirred. With the building of St. Sophia came a second blaze of skill and genius, to be extinguished almost at once by the fearful assaults of external enemies and the withering blight of Iconoclasm. But the sun rose once more in the eighth and ninth centuries, and by the tenth Byzantine art touched heights of splendor that were never surpassed. The eleventh century and the twelfth saw the Empire a paradise for art and a blaze of wealth that poured in from all four quarters of the earth. Then, in 1204, came the Crusaders and the envious Italians from Venice, with that archbrigand Enrico Dandolo. The Empire crashed, and her gold and jewels and paintings were scattered and burned and sold and bartered to every corner of Barbary — all in the name of Christ and the Holy Land, to which the Crusaders had forgotten to go. A century of darkness followed, with a series of French emperors as incompetent as they were illiterate.

They passed, and Greeks again held their city, but it was impoverished and empty, ready only to fall a little later to the gathering vultures. But, in that brief renaissance, art grew and flourished anew, and Byzantine art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is again a sunlit and vivid thing.

Vitality, then, is as strong as integrity with the Byzantine artist. He lives again and again, and his work is never the same. The commonest charge against Byzantine art is that it is repetitive, dull, and traditional, in the sense that there is no creation. To this there can be only one answer — that Byzantine art is perpetual creation, that it is variation within defined limits, and this is the severest test to which an art or an artist can ever be put. That was the secret of Greek art in ancient times. The endless repetition of Apollos and Aphrodites and the rest seems but dull repetition; and yet the greatness of art, as Polyclitus said, its most difficult stage for the artist, was when you came to the point of variation. That which made your Apollo differ from the Apollo of someone else was what decided whether you or he was the great artist. So with the Byzantines. Here are the Virgins, the Pantocrators, the Crucifixions, and the Saints, and in more secular art the great heraldic beasts and the intricate patterns, but the point wherein one saint or griffin differed from another was the point at which one artist could be identified as great and another as merely good.

IV

Sometimes I read that Byzantine art is but a *macédoine* of various Oriental and some Occidental elements, a rehash of oddments garnered by a decadent and weary folk from the various lands of Asia and Europe into which their conquering arms had penetrated. This exhibition at Paris has taught me how far worse than a half truth this creed is, for it suggests the utter artistic sterility of the Byzantines.

Like all great art, Byzantine art drew inspiration from all sources. After all, early Greek art was a blend of Hittite, Assyrian, and Egyptian influences. But there is all the difference in the world between a blend which is a mere aggregation of elements and a blend which is a transformation into something new with a vitality of its own. Those who think that the accusation of being a 'blend' is derogative have the minds of grocers. They are thinking in terms of tea and tobacco. Byzantine art, like all great art, borrowed and blended and then moulded it all anew into a fresh creation. And behind the blending, though this is a point that critics mostly forget, was the mind that made the selection. To choose aright you have to have impeccable taste and wise judgment, and those are two precious qualities that make for great art. The swift draftsmanship of the Sassanian artist had the same appeal to the Byzantines that it has for us. The bright liveliness of the Hellenistic painter charmed Byzantine eyes — though it did not control their hands. Syrian austerity, and the ancient hieratic styles of the mighty monuments of Asia, Hittite and other, that still stood above ground, captured their fancy. Thus in their new synthesis we find austerity, freshness of color, and swift delineation faithfully renewed. The sweeping lines of a mosaic apse, the simple fall of drapery on a marble relief or an ivory box, and the massive strength of Byzantine sculptured animals show what were their inspiration. Yet there is no single work of art from Byzantium that one could for a single moment mistake for

Sassanian, for Hittite, or for Hellenistic.

Seeing so much Byzantine art gathered together, I paused to think and to ask myself what particular emotions affected me. Strangely, I found them difficult to discover, or else so recondite as to be hard to identify. Yet there was no question that I was affected in some queer emotional way, and deeply affected. For there were works which drew my eye and held it by a fascination that I found it almost impossible to explain. I had some odd sense of exhilaration, some feeling of profound satisfaction that I could not analyze. Yet there was nothing overt in these lovely things that produced an immediate response with which I was familiar. There were none of the normal reactions: I did not feel myself charmed, delighted, envious, or overwhelmed — the conventional impressions which one derives from a group of masterpieces. There was something remote about these jewels and sculptures and paintings and silks which stirred something remote and unfamiliar in myself. I felt that I had been put in touch with a world that was not this world and yet not another, with something that mostly lies dormant in our ordinary experience. It is no use to explain it all by a facile belief in the 'hieratic' qualities of Byzantinism; Byzantine art may be 'transcendental' for all I know, but unfortunately I have never been able to understand what this word means. Sympathetic friends tell me that it implies a background of mysticism, which is but to explain the obscure by the incomprehensible.

V

Below it all, I think, really lies the fact that Byzantine art satisfies more than most forms of art because it is at once simple, intimate, and unreal. It reflects nothing, interprets nothing, and suggests nothing that is not more or less explicit. My emotional reactions to it are, simply enough, the satisfaction of emotions rather than their awaking. Byzantine art gives rather than takes. That is why I went away so profoundly refreshed. For an art that requires a whole system of responses from the observer is a troublesome art. It presupposes an educated public, and, in consequence, is simply the old snobbery all over again. And worse, it breeds art critics who act as midwives to the ignorant. As soon as art has reached the stage where it needs all this paraphernalia and all these high priests, it may as well shut up shop and produce merely for the delectation of artists. Byzantine art does nothing of the kind. It is understandable at once by the simple-minded peasant and by the emperor's retinue. Byzantium was, with all its courts and its glory, completely democratic. Emperors may have been half divine, they may have had the authority of a Pope and the despotism of the Medicis, but at any moment the populace of Constantinople was ready to hurl them from their thrones and replace them by a shepherd or a monk or a plain soldier. The history of the Empire is the history of democratic Athens all over again, with the same meteoric rises and falls of great men. And Byzantine art has that same democratic spirit. Greek blood and Greek mind do not change in a few thousand years.

Again I thank heaven that the art critics have not got at Byzantine art. There is no scope for their parrot talk of 'linear rhythm,' 'tactile values,' 'significant form,' 'life-communicating qualities,' and all the rest of the stock in trade. What balderdash it all is, to be sure! A Byzantine ivory and a

Byzantine cloisonné plaque of gold are just glorious creations, designed with the intention of conveying an impression of splendor and calm beauty. And there is a hint behind so many of them of the artist's desire to make you think how splendid he was to do such good work. Like Benvenuto Cellini, he seems to be trying all the time to show you that he was a fine artist, you a person of taste, and the work a thing of joy which pleased him, should please you, and will remain to please others. For every good artist must be proud, though that is no excuse for his being a snob.

Cellini is relegated to a lower order of artists by many discerning folk just because he talked too much about what he did and was obviously delighted with his own work. Nowadays the artist, having done his masterpiece, leaves the talking to the critics and is too proud to pretend that he is pleased with what he has done. He is expected to stand apart on a cloud like a minor Creator, with a take-it-or-leave-it expression on his divine brows. But Cellini produced his masterpiece, explained all about it, told you it was first-rate, and added that you were a fool if you could n't see it — which is a very different thing from withdrawing from the plebeian crowd and fitting on a halo of gilded snobbery. Cellini, I think, was the greatest sculptor of the Renaissance after Michelangelo, not an effete follower of others generated at the fag-end of the High Period, as he is so often made out to be.

And Byzantines, I am sure, were of the stamp of Cellini. They worked with passion and joy, and, as a result, never produced mediocre works. The standard of all Byzantine art before the fall of Constantinople in 1453 is astonishingly high. They had the finger skill of the Chinese and the Japanese and a capacity of design worthy only of the ancient Greeks. What a blend that can be their art will show you. Imagine an onyx plate (which I have just seen in Paris) in the centre of which is a gold circular cloisonné plaque. That plaque is not more than an inch and a quarter in diameter, and yet the scene depicted on it is the 'Last Supper.' Just think what intricate work went to its making, for the designing of every one of the figures at the table in a thin strip of gold, the hollows filled with different-colored enamels! No one but an Oriental could do it to-day. And yet the same artists could carve the great figures of emperors in purple porphyry which have survived the destruction of the Imperial City. The same men made the colored marble revetments which enclose the entire interior of St. Sophia or St. Mark's at Venice. It is this refusal to despise small-scale work which marks the Byzantine as a true artist, devoid of pride. For the true artist sees art in whatever he handles. Such were the Greeks of ancient times and the Greeks of mediæval times.

To-day we are more inclined than we used to be to give Byzantine art its due place in the history of art. But this reinstatement has produced the inevitable exaggeration. Defenders of Byzantine art are often as ridiculous as its opponents. Those who cannot decide between the two should go to the fountainhead itself and examine dispassionately the quiet genius of Byzantine art, which seems to derive an added calm from the fact that it was generated in a turbulent and violent world.

NEEDED OBJECTIVES FOR OUR SCHOOLS

BY VICTOR MORAWETZ

THE greatest aids to success and happiness are

(1) A sound and vigorous body.

(2) Ability to think clearly.

(3) Ability to speak and to write one's own language clearly and forcibly. (Ability to think clearly and ability to use language correctly commonly go together, each being in large measure dependent on the other.)

(4) Character.

The principal aims of our schools, therefore, should be to furnish training of the body, training of the mind to think clearly, training in the use of the English language, and training of character by inculcating high standards of honor. Education of the young should not, as commonly is the case, consist mainly of memorizing book learning and acquiring more or less superficial knowledge relating to a variety of subjects. Of the graduates of our secondary schools, the majority are not well developed physically and have not learned to think clearly or to express themselves in good English. In ancient Athens, education consisted principally of training the body, training the mind, and training in the use of the Greek language. Other languages were not studied and there was little written knowledge; yet the ancient Athenians have never been surpassed in literature, in philosophy, or in art.

Book learning can be acquired at any age; but the body and faculties can be developed only by training in childhood and youth. This training, therefore, should be carried on intensively in the primary and preparatory schools. However, as the preparatory schools are designed to fit boys for college, they cannot materially alter their curricula until the colleges change their entrance and graduation requirements. The lead, therefore, should be taken by the colleges by making their entrance examinations tests of the capacity of applicants for higher education rather than tests of memory.

Training in accurate thinking and apt expression cannot be acquired by merely learning lessons and passing examinations. It can be acquired only by free discussion with competent teachers and by the preparation and criticism of papers. Of course, students must first have informed themselves by reading upon the subjects to be discussed or written about, and the subjects chosen should be such as require clear thinking and discriminating expression. Students should also be required to pursue certain cultural studies such as English literature and history (though these require principally the exercise of memory) and they should devote part of their time to the acquisition of general information by reading books of their own choice. *But the principal objective should always be to train the students to think straight and to express themselves in good English. All the teachers, therefore, should* *be selected with special reference to their clarity of mind and their mastery of the English language.*

Ability to speak and to write one's own language clearly and forcibly and to speak with a good voice and distinct enunciation is the greatest power and the greatest charm that can be acquired. Special attention should, therefore, be given to this subject in all the classrooms. The students should be taught to debate and to speak before an audience.

Thorough physical education should be obligatory, and its main purpose should be to develop a sound and vigorous body. It should include not only gymnasium work, but also tennis, swimming, and other sports that probably will be kept up in after life. Each boy should receive special training according to his physical needs, and any faults of carriage should be corrected.

To obtain the best results, students in the upper grades of a preparatory school and students at college must be taught in groups classified according to their capacity and industry. Only those students who are fitted for training in a particular group should be admitted to it and only those who show industry and make satisfactory progress should be retained. It should be recognized that the education of students of exceptional ability who are likely to become leaders in the community is of the utmost importance. The welfare of a democracy depends in great measure upon the quality of its leaders.

It is suggested that there be established a model secondary boarding school specially designed to furnish the training above recommended to promising boys at moderate cost. It should not be a school for the sons of the rich, but should be of a democratic character. Ample endowment would be necessary so that the cost of board and tuition would be within the reach of parents of moderate means and so that scholarships could be provided for the training of poor children of exceptional ability. It should be recognized that the education of children of exceptional ability, who are likely to become leaders in the community, and also the development of competent teachers for other schools, are matters of national importance. A democracy can exist without the millions of graduates of the kind commonly turned out by the high schools and other secondary schools, but it cannot endure without well-informed leaders of ability and character whom the voters are willing to follow.

EDUCATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

I

In the year 1800, more than 95 per cent of the population of the United States were engaged in agriculture. To-day 52 per cent live in cities of more than 2500 inhabitants, and probably not more than 30 per cent are directly engaged in agriculture; indeed, this number has recently been estimated at 22½ per cent. In other words, through the very recent growth of science and its application to industry — for this is unquestionably the main cause of the foregoing change — more than two thirds of the energies of our people have within a century and a quarter been freed from growing the products with which we feed our stomachs and clothe our backs, and are available for supplying other types of human wants.

The growth of civilization may be defined roughly as the process of the multiplication of human wants. But in all the eras that have preceded our present scientific era the productivity of the individual, who could work in the main only with his own muscles, was so small that a large fraction of the population was kept, and probably had to be kept, in essential slavery in order to meet the expanding wants of a despot and his court, or of a small favored aristocracy, no matter what may have been the name under which government was carried on. In other words, up to the present era civilization has always been a very limited affair.

But the foregoing figures show that it need be so no longer. Indeed, it is probably the growing realization of that economic fact which has brought autocracies crashing down at frequent intervals during the past two decades, and which in time must spell the doom of all of them. But what is the substitute for the age-old system of developing a civilization of the few who lift themselves out of the mire by standing on the prostrate forms of the many? The easy and the conventional answer is, Democracy. But a glance at the world to-day shows that in most countries democracy is only an empty word — a new dictator's shibboleth. Why? Because both theory and abundant experience show that democracy cannot succeed even in its diluted, republican, or representative forms except in countries which have an intelligent — that is, a reasonably well-educated — electorate, and very few countries have such an electorate. Any form of free government — any government in which decisions are to be arrived at by ballots instead of by bullets — must for its own preservation, then, educate its electorate, at least up to a certain point. Universal education, even to the extent of aiming at the extinction of illiteracy, is, therefore, a new thing in the world's history, as new as the existence of the oldest far-flung democracy — namely, a hundred and fifty years old; for autocracies have not wanted the people educated, because it is easier to impose obedience upon illiterates than upon literates.

II

But how far should universal education go even in a country which is far enough along to be able to support some form of democracy, and what should be the relation between private and public educational agencies in such a country?

There I reach troubled waters and many cross currents of opinion. When I was a very young man, Edward Bellamy wrote a book containing his answer to those questions. He saw the state giving to everyone essentially the same education up to the age of eighteen or nineteen; this general education was to be followed by the choice of a calling and further differentiated training for the various vocations. A few years later, in 1895, I took a course in the University of Berlin with Friedrich Paulsen, at that time Germany's foremost educational philosopher. He first outlined for us Bellamy's scheme and then attacked it as fundamentally unsound. The average man, so he held, is much better fitted for manual activity than for intellectual labor, and much happier in it. Educate children all alike up to nine years, then let those destined for agriculture and the cruder forms of manual work begin to get experience in their predetermined calling and adequate training for it; also let the skilled-artisan class be separated and started on its vocational training, which will take it up to the age of sixteen or eighteen; and let only the small group destined for the scientific, engineering, and intellectual callings go on to the higher schools, the polytechnicum and the university. In a word, Paulsen's scheme reflected the stratified class system existing then all over Europe and prevalent there also to this day, though now perhaps to a somewhat less marked degree.

At that time Bellamy's scheme was looked upon even by himself as largely Utopian, — something for the future, — and Paulsen's discussion of it was to a considerable degree academic, for the economic situation did not make it possible anyway, and economics must in the long run be the controlling factor in any educational plan. But since then this economic factor has made itself a very large force in the United States through the applications of science to industry and the advent of mass-production methods. As shown by the figures with which I began, much less than half of our people produce more foodstuffs and raw material for clothing than all of us can consume, and the energies of more than a half are available for supplying new wants. Hence has come our recent development of such new wants as automobiles, radios, moving pictures, victrolas, newspapers, chewing gums, cosmetics, cigarettes, airplanes. In other words, we have created a whole series of new industries so that those who would otherwise be idle may get their share of the superabundant food and clothing.

However, despite these newly developed wants, at this day we do not know what to do with our surplus wheat. Labor-saving devices now seem to have produced all these new articles to the point of saturation, and the question that is thus being raised on all hands is, How can we still further increase, not the producing, but the consuming capacity of our people so that everybody can have a job? My friends say to me, 'Your science has been too effective already in cheapening production. Cannot you now apply it somehow, not to production, but to consumption, and solve this terrible unemployment situation?'

III

I may not be able to suggest a way out this year or even next, for a large part, if not the whole, of our present depression is due, not to any general trend at all, but to the fact that a period of ridiculous expansion and inflation must obviously be followed either by repudiation, complete or partial, — as in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, — or else by a period of deflation before the general normal curve can be again reached.

To take just one simple but typical case: if, because of boom conditions, induced no matter how, Iowa land goes up to $400 an acre when long and world-wide experience shows that it cannot produce enough staple agricultural crops to pay the interest on more than $200 an acre, then there is no possible way of getting back to normal without carrying through insolvency the Iowa farmer who has borrowed on a $400 valuation, and with him the Iowa banks that have loaned on that $400 valuation. We are simply paying the penalty of such inflation now, and the consoling thing about it is that there *is* a normal curve which we must presently reach no matter how much our elated or our depressed psychology may have carried us above or below it.

What I wish to do herewith is to analyze the trend of this normal curve and see what factors are influencing it. It is the application of science to industry that is making the curve rise continuously in the sense that the work of fewer and fewer people is needed to satisfy our normal wants, or, better, in the sense that more goods are produced per man-hour so that more energies are released for the creation of new wants. Most of the new wants mentioned above are socially valuable. That every family of five in the United States can now have an automobile is a matter for rejoicing. The same is true with respect to the radio and the newspaper, since both of them have large educational possibilities. I do not feel the same way about the increase in cosmetics or in pornographic magazines.

But whatever differences of opinion there may be about some of these changes, there is one great new want which has been created by our increased productivity, and about which there will be no difference of opinion anywhere — namely, the educational want. Education has a capacity for consumption which is wholly unlimited and wholly beneficent if wisely used. It is the finest possible solution to the unemployment problem. It should result only in better and better government and in the spread of finer and happier living, for much of our misgovernment is due to the misinformation of the voter, and much of our misery to his sheer ignorance.

But, you ask me, how is the change to be brought about? Let me first present some facts that show how it is being brought about now. In the year 1900 the enrollment in the American high school was half a million pupils — 519,251, according to the figures of the Federal Bureau of Education. In the year 1928 it was just under four million, accurately 3,911,279, or nearly an eightfold increase, while the population was increasing but about 50 per cent.

Four million high-school pupils, which is more than half of all the population of the country between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, give employment to about 130,000 teachers, to say nothing of the employment supplied to the building trades, the book trades, the transportation industries, the janitors, and scores of others. This makes a larger total, I think, than the whole force of the United States Steel Corporation, which employs, all told, 230,000 persons. This high-school teaching industry is, then, a new industry, one of the very largest in the country. It has a salary roll of teachers alone of something like $300,000,000 annually, and seven eighths of this has been developed within thirty years as one answer to the unemployment problem created by the replacement of human labor by the machine. According to government figures, we are spending on education, elementary, secondary, and higher, $2,450,000,000 annually, while the total annual output of the United States Steel Corporation is but $1,100,000,000. That is one result of our machine civilization, for nothing save our increased productivity could possibly have brought that result about — a result largely new, wholly beneficent, but generally overlooked entirely by the group of blind writers who cry out against the machine.

But that is not all. In 1900 there were enrolled in the colleges and universities of the country 168,000 regular full-year pupils. In 1928 this enrollment had risen more than fivefold, namely, to 868,000, or to about one eighth of all the population of the country between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two. This adds more than another half a billion dollars to the pay roll of this new industry. Now, whence have these billions of dollars come? From two sources. The high schools are of course supported almost wholly by taxation; part of the colleges and universities by taxation, and part by the voluntary contribution of private funds by public-spirited or otherwise interested citizens. Both of these methods or devices represent education's answer to the unemployment problem, its way of increasing altogether wholesomely the *consuming* capacity of a people. And note that the principle is capable of indefinite extension, for there should be no saturation point whatever to the demand of the public for education if the total economic situation permits it.

Further, if the education, whether of youth or of adults, is wisely done, its results should be cumulatively good. A better and better educated electorate should mean better and better government and ever-increasing sanity and happiness in the living habits of the people.

No new technique of distribution needs to be developed to bring this about. The methods are here: first, taxation, to which there is no limit except the total productive capacities of a people for enterprises that ought to be taken care of by the state; second, the procurement, by one device or another, of private support for educational enterprises that are better handled through private initiative.

IV

But there I have raised a question of very fundamental importance for the future of the American people. What kind of educational or other projects can best be handled by the state and what by private enterprise?

A very wise man who has recently visited our shores, Albert Einstein, wrote a two-column article on his impressions of America which contained more penetrating observation and more sound analysis than I have seen in all the books or articles written by foreigners about us in the last two decades. He said, in substance, that America's industrial superiority over Europe is due to the fact that she has somehow developed among her people a sense of social responsibility and a spirit of 'unenvious coöperation' which make it possible for her to handle even her greatest industries, such as her railroads and her other public utilities, on the basis of private enterprise instead of public ownership. Also, said Einstein, the European is amazed to find America's finest cultural and educational institutions, for the same reason, on private foundations provided by men who have given of their private fortunes to found and maintain them.

Einstein has here touched the finest flower of our English heritage and of our American civilization: namely, the *distribution* of responsibility and power and influence through the method of private enterprise, resulting in the development of a widespread sense of social responsibility which pours private money continually into essentially public enterprises under private control.

Incidentally, this distribution keeps the blighting hand of a Bill Thompson from a large section of our American life, even when, through the failure of our electorate, such men repeatedly become chosen to posts of large political power. Is not this why our democracy, as yet only half educated, actually succeeds in muddling along in spite of the Bill Thompsons, who, even when so elected, cannot get their hands on the most important of our public businesses, including our higher education, which is almost everywhere else in the world either wholly or very largely a state function?

Is not the typically Anglo-Saxon method, I shall call it the scientific method, of moving forward by slow steps, of finding an intermediate device like a public utility, for example, in which government steps in to check private rapacity through fixing rates and limiting profits, while preserving the advantages of private non-political control and the capacity of letting men rise by their own merits to positions of leadership and to earned, not simply to elected, responsibility—is not this indeed, as Einstein implies, our greatest American asset?

V

And it is the same principle that dominates our American university organization. Our private universities are semi-governmental like our regulated utilities, for they are largely tax-free and to that extent government-supported; but they are subject to no political influence and are controlled by self-perpetuating boards of trustees, their funds in the main being provided voluntarily by people who believe it a great social advantage to have that sort of higher education continued. The amount of money voluntarily given each year to higher education in these United States is one of the most amazing and most inspiring developments of our times. If the American people are wise and if our governments, state and national, are wise, will they not stimulate to the utmost this type of private support of the privately controlled institutions of higher education? For, as Einstein at once observed, and as every thoughtful American knows, these are actually calling into being the finest scientific and cultural influences of our times.

This is just another device for educating our people by the greatest educational force in existence, *by thrusting responsibility upon them* — a device for distributing power and influence instead of concentrating it all in the elected officials of the state. Have not these elected officials more to do already than they can do well? Not only is there room for both types of higher school, but the interplay between them is what has historically given even our state institutions their success. It is easy to show that every dollar given to privately endowed institutions has brought two dollars and more to higher education, and if it had been given by taxation or otherwise to the state institutions it could not have done so. Mr. Rockefeller, by his support of the University of Chicago, actually gave to education in the West many times the amount he put into the University of Chicago. Why? Because the presence of that outstanding privately developed centre at once caused the Middle Western legislatures to vote enormous budgets to their state universities. Had he given the money to them directly, a very small fraction of what has actually gone to education in the Middle West, even to these state universities themselves, could have been obtained.

I am merely trying to outline the methods by which the country's surplus energies, as represented by its surplus money, can best be got into the educational field, the ways by which the largest educational wants can be created, for these are the wants which make for the finest and highest development of human society. Automobile and movie and cosmetic wants may have a place, but it is a trifling place in comparison with that of the educational want, and the most effective way to stimulate that want is to stimulate to the utmost the flow of private funds into private educational enterprises. The normal processes of friendly rivalry and competition will be enough to take care of the state institutions, for the easiest possible money is tax money. That is the trouble with it. We need, and need badly, institutions that get their support in more difficult ways and hence have to learn how to use their funds with the utmost of wisdom, of economy, and of efficiency, and to show others how to do likewise. Is not the most grave educational danger that this country faces at this moment the danger arising from the tendency to discourage private educational enterprise, and other kinds of private enterprise also, through the too wide extension of Federal and state support and control? Is not the stimulation to private educational enterprise through the release from taxation, both by the state and by the nation, of all funds given to them the wisest possible policy either the state or the nation can pursue?

VI

I have been speaking, primarily, of our higher educational institutions. The lower ones are and probably should be more largely supported by the state, though I myself look for the rapid development during the next generation of our private secondary schools, because I think they serve a real need, though a less urgent one than is served by our private higher institutions.

But there is one question that I know I have raised in many minds: Are we not overdoing this whole business of higher education? In numbers, yes! And the remedy for it is simply to stiffen the requirements for the higher school and let the high schools go off, as they are rapidly doing now, more and more into vocational lines. We are undoubtedly oversupplying now the 'white-collar' class, but the high school is fortunately moving rapidly in the direction of the trade or vocational courses, and it should probably go further, much further, in that direction, for that is the one side of our American education which is at present underdone. What we are moving toward, then, it seems to me, is a wise compromise between Bellamy and Paulsen. We are indeed keeping all our children in school up to the age of sixteen or eighteen, as Bellamy suggested, but we are letting them find their aptitudes and get training in the direction in which these lead, as Paulsen wished, while mixing into the education of all the groups a certain fraction of general broadening and enlightening studies such as Bellamy had in mind.

While we are indeed now overstocking the white-collar class by pouring out from our universities great hordes of people who have not the aptitudes and the capacities for effective intellectual labor, and by letting local influences force the expansion of so-called junior colleges into superfluous colleges, we can scarcely overdo the training of the carpenter, the barber, the bricklayer, the typist, and the housekeeper for the wise use of the leisure which the advance of science and its application are affording.

This is the great task that now lies before our secondary-school system, along with the task of giving suitable vocational guidance and a start, at least, toward vocational training. About one fifth of our high-school pupils are now going on to university studies. This is probably too many, but there are two sorts of remedy: first, the stiffening of university requirements; second, the powerful economic remedy found in the fact that the carpenter is becoming better paid than the mediocre university graduate.

I hope I have been able to show through the foregoing review of our educational situation that education in all its branches is society's best answer to the unemployment problem, and that we have with us already the technique for pushing it further and further forward, first through taxation, and secondly, and more important, through the further stimulation and development of private enterprise in education, both by state action in granting the schools relief from taxation, and by the development of an enlightened public opinion.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Three-Quarter-Hour Society

I HAVE been invited to join another society. The invitation proceeds from a lady who lives in one of the loveliest villages in New Hampshire; nay, that is not the way to put it — from a lady who lives in a New Hampshire village which is one of the loveliest in the world, but which is certainly not the sort of place from which I should expect to get invitations to join societies. Not world-wide societies, at all events, and this is a world-wide society.

Its name is the Three-Quarter-Hour Society. Its sole purpose is to pledge its members to devote three quarters of an hour to solitude and meditation at some time in the course of every waking day. The New Hampshire lady reminds me that meditation and solitude are becoming increasingly difficult to practise. She is right; I had noticed it. She says that the world is too much with us. She has good authority for it (older than Wordsworth's, for that matter). She says that it is difficult to get away from people, and almost impossible to get away from radios and gramophones. I have myself lectured on this difficulty, to audiences which would have been larger if more people could have got away from their radios and gramophones.

But she has a practical suggestion — which I had not. I had always supposed that the trouble lay in the fact that modern people did not want meditation and solitude, or did not want them enough to go to the trouble of getting them. If one wants solitude and meditation, I said, why not isolate one's self and meditate? There is no law against it. No state charges a license fee for solitude, and the police have no instructions to suppress meditation, except perhaps at busy traffic intersections. But the New Hampshire lady has put her finger on the real trouble. The world, she says, is full of people who want to go apart and meditate, but who will never have the courage or enterprise to do so until they can do it as members of a society, with the sustaining consciousness that thousands and thousands of other people are going apart and meditating in exactly the same way. They must be assured that what they are doing is not odd, not peculiar, not even individual. The meditation that they practise must be mass meditation; when they resort to solitude they must not resort alone.

And how true this is! Look at the difference it makes. Here am I, a lone and unorganized meditator. I say to my wife, to my guests, to the hostess of the house where I am staying, to whomever it may concern: 'I am now going upstairs to do my daily meditation.' What effect does this announcement produce on their unaccustomed minds? They at once conclude that I am a peculiar person. They begin to regard me with distrust, even with active dislike. A man who meditates may do other odd and awkward things. He may refuse to play bridge, or golf. He may want to go for walks, or to talk to the servants about their souls, or to do any of a thousand other things that are not done, and that interfere with the established order of social life.

But let me say, 'I am now required by the Three-Quarter-Hour Society, of which I am a member, to withdraw and do my daily meditation,' and how different will be the effect! My wife, my guests, my hostess, will look upon me with approval and admiration, as one who has been admitted to a great and obviously noble-minded brotherhood of which they themselves are not yet members. They will ask me how they can join. It will be apparent to them that meditation, since it is the practice of a whole society, must be highly beneficial instead of completely idiotic. I shall be pointed out with the finger, not of scorn, but of tribute. Not, 'There goes that poor fool, meditating again!' but, 'There goes S., the member of the Meditation Society! Do you know, there are thousands of them, and they all meditate three quarters of an hour every day. Is n't it wonderful?'

For whereas peculiarity in an individual is reprehensible, peculiarity in an association of many individuals is highly to be commended. The man must not be distinctive, the organization must. The private vice is the collective virtue. In North America it would be thought peculiar for an individual to wear a fez; but what one man may not do without obloquy a hundred thousand men may do with universal applause. I can remember when it was considered queer, outside of Scotland, for grown men to knock little white balls around the pasture lot with long sticks; but as soon as it was perceived that it was not individual men but large associations known as Golf Clubs that were doing it, the taint was instantly dissipated. It was once considered peculiar to exhibit an interest in the serious drama or symphonic music; but this objection has been completely overcome by the simple device of forming societies to listen to serious plays and symphonic concerts.

I am not going to join the Three-Quarter-Hour Society. My reason, however, is not that I do not approve of it, but that I approve of it too much. Its idea is so good that I want to carry it much further. I am going to found a Twenty-Four-Hour Society of my own. The New Hampshire lady's society leaves twenty-three and a quarter hours of each day unprotected from the insistent contacts of an inescapable world. Most of these contacts are forced upon us by the appalling number of societies to which we all of us inevitably belong. The Twenty-Four-Hour Society will not demand that its members spend the whole time from sunrise to sunrise in meditation; that would be excessive. But it will pledge them not to allow any of that precious time to be intruded on by the claims of any other incorporated organization. They will then have plenty of time for meditation and every other useful form of human activity.

To enter my Society the applicant must renounce and abjure all membership in all other societies of an artificial character. To remain in it he must allow no new memberships to be thrust upon him. This is a tremendously difficult undertaking. It is so difficult that scarcely a man or woman in America in these degenerate times would be capable of carrying it through alone. That is why we must have a society for it; why we must band ourselves together for the purpose of standing alone.

We shall be hated, we shall be abused, we shall be martyrized. The community expects us to join societies. The state practically compels us to. I cannot lay bricks without joining a society of bricklayers. I may plumb the depths of misery alone, but I cannot plumb anything else without joining a society of plumbers. I cannot be a parson without joining a church or a bootlegger without joining a gang. The individual who abjures all society memberships will starve to death, if he does not perish more rapidly at the hands of an infuriated mob. But a society which abjures all other societies may manage to get by.

If it does get by, it will be able to offer its members many advantages. Unlike all other societies, it will be a money saver. He who joins it will never have to pay annual fees to any other society. He will never have to attend any annual meetings but one. He will never have to eat any annual banquets except with me. If he wants titles and offices, my society will provide him with them. I see no reason why we should not incorporate every office, title, and dignity of every other society in the world, by the simple process of adding the prefix 'anti.' I am willing to be the Anti-President. The Society can have an Anti-Kleagle, an Anti-Potentate, a Lord High Anti-Doorkeeper, an Anti-Diluvian, and a Most Antique and Antiseptic Antimacassar of the Sacred Sofa. These officers will have no duties, for the Society will have no function save that of preserving its members from membership in anything else; but in that they will not greatly differ from their prototypes.

As prospective Anti-President of this society, I cannot join the society of the New Hampshire lady, and I have written to tell her so. But I can assure her that I and my fellow members will have no need of her society to enable us to snatch forty-five minutes a day from the entanglements of life. Our whole existence will be one grand sweet forty-five minutes.

B. K. SANDWELL

PAINLESS

WHAT we moderns carry about with us all the while is an instinctive, dumb, unsatisfied craving for great experience. It gnaws faintly within us like those mild disquietudes of the stomach which seem to be neither quite dyspepsia nor quite health, neither honest appetite nor queasy satiety. It is a chord unstruck, a muscle unexercised, a void darkly throbbing to be filled. Life goes on, a good deal of it interesting, a good deal of it amusing. We have friends, achievements, distractions. But the great note of derring do, the high endurance and all the pomp of conscious fortitude, this plangent note remains unsounded.

And we deprive ourselves of this heroic note by our own agency. Unconsciously pining to burn at the stake, or to oppose a dauntless breast to the rage of some Ivan the Terrible, we end by adding more expensive upholstery to the Rolls-Royce. Finding no Socrates to elicit from our bewildered minds a better conception of our own good and pleasure, we follow comfort to our own insufferable tedium, and wind ourselves more inextricably in the toils of ease.

I discovered this during a recent visit to the dentist. Perhaps, not to slight the man's due titles and offices, I should call him the oral surgeon. But as a matter of fact his approach was crisply and efficiently taciturn. Oral he may have been, but he was vocal only within the strict limits of a somewhat brassy professional cheerfulness. As I sat waiting in his reception room for the summons to the chair of state within, my viscera began to send up premonitory thrills of expectation. I felt myself begin to curdle gently, to seethe inwardly with slowly increasing heat. Had I been a kettle of water on the stove at that moment, I should have begun to give off a mist of small bubbles and a faint, moist breath, preparatory to the full, jiggling harmonies of boiling.

Now, I felt, life is really going to present me with a major experience. I am about to be deprived of one of my members, an integral part of myself; almost, I might have said, a playmate and companion whom I had known since my earliest years. How many a succulent steak we had devoured together about the camp fire! Into how many a frosty apple we had bitten with delicious shooting pains on brisk October mornings! The wrench of parting would be severe. How should I bear up — heroically, with fortitude appropriate to so sharp a loss, or should I squirm and roll a coward's eye above my white bib? At least I was about to rise to the level of great experience, and no avoiding it. I was about to suffer an act of violence, to be invaded and devastated like a battlefield; and worst of all, I should have to pay the reparations and conduct the reconstruction myself. There would be blood and passion and upheaval. Life would reach a plane of high intensity.

For a time, circumstances contributed to my expectation. It seemed as though existence were really going to be lived for a moment or two on great terms. There was a sense of the sacrosanct about waiting in the austere reception room. It was a vigil during which one prepared for spiritual ordeal by inner purification. One must approach those moments of blessed agony purged and humbled, with a due sense of sin and of absolution. One after another of the waiting hierophants was haled away to rooms invisible, there to undergo his separate trial, to rise to communion with the one true reality from which we so sedulously insulate ourselves. Each time the summons came I gathered my inner resources and prepared to meet God face to face. The suspense itself attained the sublime. So should a victim feel who waits for the hour of execution to strike. Such postponements and delays are the stuff of high drama and perilous romance.

Even when in my turn I had been admitted to the sanctum where I was to be shrived, the illusion continued to be maintained. Nurses with their record sheets and sacred emblems of office — the unspotted headdress, the starched uniform, and the nun-like pallor of complexion which seems to characterize their profession — bent over me solicitously, seeming to estimate by their gaze just how much this one could stand. More suspense and postponement, mounting to a climax of intensity.

At last the august figure of the oral surgeon himself, steel-eyed, blue-jowled, and built like a football player, a fellow framed for cold-blooded and scientific violence if ever there was one. His swift and phlegmatic preparations, the dull unpleasantness of local anæsthesia, then the strange, insensate sliding of the tooth from its socket. All is over! No more than that! Experience at no higher level than reading of the latest murder trial; sublimity as groundless as terror at a detective play.

Only for an instant the high, clear horns of anguish blew once and were still. Just at the apex of the surgeon's muscular convulsion, when his short, thick, savage little vise was fumbling for a grip at the base of the jaw, it seemed as though the crown of my head would burst out, and through the hole come flying the surgeon's hand, his implement gripping with its iron knuckles a raw, white tooth trailing bloody tentacles. But only for an instant; a mere moment's illusion of what the glorious climax might have been. Then life again, flat, stale, and unprofitable. Not even to myself could I pretend that I had been disabled. Hopefully I took the aspirin tablets proffered by a sympathetic nurse; but I never felt the pain they might have alleviated. Prosaically, I got into my car and drove myself home.

I understand that a new means of rendering childbirth painless has been discovered by a prominent hospital. We might have anticipated this; we might have expected that our entry into the world would be reduced to the level of dentistry. It is the trend of time and circumstance; it is the march of science throttling the rich potentialities of the spirit.

But while man is always imposing some kind of burden on himself, eventually he corrects his excesses, and revolts against his adopted ills. This will prove as true of comfort as of other discomforts. I have heard of South Sea Island tribes whose life is almost fabulously idyllic. Enjoying the simplicity and innocence of Eden, free from devouring monsters, plenteously supplied with food, unacquainted with pestilence or the sword, they, if any of our race, ought to be ignorant of pain. But not content to be happy, they have devised an elaborate ceremonial of tattooing in which, as an initiation into manhood, the youth's kneecaps, not to mention large areas of his back and thighs, are pricked all over with needles to his no small agony.

Let not the moral escape notice. We may add painless childbirth to painless dentistry, we may multiply devices for comfort and ease; but sooner or later, perhaps when we have been delivered — nay, even precluded — from all involuntary pains, we shall begin imposing on ourselves for pure satisfaction what we have so long and so successfully striven to avoid. We shall benignantly walk barefoot over hot coals, or smile as our friends spray us thick with arrows like Saint Sebastian. The appetite for great experience will somehow be satisfied.

Theodore Morrison

A First Edition

I used to try to hide myself
From eyes that searched along my shelf,
So much I dreaded being read —
Remembering what the printers said
When, after I was finely bound,
Someone glancing through me found
A typographical mistake.
Such a commotion did it make
(Although it really was but slight —
Inverted vowels in 'neophyte'),
I thought the blemish must be great,
And brooded sadly on my fate.
Yet for many years I heard
No more about the misspelled word.
And then one day a bibliophile,
Far-famed for his collecting zeal,
While hunting for some rare old book,
Gave me a long appraising look.
He took me down; I wondered why.
Suppose that error caught his eye —
He'd close me quickly in disdain
And put me on the shelf again.
A moment, and his eyes were dwelling
Upon that one mistake in spelling. . . .
Needless fear! The thing was not
A blemish, but a beauty spot,
A *point* ensuring my position —
I am a cherished first edition.

E. D. Garner

BATTERED CARAVANSERAIS

THE abandoned farmhouse is one of the most melancholy of objects. With its mute story of long human endeavor frustrated by time, it commands the respect due to tragedy, a tragedy with the wilderness as its back drop, the generations for characters, and a lowering of the curtain through centuries 'to denote the lapse of time.'

But who has sung the abandoned summer hotel? Here is something much nearer the three unities of classic tragedy. In time, the drama lasted but a day, a morning of fashion and an afternoon of declining fortunes. In action, the story was limited to a dance and a departure. In place, it was always Nowhere. No one ever called it Home; it was spectral even in its brief sojourn among the verbal actualities. And since it was always built, owing to the untamable perversity of mankind, in a situation sure to mock its 'life' when it had any, — beside the sea or beneath the mountain, — in its best moments it was more ghostly than now, when the sand has drifted in over the parquet dancing floor or pine needles have choked the paneless windows. Now it is more a part of the natural forces so soon to devour it altogether.

I suppose it has found small favor in literature because it must rank among things unheroic, perhaps even sordid. Yet, to confront suddenly after a walk along a wind-swept beach the evidence of man's playtime, every shutter banging and every chimney awry, imbues one with a deeper sense of human pathos than the more obvious symbol of the dead farmhouse, where, though man has failed, he has at least failed during his nobler moments. The briary hillside rusted a cosmic plough at last, but what have these rotting piazzas to remember but the rhythmic tap-tap of dowagers peering through the glass at the dancing within, or the self-conscious kiss between Seventeen and Eighteen — those two so soon to part on separate ways toward Seventy and Eighty. The summer hotel is nowhere in any life. It witnesses only the nothings, and those who dallied there look back on their summer selves as nobodies. It has naught to do with the serious business of life, the sustenance, the mating, the begetting, the dying. Surely no one was ever born in a summer hotel; surely no one ever died there. And when it falls into ruins, it shows only a jackstraw pantomime against the unchanging sea.

Years ago, I was so legitimately shipwrecked in Barnegat Bay that after fourteen hours of being tossed about in my catboat I was taken off by the life guards. On the spit of sand separating bay and ocean I saw a towering hotel, alone in that vast expanse between sky and sea. The prospect of warm human comforts amid the desolation appealed to me so much that I was eager to repair at once to that hotel, splash in a warm tub, enjoy a fine dinner, and sink into bed. All these fireside longings took shape as a mere question concerning the hotel and the possibilities of my getting a room there. Dusk was coming down over the inland pines seaward, the light still looked angry from the retreating storm, and between dusk and sea I gazed as toward salvation at the gaunt hotel on the beach. My rescuers chuckled. The hotel had been abandoned for more than fifteen years.

As we rowed nearer, I saw they had spoken the most modest truth. Unshuttable doors stood agape on the piazzas, the windows were all broken, gables leaned on each other for support, and the wind roared. What would one find within of all the gayety once assembled there for so short a season?

A square piano with a few rusty strings, some bottomless chairs, in the closet of room 221 the ribs of a moth-eaten fan — nothing important in any life apparently, and, even if important, of what account as the sea crept year by year up to the front steps? Since the place had been deserted, someone had scrawled dirty limericks on the walls, and someone else, in counter attack: 'Shame to the boys of Barnegat!' But who were the boys of Barnegat? And who, before them, had signed the register of that wind-whispering hotel? I camped out there, to the astonishment of the life guards, and amused myself by dancing a saraband in the ballroom. But I was nowhere, I was no one, and all the throngs who once had danced there were like unto me.

There was also that old hotel on Katama Bay (and, since my own experience in these matters is so rich, I must hope my readers have been equally impressed). It stood some miles from the nearest house. North of it was Edgartown; in the other direction was South Beach, in those days a quite 'unimproved' waste of sands, wrecks, and sea. At one time a little railroad had connected the hotel with Edgartown, but only a few ties here and there showed the course of it. I know now that the architecture of the hotel was not bad, although at the time I took my photographs I had no such notions of taste. It was a rather comely building in the manner of a château, an octagonal tower at one end, a high mansard gable at the other, and between the two a low roof looking down on the lawn. Even then the place had been deserted for many years. To-day nothing of it remains except a cottage in Edgartown which was reconstructed from the gable end of the structure.

It was one of the most romantic retreats of my boyhood, and is connected in my mind with boats, for one had to sail down Katama Bay to reach it; with jeopardy, for the roofs always tempted one to risk one's neck; and with comrades, for it was too vast and terrrifying to explore alone. First, one came to the broken spiles of the wharf, then, disembarking, to a cinder bed that had once been the railroad. Tennis courts could still be traced in the sand, and signs of an old road recalled the legendary trotters of our grandfathers. Inside the hotel everything was in place, though mutilated by yahoos. The rumor was that some great railroad company had owned the hotel and when it failed had been too indifferent to remove the furnishings. In any event, the floors were still carpeted, chairs stood about awaiting the chatterers, and in the rooms upstairs the beds and bedroom crockery were intact. From the second story one looked out over endless miles, the distant town, the scrub oaks, the bays beyond. And even to the boy's mind, as he listened to the wind whimpering down the long corridors, occurred the importance of all this.

If man has accomplished anything, it is his ability to do his work in nature, and then, in spite of nature, to make her his playmate. When he has garnered his sustenance from the sea, let him play in the sea; when he has sweated over his soil, let him lie back on it and listen to the sound of the pines. Nature has every reason to be grateful to man for his brief articulation of her. To be sure, he often mars her, both by his industry and by his leisure. But the deepest scars he can carve into her will be long since obliterated before she feels the frosts of the eventual winter. Man has suffered so much of damnation, both in his toil and in his idleness, who would not look upon the deserted farms with tears in his heart? Or who upon the abandoned hotels without a smile of pity? Yet, for this while, it is good to think that there are other farms to take the place of the old, and that Seventeen and Eighteen are still pledging their foolish troth on the piazza of a summer hotel.

Robert Hillyer

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